Bacon G A 21467

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. | DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM. | SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS. | CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1867. | VOL. I.—NO. 8.

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.

Little by Little.

BY MRS. A. A. SHUEY.

I watched a winding silvery rill,
Rippling through meadows fair,
And shaded by the hanging boughs
That waved in beauty there;
Dashing and murmuring—sporting on,
It kept a constant spray,
Now boiling up, now whirling down,
Joyous it passed away.

I tracked its fragrant winding course
To a deep river's head,
Whose crested waves rolled heavily
Above its rocky bed;
Bearing, upon its heaving breast,
Rich burdens, dazzling bright,
A thing of power, it swept along,
In majesty of might.

Knowest thou a stream, a mighty mind,
Or great accomplished good,
Whose current bears mankind along,
That burst at once, a flood!
Aye, trace it back, count rill by rill—
Good deeds, in quiet done,
Until they lovingly unite,
And form a *glorious one*.

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 XX.—(CONTINUED.)

For two long hours these women talked together, and as the sad, sad story overflowed from Rebecca's lips, Laura's ardent soul caught fire and blazed with friendly zeal and sympathy.

"You poor, stricken, suffering lamb," she said, "torn by the wolves, and beaten and cast out by the shepherd's, and yet, and yet leading a life so much deeper and purer than thousands of more favored ones. Oh! how can God look upon the earth and suffer such things to be. Rebecca, believe me when I say that never again while I have a home shall you want for one. Never while I have bread shall you need. And this not only for your individual sake, but for the sake of wronged, abused, down-trodden woman."

During the conversation the peculiarities of Rebecca's position at Mr. Linscott's came to light, and Laura was confirmed in her impression that the best, and only true thing for Rebecca to do, was to make a change in her employment.

"You know," she said, "I have never been satisfied that you were quite in the way of your duty. What you have told me to-night convinces me that I am quite right. It is all very well to say that a woman's highest duties are in the home-circle. I believe that too. But when any great work is to be accomplished there are extraordinary labors to be performed. For that reason I think women now-a days are oftentimes called to go out of the ordinary way of things, to accomplish certain necessary and specific ends. The heathen nations are not suffering for light as the men of this generation are. Witness the mire of sensuality in which so many of them flounder, to the degradation of their own best powers, and the utter ruin temporal, and so far as we can see, eternal, of thousands of helpless and otherwise innocent women. I would in no wise fall behind Paul, who has declared that 'charity *never faileth*.' But it is very hard to measure one's invective against the deliberate, cold-blooded betrayer of female honor. The most that can be said in extenuation of his crime is, that his fault is after all the fault of the system in which men are educated, in spite of their mothers, too often with their blind sanction, by the pulpit and the press, that is by each other, namely: that women are the natural and legal prey of the male sex; the small fry of creation, the perch and minnows made for the express eating of lordly pikes in the shape of men. When men come to understand and know, that the higher and nobler uses for which women were created, constitute them the purest and most elevated order of beings the earth affords, when they are made to feel it their duty always and everwhere to protect and cherish women, because they are women, the race of seducers will become small by degrees and beautifully less."

"But, Mrs. Darrell, women themselves need a great deal of cultivation, to raise them, as a mass, nearer the true ideal of womanhood."

"Very true, but it can never be done, so long as this false, bad notion of the absolute inferiority of woman exists. That once uprooted, and woman taught the self-respect which would naturally ensue from their taking a secure and acknowledged position, at the head of society and of all benevolent and philanthropic effort, instead of being tacked on, as at present, to the tail of such enterprises, while a grandiloquent President and Board of Directors are grouped together to make a figure-head, and generally prove about as useful as that appendage—and the complaints of scandal and extravagance in dress would soon cease. At worst, these are women's only vices, and show of themselves, as compared with the love of alcohol and narcotic stimulants, and licentiousness, the equally distinguishing vices of men, the relative position of the sexes."

"But, Mrs. Darrell, I am only one woman, and not a very bold or strong one at that. What can I do toward bringing about this result."

"The work of one, my dear, which is all the best of us can do. But do, I entreat you, let your voice and influence, your whole life go toward the emancipation of woman."

"Mrs. Darrell, your views are so pronounced, your words so ready, why don't you write on this subject? I am sure you might."

"Ah! Rebecca, too many women have written already, trite and shallow things which but confirmed the world in its estimate of woman's incapacity."

"But you are too earnest to say trite and shallow things."

"Many a word, Rebecca, which seems forcible and earnest in the silence of one's own room, spoken in the ear of the world, becomes either a diminutive whisper, or a feeble squeak. I can but think that in order to write worthily, one should be able to draw from deeper wells of thought and experience than those sounded by the worldling or the merely ambitious soul. It is to humanity's higher self that the writer properly addresses himself, and I think too well of this pure soul of man, of which the great living, moving world of society and commerce is but the outer shell, to believe that it can ever be thrilled by the words of a common-place or pre-occupied mind. The deepest culture, the strictest discipline, should worthily frame, even God's high commission, before the soul should dare take upon itself to instruct this great living heart."

"And then a woman's book especially if it be about women has such an unfair chance. The critics are all men, and one would judge by what they say of each other, men of very fractious dispositions besides."

"It is true there is a race of critics bred in the purlieus of large towns and fed upon their offal, who look upon every book that is published, every attempt that is made to elevate the position of woman, in precisely the same spirit in which a small black and tan terrier looks upon a rat; as a thing to be treated to a good grip, a hard shake, and if possible to be left dead on the field. A book must have something more than the ordinary vitality to run the gauntlet of these, and escape their fangs. But beyond them is a class of noble, inteligent men, loyal to truth and zealous for the world's progress, naturally chivalrous besides in heart and bearing, who will give every worthy word a right royal welcome; and of whom no complaint can be made except that they too, are a little infected with the idea that not so much ought to be expected from a woman as a man—which is true at present, through the circumstances of her rearing, not from the paucity of her natural endowments—and are besides a little inclined to flattery, by which means some mischief has been done in the way of lowering the standard of female achievement. After all, the critics, as critics, have neither the power of life nor death, for God has so made the race, that a true word, well-spoken, will command the ear of the world, whether it come from man or woman."

It followed from the conversation that when Rebecca went back to Jericho, Mrs. Darrell went with her, and by her means a peaceable separation was effected between Mr. Linscott and Rebecca, and the acrimonious feeling remaining in his mind a good deal softened.

"Rebecca has after all been faithful to her duties," he said, "and has behaved herself in so exemplary a manner, that of all the ladies in Jericho I know of none more highly respected than she. If she holds some opinions adverse to my own, and as I believe to the truth, I suppose much must be pardoned to the natural weakness of a woman's understanding. God's mercy is infinite and happily He makes little account of intellectual error if only the heart be right."

Mrs. Darrell swallowed her amusement, and did not so much as allow a twinkle of it to escape at her eyes.

"It is in the grain," she said, "let us waste no time trying to polish it out."

But perhaps she had a little sly revenge in the thought that even Mr. Linscott was in his own way very dependent upon women.

Rebecca settled once more in Mrs. Darrell's home, felt herself free from the shackles of the past, as she had never done before. It seemed to her that partly she had won, and partly Providence had given back to her the right to call her life her own, and to make the most of it. The feeling gave her new strength. Once when Mr. Darrell had offered her the place of an accountant in his office with the same salary and privileges that he would give to a man, she had said to him.

"Sir, the dust of your office would soil my robes."

But now circumstances were changed, she herself was changed. She felt herself strong enough to tread firmly and freely the plane of masculine action, and gather therefrom no stain. When therefore the offer was for the third time renewed, she accepted it. There was the usual nine days talk, which was of course to be expected; but when it was found that she continued to remain at Mrs. Darrell's house, and was treated by her, not as an inferior but as a friend and equal, scandal laid its hand upon its mouth, and was dumb; as indeed I believe it would have been had she domiciled in the humblest house in the town, so she had gone steadily about her work, with a heart and life pure in the sight of all men.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INCAPABLES.

Mr. Darrell entering his office on Saturday morning, suddenly remembered that on the following Monday, Rebecca was to commence her duties.

"Humph," he said, looking about him a little uneasily, and seeing dimly for the first time in his life, that the place wasn't as neat as a parlor. "Slade, seems to me we look uncommonly dirty here. I guess it's because it is spring, and we haven't cleaned house yet, eh?"

Mr. Leslie Slade was the bookkeeper; in the parlance of the young ladies of Wyndham, he was a very stylish young man. He sported a well-waxed moustache; dressed *a la mode*, carried a small cane, and aspired to be a lady killer. Slade looked about him rather incredulously. The place wasn't any dirtier to his eye than usual. The windows always *had* been blurred with dust. He had never known the time when the ledges were quite free from it, and it was certainly years since the cocoa matting on the floor had shown its original color. And Slade, exquisite though he was, sporting his perfumed pocket-handkerchief wearing immaculate linen, had never seemed to feel the place other than clean.

"The truth is," continued Mr. Darrell, "we are going to have a lady in here next week. A lady whom I respect very much, and whom I expect will be more critical about these things than we have been. Hum! I hardly know myself what is the proper thing to be done, but I suppose if we were to have Peter's wife" (Peter was the porter,) "come here, she would know precisely. There's the floor and the windows, well I guess the truth is, we need a pretty general going over. We'll have to manage so as to shut up by four or five o'clock, and send her in here. So mind you get your papers out of her way. These women when they get a cleaning frenzy on, do upset things so."

"Very well, sir," said Slade, "I'll be ready for her." And Mr. Slade's face, that needed nothing but the expression of a noble and upright soul to make it a handsome one, began already to wear the lady-killer smirk.

When Mr. Darrell had provided that the place should be made clean, he felt quite satisfied with himself. That old retort of Rebecca's, about the dust of his office soiling her robes had had a literal point to it, which she was far from suspecting. As Mr. Darrell entered the office on Monday morning and viewed the success of Jane's labors, he said to himself mentally:

"This will do for a month to come, at least. She can't complain that her white skirts will suffer here."

Rebecca entering a few moments later, cast an eye about and saw at once that some preparations had been made for her advent. She was wise enough, however, to say nothing but put away her bonnet and shawl, and took the seat indi-

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. | DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM. | SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS. | CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1867. | VOL. I.—NO. 8.

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.

Little by Little.

BY MRS. A. A. SHURY.

I watched a winding silvery rill,
  Rippling through meadows fair,
And shaded by the hanging boughs
  That waved in beauty there;
Dashing and murmuring—sporting on,
  It kept a constant spray,
Now boiling up, now whirling down,
  Joyous it passed away.

I tracked its fragrant winding course
  To a deep river's head, —
Whose crested waves rolled heavily
  Above its rocky bed;
Bearing, upon its heaving breast,
  Rich burdens, dazzling bright,
A thing of power, it swept along,
  In majesty of might.

Knowest thou a stream, a mighty mind,
  Or great accomplished good,
Whose current bears mankind along,
  That burst at once, a flood!
Aye, trace it back, count rill by rill—
  Good deeds, in quiet done,
Until they lovingly unite,
  And form a *glorious one*.

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 XX.—(CONTINUED.)

For two long hours these women talked together, and as the sad, sad story overflowed from Rebecca's lips, Laura's ardent soul caught fire and blazed with friendly zeal and sympathy.

"You poor, stricken, suffering lamb," she said, "torn by the wolves, and beaten and cast out by the shepherd's, and yet, and yet leading a life so much deeper and purer than thousands of more favored ones. Oh! how can God look upon the earth and suffer such things to be. Rebecca, believe me when I say that never again while I have a home shall you want for one. Never while I have bread shall you need. And this not only for your individual sake, but for the sake of wronged, abused, down-trodden woman."

During the conversation the peculiarities of Rebecca's position at Mr. Linscott's came to light, and Laura was confirmed in her impression that the best, and only true thing for Rebecca to do, was to make a change in her employment.

"You know," she said, "I have never been satisfied that you were quite in the way of your duty. What you have told me to-night convinces me that I am quite right. It is all very well to say that a woman's highest duties are in the home-circle. I believe that too. But when any great work is to be accomplished there are extraordinary labors to be performed. For that reason I think women now-a days are oftentimes called to go out of the ordinary way of things, to accomplish certain necessary and specific ends. The heathen nations are not suffering for light as the men of this generation are. Witness the mire of sensuality in which so many of them flounder, to the degradation of their own best powers, and the utter ruin temporal, and so far as we can see, eternal, of thousands of helpless and otherwise innocent women. I would in no wise fall behind Paul, who has declared that '*charity never faileth*.' But it is very hard to measure one's invective against the deliberate, cold-blooded betrayer of female honor. The most that can be said in extenuation of his crime is, that his fault is after all the fault of the system in which men are educated, in spite of their mothers, too often with their blind sanction, by the pulpit and the press, that is by each other, namely: that women are the natural and legal prey of the male sex; the small fry of creation, the perch and minnows made for the express eating of lordly pikes in the shape of men. When men come to understand and know, that the higher and nobler uses for which women were created, constitute them the purest and most elevated order of beings the earth affords, when they are made to feel it their duty always and everwhere to protect and cherish women, because they are women, the race of seducers will become small by degrees and beautifully less."

"But, Mrs. Darrell, women themselves need a great deal of cultivation, to raise them, as a mass, nearer the true ideal of womanhood."

"Very true, but it can never be done, so long as this false, bad notion of the absolute inferiority of woman exists. That once uprooted, and woman taught the self-respect which would naturally ensue from their taking a secure and acknowledged position, at the head of society and of all benevolent and philanthropic effort, instead of being tacked on, as at present, to the tail of such enterprises, while a grandiloquent President and Board of Directors are grouped together to make a figure-head, and generally prove about as useful as that appendage—and the complaints of scandal and extravagance in dress would soon cease. At worst, these are women's only vices, and show of themselves, as compared with the love of alcohol and narcotic stimulants, and licentiousness, the equally distinguishing vices of men, the relative position of the sexes."

"But, Mrs. Darrell, I am only one woman, and not a very bold or strong one at that. What can I do toward bringing about this result."

"The work of one, my dear, which is all the best of us can do. But do, I entreat you, let your voice and influence, your whole life go toward the emancipation of woman."

"Mrs. Darrell, your views are so pronounced, your words so ready, why don't you write on this subject? I am sure you might."

"Ah! Rebecca, too many women have written already, trite and shallow things which but confirmed the world in its estimate of woman's incapacity."

"But you are too earnest to say trite and shallow things."

"Many a word, Rebecca, which seems forcible and earnest in the silence of one's own room, spoken in the ear of the world, becomes either a diminutive whisper, or a feeble squeak. I can but think that in order to write worthily, one should be able to draw from deeper wells of thought and experience than those sounded by the worldling or the merely ambitious soul. It is to humanity's higher self that the writer properly addresses himself, and I think too well of this pure soul of man, of which the great living, moving world of society and commerce is but the outer shell, to believe that it can ever be thrilled by the words of a common-place or pre-occupied mind. The deepest culture, the strictest discipline, should worthily frame, even God's high commission, before the soul should dare take upon itself to instruct this great living heart."

"And then a woman's book especially if it be about women has such an unfair chance. The critics are all men, and one would judge by what they say of each other, men of very fractious dispositions besides."

"It is true there is a race of critics bred in the purlieus of large towns and fed upon their offal, who look upon every book that is published, every attempt that is made to elevate the position of woman, in precisely the same spirit in which a small black and tan terrier looks upon a rat; as a thing to be treated to a good grip, a hard shake, and if possible to be left dead on the field. A book must have something more than the ordinary vitality to run the gauntlet of these, and escape their fangs. But beyond them is a class of noble, intelligent men, loyal to truth and zealous for the world's progresss, naturally chivalrous besides in heart and bearing, who will give every worthy word a right royal welcome; and of whom no complaint can be made except that they too, are a little infected with the idea that not so much ought to be expected from a woman as a man—which is true at present, through the circumstances of her rearing, not from the paucity of her natural endowments—and are besides a little inclined to flattery, by which means some mischief has been done in the way of lowering the standard of female achievement. After all, the critics, as critics, have neither the power of life nor death, for God has so made the race, that a true word, well-spoken, will command the ear of the world, whether it come from man or woman."

It followed from the conversation that when Rebecca went back to Jericho, Mrs. Darrell went with her, and by her means a peaceable separation was effected between Mr. Linscott and Rebecca, and the acrimonious feeling remaining in his mind a good deal softened.

"Rebecca has after all been faithful to her duties," he said, "and has behaved herself in so exemplary a manner, that of all the ladies in Jericho I know of none more highly respected than she. If she holds some opinions adverse to my own, and as I believe to the truth, I suppose much must be pardoned to the natural weakness of a woman's understanding. God's mercy is infinite and happily He makes little account of intellectual error if only the heart be right."

Mrs. Darrell swallowed her amusement, and did not so much as allow a twinkle of it to escape at her eyes.

"It is in the grain," she said, "let us waste no time trying to polish it out."

But perhaps she had a little sly revenge in the thought that even Mr. Linscott was in his own way very dependent upon women.

Rebecca settled once more in Mrs. Darrell's home, felt herself free from the shackles of the past, as she had never done before. It seemed to her that partly she had won, and partly Providence had given back to her the right to call her life her own, and to make the most of it. The feeling gave her new strength. Once when Mr. Darrell had offered her the place of an accountant in his office with the same salary and privileges that he would give to a man, she had said to him.

"Sir, the dust of your office would soil my robes."

But now circumstances were changed, she herself was changed. She felt herself strong enough to tread firmly and freely the plane of masculine action, and gather therefrom no stain. When therefore the offer was for the third time renewed, she accepted it. There was the usual nine days talk, which was of course to be expected; but when it was found that she continued to remain at Mrs. Darrell's house, and was treated by her, not as an inferior but as a friend and equal, scandal laid its hand upon its mouth, and was dumb; as indeed I believe it would have been had she domiciled in the humblest house in the town, so she had gone steadily about her work, with a heart and life pure in the sight of all men.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INCAPABLES.

Mr. Darrell entering his office on Saturday morning, suddenly remembered that on the following Monday, Rebecca was to commence her duties.

"Humph," he said, looking about him a little uneasily, and seeing dimly for the first time in his life, that the place wasn't as neat as a parlor. "Slade, seems to me we look uncommonly dirty here. I guess it's because it is spring, and we haven't cleaned house yet, eh?"

Mr. Leslie Slade was the bookkeeper; in the parlance of the young ladies of Wyndham, he was a very stylish young man. He sported a well-waxed moustache; dressed *a la mode*, carried a small cane, and aspired to be a lady killer. Slade looked about him rather incredulously. The place wasn't any dirtier to his eye than usual. The windows always *had* been blurred with dust. He had never known the time when the ledges were quite free from it, and it was certainly years since the cocoa matting on the floor had shown its original color. And Slade, exquisite though he was, sporting his perfumed pocket-handkerchief wearing immaculate linen, had never seemed to feel the place other than clean.

"The truth is," continued Mr. Darrell, "we are going to have a lady in here next week. A lady whom I respect very much, and whom I expect will be more critical about these things than we have been. Hum! I hardly know myself what is the proper thing to be done, but I suppose if we were to have Peter's wife" (Peter was the porter,) "come here, she would know precisely. There's the floor and the windows, well I guess the truth is, we need a pretty general going over. We'll have to manage so as to shut up by four or five o'clock, and send her in here. So mind you get your papers out of her way. These women when they get a cleaning frenzy on, do upset things so."

"Very well, sir," said Slade, "I'll be ready for her." And Mr. Slade's face, that needed nothing but the expression of a noble and upright soul to make it a handsome one, began already to wear the lady-killer smirk.

When Mr. Darrell had provided that the place should be made clean, he felt quite satisfied with himself. That old retort of Rebecca's, about the dust of his office soiling her robes had had a literal point to it, which she was far from suspecting. As Mr. Darrell entered the office on Monday morning and viewed the success of Jane's labors, he said to himself mentally:

"This will do for a month to come, at least. She can't complain that her white skirts will suffer here."

Rebecca entering a few moments later, cast an eye about and saw at once that some preparations had been made for her advent. She was wise enough, however, to say nothing but put away her bonnet and shawl, and took the seat indi-

cated by Mr. Darrell, with an external composure so perfect that neither of the gentlemen present at all suspected her of any fluttering at heart. Mr. Slade was introduced and commenced in his most gallant way to make the lady's acquaintance, and at the same time to instruct her concerning her new duties. Everything seemed to be working as smoothly as possible.

Yet, in spite of himself, Mr. Darrell felt fidgetty. The place and the woman didn't seem to accord. Before night this conviction grew upon him to an extent that was positively uncomfortable. About five o'clock, he looked at his watch, gave a few directions to Mr. Slade, and started off out of the office. He made his way directly to the upholsterers.

"Gardiner," he said, "I want my office fixed up. I haven't had a thing done to it for years, and it's getting too shabby to be borne. I want a new carpet, a good Brussels I guess, they wear the longest, and a set of curtains—since we've got the windows washed, the light is unbearable—and some good new office-chairs."

"A Brussels carpet, Mr. Darrell," said Gardiner, in some surprise, "for an office? Why the dirt that will be tracked in on it, in one month, will ruin it."

"Well, we *won't have* dirt tracked in on it. We'll put a mat outside and a scraper if necessary."

Mr. Gardiner saw that his customer was in earnest, and at once commenced to take the order.

"You'd better go right down to-night and get the measure for the carpet," said Mr. Darrell, "and do the thing up as soon as possible."

And so it came to pass, that in a week's time, Mr. Darrell's office from being dark and dingy and dismal, was light and clean, and well furnished; a place fit for a lady, and as he began to perceive, for a gentleman. Certain other perceptions began to dawn also on Mr. Darrell's mind. Slade was a good bookkeeper, quite unexceptionable in a business way, but outside of business certain reports had come to Mr. Darrell's ears not altogether creditable to the young ma . In fact sundry boasts and not very delicate insinuations of the gentleman himself, had quite confirmed these rumors. Men have an instinctive recognition of their own coarse natures, and don't easily feel themselves debased by association; so though Mr. Darrell was himself entirely true to his marriage vows, he nevertheless could smile at the rather serious peccadillos of a young man like Slade, and as he was faithful and honest, which last Mr. Darrell took great pains, day by day, to insure that he should be, he practically thought little the worse of him for them. But Mr. Darrell had spoken only the truth when he had said that he had very great respect for Rebecca. Moreover, his nearly twenty years of intimate association with a woman so pure and noble as his wife, had refined his mind and deepened his intuitions to that degree that, as day by day he saw Slade, bending over Rebecca's desk or chair, in the necessary intercourse of the office, as he watched the look of restrained sensualism in his eye, and the occasional laxity of his attitudes and gestures, little things which a woman might have felt, but would never have seen, for Mr. Leslie Slade was outwardly very respectful to Rebecca—he began to feel an undefined uneasiness creep over him.

"Confound the man," he exclaimed to himself, "can't he keep his sensuality out of sight here, in the office. That woman is no parlor doll-baby. She will be sure to read him, and to feel insulted by his presence."

But Mr. Slade was by no means to be blamed for his want of reticence. He did try very hard, feeling instinctively how necessary it was to his self respect in her presence, to impress Rebecca with a sense of his gentlemanliness. If he failed, it was simply because where a man's whole being is pervaded with impure and sensual desires, there is no disguise in the universe that will hide it from even a tolerably true eye. Rebecca knew the man at once, and it grated upon her feelings to be obliged to meet him in daily and hourly intercourse. "However," she said, "this is one of the penalties one pays for leaving even temporarily, the natural and prescribed walks of womanly labor. If it was right to come here at all, it is right to bear this infliction in silence, so long as the man is personally respectful. If, however, Mr. Darrell had carried the removal of unclean things from his office a little further, and put this man out of the way, I should certainly have been better pleased."

It is not quite clear to the perceptions of many virtuous souls that the mixing in society of men of foul lives and degrading associations, is in itself a contamination. In the parlor, etiquette imposes, or is supposed to, many wholesome restraints; which if men and women mingled more freely in public intercourse would be found to be wholly inadequate. If ever society is purged of its foulness in this respect, the work must be begun upon the lower planes of life, and men themselves must learn to draw distinctions.

On the whole, however, Rebecca's life at the office was not unpleasant. The labor was comparatively light, the salary better than most occupations offer to women; it was besides a new field of observation and study, and the annoyances to which her sex exposed her were, she often fancied, less than the amusement she derived from the same source. It was rather pleasing, she thought, to notice how deftly cigars were slipped to one side by the more refined callers at the office, how again and again coarse language and rude behavior were checked by her presence; the profane word omitted from the exclamation, and a milder one substituted.

"I begin to be converted," she said to Mrs. Darrell, one evening, "to your view of things. I do believe that the most neglected missionary work in the world is that which women ought to be doing for men, by mingling with them in the ordinary avocations of life."

As for Mr. Darrell, he was well pleased with his new clerk.

"But then," he said to Laura, "you mustn't argue too much from the success of this experiment. Rebecca is certainly a treasure, but ninety-nine other women would be nuisances. She is exact, faithful and capable. She is a perfect lady in her manners; she compels without herself being aware of it, the respect of every man who comes into the office. Such a woman as that would win her way anywhere."

"That is the great trouble concerning women," said Laura, "they are by training and the circumstances of their lives, as a general thing, so incapable, so lacking in comprehension, of anything in the way of business-like exactness and faithfulness."

"Yes," said Ralph, "I've often noticed that it is never the *good* seamstresses, the *good* cooks, the *good* housemaids, who are out of work and fall into distresses. A really smart, efficient, capable woman can do anything she pleases in the world. She has twenty chances where a man has one; her very sex tells in her favor; which is one reason that I so soon get out of patience when I hear about single women, women without children, starving for want of work. As a general thing, those who starve are small loss to the world!"

"Oh! Ralph! Ralph! you are ungenerous now; for, say what you may, when it comes to the matter of earning one's own living, the laws and the customs are all oppressive to the last degree where women are concerned. And when you add to this the fact that they are taught from their cradles that they cannot and ought not to do as much as men, being naturally the weaker vessels, yet at the pinch find that it requires just as much food to keep them from starving, and just as much clothing to keep them from freezing, as if they were men, it is no wonder that so many of them become discouraged and either sink into helplessness, or, worse, into that yawning gulf which the profligacy of men keeps ever open at their feet."

"Well, now, I deny that the laws and customs are altogether to blame. Just you suppose that one half the women who are starving to death at plain sewing were to educate themselves as scientific and practical cooks, which any smart woman might do in the kitchen of her wealthy neighbor, and half the women who are elbowing each other so uncomfortably as teachers—say *that* half which plainly confess that they have no love for the vocation, but only practice it for the pay—should fit themselves by cheerful endeavor for intelligent, faithful nurse-girls, do you suppose they would get a cold shoulder from the world. I think not. Why, I know of forty families that would hail such an one as a godsend, and pay any price for her services. It is not opportunity but pride and want of inclination to work that starves many women. In the old countries a good housekeeper, as a good nursemaid, in a wealthy family is considered quite equal socially to the wives of small tradespeople, and I don't know any reason why they would not take even higher rank here. In this country it is especially true that it is shiftlessness and incapacity that are looked down upon. Why, we have so little of the spirit of caste that we respect a *good* clam-digger more than a bad poet. The truth is, that the present generation of women are singularly inefficient and incapable of doing *anything* in a *thorough* business-like way."

Laura thought a minute very soberly.

"Ralph," she said, "the present generation of women have, as a general thing, been *regularly trained* to do nothing whatever, but to depend upon men to work and think, and almost breathe, for them. They have been taught that it is unladylike to work, to be in any way useful; that the only way for a woman to live, is to get married and to exact from the man she marries the greatest possible amount of gratification for the least possible return. That is their vocation. Whether or not they are mistresses of it, let the husbands of some of our fashionably educated women testify?"

"Now, Laura, it is you who are unjust. If women lack training, pray whose fault is it? What are all our female colleges and seminaries of learning for?"

"Principally to enable women to make herbariums and calculate eclipses. When you speak of the educational advantages afforded to women, you touch a delicate subject. It has long been my opinion that as a nation we stultify ourselves in this particular, in a way which in any practical business matter would stamp us as fools at once. It is all very well for a woman to be able to sail a ship according to the latest theories of navigation, or to analyze chemically any known or unknown substance, provided, first, that she do not thereby neglect a knowledge of her first and most obvious duties as a woman—good housekeeping, good nursing, and, above all, the difficult and incalculably important duties of maternity; and, secondly, that she be provided with some way of earning her own living when that becomes necessary."

"If women were educated to do their own work well, it is true that they would not be so utterly helpless when thrown upon the world to take care of themselves. If, besides, those girls who are evidently liable to be so placed, the daughters of men themselves dependent upon their own exertions, the daughters of widows, orphan girls without means, if these could have an equal knowledge of practical affairs with boys so placed, it would avail them vastly more toward keeping body and soul together and preserving the priceless jewel of their honor from the rapacity of men, than much Greek and mathematics. That, or else, being fitted for the learned professions, let the learned professions be opened to them. To educate a large class of our girls to the same tastes and habits to which we would educate our boys if we designed them for doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, and then tell them, you must teach or starve, when, if there were an equal distribution of scholars among such aspirants, there would be about three pupils to a teacher, is certainly absurd."

"But girls don't have time to learn everything, Laura."

"Neither do boys; for which excellent reason they are only expected to learn that which will be most useful or indispensable to them. That is simple common sense; but it somehow seems to be impossible for men to exercise common sense where the advantages or privileges of women are concerned."

"But, when all is said and done, there is a large class of women who are *naturally* incapable of taking care of themselves. Weak in body, weak in spirit, purposeless, inefficient, mere waifs on the great ocean of humanity."

"Yes, there are such men too; that the women of this class are more numerous is, I believe, simply because of the errors in the training which we have just been discussing. But it is a sore, sore wrong which underlies all that stratum of society. These people who are *naturally* incable are so, nine times out of ten, because they truly reflect the discouragements, the heart-weariness, the secret pinings and regrets of the mothers who bore them. Ralph, when I look around me, and see the terrible disadvantages under which women labor at their great sacred office of maternity, I wonder not at the weakness of the race, but at its indomitable energy and life. If there is any being in the world more to be pitied than the woman whose every energy is taxed for the support of the new life, whose days are filled with a thousand nameless discomforts, and her nights with wakefulness and suffering, who feels herself too often neglected by her husband, just when she most needs his utmost tenderness and sympathy, because she is no longer entirely useful to him, compelled to labor, deprived of many of the genial, harmonizing influences of the outer world; if there is anybody more to be pitied than this neglected, suffering, helpless woman, it is the weak, desponding, incapable offspring she must of necessity bring into the world. I have seen such ones that made my heart ache more than any case of acute suffering I ever saw. Incapable of inspiring any interest in others which would lead to assistance, oftentimes cursed with the vain, hopeless, aimless longings which beset the suffering but uncomplaining mother, with no earthly chance of ever seeing them gratified. Ah! Ralph, these are they whom the Christ commanded us to forgive the 'seventy times seven' sins. Ralph, thinking of these alone makes my heart burn within me, to raise my hand and voice in behalf, not of women, but of all the weak and down-trodden of the race."

"Laura," said her husband, tenderly, "don't get excited. You are just laying off the burdens of maternity. Don't take the world on your shoulders quite yet. Give yourself a little rest."

As age crept toward Mr. Darrell, and his blood steadied itself a little, he leaned more and more upon his faithful, large-hearted wife; he cherished her tenderly; he gained a quicker and deeper insight into her wants; he depended more upon her judgment and trusted more to her intuitions. And as Laura, her nature expanded and toned to a sweeter beneficence by the loves and duties of womanhood, passed from the narrow and partial reach of youth to the grander range and wider horizon of middle age, and felt, as the true woman ever does feel as she passes this mysterious line, her mother heart grow great toward all the race, he began to to see as he never had seen before, the true significance of woman's calling; and to feel as she felt that the fruit which had ripened in his own household, under his own eye, yet how often with little help from him, was meet for the world's acceptance. And yet his soul was divided with weak and not unselfish longings to hold his treasure back, to keep for himself, and his own home, all that warmth of love, that depth and clearness of spiritual insight. Therefore he said: "Give yourself a little rest. Don't put on the new harness too soon. You are not strong enough for it."

"My husband," she said, looking steadily at him, her great, gray eyes, shining now with inward light. "My husband, it is the nature of women to grow strong in giving rather than receiving. Don't hold me back; but let

me feel instead your strong arm around me for support and defense. So I shall be invulnerable."

There was a moisture in his eyes as he answered. "Laura, God does dwell more nearly with women than with men. Lead you the way; I follow. You shall be eyes to see; I strength to execute."

CHAPTER XXII.

AMONG THE "VIXES."

In the three years which had elapsed since his wife's death, Abraham Gladstone's fortunes had steadily improved. His whole strength and energy had been concentrated upon the one object of winning back his hereditary position. Till he saw the mortgage upon the old estate cancelled and the power in his hands to reside there in the old state and glory, he was determined to give no thought to any other matter.

Such singleness of purpose was characteristic of the man. He had not a brilliant mind, would never carry off fortune's prizes by storm. He was not gifted with quick and deep insight. His words ever came slowly, and in public speaking were never redundant. But he was careful, painstaking, thorough. In forensic debates, he was clear and forcible rather than eloquent; his logic was simple and had a certain mathematical accuracy and precision which always told with a jury. In cases where the feelings of his audience were interested, he seldom drew tears, but often touched a certain minor key of sadness that reaches below the tear-ducts—which lie after all very near the surface—into the hidden places of sorrow itself.

Without at all possessing those shining surface gifts, which after all render a man what is called popular, he still had gained a fast hold upon the hearts and minds of the people among whom he lived. They knew that he was an honest man. You could not impannel a jury within twenty miles of Wyndham, that wouldn't believe every word that Abraham Gladstone told them to be true. They knew him to be earnest and hard-working, with a native goodness of heart, which in spite of his pressing want of money, led him always to undertake the case of a poor man as readily as if he were rich, provided he were certain that he was in the right. For these reasons it happened that he had not unfrequently been nominated for county and state offices, and had never yet been defeated. Parties were pretty equally divided, and the leaders of the liberal side had already begun to speak of Abraham Gladstone as the most available candidate for the next Congressional election. He was therefore emphatically a rising man.

This very spring of which we write, he had so reduced the mortgage upon the old estate, that he felt himself practically out of debt, with a sure income which would warrant him in opening the family mansion, whenever he should find the proper person to be mistress of it. This being well understood to be the case, there was naturally a flutter of anxiety through all the female part of the community; for a handsome, good tempered man like Mr. Gladstone, who at thirty-three was the foremost man in the county, would not be likely to go begging for a wife.

Mr. Gladstone understood this fact perfectly, and accepted it with the usual masculine complacency. However, it by no means reduced the difficulty of a choice. Just at the present juncture, there were two ladies who stood out with some prominence from the ranks of his female admirers.

The first, my pen hesitates to confess it, was Miss Lillie Meredith, the only child of the widow lady with whom Mr. Gladstone had boarded for the last two years.

Searching about for reasons for this prominence of Miss Lillie's claims I can only find two: the first, propinquity and the second, the fact that Mr. Gladstone was a man. If this last seems still a little obscure, I shall endeavor hereafter to shed some light upon it. Miss Lillie was a fair-haired young lady of about nineteen summers, though few persons would have judged her to be more than seventeen, so girlish and immature were her manners. Her mother was a poor woman who worked all her days and many of her nights to maintain herself and her daughter. Or, rather more truthfully her daughter. The entire cost of her own keeping would hardly have paid for that young lady's boots. Miss Lillie had been sent to the academy ever since she was nine years old. She had been taught French and music, and drawing and dancing. She knew about as much about kitchen work as one of the flies which buzzed about her mother's kitchen window panes. She had never made a bed in her life; she had never swept a room in her life; she had never made a petticoat for herself, though she may possibly have achieved tatting enough to put about the edge of one when her mother had otherwise finished it, but I'll aver she never sewed the tatting on.

But Miss Lillie was very pretty, very accomplished, very engaging. She was always nicely dressed, when Mr. Gladstone saw her, for if she was up late, and had no time to take her hair out of the curling pins before the breakfast bell rang, she wouldn't go down to breakfast. And then her mamma sitting behind the coffee-urn and looking solicitous said:

"Poor Lillie, she studies so hard that she never feels well in the mornings. Kate, you'd better take a cup of coffee, and a bit of toast to her room."

And Kate, who knew her young mistress a great deal too well to approach her with so poor a show of good eating, stopped in the kitchen and added a bit of steak and an omelet.

Miss Lillie had the manners of a half-grown kitten; she was just so lithe and purring, and soft, and lively.

Mr. Gladstone meeting her on the porch, with a pout on her lip, would say:

"How now, Miss Lillie, what is that great pout for? Anything serious the matter?"

"I should think there was, but I'm not going to tell you, for you're a man and would laugh at me."

"For shame, Miss Lillie, I never laughed at you in my life."

Thereupon she would pout and look up coyly, advance a step, retreat two, keeping up all the time a skirmishing fire from her eyes, till at last it was ten chances to one that she managed to get behind the grape vine, and then Mr. Gladstone by way of entreaty, somehow got his hand on her arm or about her waist. He was an old friend, you know, and being very determined to find out the secret of that pout, pressed her so hard that she by and by whispered so low that he had to bend his ear just in reach of her saucy curls to hear it—that there was to be a concert at the Hall, next evening, and she wouldn't go for that lout of a Sam Ainsworth had asked her, and her mamma had said he was not a proper person for her to go with, and had forbidden her ever being seen with him anywhere.

"And I had to tell him a little fib to get rid of him. There now, go away you saucy man. You've got it all, but you know, I'd never have told you if you hadn't made me."

"But no," says Mr. Gladstone, "you haven't told me what the fib was."

"Oh! and never, never, never will," says Miss Lillie, "You might go down on your knees to me and I wouldn't."

But he don't go down on his knees and she does tell him that she told Sam Ainsworth, she was previously engaged, and then she actually cries a little.

Whereupon, Mr. Gladstone begs her to comfort herself, for it was no fib at all, as she is always previously engaged to him in all such cases; and then in the humblest way in the world, as if it were the greatest possible favor, he asks her will she honor him by going with him, and she whispers in such a soft purring way,

"Yes, indeed, if mamma will allow."

Mamma does allow, and Miss Lillie is very highly gratified with the success of her strategy.

So now I hope you understand what I meant by saying that one of the reasons for Miss Lillie's prominence in the ranks of competitors was the fact that Mr. Gladstone was a man.

The other lady was Miss Azarian Ridlehuber. This young woman was not a native of Wyndham, but an exotic sent with great care and some expense from a choice nook in Japonicadom, for the express purpose of sometime blooming in the now chill and deserted bowers of the Gladstone mansion.

It was a sad story, Miss Azarian thought—she always alluded to it, if at all, with down cast eyes, and a portentous sigh. The Ridlehubers had once been very wealthy. But losses came, and then failure, and then poor papa got into such sad ways, and mamma's fortune, which really was quite large, only it was a very expensive family, three sons you know, was sadly strained to keep the house going. And so, though this was never hinted, this Miss Azarian had been sent out to these rural shades to spend the summer with her cousin, Mrs. Evans, the minister's lady, and if possible, make a brilliant match. Of course, looking the ground over, she judged that she had a prescriptive right to Mr. Gladstone and began to lay her plans, with intense scorn of all rustic rivals.

Mr. Evans was a ripe scholar, a Christian of deep spiritual experiences, and a genial, excellent man. It was a little doubtful whether his wife was as thoroughly divorced as himself from "the world, the flesh and the devil." At any rate she still cherished a kindly pride in the glories of her family, who were nearly connected with the Ridlehubers, and had taken great pains, and been at some expense of exact verity to produce the impression in Wyndham, that her cousin Miss Azarian was a belle, an heiress, and a most distinguished ornament of the very highest circle of New York society, and had no motive whatever in secluding herself in Wyndham, when she might be leading captive the millionaires who haunt the summer watering places, except her tender affection for her devoted cousin Elisa, or as Miss Azarian always pronounced it Elise.

Miss Ridlehuber certainly had some claims to the appellation of a beauty. She was of medium height, with a slight figure, and a pale, wax-like complexion. Her eyes and hair were a handsome shade of brown, and well matched. Her features were regular and fine, and the tone of her manners corresponded precisely to the tone of her face. She was refined, feminine, and imperturbably self-possessed.

These two, Mrs. Evans and her cousin Azarian sat in the little parlor of the parsonage, engaged each of them with their embroidery and chatting after that easy, unrestrained fashion which the female heart so much delights in. About the fashions I think.

"Azarian, how did it happen that you had the courage to get one of those new summer bonnets. I dread to have you take it out of the bandbox, the gentlemen do so ridicule them."

"Indeed!" said Miss Ridlehuber, deliberately counting, "one, two, three, four, of black, and five, six, of the red. Cousin Elise, do you happen to remember any fashion for the last ten years, and I presume it has been the same for ten centuries, which the gentlemen didn't ridicule? Why it is a thing to be expected."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Evans. "If the bonnets are large enough to cover the face, then they are hideous, and scoops, coal scuttles, etc., are too graceful to be compared with them. If they are small and set off the head, Punch immediately suggests that the next fashion will be to have the bonnet carried behind the lady on a waiter. If dresses are made long, they sweep the mud of the streets; if short, the ladies are getting impatient to expose their ankles. If the cloaks are loose, they are dowdy and inelegant; if tight they make it impossible to distinguish between males and females on the streets. When men will be so inconsistent, it is foolish ever to heed them, but then one can't help it. Now Mark exchanges with Mr. Linscott you know on Sunday, and couldn't you put off bringing out the summer bonnet till after that?"

"Next Sunday will be the first in June," said Miss Ridlehuber composedly. "I never wore a spring bonnet in June in my life. I think Mr. Linscott's coming a very good reason for bringing out the new one. It will make an impression on him, see if it don't."

"Of course you know best," said Mrs. Evans, "but then I own I have my fears. But here comes Gladstone up the walk. Look your sweetest, Aza."

Miss Ridlehuber didn't seem in the least to heed the admonition, but went on with her counting as if nothing were about to happen. Well she might; for her toilet that day had cost her an hour's effort, in anticipation of this very event. Her hair was dressed with the skill of a French coiffeur, and with a simplicity and taste which that dignitary would never have imparted to it, her dress was lady like and elegant, with nothing noticeable about it, except its richness, and a bit of rose color at her throat, which lighted her pale face with just the faintest and most becoming glow.

As Mr. Gladstone entered, she received him with the most elegant grace and composure, and allowing him to open the conversation followed his lead with skill and intelligence, at the same time carefully preserving her own subordination. Ah! she was well trained to her part, was Miss Azarian.

She touched a finer key than ever had vibrated in Mr. Gladstone's soul before. He was deeply impressed; he had the same kind of admiration for her that he would have had for a fine painting or a fine statue, with the added warmth which her feminine graces inspired. He sat for an hour drawing her out, yielding himself to the charm of her liquid voice. Finally she sang for him. She was thoroughly trained, and at his especial request she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." There came a moisture into Mr. Gladstone's eyes, and a trembling about his heart-strings such as he hadn't felt for years.

As he went out, the dusk was coming on rosy and lucent, and from the bush at the door he broke a half-blown rose-bud and said, with a grace into which his honest heart infused a something which assured Miss Ridlehuber that it was not wholly an idle compliment,

"Will you accept it, Miss Ridlehuber? It will bloom more worthily for you, than even for the stars outside here."

She took it with a tremulous sigh that was not all feigned. Few women could resist Mr. Gladstone's eyes when he choose to make them effective, simply because they were honest eyes.

As he walked down the flower-scented path, the brightness of the dusk fading into cooler tints of pearl and gray, his thought still lingered about Miss Ridlehuber.

"If one could only be certain," he said to himself, "that she had a heart," and there went a little thrill through his veins as he thought of the delicious abandon with which he had seen Lillie Meredith throw herself into her mother's arms.

"She's a little goose," he said, "but she's a very fond one;" and there came up bitter, regretful memories, and a firm determination whatever else he did, not to marry a woman who had no heart.

In the midst of these reflections he reached the village store and saw Mr. Darrell on the steps. The sight at once recalled business to his mind.

"Good evening, Darrell," he said, "I want to ask you if that young lady clerk of yours would do a bit of copying for me. My clerk has left me and if I could get a good copyist, I shouldn't need another just now. Would she favor me, do you think?"

"Very likely. I'll ask her. She writes a good hand for your purpose and you'll find her very neat and exact, and tolerably rapid."

"Just the thing. If she is agreeable you may ask her to call at my office to-morrow."

"I'll do so," said Mr. Darrell, and they parted.

The doctor was just unhitching the old gray preparatory to starting home with his evening's mail. Seeing Mr. Glad

cated by Mr. Darrell, with an external composure so perfect that neither of the gentlemen present at all suspected her of any fluttering at heart. Mr. Slade was introduced and commenced in his most gallant way to make the lady's acquaintance, and at the same time to instruct her concerning her new duties. Everything seemed to be working as smoothly as possible.

Yet, in spite of himself, Mr. Darrell felt fidgetty. The place and the woman didn't seem to accord. Before night this conviction grew upon him to an extent that was positively uncomfortable. About five o'clock, he looked at his watch, gave a few directions to Mr. Slade, and started off out of the office. He made his way directly to the upholsterers.

"Gardiner," he said, "I want my office fixed up. I haven't had a thing done to it for years, and it's getting too shabby to be borne. I want a new carpet, a good Brussels I guess, they wear the longest, and a set of curtains—since we've got the windows washed, the light is unbearable—and some good new office-chairs."

"A Brussels carpet, Mr. Darrell," said Gardiner, in some surprise, "for an office? Why the dirt that will be tracked in on it, in one month, will ruin it."

"Well, we *won't have* dirt tracked in on it. We'll put a mat outside and a scraper if necessary."

Mr. Gardiner saw that his customer was in earnest, and at once commenced to take the order.

"You'd better go right down to-night and get the measure for the carpet," said Mr. Darrell, "and do the thing up as soon as possible."

And so it came to pass, that in a week's time, Mr. Darrell's office from being dark and dingy and dismal, was light and clean, and well furnished; a place fit for a lady, and as he began to perceive, for a gentleman. Certain other perceptions began to dawn also on Mr. Darrell's mind. Slade was a good bookkeeper, quite unexceptionable in a business way, but outside of business certain reports had come to Mr. Darrell's ears not altogether creditable to the young ma . In fact sundry boasts and not very delicate insinuations of the gentleman himself, had quite confirmed these rumors. Men have an instinctive recognition of their own coarse natures, and don't easily feel themselves debased by association; so though Mr. Darrell was himself entirely true to his marriage vows, he nevertheless could smile at the rather serious peccadillos of a young man like Slade, and as he was faithful and honest, which last Mr. Darrell took great pains, day by day, to insure that he should be, he practically thought little the worse of him for them. But Mr. Darrell had spoken only the truth when he had said that he had very great respect for Rebecca. Moreover, his nearly twenty years of intimate association with a woman so pure and noble as his wife, had refined his mind and deepened his intuitions to that degree that, as day by day he saw Slade, bending over Rebecca's desk or chair, in the necessary intercourse of the office, as he watched the look of restrained sensualism in his eye, and the occasional laxity of his attitudes and gestures, little things which a woman might have felt, but would never have seen, for Mr. Leslie Slade was outwardly very respectful to Rebecca—he began to feel an undefined uneasiness creep over him.

"Confound the man," he exclaimed to himself, "can't he keep his sensuality out of sight here, in the office. That woman is no parlor doll-baby. She will be sure to read him, and to feel insulted by his presence."

But Mr. Slade was by no means to be blamed for his want of reticence. He did try very hard, feeling instinctively how necessary it was to his self respect in her presence, to impress Rebecca with a sense of his gentlemanliness. If he failed, it was simply because where a man's whole being is pervaded with impure and sensual desires, there is no disguise in the universe that will hide it from even a tolerably true eye. Rebecca knew the man at once, and it grated upon her feelings to be obliged to meet him in daily and hourly intercourse. "However," she said, "this is one of the penalties one pays for leaving even temporarily, the natural and prescribed walks of womanly labor. If it was right to come here at all, it is right to bear this infliction in silence, so long as the man is personally respectful. If, however, Mr. Darrell had carried the removal of unclean things from his office a little further, and put this man out of the way, I should certainly have been better pleased."

It is not quite clear to the perceptions of many virtuous souls that the mixing in society of men of foul lives and degrading associations, is in itself a contamination. In the parlor, etiquette imposes, or is supposed to, many wholesome restraints; which if men and women mingled more freely in public intercourse would be found to be wholly inadequate. If ever society is purged of its foulness in this respect, the work must be begun upon the lower planes of life, and men themselves must learn to draw distinctions.

On the whole, however, Rebecca's life at the office was not unpleasant. The labor was comparatively light, the salary better than most occupations offer to women; it was besides a new field of observation and study, and the annoyances to which her sex exposed her were, she often fancied, less than the amusement she derived from the same source. It was rather pleasing, she thought, to notice how deftly cigars were slipped to one side by the more refined callers at the office, how again and again coarse language and rude behavior were checked by her presence; the profane word omitted from the exclamation, and a milder one substituted.

"I begin to be converted," she said to Mrs. Darrell, one evening, "to your view of things. I do believe that the most neglected missionary work in the world is that which women ought to be doing for men, by mingling with them in the ordinary avocations of life."

As for Mr. Darrell, he was well pleased with his new clerk.

"But then," he said to Laura, "you mustn't argue too much from the success of this experiment. Rebecca is certainly a treasure, but ninety-nine other women would be nuisances. She is exact, faithful and capable. She is a perfect lady in her manners; she compels without herself being aware of it, the respect of every man who comes into the office. Such a woman as that would win her way anywhere."

"That is the great trouble concerning women," said Laura, "they are by training and the circumstances of their lives, as a general thing, so incapable, so lacking in comprehension, of anything in the way of business-like exactness and faithfulness."

"Yes," said Ralph, "I've often noticed that it is never the *good* seamstresses, the *good* cooks, the *good* housemaids, who are out of work and fall into distresses. A really smart, efficient, capable woman can do anything she pleases in the world. She has twenty chances where a man has one; her very sex tells in her favor; which is one reason that I so soon get out of patience when I hear about single women, women without children, starving for want of work. As a general thing, those who starve are small loss to the world!"

"Oh! Ralph! Ralph! you are ungenerous now; for, say what you may, when it comes to the matter of earning one's own living, the laws and the customs are all oppressive to the last degree where women are concerned. And when you add to this the fact that they are taught from their cradles that they cannot and ought not to do as much as men, being naturally the weaker vessels, yet at the pinch find that it requires just as much food to keep them from starving, and just as much clothing to keep them from freezing, as if they were men, it is no wonder that so many of them become discouraged and either sink into helplessness, or, worse, into that yawning gulf which the profligacy of men keeps ever open at their feet."

"Well, now, I deny that the laws and customs are altogether to blame. Just you suppose that one half the women who are starving to death at plain sewing were to educate themselves as scientific and practical cooks, which any smart woman might do in the kitchen of her wealthy neighbor, and half the women who are elbowing each other so uncomfortably as teachers—say *that* half which plainly confess that they have no love for the vocation, but only practice it for the pay—should fit themselves by cheerful endeavor for intelligent, faithful nurse-girls, do you suppose they would get a cold shoulder from the world. I think not. Why, I know of forty families that would hail such an one as a godsend, and pay any price for her services. It is not opportunity but pride and want of inclination to work that starves many women. In the old countries a good housekeeper, as a good nursemaid, in a wealthy family is considered quite equal socially to the wives of small tradespeople, and I don't know any reason why they would not take even higher rank here. In this country it is especially true that it is shiftlessness and incapacity that are looked down upon. Why, we have so little of the spirit of caste that we respect a *good* clam-digger more than a bad poet. The truth is, that the present generation of women are singularly inefficient and incapable of doing *anything* in a *thorough* business-like way."

Laura thought a minute very soberly.

"Ralph," she said, "the present generation of women have, as a general thing, been *regularly trained* to do nothing whatever, but to depend upon men to work and think, and almost breathe, for them. They have been taught that it is maladylike to work, to be in any way useful; that the only way for a woman to live, is to get married and to exact from the man she marries the greatest possible amount of gratification for the least possible return. That is their vocation. Whether or not they are mistresses of it, let the husbands of some of our fashionably educated women testify?"

"Now, Laura, it is you who are unjust. If women lack training, pray whose fault is it? What are all our female colleges and seminaries of learning for?"

"Principally to enable women to make herbariums and calculate eclipses. When you speak of the educational advantages afforded to women, you touch a delicate subject. It has long been my opinion that as a nation we stultify ourselves in this particular, in a way which in any practical business matter would stamp us as fools at once. It is all very well for a woman to be able to sail a ship according to the latest theories of navigation, or to analyze chemically any known or unknown substance, provided, first, that she do not thereby neglect a knowledge of her first and most obvious duties as a woman—good housekeeping, good nursing, and, above all, the difficult and incalculably important duties of maternity; and, secondly, that she be provided with some way of earning her own living when that becomes necessary."

"If women were educated to do their own work well, it is true that they would not be so utterly helpless when thrown upon the world to take care of themselves. If, besides, those girls who are evidently liable to be so placed, the daughters of men themselves dependent upon their own exertions, the daughters of widows, orphan girls without means, if these could have an equal knowledge of practical affairs with boys so placed, it would avail them vastly more toward keeping body and soul together and preserving the priceless jewel of their honor from the rapacity of men, than much Greek and mathematics. That, or else, being fitted for the learned professions, let the learned professions be opened to them. To educate a large class of our girls to the same tastes and habits to which we would educate our boys if we designed them for doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, and then tell them, you must teach or starve, when, if there were an equal distribution of scholars among such aspirants, there would be about three pupils to a teacher, is certainly absurd."

"But girls don't have time to learn everything, Laura."

"Neither do boys; for which excellent reason they are only expected to learn that which will be most useful or indispensable to them. That is simple common sense; but it somehow seems to be impossible for men to exercise common sense where the advantages or privileges of women are concerned."

"But, when all is said and done, there is a large class of women who are *naturally* incapable of taking care of themselves. Weak in body, weak in spirit, purposeless, inefficient, mere waifs on the great ocean of humanity."

"Yes, there are such men too; that the women of this class are more numerous is, I believe, simply because of the errors in the training which we have just been discussing. But it is a sore, sore wrong which underlies all that stratum of society. These people who are *naturally* incable are so, nine times out of ten, because they truly reflect the discouragements, the heart-weariness, the secret pinings and regrets of the mothers who bore them. Ralph, when I look around me, and see the terrible disadvantages under which women labor at their great sacred office of maternity, I wonder not at the weakness of the race, but at its indomitable energy and life. If there is any being in the world more to be pitied than the woman whose every energy is taxed for the support of the new life, whose days are filled with a thousand nameless discomforts, and her nights with wakefulness and suffering, who feels herself too often neglected by her husband, just when she most needs his utmost tenderness and sympathy, because she is no longer entirely useful to him, compelled to labor, deprived of many of the genial, harmonizing influences of the outer world; if there is anybody more to be pitied than this neglected, suffering, helpless woman, it is the weak, desponding, incapable offspring she must of necessity bring into the world. I have seen such ones that made my heart ache more than any case of acute suffering I ever saw. Incapable of inspiring any interest in others which would lead to assistance, oftentimes cursed with the vain, hopeless, aimless longings which beset the suffering but uncomplaining mother, with no earthly chance of ever seeing them gratified. Ah! Ralph, these are they whom the Christ commanded us to forgive the 'seventy times seven' sins. Ralph, thinking of these alone makes my heart burn within me, to raise my hand and voice in behalf, not of women, but of all the weak and down-trodden of the race."

"Laura," said her husband, tenderly, "don't get excited. You are just laying off the burdens of maternity. Don't take the world on your shoulders quite yet. Give yourself a little rest."

As age crept toward Mr. Darrell, and his blood steadied itself a little, he leaned more and more upon his faithful, large-hearted wife; he cherished her tenderly; he gained a quicker and deeper insight into her wants; he depended more upon her judgment and trusted more to her intuitions. And as Laura, her nature expanded and toned to a sweeter beneficence by the loves and duties of womanhood, passed from the narrow and partial reach of youth to the grander range and wider horizon of middle age, and felt, as the true woman ever does feel as she passes this mysterious line, her mother heart grow great toward all the race, he began to to see as he never had seen before, the true significance of woman's calling; and to feel as she felt that the fruit which had ripened in his own household, under his own eye, yet how often with little help from him, was meet for the world's acceptance. And yet his soul was divided with weak and not unselfish longings to hold his treasure back, to keep for himself, and his own home, all that warmth of love, that depth and clearness of spiritual insight. Therefore he said: "Give yourself a little rest. Don't put on the new harness too soon. You are not strong enough for it."

"My husband," she said, looking steadily at him, her great, gray eyes, shining now with inward light. "My husband, it is the nature of women to grow strong in giving rather than receiving. Don't hold me back; but let

me feel instead your strong arm around me for support and defense. So I shall be invulnerable."

There was a moisture in his eyes as he answered. "Laura, God does dwell more nearly with women than with men. Lead you the way; I follow. You shall be eyes to see; I strength to execute."

CHAPTER XXII.

AMONG THE "VINES."

In the three years which had elapsed since his wife's death, Abraham Gladstone's fortunes had steadily improved. His whole strength and energy had been concentrated upon the one object of winning back his hereditary position. Till he saw the mortgage upon the old estate cancelled and the power in his hands to reside there in the old state and glory, he was determined to give no thought to any other matter.

Such singleness of purpose was characteristic of the man. He had not a brilliant mind, would never carry off fortune's prizes by storm. He was not gifted with quick and deep insight. His words ever came slowly, and in public speaking were never redundant. But he was careful, painstaking, thorough. In forensic debates, he was clear and forcible rather than eloquent; his logic was simple and had a certain mathematical accuracy and precision which always told with a jury. In cases where the feelings of his audience were interested, he seldom drew tears, but often touched a certain minor key of sadness that reaches below the tear-ducts—which lie after all very near the surface—into the hidden places of sorrow itself.

Without at all possessing those shining surface gifts, which after all render a man what is called popular, he still had gained a fast hold upon the hearts and minds of the people among whom he lived. They knew that he was an honest man. You could not impannel a jury within twenty miles of Wyndham, that wouldn't believe every word that Abraham Gladstone told them to be true. They knew him to be earnest and hard-working, with a native goodness of heart, which in spite of his pressing want of money, led him always to undertake the case of a poor man as readily as if he were rich, provided he were certain that he was in the right. For these reasons it happened that he had not unfrequently been nominated for county and state offices, and had never yet been defeated. Parties were pretty equally divided, and the leaders of the liberal side had already begun to speak of Abraham Gladstone as the most available candidate for the next Congressional election. He was therefore emphatically a rising man.

This very spring of which we write, he had so reduced the mortgage upon the old estate, that he felt himself practically out of debt, with a sure income which would warrant him in opening the family mansion, whenever he should find the proper person to be mistress of it. This being well understood to be the case, there was naturally a flutter of anxiety through all the female part of the community; for a handsome, good tempered man like Mr. Gladstone, who at thirty-three was the foremost man in the county, would not be likely to go begging for a wife.

Mr. Gladstone understood this fact perfectly, and accepted it with the usual masculine complacency. However, it by no means reduced the difficulty of a choice. Just at the present juncture, there were two ladies who stood out with some prominence from the ranks of his female admirers.

The first, my pen hesitates to confess it, was Miss Lillie Meredith, the only child of the widow lady with whom Mr. Gladstone had boarded for the last two years.

Searching about for reasons for this prominence of Miss Lillie's claims I can only find two: the first, propinquity and the second, the fact that Mr. Gladstone was a man. If this last seems still a little obscure, I shall endeavor hereafter to shed some light upon it. Miss Lillie was a fair-haired young lady of about nineteen summers, though few persons would have judged her to be more than seventeen, so girlish and immature were her manners. Her mother was a poor woman who worked all her days and many of her nights to maintain herself and her daughter. Or, rather more truthfully her daughter. The entire cost of her own keeping would hardly have paid for that young lady's boots. Miss Lillie had been sent to the academy ever since she was nine years old. She had been taught French and music, and drawing and dancing. She knew about as much about kitchen work as one of the flies which buzzed about her mother's kitchen window panes. She had never made a bed in her life; she had never swept a room in her life; she had never made a petticoat for herself, though she may possibly have achieved tatting enough to put about the edge of one when her mother had otherwise finished it, but I'll aver she never sewed the tatting on.

But Miss Lillie was very pretty, very accomplished, very engaging. She was always nicely dressed, when Mr. Gladstone saw her, for if she was up late, and had no time to take her hair out of the curling pins before the breakfast bell rang, she wouldn't go down to breakfast. And then her mamma sitting behind the coffee-urn and looking solicitous said:

"Poor Lillie, she studies so hard that she never feels well in the mornings. Kate, you'd better take a cup of coffee, and a bit of toast to her room."

And Kate, who knew her young mistress a great deal too well to approach her with so poor a show of good eating, stopped in the kitchen and added a bit of steak and an omelet.

Miss Lillie had the manners of a half-grown kitten; she was just so lithe and purring, and soft, and lively.

Mr. Gladstone meeting her on the porch, with a pout on her lip, would say:

"How now, Miss Lillie, what is that great pout for? Anything serious the matter?"

"I should think there was, but I'm not going to tell you, for you're a man and would laugh at me."

"For shame, Miss Lillie, I never laughed at you in my life."

Thereupon she would pout and look up coyly, advance a step, retreat two, keeping up all the time a skirmishing fire from her eyes, till at last it was ten chances to one that she managed to get behind the grape vine, and then Mr. Gladstone by way of entreaty, somehow got his hand on her arm or about her waist. He was an old friend, you know, and being very determined to find out the secret of that pout, pressed her so hard that she by and by whispered so low that he had to bend his ear just in reach of her saucy curls to hear it—that there was to be a concert at the Hall, next evening, and she wouldn't go for that lout of a Sam Ainsworth had asked her, and her mamma had said he was not a proper person for her to go with, and had forbidden her ever being seen with him anywhere.

"And I had to tell him a little fib to get rid of him. There now, go away you saucy man. You've got it all, but you know, I'd never have told you if you hadn't made me."

"But no," says Mr. Gladstone, "you haven't told me what the fib was."

"Oh! and never, never, never will," says Miss Lillie, "You might go down on your knees to me and I wouldn't."

But he don't go down on his knees and she does tell him that she told Sam Ainsworth, she was previously engaged, and then she actually cries a little.

Whereupon, Mr. Gladstone begs her to comfort herself, for it was no fib at all, as she is always previously engaged to him in all such cases; and then in the humblest way in the world, as if it were the greatest possible favor, he asks her will she honor him by going with him, and she whispers in such a soft purring way,

"Yes, indeed, if mamma will allow."

Mamma does allow, and Miss Lillie is very highly gratified with the success of her strategy.

So now I hope you understand what I meant by saying that one of the reasons for Miss Lillie's prominence in the ranks of competitors was the fact that Mr. Gladstone was a man.

The other lady was Miss Azarian Ridlehuber. This young woman was not a native of Wyndham, but an exotic sent with great care and some expense from a choice nook in Japonicadom, for the express purpose of sometime blooming in the now chill and deserted bowers of the Gladstone mansion.

It was a sad story, Miss Azarian thought—she always alluded to it, if at all, with down cast eyes, and a portentous sigh. The Ridlehubers had once been very wealthy. But losses came, and then failure, and then poor papa got into such sad ways, and mamma's fortune, which really was quite large, only it was a very expensive family, three sons you know, was sadly strained to keep the house going. And so, though this was never hinted, this Miss Azarian had been sent out to these rural shades to spend the summer with her cousin, Mrs. Evans, the minister's lady, and if possible, make a brilliant match. Of course, looking the ground over, she judged that she had a prescriptive right to Mr. Gladstone and began to lay her plans, with intense scorn of all rustic rivals.

Mr. Evans was a ripe scholar, a Christian of deep spiritual experiences, and a genial, excellent man. It was a little doubtful whether his wife was as thoroughly divorced as himself from "the world, the flesh and the devil." At any rate she still cherished a kindly pride in the glories of her family, who were nearly connected with the Ridlehubers, and had taken great pains, and been at some expense of exact verity to produce the impression in Wyndham, that her cousin Miss Azarian was a belle, an heiress, and a most distinguished ornament of the very highest circle of New York society, and had no motive whatever in secluding herself in Wyndham, when she might be leading captive the millionaires who haunt the summer watering places, except her tender affection for her devoted cousin Elisa, or as Miss Azarian always pronounced it Elise.

Miss Ridlehuber certainly had some claims to the appellation of a beauty. She was of medium height, with a slight figure, and a pale, wax-like complexion. Her eyes and hair were a handsome shade of brown, and well matched. Her features were regular and fine, and the tone of her manners corresponded precisely to the tone of her face. She was refined, feminine, and imperturbably self-possessed.

These two, Mrs. Evans and her cousin Azarian sat in the little parlor of the parsonage, engaged each of them with their embroidery and chatting after that easy, unrestrained fashion which the female heart so much delights in. About the fashions I think.

"Azarian, how did it happen that you had the courage to get one of those new summer bonnets. I dread to have you take it out of the bandbox, the gentlemen do so ridicule them."

"Indeed!" said Miss Ridlehuber, deliberately counting, "one, two, three, four, of black, and five, six, of the red. Cousin Elise, do you happen to remember any fashion for the last ten years, and I presume it has been the same for ten centuries, which the gentlemen didn't ridicule? Why it is a thing to be expected."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Evans. "If the bonnets are large enough to cover the face, then they are hideous, and scoops, coal scuttles, etc., are too graceful to be compared with them. If they are small and set off the head, Punch immediately suggests that the next fashion will be to have the bonnet carried behind the lady on a waiter. If dresses are made long, they sweep the mud of the streets; if short, the ladies are getting impatient to expose their ankles. If the cloaks are loose, they are dowdy and inelegant; if tight they make it impossible to distinguish between males and females on the streets. When men will be so inconsistent, it is foolish ever to heed them, but then one can't help it. Now Mark exchanges with Mr. Linscott you know on Sunday, and *couldn't* you put off bringing out the summer bonnet till after that?"

"Next Sunday will be the first in June," said Miss Ridlehuber composedly. "I never wore a spring bonnet in June in my life. I think Mr. Linscott's coming a very good reason for bringing out the new one. It will make an impression on him, see if it don't."

"Of course you know best," said Mrs. Evans, "but then I own I have my fears. But here comes Gladstone up the walk. Look your sweetest, Aza."

Miss Ridlehuber didn't seem in the least to heed the admonition, but went on with her counting as if nothing were about to happen. Well she might; for her toilet that day had cost her an hour's effort, in anticipation of this very event. Her hair was dressed with the skill of a French coiffeur, and with a simplicity and taste which that dignitary would never have imparted to it, her dress was lady like and elegant, with nothing noticeable about it, except its richness, and a bit of rose color at her throat, which lighted her pale face with just the faintest and most becoming glow.

As Mr. Gladstone entered, she received him with the most elegant grace and composure, and allowing him to open the conversation followed his lead with skill and intelligence, at the same time carefully preserving her own subordination. Ah! she was well trained to her part, was Miss Azarian.

She touched a finer key than ever had vibrated in Mr. Gladstone's soul before. He was deeply impressed; he had the same kind of admiration for her that he would have had for a fine painting or a fine statue, with the added warmth which her feminine graces inspired. He sat for an hour drawing her out, yielding himself to the charm of her liquid voice. Finally she sang for him. She was thoroughly trained, and at his especial request she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." There came a moisture into Mr. Gladstone's eyes, and a trembling about his heart-strings such as he hadn't felt for years.

As he went out, the dusk was coming on rosy and lucent, and from the bush at the door he broke a half-blown rose-bud and said, with a grace into which his honest heart infused a something which assured Miss Ridlehuber that it was not wholly an idle compliment,

"Will you accept it, Miss Ridlehuber? It will bloom more worthily for you, than even for the stars outside here."

She took it with a tremulous sigh that was not all feigned. Few women could resist Mr. Gladstone's eyes when he choose to make them effective, simply because they were honest eyes.

As he walked down the flower-scented path, the brightness of the dusk fading into cooler tints of pearl and gray, his thought still lingered about Miss Ridlehuber.

"If one could only be certain," he said to himself, "that she had a heart," and there went a little thrill through his veins as he thought of the delicious abandon with which he had seen Lillie Meredith throw herself into her mother's arms.

"She's a little goose," he said, "but she's a very fond one;" and there came up bitter, regretful memories, and a firm determination whatever else he did, not to marry a woman who had no heart.

In the midst of these reflections he reached the village store and saw Mr. Darrell on the steps. The sight at once recalled business to his mind.

"Good evening, Darrell," he said, "I want to ask you if that young lady clerk of yours would do a bit of copying for me. My clerk has left me and if I could get a good copyist, I shouldn't need another just now. Would she favor me, do you think?"

"Very likely. I'll ask her. She writes a good hand for your purpose and you'll find her very neat and exact, and tolerably rapid."

"Just the thing. If she is agreeable you may ask her to call at my office to-morrow."

"I'll do so," said Mr. Darrell, and they parted.

The doctor was just unhitching the old gray preparatory to starting home with his evening's mail. Seeing Mr. Glad

stone his eye at once took in the fact that he was dressed for calling.

"H—m!" said the doctor, partly as a guess, partly to lead the conversation in a direction that suited him. "Been down—to the—minister's—I s'pose; been down to the minister's."

Mr. Gladstone assented.

"That Miss Ridlehuber is a good looking girl," said the doctor, "pretty—good—looking, but she hasn't much money. The last time I was in New York, I asked some questions about her. The family has had money, but lost the most of it. The father drinks, the sons drive fast horses. The daughters have got to get married. If they can't marry in the city where they are known, they must go to the country where they are not known. She's a pretty fair looking girl though. Sings well; sings—*well*: but—there—isn't—so—much—*money*—there—as folks—think."

By this time the doctor was seated in his chaise and had taken up the reins. Mr. Gladstone made some remark about the weather to which the doctor assented with a

"Yes—yes. Go—long—Dorothy."

The doctor had never told this story of his about Miss Azarian before, would never tell it again perhaps. He knew very well that Gladstone wouldn't repeat it. How did he know so well to whom and where to drop those few words, sure of their taking effect? Mr. Gladstone himself wondered but couldn't tell. The truth was just this. The instant the doctor's eye lighted on Mr. Gladstone's white waistcoat, this train of thought ran through his brain. "Been to see a woman; wouldn't put on a white waistcoat for any Wyndham woman. Miss Ridlehuber. He's free, means marriage. She means marriage too. I'll tell," and the doctor did tell; but Mr. Gladstone was a little farther gone than the doctor had calculated, and found himself speculating as he walked home.

"Poor girl! with her refinement and her quiet way, she must have a hard time of it, if the doctor is right, and he always is about those matters. If a man were to take her out of such a home and give her wealth, and position, and love, wouldn't she be grateful and love him in return?"

Mr. Gladstone thought she would.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Human Soul.

BY W. THIRDS.

We have not the vanity to attempt an analysis of the human soul. The subject is too vast, too complicated, too deep, too subtle for our feeble powers. It is our settled conviction that none but its great eternal author can fathom its intricate susceptibilities, or determine its ultimate possibilities. Men, in their ignorance, stimulated as they sometimes are by egotism and self-conceit, or infatuated by some theological myths, may deal out, without stint, their anathemas and judgment against their fellow-men; they may vilify and slander the human soul by charging it with innate vileness, corruption and total depravity; but we are intuitively drawn back to that great, self-evident and beautiful truth, as written by a Divine inspiration upon our own consciousness—that man is inherently divine; that the germ life, the ever-living soul of man, is an emanation from the paternal and maternal soul or life of the universe, whom we call God, and is, therefore, immortal, possessing the germs of future greatness and goodness, the embryo elements of celestial love, purity and beauty. This conviction, firmly rooted in our minds, has a tendency to shed a radiant light of divinest charity and paternal love over our pathway of life; and we look upon all races and classes of men as our equals in the sight, and in the parental affections, of our common father, God. Moreover, it affirms with an irresistible logic the divinity of a universal democracy.

It is not our design in this present writing to deal with abstruse or technical questions of any kind. We wish to confine our thoughts within the sphere of our every-day life, its observations and individual experiences, for it is from thence that we may, if we will, derive rich lessons of wisdom. It is from thence that we learn that the human soul is most delicately constructed; that it is a marvelous production, the masterpiece of the universe, which only needs culture, development, refinement and maturity in its several departments, to round it out and fashion it into an embodiment of angelic beauty. It is emphatically the harp of a thousand strings that only needs to be attuned that it may respond in harmonious accents to the music of celestial spheres.

Man's intellectual achievements are visible and grand, and are scattered in rich profusion all over the world. By the use of the laws of mechanics and principles, and the control of the more subtle forces of nature, he has filled earth with the noblest monuments of art and beauty. The application of steam as a motive power for the propulsion of machinery, with the subserviency of the electric fluid as a vehicle of thought, bringing men face to face (as it were) on opposite sides of the globe, without the intervention of time or space, are the milestones that he erects along the track of human history. He is not, however, satisfied with these. He looks away from earth, and seeks to explore the illimitable universe, and to analyze the latent and invisible forces that control its action. In this department of science he has weighed and measured the sun, with its planets and their satellites, determined their relative distances from each other, and discovered the pathway of the solar system, around some great central luminary in the mystic depths of space. More than this, he has mapped out the heavens far beyond the solar system, and for long ages past, Arcturus, Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades have been explored and defined, and still continue to shine in their sparkling beauty from their silent spaces in the heavens above us. And still beyond these, Ross' great telescope reveals innumerable starry systems stretching out into immeasurable space.

But these achievements belong to the sphere of the intellect. We have yet to look at man in a different light; from a higher standpoint. Man, as an intellectual being simply, is a savage. It is only when the intellect (in its refinement) becomes subservient to the moral or spiritual sentiments, so that a harmonial and reciprocal action is maintained between them, that man becomes truly great, and answers the sublime purposes or ends of his existence. When the mind grasps a great idea or a divine *principle*, and fully comprehending it, is sufficiently exalted to ever remain true to its convictions in regard to it under all circumstances, and at all hazards, and at all times, it is then that the soul becomes truly exalted and religious. Such souls the world has produced, or such have lived upon the earth, many of whom have toiled and suffered almost every conceivable hardship and privation, and finally gone down to death and, for the time being, to a dishonored grave, amid fire, and blood, and torture.

But we know that to very many people these are formidable obstacles and stumbling-blocks in the way. So many of the world's inhabitants are so stupid, and ignorant, and brutish, and wicked, that they seem to demonstrate the opposite of our conclusions. But this we regard as a superficial view of the subject; for when we come to understand the causes that lead to those conditions, then we see that they are the result of circumstances. Everything naturally reproduces its kind. Men and women of low physical organizations, and those living in open violation of all physiological laws, or those that live to gratify the low and sordid passions merely, cannot produce a high order of offspring. But this class of our common humanity is the prolific source from whence spring the world's criminals and its monstrosities; and these are no more responsible for their malformations of brain and their angularities of character than they are for their birth. Such, however, may be improved to a considerable extent by the application of healthful educational influences in this world. But, as a general rule, they will have to be put through the great chemical process called death, and the spirit resurrected out of its deformed prison-house of coarse materiality, before it can make any very decided advancements heavenward or toward the attainment of an exalted manhood or womanhood.

Many a finely organized child of humanity may, through the instrumentality of some abnormal appetite, or crushing misfortune, become temporarily lost in the mazes of sin and crime.

Behold the poor drunken sot, or the abandoned waif, degraded, debauched and seemingly lost to all that is noble or pure in human life. Yet beneath all this filth and accumulation of sin and guilt there is a priceless gem, awaiting a resurrection from its purgatorial fires, as pure as a seraph's thought. And even here in its present condition some love token, or fraternal act, may reach some one of the thousand strings belonging to that "mysterious harp," bruised and broken and all unstrung as it is, and it will respond, in notes of softest and sweetest music, that will reveal its kinship, not only to our common humanity, but to the angels of higher spheres. What shall we do with such? Oh! that is a question to be solved, with a thousand others, when the world becomes purer and better than it is now; but we know that that soul, lost as it is for the present, is too precious in the sight of God to be abandoned and given over to remediless and hopeless despair. Some faithful sentinel, perhaps a mother in spirit life, shall watch its wayward steps to the close of its earthly career, and then—well, we will pursue the subject no farther now; but a man does not cease to be a man at death, nor does a woman cease to be a woman, nor do their relations to the great Father Spirit terminate there. God still lives and cares for all there as well as here.

If some kind friend should object to this conclusion of ours, then we reply, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

We regard this life as the chrysalis condition, the initiatory to a higher life. Here our better, or more Godlike, nature exists chiefly in an embryotic condition; for a man may live to three-score and ten years, and still be a stranger to himself. Circumstances may have been such that the finer or spiritual elements of his nature may never have seen the light of day, or been brought out to a conscious existence in his soul life; sometimes a mere accident may awaken some latent faculty of the soul, so that it will come to a consciousness of some beautiful truth intimately connected with the innate spiritual life, of which it was before wholly ignorant. Even in the sphere of the senses we cannot comprehend the significance or intensity of their innate susceptibilities. We recollect reading some years since that the far-famed Ole Bull, while traveling in this country, visited a cave somewhere in the State of Kentucky, and while there he availed himself of the opportunity to play a number of his favorite pieces of music upon his violin. The cave was formed for giving an increased volume to sound, as well as the echoes that reverberated along its otherwise silent chambers. The effect was irresistible, so much so that rough and stout-hearted men were completely overpowered by their emotions, and wept like children. So in reference to a sense of the beautiful. But a few, comparatively, of the world's inhabitants are prepared to understand or appreciate the beautiful in nature and art.

A stolid insensibility exists, generally, in relation to those more delicate and tender faculties of the soul. And then, when we come to its higher and spiritual qualities, which lift it up to an understanding and an appreciation of divine principles, such as justice, mercy and truth, that culminate during the soul's growth, in acts of practical kindness and practical love for all men everywhere, and a sweet communion with all that is pure and grand and beautiful, in the earth beneath and the heavens above; such divine exaltation of soul, we apprehend, is but feebly developed in this stage of our world's history. But this fact does not detract from the soul's innate, divine powers to achieve, ultimately, its victory and its complete unfoldment into a higher life.

The practical, thinking man will comprehend at once why it is that his fellow-men occupy their present position, for he sees at once the crushing circumstances that surround them. Bad physiological conditions, hereditary transmissions, debasing habits, false political, religious and social institutions, the products of ignorance, are the prolific sources from whence it all comes, like a brood of hissing serpents, or a legion of demons, bringing war, pestilence and famine in their train.

And thus we have to struggle on through this earth-life; first, to overcome bad physical conditions that have a tendency to cramp and dwarf the soul; then, to surmount the obstacles that a false education and false institutions have placed in our pathway.

There is room enough and time enough, if the natural resources that the world affords were properly and justly applied, for all men and women to become educated, harmoniously developed and refined. But what do we see? The world, filled with antagonism, strife and discord. Everybody for himself, in an attitude of defense, with the world combined against him. And so, many a poor soul goes to the wall, finds himself or herself impaled upon some direful circumstances, or crushed beneath some terrible misfortune. How many a poor soul lives and struggles on through a long life, endowed by nature with the tenderest and sweetest sensibilities, with the purest and loftiest ideals and the noblest aspirations, all the while misunderstood, misinterpreted, neglected, may be ridiculed and slandered, scarcely meeting a kind, sympathizing one through its lonely pilgrimage from childhood to the grave. The bitter cup of poverty may be, and generally is, an accompaniment; and, oh, God! what a life! Its bitterness, its agony, who can tell?

And, then, in a Christian land, where so much money is raised and expended for missionary purposes, so many feeble women, "stitching at the same time a shroud and a shirt," with the cold, icy fingers of want and destitution clutching at the life currents as they pass languidly along their debilitated channels!

Again, we behold the delicately organized woman struggling in the grasp (matrimonial) of some rude, uncultured man, with an intensified animal nature. We see her with her pale, emaciated cheek, and sunken eye, and feeble step, strewing flowers upon the graves of her departed children. She, too, is slowly and prematurely approaching the same goal for want of that spiritual sustenance or soul-sympathy that every delicately formed soul so much needs, and thus we see victims and the wrecks strewn all along life's journey the wide world over.

Now, it is our firm conviction that all this need not be; that there is a way out of the wilderness. Not by any "atoning blood," or "substituted righteousness," or "vicarious atonement." But by earnest labor, beginning at the very root of the disease, with the physiologic condition of human life, together with the proper development of the moral and intellectual faculties, and the reformation of our commercial and labor systems, etc.

But we have no time now for such discussion. We have this much to say, in conclusion, and we say it with all confidence, and to those that need not look for the millennial era to dawn upon their earthly pilgrimage. We say, Take courage, hope on, have faith in God and the future, O!

thou bewildered, struggling soul! for out of all this apparent discord, confusion and strife shall come a rich and a priceless reward. The world is God's great workshop, or laboratory, for producing results that your poor, oppressed and weary minds have never yet dreamed of. The lily springs from the muddy cesspool, a thing of beauty, an emblem of purity. Wait, then, and work with patience, until the great problems of human life and human destiny are solved; and then we shall view the Mount of Transfiguration in the rosy light of the Summer Land, and as Jesus, and Peter, and James, and John the beloved disciple, had their spiritual vision opened to the priceless beauties of a glorified existence beyond this, so shalt thou arise from thy weary night of toil and suffering a jewel of purity, love and celestial beauty, to dwell with the angels evermore.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Going and Coming.

BY LITA BARNEY BAYLES.

Blow not so fiercely, ye storm winds to-night,
Ye are bearing my husband away from my sight;
Quit your strong surgings, ye wild rolling foam,
Freighted so precious with loved from my home.
Look on in pity, oh wind and oh wave!
Engulph not forever the fond and the brave,
For years hath he trusted his life to thy care,
So long hast thou saved him, but now to ensnare?
Many are anxious this moment with me,
And many are praying forbearance from thee;
Then bend thy wild storm to this asking of mine,
And bow thy strong will to the human, divine.
* * They hush but a moment to list to my prayer,
Then scorn and deride me, those spirits of air;
They know of no pity. Oh, wandering one,
Thou must care for thyself, or at length be undone;
They will shake the staunch craft, where thou plantest thy feet,
Engird thee with tempest and darkness complete,
With shriekings and howlings will fill thy long night,
Exult in thy torment with demon delight,
They will swallow thee up in their mountain-tossed foam,
And keep thee forever from me, and thy home!

* * * * * * * * *

Coming to me, my love, coming to me,
Over the swell of the billowy sea,
Partings are ended, and greetings are near,
Coming to me and thy loved ones so dear.

Bear him all safely, oh, treacherous sea!
That else might enshroud him forever from me,
Bid your wild waves soften down their dread roar,
To land him again on his own native shore.

Gently, blow gently, oh winds, in your might,
Shielding my darling from sorrow this night,
Wafting him pleasantly over the main,
To rest in the arms of his loved ones again.

Coming to me, my love, coming to me,
Over the swell of the billowy sea,
Come to the hearts of the friends that are true,
Who have listened and longed for a footstep from you!

Dayville, Conn., October 29, 1866.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Psychometric Reading of T. P. Rossiter, N. A.

BY MRS. ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

["The Home of Washington," "The Discoverers," "The Palmy Days of Mt. Vernon," "Washington's First Cabinet," "The Library at Mt. Vernon," "Washington's Farewell Dinner," etc., are among the valuable productions of Rossiter.—ED.]

Sharp, clear in perception.

Folds of drapery are all rounded in pleasant lines and curves.

The native artist. The natural gentleman. The fine intuitionist. The fully developed heart. In building up for himself first, ending in giving to his country the creations which excel vast numbers of the old masters, who are to-day looked upon as oracles.

You give us back again the loved forms and beauteous faces of "long ago"—those whom we reverence and honor.

American history can be given better through the artist's pencil than through poetry or prose.

I see you in the shadow of night, with all these men of immortal memory standing around you, as they once stood before the people, honored, true, noble men. It is a great work, this gathering up of forms and faces full of soul, moving, though seeming quiet. This is a great power which you possess—a power to bring out on canvas living men.

The figures of those women, (Martha Washington and Nellie Custis in the picture of "The Palmy Days of Mt. Vernon,") the benignant face of Martha Washington is a rare work of art; for, sir, you have filled that woman's form with soul. I feel the great heart of Martha Washington beating while I stand looking at her, beating for the country and all who came to her, either kindred or stranger. The full type of the true American woman, such as *all should be*; but rarely met with in this *nineteenth century*.

George Washington, the good man, with that benevolent face (as seen in the picture, entitled "The Home of Washington," now on exhibition in the rotonda, in which he stands conversing with Lafayette,) in which shines the light of the spirit which gave him the victory over the trained armies of oppression. He stands the man of peace, the leader of the great Republic of to-day, the leader of freedom, the hero and Christian.

The others are clustered around these (Hamilton and Madison, as seen in "The Palmy Days of Mt. Vernon,") two center figures, center minds, quickening spirits of the land. And they whom you have so faithfully represented, stand asking to-day this boon of the American nation and Congress, "place us where young men and maidens, old men and middle-aged, will see represented the virtues of Washington and his most excellent partner, Martha, showing all that virtue never dies"—the possession of which neither time, age, sorrow or sickness can destroy—the beauty of soul, which shines through the form and every lineament of the human face, of all those who have lived, not for themselves, but for humanity. So much of your spirit is infused into these pictures that I see you in all of them, the *center spirit* calling together the *souls* of the same and giving back to the world, and particularly the *American nation*, living, breathing men, women and children, who lived *for us*, and now in these figures we have them back again blessing us.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 29th, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Spiritism and the Bible—No. 3.

BY LAROY SUNDERLAND.

The old theology is nothing more nor less than what the supernaturalism of the Bible has made it. That theology has its *authority* for all its hideous ideas of an angry, jealous and vindictive God; for all its degrading notions of man and human nature. All, all these errors, these harsh views of human destiny, these puerile notions as to God's failure and disappointment in creation, all of them owe their existence to the "inspiration" of the Bible; and an inspiration, says my friend L., "grander, more potential and deeper than the world has ever seen." And, we may add, what a pity, then, that modern Spiritism had not been cradled in the pulpits, where that Bible has been "conserved and interpreted" from the beginning? Will you tell me that the Christian world has never, till now, understood the Bible, and that Spiritism has been born in order to give its true interpretation? Well, now, I will confess to you that, with my own explanation, I, myself, take this view of the "mission of Spiritism." And what, then, has that "mysterious rap" done in this behalf? Let me tell you what it has done, not for the Jews, not for a sect, not for any church, merely, but for humanity, for the whole world, and for all time; and this is what it has done, it has DEMONSTRATED, as the sun shines for all, so Spiritism has demonstrated for humanity the utter futility of all claims in favor of paramount authority or superiority in supernaturalism, the supernaturalism of the Bible, the Koran, Swedenborg, the Book of Mormon, and all similar "revelations" from the invisible world.

Are the teachings of spirits through modern media contradictory? Precisely the same is true of all alleged revelations from invisible personages who inhabit another world. The mediums and spirits of the present day contradict themselves no more than the priests of the present and of all past ages have done. All the so-called "inspiration" produced by imaginary or real personages in another world have always been more or less contradictory, as they are now. Hence, it follows, and this is the crowning glory of Spiritism that it has made this demonstration, and put the matter beyond all doubt, for the benefit of the human race hereafter in all time, that there can be no authority, nothing of duty in alleged "revelations," come they from "God," or "Jesus," "Moses," or the prophets. "Every tub," said Lorenzo Dow, "must stand on its own bottom, whether it be ash, or oak, or chestnut." Every medium must be held responsible (he, the medium, himself or herself,) and not an invisible somebody who is alleged to speak through them. One says this "somebody" is "God;" another says "Mosea;" another, Dr. Franklin; another, Lord Bacon; another says "Tom," "Dick," or "Harry." But who this "somebody" is we do not know; nor can he be cross-examined or controlled by the laws of evidence which prevail in this world. The testifying medium, therefore, is the only responsible personage knowable in the case. Was Jesus a medium with whom no other is to be compared? He taught errors. He taught vindictive torments in hell. He demanded that one should hate his father and his mother, thus interfering with the relations of life, which are the foundation and the source of all virtue, goodness, justice and truth. Jesus demanded that we should wear his yoke. Mahood true to its mission wears no yokes.

But I may be told that Jesus excelled in that he laid down his life willingly and died *for* his enemies on the cross. But I meet this assertion with a flat denial. The New Testament does not afford the evidence to prove that Jesus actually died upon the cross. It does, however, afford evidence abundantly sufficient to show—

1. That Jesus was overwhelmed with a most distressing fear of death, and that he deprecated it, and did all he could to have that cup pass from him. Indeed, it is doubtful if history affords the account of any other man, publicly condemned to suffer death, who manifested more dread of it than we are told Jesus did. In his distress he is said to have repeated over three times his prayer to escape, when he had cautioned his disciples against repeating their prayers. He fell on his face, in a severe perspiration, and, to the last, he was most horribly agitated in view of the scene before him; so much so that when he found himself upon the cross, in his weakness, he imagined that God had really forsaken him. And yet, my friend Loveland, as if not yet sufficiently "inspired" to be perfectly free from the *taint* of the old theology, speaks of the "inspiration of Jesus in his death agony." And this, perhaps, he must have said by "inspiration," for, as to the actual death of Christ, the New Testament does not enlighten us! It tells us, however, how Jesus was begotten, and that at one time this same Jesus "saw the devil fall from heaven like lightning," and when Jesus saw that sight he was, doubtless, under the influence of that "grander, more potential and deeper inspiration than the world has ever seen," which friend Loveland so freely attributes to him. And what a sight to see that old cross devil falling from heaven! And I wonder what friend L. would now think of any spirit-medium whose "inspiration" should enable him to see that far-famed personage, that ancient opponent of the Infinite God, falling from heaven?

2. The other point so manifest from the New Testament "inspiration" is the fact that Jesus did not die on the cross. He swooned, undoubtedly, and thus his head fell upon his breast so soon after being put on the crucifix. The crucified often lived for a number of days, sometimes for a week or more. The cross was not designed to produce immediate death; and hence the unbelief of Pilate when told that he was dead. There are various evidences from the New Testament sufficient to show that Jesus was not actually dead when removed from the cross, and that he was not we should infer certainly when told that he was seen alive in less than three days after; yes, alive, and eating his dinner with his disciples! But the subsequent declaration of Jesus himself settles this point, for he says he was not a spirit; he had a mortal body, with human appetite, precisely as you and I have.

Quincy, Mass., Jan. 20, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Evil and Evil Spirits.

BY F. T. LANE.

This ever recurring subject has caused considerable wrangling among Spiritualists, and any elucidation of the question is sure to call forth discussion. It is much easier, and more agreeable to remain silent, than to take up the cudgel and sally forth in a beligerent attitude. Where the love of truth dominates a controversy, good results are sure to follow. Bro. Loveland in his article on Evil Spirits, deals some vigorous and timely blows at spiritualistic superstitions, but it seems to us that some of his position are at variance with the plainest teachings of human experience. Mr. Loveland is in earnest. He says he can allow no evasion or shuffling concerning the source of evil. On this point then we will be explicit, and demand of him to make the most of it.

Imperfection is the cause of evil. As man can never attain perfection, therefore evil is endless. Only the forms of evil are transient.

Evil, then, is not a "temporary incident of the soul's incarnation in an animal body," but inherent in the constitution of man. So long as man remains finite, so long will there appear to him some form of evil. Mr. Loveland says that "evil has its origin in the animal body; that it never taints the soul." Now, if these statements are correct, evil requires only physiological treatment?

Does Mr. Loveland propose to reform the world by simply teaching obedience to the laws of health, and ignoring moral and intellectual training and culture? If to banish evil, we have only to be born into the higher life, wherein is the difference between the genuine saint and the veritable sinner? If evil never taints the soul, how can there be future-punishment of any kind?

Supposing evil has its origin in the animal body, how do you know that with another body, there may not be another form of evil?

Are not the bodies of spirits related to the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms of the Summer Land?

Are the laws of physiology of the "earth, earthy?" Are they not repeated on a higher plane in spirit life?

If nature refines the organism of man by the chemical process called death, does she not correspondingly refine the surroundings of that organism? It is generally conceded among Spiritualists, that the spirit body is a chemical refinement of the physical organism. If we cannot maintain our health here, without obedience to chemical laws, how can we preserve our health there without conforming

to the same laws? Given the same chemical constituents, and the same chemical laws follow. If we grant, then, your hypothesis, we do not see how your conclusions *logically* follow. What does death do for us? It removes all physical diseases as active forces, destroys all appetite either perverted or natural, for physical nutriment; and this of itself, is sufficient to make the higher life sweeter and happier. You predicate for man in the future life spiritual and intellectual progress; this involves culture, training, labor, effort; and these, in turn, imply sorrow as well as joy, disappointment as well as pleasure, weakness as well as strength. Lesser evils will meet us there at every turn, as greater evils do here. Why, then, do you make a special exception in favor of the external organism?

REPLY.

The great mistake of Bro. Lane, as it seems to us, is in assuming that all imperfection is necessarily a cause of evil—whereas, the very contrary is true. It is not an evil that man is finite, and therefore in that sense imperfect; for were he not, existence would be a curse instead of a blessing. Finiteness renders culture, progress, a possibility, which could not be the case if he possessed an absolute perfection in the olden sense. But this assumed perfection would be the worst form of imperfection; it would be an eternal sameness. Man is perfect in the true sense of the term, for he is progressive. Our philosophy compels us to recast all the old terminology. We discard *in toto* the old Brahminical notion of perfect rest, as giving the true idea of happiness. Motion, the motion of progress comprises the true idea of genuine felicity. Does Bro. Lane mean to say that culture, here, or in the Summer Land, involves necessarily unhappiness or evil? Why the teaching of our dispensation is, that a true method of education, is a flowery pathway through fields of beauty and pleasure. Does not Bro. Lane know this to be true? Does not every person know that labor even, is not in itself painful, but the reverse? What then becomes of his conclusion of evil as a consequence of culture in the future life?

But the real gist of controversy lies in the nature of evil. Two philosophies present themselves. The first, is that of the church which affirms evil *per se* of the spiritual nature of man. All physical disorder is the effect of prior spiritual evil or sin. If this be true, we are forced to admit not only evil spirits, but with Bro. Lane, we must conclude evil itself to be eternal! There can be no escape from this conclusion; and we ask intelligent Spiritualists if they are prepared to strike hands with orthodoxy on this point? The second, is that evil, by which we mean that which produces pain or sorrow, is of, and from the earthly, animal body, and must cease as a working, causative power when that body dies, though the results of excessive animalism here will be severely felt in the ungrowth, or lack of culture which will determine the status of the spirit there. If Bro. Lane means, by punishment, the experience of these consequences, we agree. But does he pretend that such suffering involves the existence of positive, malignant purposes in the person so enduring? If not, then where are your evil spirits? We will not pursue this topic farther now, for, until it can be shown that evil, in the sense of a malignant tendency to wrong doing, for the love thereof, is an attribute of spirit *per se*, nothing whatever is alleged against our argument, and all claims of evil spirits are based upon an entire misapprehension of the subject. L.

Praying in Public Meetings.

BY J. B. HARRISON.

I think Bro. Finney's use of the language of Matt. vi., 5, 6, is not legitimate, (see REPUBLIC of 26th of January, article "Worship,") but of course the only authority final for us must be the soul's insight into the nature of things. As believers in rational religion, we need have no fears of the result of any criticism whatever. We can well spare whatever is false, whatever has its root and sanction only in the past and not in the needs of the present. Only what is true will do us good.

After reading all I can find that has been written to show that oral public prayer is not reasonable or necessary, I am not convinced. The objections do not seem to me sufficient or philosophical. Nearly all the criticisms are directed against selfish, hypocritical, blasphemous prayers; but most of the preaching of our time is as bad as the praying, or very much like it; yet most of the people who have heard Bro. Finney will testify that there may be such a thing as good preaching, though he does not call himself a preacher. As a radical man, a rationalist, I see that oral public prayer is right, and true, and helpful, when spoken from a spiritual elevation. If a man is a true worker for the right, if he fills his life with perpetual helpfulness for humanity, he may pray, and his praying need not be hypocritical or hurtful to himself or others. It may be helpful to all.

I know well that the highest experiences do not seek utterance, cannot be voiced in words, but it does not therefore follow that inspirations, which are a little lower than these unspeakable ones, should not be used in the oral prayer in meetings for worship and teaching. We cannot use these divinest inspirations in lecturing or preaching, but we are thankful if, when words are needed, we can have the highest that words will express. I would not have anyone pray so much that he cannot work, nor do so much of any one thing good in itself that he has no vitality left for something else more important. I would have the soul free, not bound by superstition or custom; but I think that a brave, free, cultured soul may sometimes utter its aspirations, some that are worthy and helpful if not the highest, in words of prayer in the hearing of others.

If a man is thus moved to pray, his utterance will have a texture as true and absolute as that of the earth on which we stand, as the beauty of the light, or the sound of the sea. He may be quite as good and may not be moved to pray in public. Then let him be silent. I, too, believe that work is worship if it is lifted high enough. The attitude of the soul goes far to decide the quality of what we do. Much of the work in the world is servile, selfish, and blasphemous; very like the praying of the Pharisees of our time.

We may mistake some of the features of our individuality for general spiritual laws. I believe that oral prayer will be part of the social worship of the great church of the future which my brother is helping to build. The world is wiser than any one of us. Thinking as I do of this whole topic and its relations, I use oral prayer before most of my discourses on spiritual subjects.

I have not written this with any fault-finding or carping spirit. I have been greatly strengthened and helped by association with the author of the article above cited. The relation between us is too close and deep and tender to be put into words. Yet we sometimes write letters to each other.

SCIENCE AND ART.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

Science and Theology.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

It is a notorious fact that orthodox ministers in country churches throughout the land, are in lamentable ignorance of what is being accomplished in the various departments of physical research, or of the great thinkers that are committed in favor of modern ideas of progress, and the alarm they manifest when teachers of science appear in their midst, is often amusing.

I have devoted a portion of my time for the last six years to lectures on Geology; and I can say that my labors in that field, have subjected me to far greater opposition and criticism from the clergy than my efforts in connection with Spiritualism during the same period. I will give one instance which will serve as an illustration of many similar cases, and which will also suggest the propriety of a few quotations from eminent authors, both Christian and infidel, bearing on a doctrine which many suppose connected only with a few obscure names.

During a course of lectures recently delivered in Omro, Wis, I discussed the nebular theory as a probable explanation of creation. The clergy were alarmed, they thought the implication adverse to Bible authority, and though, declining a verbal discussion while I was in Omro, their courage revived after my departure, and they came out with a series of articles in the "Omro Union," to counteract the "bad influence" of my "sophistical arguments." Bro. J. Wilcox of Omro, has published able replies to these theological objections.

I will reply in this connection to but one paragraph, contained in Rev. F. M. James, article relating to the nebular theory. He says, "Mr. Whipple comes to us with a theory, baseless as a vision of the night; a mere speculation of the fancy, and the gentleman (Mr. Wilcox) and his friends hail this able retailer of Herbert Spencer's vagaries, as an expounder of the great volume of nature." Now, as Rev. Mr. James is one of a large class who consider the nebular theory of the earth's origin, "a baseless vision of the night—a mere speculation of the fancy," I ask a little space in your columns, not to write a defence, and cite the facts which support this theory, but simply to present it in connection with the names of able scientists, who give support to its claims.

G. F. Richardson, F. G. S., of the British Museum, a Christian geologist, says in his "Introduction to Geology," p. 55: "The hypothesis which is supposed to offer the most probable explanation of the origin of our earth, is termed the nebular theory; it first originated in the researches and discoveries of the late Sir William Herschel and his distinguished son, and has been confirmed by the investigations of continental astronomers, Laplace, Gauss, &c. * * * * It will readily be perceived that this supposed gaseous origin of our planet contains within itself all the conditions requisite for its succeeding changes: it being considered that the earth has passed from a gaseous to a fluid, and thence to a solid condition, as the varied processes of rotation, refrigeration, and condensation have simultaneously proceeded." Guyot, author of "Earth and Man," says, p. 101, "Laplace, Herschel, and most other modern astronomers agree in considering the assemblage of stars that form, at present, our solar system, as having been at the first confounded in one celestial body, resembling one of those mysterious nebulæ we see floating in the celestial spaces. * * * A gaseous mass, uniform, or rather formless—for the property of gas is indefinite expansion—an obscure mass, where nothing is determined. This is chaos. This is the inorganic state; here is the point of departure. Soon the development begins. A principle of concentration, gravitation, counterbalances the unlimited expansion of the gaseous matter, brings the molecules nearer together, and groups them in a spheroidal mass. * * * The nebula is detached from the general mass under the form of a luminous spheroid, traced in the obscurity of the heavens. This is the first step in process of formation. * * * * The fact of the separation of the different bodies of our solar system into a number of spheres, planets and satellites, constitutes one of the essential and incontestable phases of its development." John W. Draper, professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," p. 534, says: "As matters now stand, the nebular hypothesis may be regarded as the first superficial, and therefore imperfect, glimpse of a series of the grandest problems soon to present themselves for solution—the mathematical distribution of matter and force in space, and the variations of that distribution in time."

In a work entitled "Correlation and Conservation of Forces," Prof. H. L. F. Helmholtz of Germany, remarks, p. 230: "A number of singular peculiarities in the structure of our planetary system indicate that it was once a connected mass with a uniform motion of rotation. Without such an assumption, it is impossible to explain why all the planets move in the same direction round the sun, why they all rotate in the same direction round their axes, why the planes of their orbits, and those of their satellites and rings all nearly coincide, why all their orbits differ but little from circles; and much besides."

Herbert Spencer, in his "First Principles," says, p. 266: "The theory of evolution furnishes us with equivalent antecedents for the gyrations which all planets exhibit, which bear manifest quantitative relations to the motions displayed For the planets that turn on their axes, with extreme rapidity, are those having great masses and large orbits—those, that is, of which the once diffused elements moved to their centers of gravity through immense spaces, and so acquired high velocities. While, conversely, there has resulted the smallest axial movement where the orbit and the mass are both smallest." The same author says in his "Illustrations of Universal Progress," p. 240, that, "the genealogy of this hypothesis is as high as that of the other is low. It is begotten in that ever enlarging and ever strengthening belief in the presence of Law, which accumulated experiences have gradually produced in the human mind."

Thomas Buckle says in his "History of Civilization," vol. ii. p 403, "I am convinced that any hypothesis, not absolutely inconsistent with the known laws of nature, is preferable to that dogma of interference, which what may be called the miraculous school of geologists wish to foist upon us, in utter ignorance of its incompatibility with the conclusions of the most advanced minds in other departments of thought."

I will also subjoin a few other authorities without occupying space with quotations from their work, who expressly declare in favor of the nebular hypothesis. Emanuel Kant, the great Metaphysician of Germany; John Tyndall, professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of London; Faraday, the English Chemist; Prof. Haxley, F. G. S., of England; Sir Chas. Lyell, Sir Chas. Darwin, Comte, the Socialist of France; Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Mantell, Goethe, the German poet; Hudson Tuttle, Geo. Combe, and a host of others I might name.

Moreover, it is pleasing to know that this hypothesis assumes importance parallel with scientific discoveries, while the Mosaic cosmogony suffers a corresponding decline in the estimation of lettered men.

Now if you will allow me, Messrs. Editors, to quote without comment, the concluding portion of Rev. Mr. James, article against the nebular hypothesis, where he volunteers some religious advice, I will desist from asking more space for an article already too long.

He says: "I can assure my friend that neither Herbert Spencer nor himself will be admitted into my church, either now or twenty years hence, without clear evidences of very material changes both mental and moral. As we have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, we shall surely require you both, to renounce the devil with all his works, and subscribe heartily to 'close communion,' before we can admit you to membership among us.

"In conclusion, allow me to invite you to come to Christ, and through an earnest repentance of sin and a real faith in the Redeemer of men, obtain like precious hope with us. I can assure you my friend that Christ will prove to you better than all the wild, intangible vagaries of the so called Harmonial Philosophy with all its glittering mazes and seductive wiles."

Sturgis, Mich., Jan. 26th, 1867.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

Love.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Oh, Love!
Thou art an orphan in this world of ours,
Wearing a coronet of dead white flowers,
Who, with sad eyes, and lashes meek, and wet,
Art wrapped in dreams which join thee with regret.

Oh, Love!
Fore'er divine in this sin-sullied world!
Thy slender lips contempt has never curled.
Thy pearly fingers cannot wear a stain,
Albeit they link with Sorrow, Sin and Pain.

Oh, Love!
Thou art no egotist, in arrogant tone,
Claiming thy angelhood, and thine alone;
Yet, sighing sadly that each lonely quest
Tells thee the sinless angels know thee best.

Oh, Love!
Thou, of the drooping lash, and mournful eyes,
Wreathed by the angels in thy native skies,
Shall wear again a living wreath of white,
Touched with the glory of supernal light!

For The Spiritual Republic.

Experience of H. Whittemore in Spirit Life.

BY MRS. L. SMITH, MEDIUM.

[Concluded.]

Spiritual faith matures the mind, and is the blessed seed planted in sterile soil, and is watered with many tears from loved ones gone before. We commune soul with soul when imparting messages like these, and if we cannot satisfy the thirst of all desirous of spiritual communion, we can at least penetrate some souls with the living waters from the well of truth, gushing over from the fountain head of goodness. The world has known no such age as this. Wandered far away from apostolic times, when the Christian revelation betokened better days coming, and which the people were realizing them as followers of Christ, we find you now in this, the nineteenth century, encrusted over and over again with the accumulating mold of ages—the natural result of no fresh growth, but stagnant life, unhealthy development, gross creation everywhere. As in all things material, so in religious views especially, there should be healthy action, natural vitality, else the true and beautiful die out as all else dies, by steady decay. We came as a natural process of development, when the times were ripe for us to come. No law is wrested from its natural function; nor are revolutions the result of chance. They precipitate in the ripeness of times for action.

You understand all this and yet the question comes, why do we not do more if we can so come? Why do *you* not settle all controversy, as soon as the controversy begins, as in the case of your national war? Revolution has come, but not the condition of things to bring about a permanent peace. Just so with us, we affect a large portion of minds, but not so completely as to convert the world, and it may take generations to do that, although a more healthy process is already at work, gradually changing sentiment and making the world more lenient toward us, and all reformatory principles are steadily gaining ground. The condition of the world in which you live, has materially changed during the short period of your term of years, and counting from that what may it not be in coming time? Old theologies will soon pass away, and brighter and more hopeful truths present themselves which will put man more upon his own true foundation, for he stands upon a false basis now altogether, and has not been led to look upon himself as he is. Phrenologically speaking, man is but a map or chart, systematically drawn, with limits, boundaries, everywhere. So circumscribed as to remain within his house, organic, obeying all its requirements functionally, looking but little beyond his daily wants, thus calling for and caring for only present gratification; while that better nature, the true life, the key stone to all his happiness, lies like a concealed treasure within him. Thus the inward growth of man becomes slow, for the greater power given to all muscular action unites all of its forces to the support of body, so that it nourishes, not as it should, the spiritual life into action. The muscular tissue draws more rapidly unto itself all sustaining elements, and develops, first the animal—then the reasoning faculties of man. The spiritual sense, although keenly alive to this, yet is not a part of it, strictly speaking, any more than the animal is the reasoning power but, so to speak, is as a germ within a germ—the outer or animal, the coarser and more easily put off—the exterior wall of sense. When we put off the body, the walls or barrier to our progress has departed or been laid one side, and that is all of death to us. We have only shaken off our overcoat and can move about more freely. The interior soul now begins to act with stronger, wider field of action, and pushes forward as the mind of man never before conceived. Behold its vision has enlarged and all faculties strengthened, and man no longer exists as the mere animal, but the spiritual part of our being is truly born unto life. The opening buds of interior life shed a brilliancy over the entire face of nature—a garb she never wore before, and according to our susceptibility of receiving them, do we enter this blissful region. As with you exactly, dear sister. You approach a lovely garden where the work of art has done all in its power to beautify. You are entranced; nothing escapes your pleased observation. You drink in enthusiastically of its wondrous beauty, and note each precious flower. It has opened volumes to your soul; and as you love the pure things of earth, in the same ratio, are they yours here. Thus, according to your unfoldment, do you carry heaven everywhere about you. Oh! if this doctrine could be fully explained to every individual soul, and influence life all during the earthly pilgrimage, how far in advance of what you now are would the earth be to you, and your appreciation of the heavenly existence fourfold what it now is. Is this a strange doctrine? I have written much, but in these yearly messages I feel a strong desire to come into closer communion soul with soul, my own dear sister, and speak the words of truth and soberness to your interior being, and through you to a large number of earnest investigators; and there are those, and very many of them, who draw from these impressional writings their only hope of salvation. Scriptural truths have been rendered harsh and forbidding by the expounding of them, and kept aloof many earnest seekers after truth, until they have become stranded among the shoals and quicksands of unbelief.

In olden time, the Jewish dispensation bore upon its lawful breast wholesome discipline to the correcting of greater evil among the people given to idolatry and beastly indulgence. The animal then predominated and no part of the spiritual element as yet opened—all was buried in darkness, figuratively speaking. What to them was a great advance in truth, is but a falsity worn out now. Christ came and brought with him a moral revolution such as the world had never known. Principalities, thrones, mighty powers trembled and cried, "Away with the man, he is possessed of the devil." Nothing strange, the times were ripe for his coming, but not prepared, even as with you for our coming. The world suffers angelic influence because it is in your midst and you cannot gainsay its power; not from any healthy desire emanating from the masses.

The world has passed another mighty revolution and we are here. Away with us, would be the cry of many hearts, but we are legion, coming with redoubled force to take the world captive—thus you are freed.

A mighty revolution has been wrought in your midst such an one as was never known before, and we are revolutionizing opinion and remodeling sentiment throughout the entire world. We have a broad field in which to act, but we have willing hands and active hearts and souls bent upon doing good, and shall not relax our hold until man shall rise even up to the level of angel life. Preparation for the world to come is a life long duty, and is the only way to receive its richest blessings. We would enforce this truth upon you, for it is of the greatest importance and regulates conduct when based upon its principles. That child, led to conceive it possible that its interior being is seen and understood by angelic witnesses, is the more easily led into all good conduct. Believe me when I say that I know that this is invariably the case, and would help to heal over much of earth's wrong. Educate, then, your children after this manner, and you plant within them a monitor that will never leave them; a thorough born consciousness worth a thousand dreads of the Almighty wrath. But of these truths we need not farther speak, we have referred to them before, and only bring them before you now as a reminder of our claims upon you.

Religious views are always exponents of one's character and reveal the inner life truthfully. Sects, denominations, creeds, are all needed according to the development of mind. We are stayed up, supported even as we believe. Faith implies confidence, and if we have no confidence in what we believe, better no faith at all. A settled faith is conscientiously at work all the time building up a superstructure upon which to form character. That man who harshly judges his Maker as the author of all wrong, and stigmatizes Him as cruel, revengeful in the murder of his people, as recorded in Mosaical times, and looks not deeper for causes, causes a condition, in his own soul of a similar nature, harsh, unflinching, cold, hard-hearted. There is no soft spot of tenderness and love vibrating throughout his being when consulting his favorite theory, justice. Just the opposite that man who, with a benevolent eye, beholds Jesus of Nazareth partaking of Mary and Martha's hospitality, and in return rendering them the greatest happiness by restoring to them their dead, and weeping in sympathy with them. Tenderness, love and mercy—pure acts of benevolence. Again. "Tarry ye here—could ye not watch with me one hour—Behold the hour draweth near, etc." Here you perceive the demand for greater strength even on the part of Jesus; as we are taught to rely upon supporting aid from others, and above all from the divine influx of thought and soul influence. These are all different influences forming and reforming character, judge ye of which ye will partake. The world has need of all these various elements in character, and cannot be complete without them any more than your fair earth could be one unbroken level. Hills, mountains, vales and every variety of scenery all help to fill out this world's great history. Equilibrium is the condition toward which all things tend, but to reach that, waves upon waves of foaming, dashing waters must expend their fury. The world must be renovated—remodeled, tossed to and fro, for many generations, to come before complete equity can be attained.

A gradual formation is all the while going on, chastening and purifying, and some day will be brought more into harmony, and reflect not back upon society all of its accumulated evils again. Until this can be, expect commotion, disorder and evil, more or less among you.

This is a lengthy address, perhaps too long, but we so seldom write, that when once engaged, note not the time, but reluctantly yield the opportunity. Excuse us, and when we can aid you in any particular, command our services. Your loving brother,

HENRY WHITTEMORE.

A Striking Circumstance.

A correspondent, Mary Young, sends us an extract from the *Penn Yan Express*, giving an account of the drowning of two beautiful boys, named Ry and Davie Adams. The most singular fact of the sad event will be found in the following which we clip from the article:

"There is an incident connected with this terrible calamity which is as mysterious as it is touching. A little cousin of Davie, residing in Cayuga county aged four years, and who was tenderly attached to him, on Wednesday last at about 4 o'clock was playing with her doll, when she suddenly said—'Auntie, Davie is drowned!' Astonished and terrified, as no allusion had been made to the little boy, the Aunt inquired what she meant, and the same childish and simple answer was returned—'Auntie, Davie is drowned!' At 5 o'clock a telegram was received announcing the sad event, and the ever singular words of little 'Gussy' were remembered. We offer no explanation of this, but simply record the fact, leaving it for the revelations of the Great Day, when those separated ones shall be united, and all shall be told to solve the mystery, and to acquaint us whether these little ones, in their guileless innocence, do indeed hear the whispering of the angels."

To us there is no mystery in such cases, for *we know* that little children are near the angels, and very often hear their loving and warning voices. Thus, most beautifully do the Heavens teach us of their nearness and love. L.

Beautiful Tests.

Bro. A. A. Wheelock, of St. Johns, Mich., speaking of Miss Vanwie's spiritual tests, says, that after she is guarded by every possible security against imposition—for she is above everything of this kind—and after submitting to the most thorough and searching investigations by skeptical committees confining her hands, he has "seen as great a variety of as perfect and beautiful flowers, presented by spirit agency, and to all appearance natural as ever grew in a well cultivated flower garden." The spirits also show hands, large and small, and give other tests equally wonderful and convincing. *

For the Spiritual Republic.

Statistics of the Baptist Church in the United States.

From the American Baptist Almanac for 1867 we learn that in 1865 there were 1,043,641 Regular Baptists in this country. They had 8,038 ordained ministers and 12,675 churches. There are 29 Baptist Colleges, 18 of them in the Southern States, and 13 theological institutions, of which 6 are in the South. There are 38 Baptist periodicals; of these the South has 14. The American Baptist Publication Society was organized in 1824. It expended last year nearly $170,000, and published more than 120,000,000 of pages. It has property worth over $130,000, half of which is a permanent fund, of which only the interest is used. The Society is out of debt.

Their Missionary Union, organized in 1814, expended last year more than $189,000. The Home Missionary Society, organized in 1832, employed 327 laborers last year, and expended over $135,000. Their Free Missionary Society, organized 1843, has missions in India, and 29 laborers among the freedmen of the South. Expended last year over $25,000.

The receipts of the American and Foreign Bible Society for last year were over $40,000. It was organized in 1838.

I find in the Almanac the sage suggestion that "if Christians only knew the power they may exert by prayer, their chosen sphere of political action would be the closet, rather than the primary meeting, the political caucus, and the mass meeting." This must have been written in the good old times, when nearly all the churches in the land were *praying* that "God's kingdom might come" while they *worked* and *voted* for the support of the system of American slavery, the most devilish thing that ever cursed the earth. The Hebrew preachers in Isaiah's time were far in advance of this, to say nothing of Jesus, who was a radical in politics as in everything else. Some of our Baptist brethren evidently need reconstruction. H.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

P. L. WADSWORTH, J. O. BARRETT.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

MARY F. DAVIS, S. J. FINNEY, J. S. LOVELAND,
HUDSON TUTTLE, EMMA TUTTLE.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office, 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street.

H. C. CHILDS, President. J. W. SMITH, Vice-President
J. O. BARRETT, Secretary. S. E. REED, Treasurer.
H. H. MARSH, Auditor.

"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 FIFTY 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.

HINTS ON CRITICISM.

No man is qualified to interpret or criticise any system of science, philosophy or religion, unless he apprehends clearly the fundamental or core idea. Lack of such apprehension will render all his efforts worse than vain, for he will not only fail of shedding any light on the question in hand, but will most certainly obscure and misrepresent it. Mistaking the incidental for the essential, "confusion worse confounded," can be the only possible result. And yet no class of critics are so positive and egotistic as these superficial tyros, who see, in an incident, the perfect exponent of a system. Blind as death to the central beauty and glory of an institution, they denounce with unmeasured fury its incidental follies and excesses. Such critics are not men of one idea, for they have never attained that sublime altitude of philosophical culture which enables men to grasp an idea in its wholeness. Their conceptions are fragmentary—they see only one side of an idea, imagining it to be the whole; and reasoning from such insufficient data, they never reach the real truth. This partial method has been the vice of the past, and it is by no means outgrown even now. Many, very many, who fancy they have escaped from the falsities of old theology, are still, in all their philosophy and method, in precisely the same position they were when in the church, and where the church now stands. The same partial and unfair methods of criticism pursued by the church, the same superficial methods of interpretation, resulting of course in falsehood, are continued by them. To-day, they apply the same critical methods to the church and the Testaments, which, when in the church, they applied to infidelity. Certainly there is no progress in this. It is seeming to get out of the church, while you retain it, in all its vices of method and spirit, in yourself. The partialist may as well be in the pale of the church as not, for he is of it, whether called Christian, Infidel or Spiritualist. A New Dispensation makes all things new, and criticism cannot be an exception. The old methods must be corrected so as to harmonize with the central idea of the new movement. Let us apply our philosophy and educe a rational method of criticism. The term progress is essentially the exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy. The evolution of one grade, or stratum of ascending life from another, is the lesson written upon the rocky monuments of geologic history; and the evolution of the spiritual idea, from its concrete form in primitive Fetichism, through the various changes of Astrological, Polytheistic, Monotheistic, and Pantheistic interpretations, up to the present natural Spiritualism, is read from the traditions, bibles, histories, and philosophies of the race.

The historical evolution of the spiritual idea, in modern times, was given in a recent number of the REPUBLIC. The present, then, is no new creation, suddenly born from causeless nothingness, but is a resultant of all past thought and experience, which, incubating the spirit of man, has developed a higher power of analysis and self-comprehension than was possible before. Nothing of the old has died, but what was incidental, and consequently temporary. All ideas, all systems, institutions and religions, are part and parcel of man's essential life. They are no exotics, the seed of which was sown by some fallen angel, but are plants grown from human sentiments and passions.

Religions were not made by priests, they grew out of humanity. Man has progressed, and consequently religion has progressed also. Sacred books, or holy scriptures, are valuable, as showing us the point of departure and the progress of the several religions. In judging any one of the various religions, we must be able to discriminate between what is exclusive to that as compared with others, else we shall fail entirely to see the law of progress, or to interpret correctly. If we select a phase common to all, and attempt therewith to specifically describe, or interpret a single one, we shall most signally fail. For instance, Monotheism is a tenet common to Judaism, Christianism and Islamism, but are they, therefore, identical? The tenet of a future life is common to all religions; is there, therefore, no difference between modern Spiritualism and African Fetichism?

These illustrations are sufficient to indicate the necessity of ascertaining the distinctive idea of each system, as absolutely indispensable to its comprehension. The same rule is equally necessary in judging of books as of systems. Suppose, then, we attempt a criticism of Christianity, or the Christian Scriptures. Shall we select some seeming deficits and judge the whole therefrom? or shall we ascertain the distinctive idea—the key note of the whole system? Of course, the latter, if we are reasonable. It is admitted that some care is necessary, nay, some philosophic culture, and above all a spiritual appreciation of the genius of the founder in order to do this. But when it is once done, comprehension is not so very difficult. The New Dispensation lifts its seers to where such perception is possible.

What, then, do we find in Christianity not found elsewhere? The Fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man. No one had said to God, "Our Father," till Jesus taught it. Growing out of this root idea comes the doctrine of divine impartiality, "He maketh His sun to rise on the just and the unjust."

Our conception of absolute justice is but another form of this Christian teaching. "God is love," was another child of the Jesus dispensation. These are the centralities of the Christian system. They were new and strange to the world eighteen centuries ago, and are but poorly comprehended, and more imperfectly practiced to-day. Ignorance and passion have added their own crudities to this immaculateness, and shallow criticism has been unable to distinguish one from the other. Priests have perverted for gain and power, and infidels, from hate of priestcraft, have overlooked the divine excellence thus obscured. We can do neither the one, or the other. We cannot be blinded to the fact that those sublime ideas and principles were born into the human consciousness at that period. Nor can we shut our eyes to the other fact that, in the legendary stories of the Gospels, these ideas are, in a measure, obscured by the ignorance and superstition of the authors. But obscuration does not entirely conceal.

Nor, again, can we ignore the fact that many remarkable spirit manifestations attended this dispensation. Jesus was a medium, and we do not look to see him always equal. In his ordinary state, he could not manifest the sublimity of his inspired hours. Who can?

Shall we, then, with these and cognate facts before us, go on repeating the shallow cant of infidel criticism? or shall we institute a critical method in accord with the broad catholicism of our glorious Dispensation? We trust the latter.

The love of the Jesus age is indispensable to-day. Our wisdom, science and philosophy must be inspired by the glowing benevolence, the unworldly consecration of the Nazarene, or it will be powerless for good. The grand catholicism of heart and head are both required for criticism and action. L.

RESPONSIBILITY OF WEALTHY MEN.

We have no war to make upon any person, simply because he is the possessor of large wealth, or because he may be now in the full tide of successful accumulation. Though we are sure that many of the present methods of acquisition are morally wrong, yet we know equally well that but few perceive the wrong, and, therefore, we are not disposed to denounce as villains and intentional robbers all who do not at once see with our eyes.

Nor do we require, or expect that every person possessing large wealth, should at once plunge into some communistic scheme for the sudden rectification of all the ills incident to mortal existence. Nor, again, would we counsel them to distribute their accumulations to those poor, but wise men, who have discovered the royal road for the elimination of all evil, and the establishment of all possible good.

We are far from thinking that an equal distribution of present wealth would be of any real use to the world as a whole. We are, then, no iconoclastic leveller, seek for no violent measures in social reform. But, with all these reservations, we are sure that an amount of responsibility rests upon persons of wealth, such as they have but poorly considered. Such consideration is, however, most imperatively demanded at the present time. As a nation, we are passing into a crisis of reconstruction, such as our politicians seem utterly unable to manage, or even to comprehend. It is not merely or principally the political and legal status of the negro which is involved in our present struggle; but, entering into the problem, now in process of solution, are all the profound questions of political economy. Finance, in all its phases; commerce, in all its multifarious relations; capital and labor, in their harmonies and antagonisms; wealth and its use; are all elements in the great equation now waiting for solution.

These are questions, too, which cannot be deferred, for destiny itself will force some sort of result. It is for wise men to say what that result shall or may be; and it is in the power of the possessors of wealth to so shape this question that its solution shall fill the earth with gladness and song.

The possessors of wealth are potentially the chiefs of material progress. They can say the word which will control the whole activities of the world. They possess the golden key which can unlock every hidden source of power. Humanly speaking an earthly omnipotence is theirs.

Now, we conclude that Spiritualists are too wise to perpetuate the old-time folly of keeping superfluous wealth to distribute, on a death bed, to those who do not need, or deserve it, even if they are their own children. They cannot have failed to so far perceive the principles of the New Philosophy, as not to realize that the great, the only desirable end of existence, is the promotion of the largest happiness of our common humanity. They must know that personal selfishness is the most stupid blunder—the most monstrous crime of earthly existence. The solidarity of man, the community of his destiny, are written in flaming letters upon the scroll of the future, as well as in the inner consciousness of the human spirit.

To work well for one man, we must do good to all. The mis-called charities of to-day are only soothing nuguents for the falsely educated conscience of the race. To sustain them is to strike hands with the destroyers of our own happiness. All partiality, or discrimination, only serves to perpetuate and intensify existing evils; and as each one's fate is bound up with that of the whole, it is an imposition of fetters upon his own limbs.

The foregoing remarks indicate, to some extent, the needs of the time. Education, in its largest and truest sense, is the overshadowing want of man. We know that our earthly life is purely educative, is a means and not an end; that genuine education embraces the culture of all the faculties of man. But no system is now in existence by which such a result is possible; and none such can exist until we practically recognize the necessity of making everything a part of the true educative process. The farm, the shop, the store, the office and the factory must all become different departments of our new system of culture. The man of wealth can inaugurate this system at once, not in its completeness, but sufficiently so for a beginning. In their establishments they are supreme. They can there institute a just system of distributing the products of labor. They can make such conditions as will ensure them the co-operation of intelligent employees. They can found such literary institutions as the wants of the times demand, and retain the control in their own hands. They can institute such arrangements between different classes of consumers, as will check the greed of sharpers, and help the deserving and needy. All these things, and many others can now be done. But, if they are not done, the responsibility therefor rests upon those who, having the power, decline to use it. We call the attention of wealthy Spiritualists to this matter. We have no dictatorial rules to impose, but we urge a consideration of the whole subject anew. Let every one ask the following questions:

Am I not responsible for the use of the wealth I possess? Though possession invests me with the power of control, does not eternal right and justice demand that that control shall promote, to the utmost, the best welfare of man? Can I secure good to myself in any other way than by doing it to others? Does the fact of private possession, give me the right of exclusive selfish use? Does my present mode of using wealth entirely satisfy the demands of my higher nature?

We have no hesitation in saying that these questions, earnestly considered will lead many to do what they have hitherto neglected. L.

MONMOUTH.

The Friends of Progress in this place are taking the right steps for the future growth of true Spiritualism. They are raising money for the establishment of a library of liberal and progressive books. They propose to have such authors as Buckle, Mill, Spencer, Renan, Colenso, Lyell, and others who really teach something worthy of being known. Such libraries should be started in every place. Get such works as those mentioned above, add those tales which teach the true idea, like Peculiar, and many others, and you will soon see the people coming and going with you.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

Our next issue will contain "Miss Bilkshuter's Summer Bonnet," a chapter in which a comparison between the extravagance of women in dress and the extravagance of men in licentiousness is sharply suggested; and various social aspects of the woman question discussed; and "A Professional Visit," in which the doctor delivers himself of two weighty opinions; one concerning an individual patient and one concerning the male sex at large.

ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

This question seems to awaken an unusual interest among the friends of Spiritualism, if we may judge by the number of communications sent us on the subject. We are gratified at the expression, as we hope a better understanding of the whole matter may be the result. So far as we can see, the positions and arguments presented in the article of February 2d are untouched. And we would call the special attention of our friends to the central positions of that article.

What are the real points in dispute? Is there positive evil, or evil as opposed to good, existing as an actual power or principle? All Spiritualists answer in the negative. Is the human spirit in its absolute essence corruptible? The same answer as before is given.

Is not what *we* term evil or sin fully expressed by the term selfishness?

Is not this selfishness a necessity of animal existence?

Is not conscience the spirit's affirmation of its own tendencies?

Is not that affirmation always for the good and true?

Have not men in all ages recognized the existence of two opposing tendencies in themselves, the one good, the other evil? and has not the evil always been selfish and related to the animal life, while the good has come from the spiritual, or angel, side of our nature?

Must not the soul be vastly stronger and freer in acting out its tendencies when completely delivered from the bondage of animal passions?

Are there any actions without sufficient determining motive? And is not motive always the prompting of some affection for gratification?

When the body and its passions are laid off, can there be any motives but such as are germane to the spirit's own nature?

It seems to us that many overlook entirely the philosophy involved in this subject, and adopt that of the church, thereby burdening themselves with all its fatal consequences. They assume the identity of evil and lack of culture; and, that that lack of culture necessarily involves evil in the moral sense of the term. Or, they assume that the effects of earth life are such that we are forced into spirit existence in such a state as to be compelled to lie and deceive the same as here.

No one, who is so tenacious of lying and malicious spirits in the future, has the slightest idea of being a lying spirit himself. He expects to be all truthful! So all our pious, orthodox brothers expect to be holy and saved saints in heaven, while other unfortunate devils must burn and fry in fire. Now, we may find, when unrobed of clay, that one soul is just as free from taint of evil as another. Not as largely developed, not as rich in spiritual goods and joys. Nay, one may be very poor and blind and naked almost, and as a result sad and sorrowful, weak and feeble. They may lament the course of earthly life, and all the more because the pure soul now longs for what it does not possess. Like a man set down in a strange place, he may be no criminal, have no evil intentions, and yet be very poorly prepared for the necessities pressing upon him.

There is then evil in the sense of imperfect growth and consequent lack of power and happiness; but this is an entirely different thing from the selfish animalism of present life. When our friends can show how this can be carried into the spiritual world, and form an elemental power of its life, they will not have failed entirely in their effort. Its effect, in clouding the soul there, and thus preventing its growth and restricting its quantum of happiness, is clearly seen and admitted. Do our friends realize the full import of admitting animalism into the future life? It involves all the sensualism of Mohammedanism and Paganism.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

One cannot fail, if he has any care for consistency and nobility, to deplore the utter heartlessness and inconsistency of modern Christianity. It professes, but seldom if ever performs. It points but seldom goes. Or if it performs or goes, it is in a roundabout way, making the road longer for the sake of advertising itself.

In some of the Southern districts, we notice that the Presbyterians and Catholics have instituted separate Sunday schools for colored children, thus handling at a distance the souls of this maltreated class. But why *separate* Sunday schools with simply color as a partition? Won't all the souls of converted colored people go to heaven? Will the Catholics leave the colored saints in purgatory until they are "as white as snow?" Will the Presbyterians require a partition there to keep their dear souls from contamination? The Protestant Episcopal Christian Church at Georgetown, D. C., has, after much debate, decided that it cannot even engage in the enterprise of a separate Sunday school. It refuses to do anything in that direction, because the people "won't relish it." Whether or not the Church of Christ and the Apostles shall do good, depends upon the "relish" of ex-slaveholders, women whippers and baby stealers! Apostolic, very. When with the Romans, "do as the Romans do," "become all things to all men!" This "manner of men," however, is not altogether Southern born. We have in the North institutions for the forwarding of purely (?) benevolent enterprises such as the Northwestern Freedmen's Aid Commission, for instance, that specify a "change of heart," as one of the required qualities, or preliminaries, to warrant the employment of a person as teacher of poor and destitute children. What the term "change of heart" has to do with a benevolent enterprise we cannot clearly see. What it means in connection with modern Christian sectism, any one can see, viz.: Church propagandism.

This whole matter, from Georgetown to Chicago, is as much like the meek and lowly Nazarene, as black is like white, or as a miser in search of gain is like a model saint. When shall we be done with such weakness? How long before man will aim at the mark he designates for others to shoot? And how long before it will be impossible for priests and their agents to hoodwink the people? If the blind lead the blind, what becomes of both? Give us a religious movement with universal tendencies and impartial, brave efforts; one that is not afraid to touch the form it seeks to cleanse, and we will show the accomplishment of divine Will on earth.

THE FREE LUSTERS.

Lust is the perversion of love. It is the great sin of American life. It is limited to no sects or institutions. It breeds in our very atmosphere. It is the product of our unnatural and rioting modes of living. It has already become a mountain of blackness, babel-like defiant of heaven, that must be cleaved by the lightnings of revolution. And who is responsible? It is the subterfuge of madmen, themselves tainted oft with the moral miasma, to cast the reproach exclusively upon Spiritualists, or Liberalists. Any person with half an eye can see, that, in respect to our social system, the "whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint, and there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores." Our customs, fashions, luxuries, commercial tyrannies, oppressions upon woman, and unbalancing methods of education, naturally breed the mischiefs we are every day reaping.

It is vain to chain effects when causes are active. The inside poison must develop itself upon the surface. Simpletons are they who charge home these sins upon the agitators. Three quarters of the free lusters are unscathed and uncriticised. The popular church is full of them. Those who have clairvoyant eyes know that "respectable society" is a painted sepulchre. It is bad enough in all conscience for a professional reformer to be guilty of defending the free lust doctrines of "sexual promiscuity;" it is shocking to heaven itself when they make them practical; but when the "devil's gentry," having "bills of indulgence" by virtue of the guards of wealth, are arraigned for judgment, as they soon will be, look out for exposures that shall shock community into a dead silence aghast at its own horrid work.

The proposition which some have the audacity to make, of remedying these libertinisms by supplying the demand, is only adding fury to the volcano. License to immorality! Did slavery run out under the licensing of Southern law? Does intemperance clarify itself under the license of grog-shops? Self-denial is virtue, and virtue discarding license is obedient to the law of principle. If conscience is so warped as to be quiet under any infidelities of home, or of the heart, so much the worse, so much the harder is it to "cast out the evil spirit."

If the remedy, then, is not in license, it surely is not in divorce. We do not deny that divorce is legitimate when the moral necessity exists; but we do deny its power to save society from its augmenting ills. Nor is there any remedy in crimination and recrimination; this is only the curse naturally engendered by our social unbalance, which maddens the already starved and bleeding heart. All are God's preachers who demonstrate obedience to natural law, who teach the moralities of hygiene, of temperate amusements, of commercial equality, of impartial suffrage, of marriage sacred to purity and unity; and yet we say that these reforms, constituting as they do the "worship of God in the beauty of holiness," are not sufficient to fortify against the temptations of life. Mere external measures are powerless to save without a moral soul equal to their strength.

Purify the fountain if we would have the stream pure. There is a divine in human nature; the truly religious heart so deeply loves virtue as to keep it unsullied. There is a heavenly atmosphere of which if we inspire we are strong against any evil. There is a moral angelhood which when attained will enable us to walk through social malaria and escape uncontaminated. Inspiration—the very influence which so many abuse, which is scorned as a thing accursed—is yet to be employed as the sanctifying power of our world. Bring man into the hallowed consciousness of his relation with, and amenability to, the Higher Law of God; awaken thus his innate sense of justice to his brother or sister; add to all this divine spirituality the machinery of reconstructed institutions suited to his present needs; unfold him into this beautiful balance of passion with religion; and so far from stealing virtue or imbruting his person in sensuality, he will make life an immortal integrity, stainless in character as an angel.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Lois Waisbroker is lecturing in Mankato, Minn., and Moses Hill in the eastern part of that progressive State. We hear good reports of their faithful labors.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson writes us the following highly encouraging account of the progress of truth in Southern Indiana:

"The good work is gaining ground in this locality. New Albany on this side and Louisville on the other side of the Ohio are significant points in this great reconstruction movement, and at present the Spiritual cause is moving on right gloriously. We are in the midst of a pentecost—a baptism of sweet and holy harmonies—one of the great essentials to strength—the only bond of union. The battering rams of our opponents shake not the citadel, for it is founded upon the rock of truth, and sentineled by sleepless hosts of the glorified.

"The friends here have hung out their colors in conspicuous letters on the hall now occupied by them, and there is a growing disposition to take all real lights from the old bushel of concealment and put them in candlesticks where they may light the world. The old cry of humbug, imposture, &c., rolls on to be lost in the mingled cadences of life, and from the crucible and alembic of to-day the fires roll forth a golden future."

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.

Good News from Rochester, N. Y.

TRIBUTE TO MISS NETTIE COLBURN.

The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of Rochester, N. Y., was organized about a year since under the laws of the State. Since the organization of the Society, meetings have been held weekly, and with good results. Among the speakers have been S. J. Finney, Leo Miller, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Daniels and Nettie Colburn. The latter has been the speaker for the last three months, and she has been the means of accomplishing much good. She is regarded as one of the very best speakers in the field.

At the close of Miss Colburn's engagement, Feb. 10th, the following preamble and resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The lecture engagement of Miss Nettie Colburn with the Rochester Spiritual Association closes with to-day, the occasion may properly be improved to give expression as a society, to our appreciation of her labors, in reference to the great truths she has been the medium of communicating; therefore,

Resolved, That we regard Miss Nettie Colburn, who has labored with us for the last three months, as a most earnest and devoted worker in the cause of truth, and one whose daily deportment and purity of character exemplify the moral teachings of those whose thoughts she utters.

Resolved, That the discourses delivered by Miss Colburn, embracing a great variety of subjects, have exhibited a clearness of thought and purity of diction rarely equaled, and as a whole have presented an unanswerable argument in support of the sublime truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Resolved, That we commend our sister's labor most heartily to all communities seeking light in reference to modern revelations, believing that honest enquirers cannot fail to be convinced by the soul-stirring eloquence and and sound logic of the controlling intelligences, and thus be led to a purer and higher life, to a more just appreciation of their duties to their fellows, and to a deeper reverence for the Infinite Father of all.

Resolved, That in parting with her, through whom we have been so much instructed and benefited, we indulge the earnest hope that the time may not be long before we shall again have the satisfaction of listening to her voice, proclaiming, as in the past, the glad tidings of immortality.

On motion of P. J. Clum, Esq.,

Resolved, That the resolutions just adopted, be published in the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and BANNER OF LIGHT.

C. W. HEBARD, *President*.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF HULL'S MONTHLY.

The *Clarion* is discontinued, and its list of subscribers is transferred to our books. Bro. Moses Hull is engaged with us as a general agent. We all feel that this arrangement is wise and practical, concentrating as it does all our forces into one focus of action. It is agreed that we shall send the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC to all the subscribers of the *Clarion* who are entitled to pay, until the amount due them is thus returned. In doing this, we anticipate that the *Clarion* subscribers will continue to take the REPUBLIC. We trust this arrangement is perfectly satisfactory to all the parties concerned; and that in the end our cause will gain new recruits in the grand union army of reformers.

"Onward, speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!"

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, February 24th, Mr. J. S. Loveland, of Boston, Mass., will deliver a lecture commencing at 7.30.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE RADICAL for February is received, and presents its usual amount of fresh and earnest thought. Among the articles we have read with interest are: "The New Birth of Jesus," by O. B. Frothingham; "The Theological Dead Lock," by Henry B. Bradwell; "The Claim of Infallibility for the Bible," By C. R. Whipple; "Impeachment," by the editor, etc. Altogether, the *Radical* is on the ascending scale, and, though very useful now, is laying a foundation for great future activity. We heartily wish it success.

HUMAN IMMORTALITY, etc.; by William Smitton. Published by J. Burns, London.

The above is a very readable pamphlet on the spiritual and immortal life of man, argued in the main from the old standpoint of phenomenal Spiritualism. Incidentally, the author discusses many questions of a philosophical and theological character. Had he more largely discussed the idea of man's infinite possibilities of growth, which he presents in the outset, the work would have possessed more value to the thinker. But he is peculiarly happy in his treatment of the horrid dogmas of the popular religion.

NATURE'S THEOLOGY. By Gerrit Smith. For sale by Rev. J. W. West, Peterboro, N. Y.

This, like all the writings of this whole-souled man, has the true ring. False theology meets with no respect, and falls, logically demolished, beneath his vigorous blows.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH. R. T. Trall & Co., N. Y. Two dollars a year. Single numbers, 20 cents.

This monthly for February is on our table, with its usual number and character of articles. Dr. Trall criticises the views heretofore published in THE JOURNAL, by Dr. J. P. Cowles, upon the subject of Physiological Incest. We are inclined to think Dr. T. has not given sufficient attention to the facts and arguments of Prof. Powell, which are advocated by Dr. Cowles. There is certainly a mystery connected with the diseases and death of children born of healthy parents that none of the schools of physiology have yet unravelled.

We have just received the first number of a new paper, called the *Banner of Progress*, published in San Francisco, by Benjamin Todd & Co., and devoted to the "investigation of all subjects, and to advocate the principles of universal liberty." Our friends on the Pacific coast need an ably conducted paper, advocating the principles of our philosophy, and we hope this new exponent may accomplish for them all that can be desired. L.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

RECONSTRUCTION.—Congress seems at last to have begun to realize that it is expected to do something for the protection of loyal men in the late rebel States. The Reconstruction Committee have presented a plan which proposes in substance the overthrow of the present State governments, and the inauguration of martial law instead. This is a most astonishing proposition at this time, and especially so in view of existing complications. It says to the President, "We don't like the system of organization instituted by you, and therefore, we will set it aside and place the whole matter in your own hands, by creating a military dictatorship." But we opine this method of cutting the Gordian knot will not succeed.

There is vastly more hope in the bill passed in the House of Representatives, for the establishment of a loyal civil government in Louisiana. It seems to us that if the provisions of this bill shall become a law, not only for one, but all the rebel States, the work of reconstruction would go on rapidly and surely. The main features of the bill are these: A Provisional Governor and a Council is to be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. All laws passed by this Council must be approved by Congress. A Convention of all loyal men, irrespective of color, is to be called to frame a Constitution, which shall not deny suffrage to any class of persons; provide for paying any rebel debt, and shall recognize the perpetuity of the Union of the States.

The progress of reform, though slow, is sure. Queen Victoria, in her opening speech to Parliament, hopes that its deliberations "may lead to the adoption of measures, which, without undue disturbance of the balance of political power, shall freely extend the elective franchise." She also announced that a bill would be introduced regarding the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland, calculated to offer direct encouragement to occupiers of land to improve their holdings, and to provide a simple mode of obtaining compensation for permanent improvements.

LONDON.—The Reform demonstration on Monday was a great success. There were twenty thousand persons in the procession, and the streets were lined with more than 200,000 spectators. American, French, and Italian flags were carried in the procession. During the march the bands played "Yankee Doodle," "Marseillaise," "John Brown," and "Garibaldi's Hymn."

The sick man of Turkey is getting no better. The long oppressed Christian nationalities, excited by the Cretan struggle, are restless, and in some places are flying to arms, and in others are ready to do so at the first moment of hope. It is high time that the barbarian rule of these savage, sensual Tartars, over the descendants of Aristides, Plato and Pythagoras, should cease. Heaven haste the day of their release.

Great destitution prevails in many parts of Europe. In Liverpool twenty thousand persons are receiving parish relief. In Venice, out of a population of one hundred and ten thousand, thirty thousand are receiving assistance from public charity. In the Island of Sardinia, the peasants are reduced to eat herbs and roots, like wild beasts. In London, four hundred perished of cold and hunger in a single week.

Gen. Thomas has testified before the South Carolina Murder Investigation Committee that in his military department—Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia—outrages committed on freedmen by white men are not punished, and there is no prospect for justice to the blacks before the courts.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Last Sunday at Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, in this city, says the Newark (N. J.) *Evening Courier*, of February 9, 1867, Mr. A. J. Davis and wife organized what is termed by the Spiritualists a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." This new Sunday School differs widely from the usual plan. It consists of an ascending scale of groups—twelve in number, or of duplicates if more are required—the first, for children of three or four years, is called "Fountain Group," and the highest "Liberty," adapted to young people of both sexes, from fifteen to twenty years of age. A leader is appointed to each group, and the entire Lyceum is under the management of officers, entitled: "Conductor," "Guardian," "Librarian," "Musical Director," and four "Guards." The exercises consist of singing and recitation, from the Lyceum Manual, a few gymnastic movements to music, asking the children questions and receiving their spontaneous answers, then a new question is fixed upon by vote for next Sunday, and the session is closed by singing) after the whole Lyceum has executed what is called "The Banner March." The school was first regularly opened last Sunday, and yet, strange to say, the twelve groups were supplied with children and the hall was crowded with curious and interested spectators. The Spiritualists of Newark are in earnest, and cordially invite the public to witness the Children's Lyceum every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock.

On Thursday, the 27th of December, Victor Hugo gave, at his residence, Hauteville House, his annual Christmas *fete* to forty-two poor children of Guernsey, including Channel Islanders, French, English, and Irish. The dinner was followed by a distribution of clothing, and of toys from a Christmas tree. M. Hugo made some very feeling remarks on the occasion, and the children appeared to enjoy themselves greatly. A weekly dinner is also given by the poet and novelist to twenty-two poor children.

Leutze has commenced a study, in water colors, for a large picture entitled "The Emancipators." It will contain the portraits, as far as practicable, of the chief emancipators of the world, from the days of Moses to those of Abraham Lincoln; and Plato, Aristotle, Wilberforce, and the Czar of Russia, will figure with Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, Whittier, Bryant, and Lucretia Mott.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We learn, by a private note, that Sister H. F. M. Brown is creating quite a stir among the Rock Islanders by her radical and outspoken utterances upon the agitating topics of the day. In a lecture last Sunday upon Jesus and Judas, "My Policy" and its author were handled, to the great satisfaction of a part of the audience, and rather to the dissatisfaction of another part.

In a letter from Bro. A. L. E. Nash, of Rochester, N. Y., we learn that a discussion is arranged between himself and an Advent preacher, on the following question, viz.:

"*Resolved*, That there is within man an Immortal Principle which survives the death of the Body, and is capable of returning and communicating to the inhabitants of earth intelligently."

The Advent Parson proposes to sink Bro. Nash out of sight; but we anticipate a slight disappointment on his part before the debate is concluded.

John Gage, of Vineland, N. J., says: "Of the Children's Lyceum I can truly say that 'it is the one thing needful,' and if the Vinelanders will continue to take the interest in, and sustain it, they have during the year past, the Lyceum will sustain them. And as yet I see no flagging either on the part of the children or the people."

Ira Porter, of this city, gave a most admirable lecture to the First Spiritual Society, on Sunday evening last, upon the subject of Social Science. We shall give no synopsis now, as we propose to furnish it to our readers through the columns of THE REPUBLIC. Many more such lectures are everywhere needed.

J. S. Loveland, of Boston, will lecture next Sunday evening in Crosby's Music Hall, commencing at 7½ o'clock.

PROSTITUTION.

At a meeting of the Liberal Christian League, held at Unity Church (Rev. Robert Collyer's,) on Sunday evening, February 3d, a report was read by the Chairman of the Committee on Friendless Women, from which the following is an extract:

"Your Committee aimed [in visiting houses of ill fame,] in the first place to find out, as nearly as possible, the general facts concerning the lives of this class of women. Farther investigations will doubtless add greatly to the results already obtained; but the following are believed to be correct so far as they go:

"It was found that these women of pleasure, as they are called, instead of leading the idle and luxurious life which many imagine, are, in fact, the most steadily employed of any class in the community, and have the least available leisure. Your Committee have never yet visited a house of this kind, staying on the average half an hour, but they have found male visitors, either there when they entered, or coming in before they left, and this in the open day. Inquiries put to the women concerning their hours of leisure, developed incidentally the fact, that it is only at certain times, on certain days, that they can get out, and then it must be strictly in the prosecution of their calling. The terms on which these women are kept, are usually, a certain stipulated sum per week for room rent, and over and above this the half of their earnings; which makes it necessary for the keepers to have a constant eye upon the girls, to prevent their taking money outside. The number of men supporting these houses is, moreover, so much greater than the number of women supported therein, that every girl is kept in constant requisition, either at the house, or as a walking advertisement on the street and at public places.

"Your Committee, before making these visits, were constantly assured that these women preferred this way of life, and would scout the efforts of their own sex at reforming them. Your Committee take great pleasure in reporting that in every instance they have found this charge *utterly unsustained*. Everywhere doors were freely opened to them; they were treated with as much politeness and cordiality as they have ever received in the most respectable houses, and the conversation was of the freest and most satisfactory character.

"'Are you happy in this life?' was asked of a delicate girl in her teens, who had been seen five minutes before, dancing and singing, about a man in an adjoining apartment, in the most wanton manner. 'Are you happy in this life?'

"Tears, sudden and sincere, with a look of indignant protest, filled her eyes, as she answered,

"'Think how we have to treat the men; that of itself is enough to prevent *any woman* from being happy.'

"'But you do not always talk this way to men?' was the reply.

"'Oh, no!' she said, 'I would never tell *a man* that. We always tell the men that we like this life, and would not live any other, if we could; but *women know*.'

"Another voluntarily mentioned the intemperance with which they are universally and justly charged, as one of the hard necessities of their position. Women ought not to drink, she admitted, but they would die if they did not, or go mad with anguish and despair.

"Your Committee feel that at the present stage of investigation, it may seem premature to speak of the causes of this terrible evil; this slavery, which their observation assures them, is more degrading and horrible than any other upon the face of the earth; but two causes have met them so constantly face to face, that they cannot in justice refrain from mentioning them.

"The first is the terribly prevalent and everywhere tolerated licentiousness of men. Your Committee believe it to be an admitted fact, that if to-day every woman of abandoned life could suddenly be removed from the dens of this city and placed in a respectable position, it would not be six months before their places would be filled, from the ranks of women who are now virtuous; and they have no faith in any system of reform which does not strike effectual blows at this, the mainspring of the evil.

"Over against this the first great pillar of the institution, stands the almost equally colossal one of poverty and the exclusion of women from the ordinary fields of labor.

"'Here is what I work for,' said a fine, strong-looking woman, as she placed her hand on the head of a bright boy of two years. 'He is my child. I have him to support. There is no other way in which I could earn a comfortable subsistence for myself and him.'

"Another, the keeper of a house of ill-fame, an intelligent, graceful, refined-looking woman, a woman who would have been an ornament to any society, said:

"'I was left suddenly poor, with my mother to support. I had never been used to work, and there seemed no work I could do that would support us both. The circumstances of my life seemed to force me into this way of living.' Which meant of course that some man stood ready to offer her kindness, protection, support, everything but marriage, and she accepted it. 'My mother, to-day, is as innocent of any knowledge of my way of life, as a saint in heaven. I live in daily terror and solicitude lest she should find it out, for it would kill her. I am going soon on a visit to her, and shall carry with me twelve hundred and fifty dollars, with which to secure her a home for life, so that whatever happens to me, she will be provided for.'

"In confirmation of this story, a hack came to the door while she was speaking, to carry her to the train she had previously indicated; which fact, together with her earnest and sincere manner, left no doubt in the minds of your Committee, concerning the truthfulness of her story.

"In regard to the series of meetings proposed to be inaugurated, your Committee are obliged for the present to report unfavorably, for the following reasons:

"The proposition was everywhere cordially met among the women. They readily agreed to the usefulness of the project, and mentioned only one objection and that to the time. 'Sunday,' was the invariable answer, 'is our busiest day. We could hardly get away at all on that day, but we will try to do so.' Your Committee saw at once the blunder they had made in forgetting that Sunday is the leisure day of men, and therefore went to the first appointed meeting, through a cold and blinding snow storm, with little hope of success. They found the room already occupied by some six or eight street roughs, evidently waiting for what might transpire. They left the room very soon, but took their station about the door, and remained there as long as the Committee did. Subsequent inquiries confirmed the impression, that they

were sent there by some of the men who had been in the houses at the time of the visits, to break up the meetings, for which purpose, of course, only their presence would be necessary.

"Beyond this determined opposition which would no doubt be encountered at the hands of the male supporters of the institution, your Committee see but one serious difficulty; and that is, the deep-rooted skepticism which prevail among the women concerning any general sentiment of Christian charity in their behalf. They have so long been persecuted with unjust opprobrium, abandoned, outcast, left to live or die as they might, without one word of pity or encouragement, while the men who shared their sins and were oftentimes the guiltier partners, were the honored and trusted associates of Christian women, pillars perhaps in Christian churches, that they have naturally come to feel that the sympathy of one or two good women, however earnest and grateful it may be in itself, will be of little avail against the malignity of the whole banded world.

"Still your Committee have seen nothing, so far, to discourage them in their efforts, but everything to impress upon them the feeling of imperative duty in this direction.

(Signed) Mrs. C. F. Corbin, Chairman.

The plan of action proposed by this Committee was to visit the women in a friendly, Christ-like spirit, inaugurate a series of meetings among them, organize efforts in the direction of saving their money, so that they might be able to take an independent position, with only such moral support as should be necessary to enable them to face the opposition of the world, and to direct their lavish free-heartedness into channels of benevolence toward the old and worn out of their number. Pure and healthful pleasures would also be provided for them, good music, the reading of fine poems and interesting stories, and so a beginning made toward introducing principles of steadiness and sobriety into their now totally abandoned and desperate lives.

Circumstances may interfere with the immediate prosecution of this plan, but it is believed that eventually a great deal may be effected by it. In the meantime let every thoughtful, conscientious woman, see to it, that she is not by voice or influence, upholding this most terrible slavery of her sex to the unlawful passions of man.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

From B. Reed.

ANOTHER ORGANIZATION.

While the "lamp holds out to burn," there is still hope of Kokomo, Ind. About two months since, feeling deeply the necessity of some place to spend our long Sabbath evenings profitably, without being bored by the everlasting twaddle so persistently taught in the pulpits of this vicinity, three or four of us resolved to have a permanent organization, to be conducted upon the conference plan, for the discussion, *not debating*, of the many important principles and phenomena pertaining to life, and its surroundings.

We have therefore organized under the name of "The Kokomo Friends of Progress." Our method of procedure is to select a subject each evening to be discussed the succeeding one.

We have readings also, of original and select poems. Our numbers have augmented quite fast, so that we now have about fifteen members, and we are beginning to be a force in the land, and are creating no little trepidation on the part of the orthodox. Last Sabbath evening we decided to hire a public hall by the year, and the requisite sum for rent was raised in ten minutes. I would earnestly suggest that similar organizations be formed all over the country. In small places, where there are only three or four earnest souls by uniting their influence into a solid phalanx, they soon become as once voice in beating down the opposing influences of ignorance and prejudice. And by every one trying to obtain subscriptions for the Spiritual Republic and Banner of Light, an amazing mountain, which has hung over you so long, like an incubus, will be rolled back, letting in the glorious golden sunlight of liberty and truth. Such organizations would have a tendency to develop and bring forth many excellent local speakers, who are now "wasting their sweetness on the desert air."

I have spoken as the "Spirit gave utterance" at all our meetings from half an hour to an hour; also lectured at Ruslaville, to a respectable audience, of the best minds in the place.

After the lecture there were many, not known as Spiritualists, who requested another appointment. Another was made, but could not be fulfilled owing to the inclemency of the weather. But I understand there was a crowded house, notwithstanding the unpropitious time. They shall have more lectures there. There is a vast amount of pioneer labor needed in Indiana, as well as in other States. And many earnest souls with backbone and brains must take up the cross and march, and not wait to be called out by the public press, which knows them not, and speak, lecture, talk earnestly in school houses, country churches, if you can obtain them, and at cross-roads, armed with the credentials of success—an ardent love of humanity and truth, and a passive receptive attitude to the voices from the summer land. No pecuniary remuneration need be expected from such a field.

I have been waiting for years to get ready to break the rude sod at my own expense, and thank God, the angels, and an excellent angel helpmate in the body, that time has about arrived. Our lecturers are nearly all as poor as "church mice," and hence, are confined to a more remunerative field of labor, leaving the real bone and sinew of the land to be prayed upon by the everlasting tribe of Levites, who have been flaying the "common people" alive, ever since Moses' day. The glorious and beautiful truths of the New Dispensation are too good to keep, and must be told.

Kokomo, Ind.

From Joseph Dixon.

The first numbers of your paper, under its new name and and dress, are received; and I take occasion to express my gratification at its appearance, and judging from the known ability of some of its contributors, think we may safely calculate on its *becoming* a successful "circulating medium," filling a void that has long been felt in Spiritualistic circles. I was especially pleased to observe that the obnoxious "Message Department" has no place in the new paper. Its expurgation is a gratifying tribute to the "progressive" intelligence of your readers, and I doubt not will be duly appreciated, by the receipt, in due time, of handsome additions to the subscription list. The cause is progressing in this vicinity, and the Spiritual Republic will be in demand.

Jersey City, Jan. 14, 1867.

From Newman Weeks.

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The present name, Spiritual Republic, I like very much indeed. To establish a free spiritual republic should be the grand aim, not only of the press, but of all who would labor manfully for the truth and the right in all things, and especially for the elevation and progress of humanity. I hope you will write and speak the truth boldly. Never cloak an error to sustain a sect or ism. Enter the arena of all practical reforms, fearing no evil, for the right must prevail. Work for the glory of God by glorifying manhood and womanhood, and thus lay the foundation of a "Grand Spiritual Republic" on earth and in the spheres. Wishing you success in your noble undertaking, I am yours for justice and humanity.

Rutland, Vt., Feb. 4, 1867.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM ALCINDA WILHELM.

Welcome the Spiritual Republic as a fearless champion on the side of practical reform. Our banner has been unfurled in the past, faithfully contending against the forces of ignorance, injustice and bigotry—prophetic of a brighter era—to be more fully inaugurated by the dawn of the Spiritual Republic, a movement in the right direction. As a valuable auxiliary to our cause, may it prove a decided success, by securing the best talent and most efficient workers in our ranks; those who perceiving can meet the growing wants of the present age, calling for earnest labor, philosophical research, and sympathetic charity. The demands for such workers is pressing, owing to the limited supply, hence our system, or lack of system, is rather degenerating, and, no doubt, will regulate itself into a greater permanency for speakers (which certainly has its advantages) as our cause emerges from its infancy and suggests improvement from time to time.

We have some talented representatives within our ranks—noble men and women, whose teachings can discern between the true and false—the uses and abuses of institutions, and while presenting the erroneous are erecting, in view, the temple of science and Christianity, attractive to progressive minds, and a kindly refuge for the sorrowing.

We are honored and happy with such, whose example and influence preaches from a consistent life-practice, who are successfully wielding the mighty weapons of reason and sympathy, philosophy and facts in behalf of the "angel ministry," penetrating and calling forth the diviner response from hearts and homes, from the social, political and religious life of our great republic.

Detroit, Mich., February, 1867.

FROM LYMAN C. HOWE.

The growth of freedom is steady and demand for labor increasing everywhere we turn. The light of the Republic and Banner blazes abroad, and revolution trembles in the tread of time wherever humanity turns heavenward, and angels look down. The voice of earnest workers is strengthened by the silent whispers that float from those standard sheets, and in turn the power of the press is augmented by the influence of those whose lives pour out upon the multitude in words that shake the air. I am gratified with the solid improvements in the Republic, especially in the form and name. Some are disappointed in the loss of the Message Department, as they have looked there for tidings from the unseen, and eagerly devoured those columns first. But I trust the solid facts upon which rests the sound philosophy that shines in the Republic, will reach the longings of the immortal soul, and give higher light and more enduring, than the unattested communications, many of which are of a monotonous nature. But hold, I must not weary you.

Flash out, immortal pages, flash,
The diamonds carved in words of fire;
The marble forms of falsehood crown
With truth that melts from each desire.
The world grows strong in freedom's flame;
Death blushes in her sacred charm,
And beauty writes her magic name
In words of music on her form.
World answereth world in one desire,
And deeds express the mears of grace.
The heavens blaze with moral fire
And angels greet us face to face!

New Albion, N. Y., February 5, 1867.

FROM GEO. WHITE, STOCKHOLDER.

The Spiritual Republic, so far, meets with my warm approval. We need for our increasing numbers in the free West a beacon light like the Republic, pointing heavenwards. Spiritualism has an unequaled theory for its base and a practical religion for its superstructure. No man can be a consistent Spiritualist who is not a *good man*, both in principle and act. To such the Republic will, I trust, always be a cheering messenger, as well as a herald of light to those who sit in darkness.

Ordnance Office, Washington, D. C., February 2, 1867.

FROM DR. G. B. HOPKINS.

I have been engaged, for the last nine years, in the work of Spiritualism; for four years, a pioneer in the lecturing field; the last five years, as a trance healing medium. I would say that the star in the East is still rising, and shedding its lustrous rays into the dark chambers of the souls of both the theological elect and non-elect.

Your paper has the true Spiritual ring. I admire it in all its features, and predict for it a brilliant future; and shall use my humble influence in extending its circulation. May the angel host shed their benign influence on all connected therewith.

Upper Stillwater, Maine.

FROM MARY YOUNG.

Dear Republic: You are one of my comforts in these days of snow-drifts and home-staying, and as I have no knitting to pick up to pass an odd moment with, I just thought I would sit down and tell you how I like you. I assure you that there have not many grand thoughts been heralded through your agency, but what I have succeeded in catching the essence therefrom, though some have been so lofty and learned as almost to elude the grasp of ordinary comprehension. However, there is so much attractive that I eagerly hail your arrival each time, expecting a rare feast, and am never disappointed.

I think there is no other paper so interesting, instructive and progressive, as that which has recently assumed the name of The Spiritual Republic.

The faith which you teach of life beyond the tomb, and of intelligence and love to us yet earth-bound beings, is too desirable to be uninvestigated; and the bible of nature, which you hold open, is so evidently the writing of a master hand, of one great and all-wise, that one can but love to trace the author in every line of this "grand poem."

Knowing that truth is seeking outlets, I sincerely hope you will continue one of its purest channels, to pour light in dark places.

Five Corners, N. Y., January 30, 1867.

FROM D. M. ALLEN.

Should I say that I am more than pleased with your paper under its present management, the language seems tame and commonplace. I have long sighed for a paper that should reflect the best thoughts of the sturdiest reformers of the present day. We have had enough of fawning sycophancy, miserable pandering to low passions, yielding to base appetites, the flesh and the devil, lest we give offence to some rich or fashionable offender against laws of nature and nature's God; and so render ourselves obnoxious to the charge of not being "genuine Spiritualists," or of advocating "side issues," etc. If Spiritualism is not able to grapple with the glaring evils of this day and hour—if it has no word of rebuke to the vender of distilled fire and liquid death and his twin brother, the dealer in filthy nauseating poisonous tobacco; if it cannot extend a helping hand to the poor slaves to debasing appetites; if it has no reproof of those monsters in human shape who trifle with the confidence and affection of true, noble-hearted women; turning the social fabric into a golgotha of murdered affections, giving to the world miniature pandemoniums instead of loving homes—if it shrinks from these, or any other work of needed reform, let it go to the devil, where it (in that case) belongs, and let its advocates go each to its own place.

South Newbury, Ohio, February 10, 1867.

Telle Est La Vie.

Have you forgotten, mabelle Marie,
That spring time down at the hall? Ah, well
Though I thought I was strong on the wing, you see,
You singled me out, and of course I fell.
A touch of your hand when our eyes first met,
A soft "aside" on a rustic seat—
I was proof against snares, as I thought, and yet
I was writhing soon at your feet.
You had no pity at all for me,
Or you couldn't have killed me, belle Marie!

A glow at my heart, and a night of dreams;
Your hair had the ripple my eyes loved best;
"Pray God," I said, "she be all she seems,
For I am weary and long to rest."
Wounded and sick at your feet I lay,
Pleading for peace to your knees I crept;
I hear you as 'twas yesterday—
They were crocodile's tears you wept,
My eyes were blinded with dust, you see,
And I paid the penalty, belle Marie!

I'll own I wept, for the tears would flow,
Though I know the weight of your worthless heart;
I cursed myself for a fool—you know
They are terrible tears when men's eyes smart.
And you? Well, there possibly was one sigh—
The sigh you would give when your dog was hurt,
And your comfort, I think, was the stale old lie—
"Men's hearts are as cheap as dirt,"
And now you are married, and I am free,
And that's the difference, belle Marie!

Married? Yes, that is the hackneyed term
For men and women who've sold their lives,
Who rear up love to be nipped in the germ,
And live good fellows and worthy wives.
He's deep in love with Mammon, his god,
And away with Mammon he wins your bread,
But over your novels you sleep and nod,
And sit at his table's head.
And you sigh—the days pass wearily!
They are slightly monotonous, belle Marie!

You shouldn't forget, though, belle Marie—
Though women, we know, have wayward ways,
The choice was yours 'twixt a life with me—
And Ingot's carriage and prancing bays,
A poor man's wife and a merchant's queen—
The choice, for a woman, was hardly fair;
But who can tell what I might have been?
And Ingot is but a bear.
Telle est la vie! Ah! *telle est la vie!*
You are like the rest of them, belle Marie!

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

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

The Organization of Labor.—No. 4.

BY A. BRISBANE.

In my previous articles I have endeavored to give a clear idea of what I term the INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM; that is, that system which produces, exchanges and distributes the material commodities necessary to man's wants and comfort called wealth.

The industrial system is a part or branch of a higher and more comprehensive system, namely, the *social system*, or the *social Organism*. If we wish to overlook the whole field of possible progress and improvement, we must analyze—that is, take apart and dissect—the social system, and see the secondary branches of which it is composed. We must do with it as we have done with the Industrial System.

The social system or organism is a whole composed of three primary branches, and a transitional and a pivotal branch, as shown in the following table:

THE FIVE BRANCHES OF THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

TRANSITIONAL BRANCH—*The System of Education.*

Three primary branches. { The industrial system. / The system of social institutions. / The administrative or governmental system.

PIVOTAL BRANCH—*The Religious System.*

The educational system prepares man for social life—prepares him to form a constituent part in the great mechanism or organism called society. Without the proper education, development and training of its members, society is an aggregate of discordant notes—a fact which we find abundantly illustrated in the present social order. This branch is transitional, as its function is to develop the elements of social life, which are the human characters.

The first primary branch—the industrial system—creates for man the means of satisfying his material wants and comforts; it ministers to the physical part of his nature. It is the hands, so to say, of the social organism.

The second primary branch—the system of social Institutions—regulates the affectional or social relations of human beings. The institution of marriage, for example, regulates those of the sexes. In a true social order there would be four Institutions regulating the four primary relations of human beings, namely, their relations as equals or beings of the same species; as superiors and inferiors in knowledge and capacity, or as directors and directed; as beings of the opposite sex; and as parents and children. But in our imperfect social order, only one institution—marriage—is at all developed and constituted. The others are in an undeveloped state, the mere germs of them only existing. It is difficult, in consequence, to give any clear idea of their nature. This second branch corresponds to the heart in the social organism.

The Administrative or Governmental system regulates the relations of nations, states and townships, and of human beings, as members of the body politic. It is the head in the social organism.

The Religious system regulates the relations of man with the great whole to which he belongs with the universe. It regulates his relations as a part of this great whole, as a link in the universal chain of beings. It thus extends, in its influence and action, beyond this world, and links man in, and associates him with universal existence—with the great hierarchy of spirits that inhabit the visible and invisible worlds. Its function is to elevate the sentiments of human beings, and the actions to which they give rise, by exhibiting to them the grandeur of the system to which they belong, and the dignity of performing a part in it. In the future, under the influence of positive and scientific views of a universal character, industry for example, will be ennobled by being shown to be the means through which man accomplishes his function of OVERSEER of the planet and the kingdoms of nature; and secures, by the integral and scientific cultivation of the earth's surface, the development of material life, and the reign of material unity and harmony upon it; which, in turn, is necessary to the fulfillment by the planet of its function in the sidereal system to which it belongs.

We give a table of the social organism with its branches. It will enable the reader to see, at a glance, its different parts and their functions:

THE SOCIAL ORGANISM,

VIEWED AS A WHOLE, IS ONE SYSTEM, COMPOSED OF FIVE BRANCHES OR SUBORDINATE SYSTEMS.

FIRST BRANCH. *The Educational System,* Composed of two subordinate Branches. (*Transitional System.*)	CORPOREAL AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION...	Development of the body and senses;—Initiation of man into industry, rendering him a producer, capable of self support, and securing him vigor and dexterity.
	ARTISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.....	Development of the mind;—Initiation of man into the collective knowledge of the race, rendering him a thinker capable of self direction.
SECOND BRANCH. *The Industrial System,* Composed of three subordinate Branches. (*Body of the Social Organism.*)	THE PRODUCING SYSTEM.....	Creation of wealth by agriculture, manufactures, mining, the fisheries, transportation, and household labor.
	THE EXCHANGING SYSTEM.....	Exchange of wealth through the agency of commerce and banking.
	THE DISTRIBUTING SYSTEM.....	Division of wealth among men by the operation of the laws, institutions, and customs of society, which govern property, labor, the currency, rents, etc.
THIRD BRANCH. *The System of Social Institutions,* Composed of four subordinate branches. (*Heart of the Social Organism.*)	THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION.....	Regulation of the development and action of the affectional force, called Love, and the relations, both spiritual and sensuous, to which it gives rise.
	(The three other institutions are so undeveloped that they cannot be clearly explained. The 4th regulates the family relations.)	Regulation of the development and action of the three other affectional forces of the soul—friendship, ambition, and parentalism—and the social, hierarchal and family relations to which they give rise.
	THE LEGISLATIVE POWER.....	The collective Reason, regulating the political relations of individuals as members of the body politic; and the relations of states and nations.
FOURTH BRANCH. *The Political System,* Composed of three subordinate branches. (*Intellect of the Social Organism.*	THE EXECUTIVE POWER.....	The collective Will, executing the laws, enacted by the collective Reason.
	THE JUDICIAL POWER.....	Interpreter of the laws laid down by the Legislative power; the Judge of infractions, and Instructor of the Executive as to execution of the laws.
FIFTH BRANCH. *The Religious System,* Composed of three subordinate branches. (*Pivotal System.*)	WORSHIP.....	Manifestation through rites, ceremonies, and symbolic acts of unity with God. Incubation of invisible spiritual truths by means of visible, material emblems.
	MORALITY.....	Aspiration for spiritual unity with God, and the universe. Desire for the regulation of human conduct in accordance with the divine will; basis of morality.
	THEOLOGY.....	Conception of humanity as to the nature of God. His attributes, and plan of Government, and of the destiny of man.

This table presents an analysis of the social system as it now is. In a true order of society, great modifications will take place in all the five branches, although the same general divisions will remain. The elements of the five branches are at present undeveloped and unorganized. The present system of education, for example, is a mere fragment of an integral system. The industrial branch is in an incoherent and unorganized state. The 3d branch requires for its completion three institutions which now exist only in germ. The 4th branch is to be greatly modified and placed on a different basis. The Theological part of the 5th branch is purely speculative and imaginative; it is to the theology (science of God) of the future, what astrology was to astronomy, alchemy to chemistry. Our systems of worship are arbitrary, often empty and puerile rites and ceremonies, which are to give place to great realities. The Sentiment or Aspiration, which is the Divine or natural element in religion, is unchanging. It is this sentiment which impels men to accept some system of theology and worship, no matter how contradictory of common sense. Morality, or theory of human relations, is based upon the sentiment, but its laws are framed by human reason; they are arbitrary and speculative and a reflex of the general state of society. They will remain so until a positive science of human nature is evolved.

We will not speak of what the social organism of the future is to be. We will remark merely that it will, first, be organized on scientific principles—on the laws of order and harmony which exist in nature, and which are the guide that man must take in his work of organization; second, that it will be adapted to the nature of man—to the forces which animate him, called sentiments, faculties, passions, etc. As the laws that govern the universe—revealed to man in the order that reigns in nature, in her phenomena and operations—are those that govern the moral forces, it follows that if the social organism is based upon them, it will be adapted to the nature of man. The social order of the future will be the *external Form*, the *outward mechanism* of the forces of the soul; and perfectly suited to them. The present social order, which is unsuited to them, deranges and thwarts their action, and throws them into disorder. The conclusion is drawn that human nature is vicious and depraved, and incapable of good. The perverted developments of the human passions are taken for the passions themselves.

The social organism is the organ or instrument, or perhaps more properly, the medium through which the forces of the soul act, manifest themselves, and fulfill their functions in the social world. We have an illustration of this in music, which as an art and science is the instrument through which the sense of hearing finds scope, manifests itself, and fulfills its function, which is the creation of sonorous harmony. Without a true social organism the forces of the soul are either repressed in their action or perverted. As a consequence, humanity must create for itself a true social organism, if it would realize a normal and harmonious social life on the earth. So long as the musical art—which is the external form and organ of the musical sense—was undiscovered, the sense was undeveloped, or was forced to take a low or a false development. The same remark applies to all the other faculties and sentiments.

Without a true system of Marriage, for example, Love is undeveloped or thwarted. Without a true hierarchal organization in the various branches of society, especially industry, Ambition is misdirected or perverted. The Indians on our western prairies, who have developed a few rudimentary germs only of a social system, can give no scope or development to their sentiments and faculties. In fact, the mental forces, finding no natural outlet, take in their case a false or inverted direction, and produce the brutality and cruelty which characterize savage life. We should add that their sentiments and faculties, being unexercised by the action of institutions and other social influences—the intellect by the sciences, the senses by art, and the affections by proper social intercourse—they are undeveloped and torpid. Thus, in the absence of a true social order, there exist non-development and torpidity; misdirection and perversion.

Let us sum up.

The Industrial system, regulating the physical activity of man and his intercourse with nature, is, with art, the organ or medium through which the senses act, the field in which they find scope and development.

If industry is sufficiently organized, so as to be properly adapted to the sensuous forces, it will become the external instrument or mechanism through which they will exercise normally their activity; it is in fact the true outlet for them. Industry may thus be considered as the great collective body, which Humanity, through science, creates for itself; and it must create this body to live in wealth and comfort on the earth, and control nature to suit its purposes.

The system of social Institutions, regulating the action of the social sentiments—of love, ambition, etc.—is the external medium through which they act and manifest themselves. A system of true social institutions would secure to these forces of the soul a full and free, and at the same time, a harmonious development. As their mode of action has been the same through all past ages, it is beyond all doubt fixed and invariable, that is, mathematical, so that institutions may be created which will regulate harmoniously their development, as the institution of music, (if we may so call the art and science) regulates the musical sense. The true institution of marriage, for example, will, when discovered and established, allow a free and full development to the passion of love, while securing truth, dignity and elevation in the relations of the sexes. The present one-

sided and incomplete institution, particularly in conjunction with the isolated household system, thwarts and represses the natural action of love, often perverts it, engendering as many antipathies and discords as the true institution would develop sympathies and accords. The system of social institutions is then the outward organ, through which, and with the aid of which, the social sentiments obtain a normal and harmonious development. It corresponds to what we may figuratively call the heart in the social organism; and until humanity constructs properly this part of the social system, it cannot live a true, social or affectional life on its planet.

Government, regulating the relations and operations of men as members of society, and establishing order in them, performs a function of political organization, involving distribution, classification and arrangement, which are characteristic of intellectual action. Government is thus the medium through which Reason exercises its practical function in society—that of establishing unity and order in the variety of social interests and relations. It is, so to say, the head in the social organism. Until a true system of government (aided by a true system of industry and of social institutions) is established, Humanity cannot become a united whole, operating collectively and with unity in accomplishing its destiny on earth.

Thus the social organism is the medium and organ through which the Forces in the human soul act, perform their social functions, and impel man to fulfill his destiny. Without a true social organism, these forces cannot act normally and harmoniously. They are reduced in consequence, either to a low order of development; or are misdirected, thwarted and perverted. In the absence of a true organization of industry, for example, the activity of man in antiquity and the middle ages was almost wholly directed to war. At the present day, the energies of men of talent are, for the same reason, directed to commercial and financial speculation and scheming. It is for want of a vast field of action in industry, that the ambition of a Cæsar, or a Napoleon is directed to military achievements. When humanity shall enter upon the performance of its great function of *Overseer* of the globe, and shall undertake colossal industrial labors, like the redeeming of the deserts, the marshes and waste places, then the genius of such men will find, at the head of vast *industrial armies*, ample scope for activity. We see, then, that the condition of the elevation of humanity, and the application of its energies and genius to the accomplishment of the great work assigned to it on this earth, is the discovery and establishment of a true order of society. The solution of this mighty problem should—and will ere long—occupy the absorbing attention of all truly great minds.

From the Independent.

The Political Rights of Women.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Beyond my expectation, I have found in the West a ripening and fruit-promising thoughtfulness on the question of the political rights of women.

If any man supposes that the discussion of this question is confined to a few writers and speakers, radical in their views and conspicuous in their minority, he does not discern the signs of the times. The claim of woman, as a citizen, to possess the citizen's franchise; the duty of a popular government to acknowledge this democratic right; the pecuniary necessities of great multitudes of American women to whom the elective franchise is the only hope of multiplying their employments, and of increasing their wages; the public need of woman's direct and personal influence on political opinion and civil administration; all these and many other branches of one and the same central subject are now eliciting the attention of nearly all the intellectual women whom I have had the good fortune to meet in the West.

Of course, fastidiousness, prejudice, and fashion deter many excellent and well-meaning ladies from giving as yet, a serious thought to a question which is to occupy public attention in the future as the question of slavery has occupied it in the past.

Many persons, who are not in the habit of treating other grave subjects with ridicule, treat this with an unpardonable levity. But let these jesting critics remember the great army of women in this country who are forced to struggle for their daily bread; let them remember the poverty-stricken mothers of fatherless children; let them remember the dependent sisters of half a million slain soldiers; let them remember the hosts of needle-workers, who have now grown so numerous as to reduce their own wages to a mere pittance; let them remember the school-teachers, whose slender salaries are a disgrace to the system of free schools; let them remember the daily increasing throng of young women who, either in stores or factories, either by one employment or another, are earning just enough money to make them feel that they are earning none at all. Such solemn and sorrowful facts as these—seen by all eyes except those that are wilfully blind—ought to make the great mass of well-to-do American women attentive rather than frivolous toward a proposed remedy.

Whether or not women ought to vote is a question on which women, like men, may entertain diverse opinions. But whether or not women ought to have a wider range of employments, and a higher scale of wages, is a question on which neither any humane woman or man can generously hold a dissenting view.

The purest soul and the fairest body with which God has honored human nature He has awarded to woman. It is a pity, therefore, that so many true, good, and heroic American women are hardly able to keep soul and body together.

A man has a hundred chances for earning a living where a woman has one.

This is neither generous nor just. It is a grievous wrong It is a crying social evil. It is at this moment working a keen cruelty—nay, a bitter agony—to thousands of the noblest daughters of the Republic.

I am not speaking at random. Here in the West—where nobody is idle—where all men and women work—I have listened to many an appeal from indefatigable women, saying, "God forbid that we should complain of our work; but is there no device by which we can earn better pay?" I met a lady in Iowa, a teacher of Greek—a woman with more brain than Queen Victoria or the Empress Eugenie—and yet whose utmost earnings in the pursuit of her profession were forty dollars a month. I met the most respected and capable woman of a Western town, who having suddenly lost her husband, and having three children to support, told me she knew not whither to turn for a livelihood; and she wept in despair. These two instances are types of two great classes—the class of underpaid teachers, and the class of dependent widows. What is the remedy for each? Shall we indict the board of school-trustees for not paying a respectable salary to the teachers? No. The question of salary is not a question of generosity, but of business. Shall we make a charitable collection for the widow and her babes? No. A sensitive woman will not consent to live on charity; or, if she will, she cannot find charity enough to live on. The remedy for both cases is to open the gate to a wider field of congenial and remunerative employment; so that a teacher, when teaching fails to command a good market, may find in something else a better reward; so that the mother of a family, if suddenly made a widow, may with reasonable exertion achieve a self-earned livelihood.

Now, does any silken-clad lady, rocking in a velvet chair, exclaim, "What hinders this teacher from seeking already a better paid occupation? or what hinders this widow from opening already whatever door she will?" Then, madam, to speak frankly, let it be said that the hindrance is your own unsuspecting self—your blindness to the necessities of your own sisterhood—your unconscious contribution to a public sentiment which crowds dependent women into the narrow circle of a few standard occupations, under the penalty, if such women venture outside of these, of suffering loss of caste. A man may choose to be a banker, or choose to be a mechanic; and yet, after either choice, one never thinks of saying that he has either gained or lost caste. But it makes a prodigious difference in public respect whether a woman lives at ease on her husband's income, or whether she cuts and fits dresses to earn her children's bread. I am sorry to say that women are more aristocratic than American men. Now, of course, it is better for a women to have money than to have none; it is better for a woman to have position than to have none; but let a woman who has money and position, and belongs to aristocratic circles in the East, come and sojourn a while in the democratic circles of the West, and she will soon be washed clean of the tainted class-and-caste notions with which her money and position may have contaminated her mind. The truest democratic equality which I have ever seen in any community, whether between man and man, or between woman and woman, exists in some of the communities of the Far West. The spirit of equality strikingly pervades not only Western men but Western women. And it is on this beautiful fact—a hopeful auspice for the Republic—that I base the prediction which I lately ventured in these columns, that the first State of the Union to achieve the political equality of the sexes will be a State west of the Mississippi—I mean Iowa. In the chief universities and colleges of Iowa—already the most radical State in the Union, not excepting Massachusetts—both sexes attend the same institution, and on equal terms; and this, in my view, is the only civilized method of conducting seminaries of learning. Harvard and Yale belong to a former generation; their brows are ungilded with the dawn of the coming era. Put five hundred college boys by themselves for four years, without girls for classmates, and four hundred and fifty will graduate more vulgar-minded than they entered. Put both sexes under the same roof—making the college something like the family—and the result will be a mutual intellectual benefit, a mutual social refinement, and a mutual moral growth. And I have seen striking evidence that multitudes of young women who have been educated with young men, in Western institutions, are now putting to themselves this question: "Since my education has cost just as much as my brother's; since I have passed through the same course of study; since I have graduated with the same diploma; and since I am now teaching to our classes the same lessons as he is to his, and with the same admitted fitness, why, then, am I entitled to only half the same salary which he receives?"

Oh, madam, of the silken gown and velvet chair! this school-teachers' question ought to prick your quick wit into some better pastime than slurs and criticisms on a great question, which you know how to ridicule, but not how to comprehend.

Why ought a woman, after doing a man's work, to receive but half a man's pay?

It only needs that this question shall be asked pertinaciously, asked unceasingly, asked clamorously, by the whole throng of American working women, to set this whole nation to thinking; and when the whole nation is once set to thinking on this question, the wise thinkers will come to one and inevitable conclusion—and that is, Give the ballot into woman's hand.

Rob the blacksmith of his franchise, and his wages will melt to one-half; he knows it, and holds fast to his political rights. And many toiling American women know as well as he the value of the elective franchise as a lever upon wages; and accordingly they want it in their own hands. Give the ballot to woman, and it will put money in her purse. Give the ballot to woman, and it will open the door to a thousand new and profitable avocations. Give the ballot to woman, and it will write her name in gold over ten thousand shop-windows. Give the ballot to woman, and it will clothe her children decently and send them to school.

Is the question of woman's ballot, therefore, worthy of contumely, or worthy of a fair hearing? Men and women of America! it is not a question for man's indifference, or for woman's sneer. Every man having a wife, or sister, or mother, whom he may suddenly leave in poverty, is challenged to ponder it. Every woman who wishes the welfare of her own sex is in duty bound to give heed to it. Already it announces itself as the next great question of the nineteenth century.

How People Take Cold.—Not by tumbling into the river and dragging home wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out in the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours over shoe-top in mud; not by soaking in the rain, without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnameable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; these are not the things which give people colds; and yet they are all the time telling us how they "caught their death-cold by exposure."

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-house. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool to quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, and, feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, and, before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes from and find an open window near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street-corner, for anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile—some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: when you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat and your forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with your out-door clothing on, you have really cooled off full soon enough. Many of the severest colds I have ever known men to take, were the result of sitting down to a warm meal in a cool room after a long walk; or being engaged in writing, have let the fire go out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness, which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Our splendid parlors and our nice "spare room" help to enrich many a doctor.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

It is said of Kepler, that when he had completed his last great work recording his discoveries in astronomical science, he expressed himself in this triumphant tone: "The die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which; for I can well afford to wait an hundred years for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

Chapter of Proverbs

Benefits like flowers, please while they are fresh.
Better the feet slip than the tongue.
He begins to die who hath no desires.
An evil nature never wants occasion.
Kind words cost nothing and go a great way.
Nature cures, and the doctor takes the credit.
Few of us are fools always; all sometimes.
Let not every pain send thee to the doctor, every quarrel to the lawyer, or every thirst to the dram-shop.
He is not poor, who hath a little, but he that desireth much.
He is rich enough who wants nothing.
He that strikes with his tongue must guard with his hands.
To learn the value of money, try to borrow.
A modest women should often neither see nor hear.
Bells and priests may call others to holiness, and know nothing of it themselves.
Lies have long legs but weak backs.

The Public School System of Lower Canada, by a recent report, comprises 10 universities and professional institutions, with 818 students; 210 secondary institutions, as classical and industrial colleges and academies, with 28,613 students; 3 normal schools; 4 special schools; and 3,479 primary schools, with 172,733 pupils. The total amount levied for the support of this system, in 1865, was nearly $600,000.

MARRIAGES.

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

In Rock Island, Ill., February 13th, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mr. W. M. DANIELS and Miss R. J. SPAULDING.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE GREAT WEST.—Homes of the sturdy farmers who look about them over the broad prairies, and see for miles their lands and granaries, are often rendered desolate by the death of a beloved child from the ravages of the deadly Croup. Coe's Cough Balsam never fails to cure it, and is also the best remedy in the world for Colds, Coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure is the only remedy known that is certain to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and in fact all disorders proceeding from the stomach and bowels.

MONEY COULD NOT BUY IT.—We have had in our family one of your machines for the last seven years; and have never seen anything that could offer any inducement to exchange for it. *Money could not take it from us—only as money would buy another.*—[Letter of the Rev. W. G. Hubbard, Wilson, N. Y., February 13, 1866, to Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.

SOLDIERS.—Soldiers who have served in the armies of the Union, children, mothers, everybody that has got a bad Cold, Croup, Whooping Cough, or is troubled with any lung or throat complaints, we advise you to use Coe's Cough Balsam, the cheapest and best cough preparation in the world.

And when you have the Dyspepsia, or are troubled with Constipation—the great cause of ill health—or any trouble of the stomach or bowels, use Coe's Dyspepsia Cure immediately.

COULD NOT KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT IT.—Mrs. Persis S. Black, of Paris Hill, Me., writes: "I have had it five years, and done all the sewing for my family; and now I feel that *I could not keep house a week without it.*"

J. H. Chamberlain, of South New Berlin, N. Y., writes: "It suits us in every way. We really feel that *we could not keep house without it.*"

A. Yancey, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, writes: "Have used one of your machines (Wilcox & Gibb's) in our family for three years. It has paid for itself several times over. *We would not know how to keep house without it.*"

THE "BEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD."—Mrs. D. L. DeGolia says: "I have used the 'twisted-loop' stitch for *seven years*, and have had *nine* to sew for; *yet I have never known a seam to 'rip'*—nor has the machine been out of order. THE WILLCOX & GIBBS IS THE BEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD."

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

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

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

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

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M.
Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.

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

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

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

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9½ A. M. Seats free.

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

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock.

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

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

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock.

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

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7¾ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock.

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

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

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

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

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings in Henry Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 2:30 P. M.

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

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

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum at 3 P. M. Myron Colony, Conductor.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

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

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

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

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Willimantic, Conn., during February; in Mechanic' Hall, Charleston, Mass., during March; in Somers, Conn., during April.

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

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

Warren Chase lectures in Brooklyn, N. Y., the four Sundays of Feb. Address 544 Broadway, New York City.

J. P. Cowles, M. D., will answer calls to lecture upon scientific subjects, embracing Hygiene, Phisiology, (cerebral and organic) announcing truths new to the scientific world and of great practical use. Address 22 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Champlin, Hennepin, Co., Minn.

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

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

Mrs. A. P. M. Davis will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 1155, Bloomington, Ill.

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

A. T. Foss lectures in Plymouth, Mass., during Febrnary; in Springfield, Mass., during March. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker. Address drawer X, Berlin, Wis.

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

Mrs. Emma Hardinge can be addressed during March and April, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; in June, care of SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., also, care of Thos. Kenney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. S. C. Hayford will answer calls to lecture. Address, Girard avenue, R. R. Depot, Philadelphia, Pa., care of C. Mallory.

Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker. Address New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

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

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

Susie M. Johnson lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, during February and March; in Sturgis, Mich., in April. Address accordingly.

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

J. S. Loveland lectures in Sturgis, Mich., during March. Address accordingly.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Lawrence, Kansas, until further notice. Address care of E. B. Sawyer.

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

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

L. Judd Pardee. Address 2216 Green street, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis.

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

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

Benjamin Todd. Address San Jose, California.

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

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

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

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

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

E. Whipple lectures in Sturgis, Mich., during February.

E. V. Wilson speaks in Cincinnati, Ohio, during February; in Louisville, Ky., during March. Permanent address Babcock's Grove, Ill.

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

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

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in New England, during April, May and June. Friends on the Springfield and Boston road, who wish to secure her services, please address immediately at Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

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

PUBLIC REGISTER.

We insert in this department the names of those whose address is an item of public interest.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.
Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.
B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.
Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York.
Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prof. J. Edwin Churchhill. Address Pontiac, Mich.
Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office.
Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.
Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.
Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J
Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.
Rev. James Francis. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa.
Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.
N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.
J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.
W. H. Hoisington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.
Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.
Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago.
S. S. Jones, President Illinois State Association of Spiritualists. Address, Room 12, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan
Dr. Leo Miller, box 2326, Chicago, Ill.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.
J. L. Potter. Address, Burns, La Crosse Co, Wis.
Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan.
Austin E. Simmons. Address Woodstock, Vt.
Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.
Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.
A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.
Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.
Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.
F. L. H. Willis. Address, P. O. box 39, Station D, New York City.

PROSPECTUS OF
NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

This paper is expressly devoted to the Communications from Spirits. Mediums are requested to send in Communications, Visions and Prophecies, or to call at our office and have those spirits controlling them reported *verbatim*, free of charge. The future existence of this sheet depends upon the support of different spirits through different mediums, and a liberal public.

Communications from mediums inserted free of charge.

Spirits in spirit life ask all those who may read this paper to act as agents in getting subscribers, thereby hastening the day when intercourse with the world of spirits shall be better understood. There has yet been only money enough placed in my hands, by spirits in the spirit world, to publish the paper during March, April and May. But we have the assurance of spirits in the spirit world, that this paper will live on and on to a green old age, and that the subscription list will be large enough to sustain it after three months. Published monthly.

Terms, $1.00 a year in advance; single copies, 10 cents.

EDITED BY MRS. A. BUFFUM,
194 South Clark Street, Room 11. 8-1t

AGENTS WANTED in every County for Mitchell's New General Atlas. Address R. A. CAMPBELL, 131 South Clark street, Chicago. 7-5t*

SPIRIT PICTURES.—The Subscriber will send to any one enclosing one dollar and one stamp, two photographs of Spirit Pictures of my Children, taken by Anderson, Spirit Artist. Description of age and circumstances under which these pictures were produced will accompany the pictures. The net proceeds of sales of these pictures is to be expended in building a Free Hall for Spiritual and Reform lectures in this place.
7-1m JOHN WILLCOX, Osmo, Wis.

DR. GREER, SPIRITUAL PHYSICIAN, 122 North Jefferson street, Peoria, Ill. Endowed with certain remarkable Healing Powers, offers his services to

THE SICK AND AFFLICTED,

Inviting the very worst cases, especially those given up as incurable, by other physicians.

DR. GREER'S mode of treatment is simply a touch of his hand, a word or mandatory, and aided by a powerful band of Spirits, the results are in most cases instantaneous!

Dr. G. intends to close his office in Peoria, February 28th, after then, he, in connection with Dr. Blackman, will visit other States and Territories. 6-tf

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.

	PRICE.	POSTAGE.
Age of Reason, by Thomas Paine	40	10
American Crisis, by Warren Chase	20	4
Answers to Ever Recurring Questions, a Sequel to the Penetralia, by A. J. Davis	1.50	20
Apocryphal New Testament	1.00	16
Arcana of Nature, or History and Laws of Creation, Vol. I, by Hudson Tuttle	1.25	20
Arcana of Nature, or the Philosophy of Spiritual Existence, and of the Spirit World, Vol. 2, by Hudson Tuttle	1.25	20
Bible Triumphant, by Mrs. H. V. Reed	50	4
Biography of Free Thinkers	75	10
Biography of Satan, by K. Graves	35	
Blossoms of Our Spring, (a Poetic Work,) by Hudson and Emma Tuttle	1.25	20
Branches of Palm, by Mrs. J. S. Adams. English cloth, beveled, $1.25. Extra, gilt edge	1.75	16
Christ and the People, by A. B. Child, M. D	1.25	16
Christianity; its influence on Civilization, and its relation to Nature's Religion, by Caleb S. Weeks.	25	2
Complete Works of Thomas Paine. Three volumes.	6.00	94
Common Sense, by Thomas Paine	20	2
Devil's Pulpit, by Robert Taylor	1.50	18
Death and the After Life, by A. J. Davis	35	
Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration, by Datus Kelley	20	4
Effect of Slavery on the American People, by Theodore Parker	10	
Eliza Woodson, or the Early Days of One of the World's Workers, by Mrs. E. W. Farnham	1.50	
Epitome of Spirit Intercourse; a Condensed View of Spiritualism, by Alfred Cridge	40	8
Errors of the Bible, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 30 cts., postage 6 cts. Cloth	60	10
Essay on Dream, by Thomas Paine	25	4
False and True Theology, by Theodore Parker	10	
False and True Revival of Religion, by Theodore Parker	10	
False and True Marriage, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown	10	2
Familiar Spirits, and Spiritual Manifestations, by Dr. Enoch Pond	20	4
Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen	1.75	24
Free Love and Affinity, by Miss Lizzie Doten	10	
Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, or Nature vs. Theology, by A. J. Davis	20	2
Fugitive Wife, by Warren Chase. Paper, 30 cents. Cloth	60	
Gazelle, by Emma Tuttle	1.25	16
Gist of Spiritualism, by Warren Chase	50	6
Great Harmonia, by A. J. Davis. 5 vols, viz: Vol. 1. The Physician; Vol. 2. The Teacher; Vol. 3. The Seer; Vol. 4. The Reformer; Vol. 5. The Thinker. Each	1.50	20
Harbinger of Health, by A. J. Davis	1.50	20
Harmonial Man, or Thoughts for the Age, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 40 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Hierophant; or, Gleanings from the Past, by G. C. Stewart	75	10
History of all Christian Sects and Denominations—their Origin, Tenets, Condition, by John Evans, LL. D.	75	16
History and Philosophy of Evil, by A. J. Davis. Paper 40 cts—postage 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Infidels' Text-Book, by Robert Cooper	1.00	16
Is the Bible Divine? by S. J. Finney. Paper, 30 cts.—postage 4 cts. Cloth	60	10
Is there a Devil? The Argument Pro and Con	20	2
Jesus of Nazareth, by Alexander Smyth	1.50	20
Kiss for a Blow, by H. C. Wright	75	12
Kneeland's Review of the Evidences of Christianity.	75	8
Legacy to the Friends of Free Discussion, by Benjamin Offen	75	10
Letters to Eugenia; or a Preservative against Religious Prejudice, by Baron D'Holbach. Translated from the French by Anthony C. Middleton, M. D.	75	10
Life of Thomas Paine, by G. Vale. Cloth	75	10
Life Line of Lone One, by Warren Chase	1.00	
Living Present and Dead Past, by Henry C. Wright.	50	6
Love and Mock Love. Cloth, plain, 35 cts., postage, 6 cts. Gilt	50	6
Magic Staff, an Auto-Biography of A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Manomin, by Myron Coloney	1.25	16
Manual of Self Healing by Nutrition, by Laroy Sunderland	30	
Marriage and Parentage, by Henry C. Wright	1.25	20
Methodism and Spiritualism, by Andrew Rickel.	10	2
Ministry of Angels Realized, by A. E. Newton	20	2
Morning Lectures, (Twenty Discourses,) by A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Moses and the Israelites, by Merritt Munson	1.50	20
Natty, a Spirit; His Portrait and his Life, by Allen Putnam	40	4
New Manual for Children, (for Lyceums,) by A. J. Davis. Cloth, 80 cts.—postage 8 cents. Morocco, gilt, $1.00; postage 8 cents. Abridged Edition	44	4
New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles, by J. H. Fowler	40	6
Paine's Political Writings. Two volumes in one. Calf	4.00	62
Paine's Theological Works, by J. J. Rousseau	1.50	20
Paine's Writings, Theological and Miscellaneous	2.00	36
Penetralia; being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions, by A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Philosophical Dictionary of Voltaire. Two volumes in one. Calf	5.00	65
Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, by A. J. Davis, paper 60 cts.—postage 6 cts. Cloth	1.00	16
Philosophy of Creation, from Thomas Paine, by Horace Wood, Medium. Cloth, 60c; postage 4c. Paper	30	4
Philosophy of Special Providences, (a Vision,) by A. J. Davis	20	2
Physical Man, by Hudson Tuttle	1.50	20
Principles of Nature, by Mrs. M. J. King	2.00	42
Psalms of Life. Cloth	1.00	16
Reason, the only Oracle of Man; or a Compendious System of Natural Religion, by Col. Ethan Allen.	50	8
Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government, by Theodore Parker	10	
Report of an extraordinary Church Trial, Conservatives vs. Progressives, by Philo Hermes	15	2
Revival of Religion Which we Need, by Theodore Parker	10	2
Scenes in the Summer Land, No. 1, (a Photograph,) by Hudson Tuttle	25	
Scenes in the Summer Land, No. 2, (a Photograph,) by Hudson Tuttle	25	
Self-Abnegationist; or the True King and Queen, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 40 cents, postage, 6 cents. Cloth	65	10
Self-Contradictions of the Bible	25	2
Sexual Physiology, by R. T. Trall, M. D.	2.00	20
Six Lectures on Theology and Nature, by Emma Hardinge. Paper, 75 cts. Cloth	1.00	
Soul of Things. By William and Elizabeth Denton	1.50	20
Spirit Manifestations, by Adin Ballou. Paper 50 cts.—postage 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Spirit Minstrel, by Packard and Loveland. Paper, 35 cts. Board	50	
System of Nature; or, Laws of the Moral and Physical World, by Baron D'Holbach. Translated by H. D. Robinson. Two volumes	2.00	24
The Koran, translated by Geo. Sale	2.00	20
The Empire of the Mother. Paper, 50 cts.—postage 6 cts. Cloth	75	10
The Diegesis; being a discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and Early History of Christianity, by Rev. Robert Taylor.	2.00	24
The Monk of the Mountains, or a Description of the Joys of Paradise, with a View of the Condition of the Nations of the Earth for one hundred years to come	1.50	20
Thirty-two Wonders, or the Skill Displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	50	10
Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams	2.00	32
Voices of the Morning, (a New Poetic Work,) by Belle Bush	1.25	16
Whatever is, is Right, by A. B. Child, M. D	1.25	16
What's o'clock	15	2
Woodman's Reply to Dwight	20	4
Yahoo	75	10

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:

MEDICAL.

Isaac Perry's Mental Hygiene	$1.50
Physiology of Common Life	4.00

RELIGIOUS.

Colenso on the Pentateuch	1.50
Colenso on the Pentateuch—Part 2	1.50
Colenso on the Romans	1.50
Leckey's Rise and Influence of Rationalism—2 vols	5.00

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life of Benjamin Franklin, (James Parton,) with steel portraits	6.00
Life of Aaron Burr, new edition with steel portraits, cloth (James Parton)	6.00
Life of Andrew Jackson, with steel portraits—3 vols	9.00
Arago's Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men	3.00

POETICAL.

Emerson's Poems, with portrait	1.50
Grace Greenwood's Poems, with portrait	1.25
Oliver Wendell Holmes' Poems	1.50
Oliver Wendell Holmes' Songs in Many Keys	1.50
Oliver Wendell Holmes' Humorous Poems, Illustrated	1.00
Hymns of the Ages, with steel vignettes	2.50
Life Drama, by Alexander Smith	1.00
City Poems, by Alexander Smith	1.00
Edwin of Deira, by Alexander Smith	1.00
Thackeray's Ballads	1.25
Saxe's Poems	2.00
Household Poems, by H. W. Longfellow	1.00
Song of Hiawatha, by H. W. Longfellow	1.50
Courtship of Miles Standish, by H. W. Longfellow	1.25
The Golden Legend, by H. W. Longfellow	1.50
Evangeline, by H. W. Longfellow	1.25
Hyperion, by H. W. Longfellow	1.50
The Sea Side and the Fire Side, by H. W. Longfellow	1.25
Bayard Taylor's Poems	2.00
National Lyrics, by John G. Whittier, with portrait	1.00
Burns' Poems, 2 vols	4.50
Robin Hood's Ballads	1.75
Mrs. Heman's Poems, 2 vols	5.00
Mrs. Heman's Songs of the Affections	50

REFORMATORY.

Combs' Constitution of Man	1.50

HISTORICAL.

Gen. Butler in New Orleans, with steel portraits and maps (James Parton)	3.00
Layard's Nineveh—Illustrations	5.00

LITERARY.

Moore's Life of Byron	2.50
Hospital Life, with Introduction, by Bishop Potter	1.25
Paul and Virginia, by St. Pierre, and Elizabeth by Madam Cottin, 1 vols	1.25
Paul and Virginia, Illustrated	60
Republic of Plato. Translated into English with notes, by David James Vaughan, M. A	2.25
Violet of the Times we Live in	1.00
Land, Labor and Gold, by William Howitt	3.00
Hereward; The Last of the English, by Charles Kingsley	1.75
Glacus; or, The Wonders of the Shore, by Charles Kingsley	75
The Heroes or Greek Fairy Tales for my Children, by Charles Kingsley	1.50
Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures; illustrated, by Edmund Kirk	1.50
Labor and Love; a tale of English Life	75
A Few Thoughts for a Young Man when about Entering upon Life, by Horace Mann	50
Christianity in the Kitchen, by Mrs. Horace Mann	1.25
Twelve Sermons, Delivered at Antioch College, by Horace Mann	1.50
The Flower People, with Illustrations, by Horace Mann	1.00
Tales from Shakspeare	1.75
Mrs. Jamieson's Legends of the Madonna	1.50
Mrs. Jamieson's Characteristics of Women	1.50
Guizot's Civilization in Europe, 4 vols	7.00
Mills' Political Economy, 2 vols	7.00
Ministry of Life	2.00
My Cave Life in Vicksburg	1.25
Spencer's Education	1.75
Spencer's Essays, Moral, Political and Æsthetic	2.50
Spencer's First Principles	2.50
Spencer's Illustrations of Progress	2.50
Spencer's Social Statics	2.50
Spencer's Psychology	5.00
Dean of Edinburgh; Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, by Ramsay	1.50
Rainbow for Children, 28 Illustrations	1.50
Tales for Boys, first series, by Mayne Reid	1.50
Waverly Novels; Illustrated Household Edition, 50 vols., by Sir Walter Scott. Per vol	1.25
Substance and Shadow; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life, by Henry James	2.00
Eyes and Ears, by Henry Ward Beecher	1.75
Lectures to Young Men, by Henry Ward Beecher	1.50
Freedom and War, by Henry Ward Beecher	1.75
Royal Truths, with portrait, by Henry Ward Beecher	1.75
Looking toward Sunset, by L. Maria Child	3.00
The Golden Hour, by Rev. M. D. Conway	1.00
Essays, first series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson	1.50
Representative Men, by Ralph Waldo Emerson	1.50
Goethe's Faust, Translated by A. Hayward	1.25
Correspondence with a Child	1.75
Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Translated by Thomas Carlyle	3.50
Greenwood Leaves, by Grace Greenwood	1.75
Recollections of My Childhood, by Grace Greenwood	1.00
Merrie England, by Grace Greenwood	1.50
Stories and Legends of Travel and History, by Grace Greenwood	1.50
Stories from Famous Ballads, by Grace Greenwood	1.00
Country Living and Country Thinking, by Gail Hamilton	2.00
Gala Days, by Gail Hamilton	2.00
Stumblin-Blocks, by Gail Hamilton	2.00
A New Atmosphere, by Gail Hamilton	2.00
Skirmishes and Sketches, by Gail Hamilton	2.00
Summer Rest, by Gail Hamilton	2.00
Red Letter Days, by Gail Hamilton	1.50
Astræa, by Oliver Wendell Holmes	75
The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table, by Oliver Wendell Holmes	1.75
The Professor at the Breakfast-Table, by Oliver Wendell Holmes	1.75
Elsie Venner, by Oliver Wendell Holmes	3.00
Currents and Counter Currents, by Oliver Wendell Holmes	1.75
Border Lines in some Provinces of Medical Science	1.00

SCIENTIFIC.

Chauvenet's Manual of Spherical and Practical Astromony, 2 vols.	10.00
The Cadet Engineer; or, Steam for the Student, by John H. Long and B. F. Buel	2.25
A Brief Outline of an Analysis of the Human Intellect, by James Rush, M. D.	10.00
Sloan's Homestead Architecture, Illustrated	4.00
Watson's Theoretical Astromy, Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals, by Richard Owen, F. R. S., 2 vols.	21.00
Mammals of North America, by Spencer F. Baird, colored plates.	15.00
The Birds of North America, 2 vols., colored plates	20.00
Illustrations of the Birds of California, by John Cassin, colored plates	12.00
Curious Facts in the History of Insects, by Frank Cowan	2.25
The American Numismatical Manual, by M. W. Dickenson, M. D., Illustrated	10.00
Nott and Glidden—Types of Mankind, Illustrated	5.00
Nott and Glidden's Indigenous Races of the Earth	5.00
Architectural Designs for Model Country Residences, (colored illustrations) by John Riddle	15.00
Method of Study, by Prof. Agassiz	1.75
Climatology of the United States, by Blodgett	5.00
Caloric, its Mechanical, Chemical and Vital Agencies in the Phenomena of Nature, by Samuel L. Metcalfe	5.00
The New Gymnastics for Men, Women and Children, 300 Illustrations, by Dr. Dio Lewis	1.50
Seaside Studies in Natural History, by Prof. Agassiz	3.00
Appleton's New American Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge, 16 vols.; per vol	6.00
Appleton's Cyclopedia of Biography	8.00
Appleton's Cyclopedia of Drawing	10.00
Appleton's Cyclopedia of Topographical Drawing	1.50
Appleton's Perspective and Geometrical Drawing	1.50
Appleton's Shading and Shadows	2.00
Appleton's Drawing Instruments and their Uses	2.00
Appleton's Architectural Drawing and Design	2.00
Appleton's Mechanical Drawing	2.00
Hickcock's Rational Cosmology	2.00
Hickcock's Rational Psychology	2.50
History of Philosophy, by G. H. Lewes, 2 vols	5.00
Lyell's Elements of Geology	5.00
Lyell's Principles of Geology	5.00
Tyndall on Heat and Motion	2.50
Tyndall on Radiation	50
Zschokke's Goldmaker's Village	60

Address J. O. BARRETT,
Sec'y R. P. P. Association,
Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

A. J. MILLS & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE

PURCHASE, SALE AND LEASING OF REAL ESTATE,

153 Dearborn Street, Room 6,
CHICAGO.

Particular attention given to the Care and Management of Real Estate, Collection of Rents, &c. 4-tf

SECOND EDITION.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN.

Or a historical exposition of the Devil and his fiery dominions, disclosing the oriental origin of the belief in a devil and future endless punishment. By K. Graves.

For sale at this office, price 35 cents. Liberal terms to agents. 4-tf

WESTERN PHŒNIX FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO.

Office 128 LaSalle street.

Authorized Capital.....$1,000,000
Paid up Capital..... 250,000

Insures against loss or damage by Fire, Lightning, Tornado, Flood, and the risks of Inland Navigation and Transportation, at rates corresponding with the hazard.

Reliable Agents wanted where this Company is not represented.

☞ All communications should be addressed to GEORGE I. YEAGER, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

D. R. HUGHES, J. A. HUGHES,
B. H. BACON, S. W. RICHMOND,
GEO. I. YEAGER, B. BACON, CHAS. T. LITHERBURY.

OFFICERS.

D. R. HUGHES, *President*,
S. W. RICHMOND, *Vice President*,
GEO. I. YEAGER, *Secretary*,
CHAS. T. LITHERBURY, *Treasurer*. 1-tf

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME, St. Anthony's Falls, Minn., R. T. Trall, M. D., Proprietor.

The "WINSLOW HOUSE" is now open for the reception of invalids and boarders. Its arrangements for light, air and sunshine, are unequaled; its rooms are capable of accommodating five hundred persons. The beautiful location, charming scenery, dry atmosphere, and equable climate, render this place unrivaled as a resort for persons afflicted with, or predisposed to Consumptive, Dyspeptic, Bronchial and Rheumatic affections, and, indeed, for all classes of invalids. Select School Department. 2 17-tf

CATARRH ETC.—DR. NEWCOMER'S MAGNETIC SNUFF.—Specific in Catarrh, Sore Throat, Canker, and Inflamed Eyes. From one to three boxes are warranted to cure the worst cases. Postage 10 cts. Price per box $1.00. Sent by mail. Send for it. Meadville, Pa. G. NEWCOMER, M. D. 6-5t*

DR. THOMAS E. FAY, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, cures diseases of the very worst nature in the male and female. Those that are diseased should write to Mr. Fay at once for particulars in regard to his treatment. Delineations, $1; Clairvoyant examination, $1; business consultation, $1.50; sealed letters, $1; receipt to cure sexual and nervous debility, $5; poor invalids and ladies treated for half price. All letters must be addressed confidentially to THOS E. FAY, Aurora, Illinois. 6-tf

NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDIALS FROM PLANTS!—WM. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y., for sixty years Proprietor of the Linnean Nurseries, Corresponding Member of the Eclectic Medical Society, announces these Positive Remedials for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Scrofula of every phase, all Skin, Liver, and Kidney diseases Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhea, Rheumatism, Piles, Dropsy, Nervous Debility, Mercurial and other impurities of the Blood, and all Female Maladies. Explanatory circular one stamp. Treatise 20 cts. 6-2t*

D. N. HENDERSON, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will attend calls and take patients at his house at Talleyrand Keokuk Co., Iowa. 25-tf

CLAIRVOYANCE.—DR. S. D. PACE, of Port Huron, Michigan, will send to any address in the United States or the Canadas, one bottle of his celebrated Dyspepsia Cure. This medicine is warranted to cure Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Jaundice, etc. Try one bottle. Price $1.50 per bottle, or four bottles for $5.00. He has also on hand a Cough Mixture, or Consumption Cure. The effects of this medicine in the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, are truly wonderful. Price $1.50 per bottle, or four bottles for $5.00. These medicines are prepared from clairvoyant prescriptions, and are purely vegetable in character.

N. B.—Patients wishing to test the Doctor's Clairvoyant powers, can do so by sending a lock of their hair, their name, age, and one dollar, or one bottle of either Dyspepsia Cure or Cough Mixture, with clairvoyant examination of Disease, sent on receipt of $2.00 Address

DR. S. D. PACE,
3-3m* Port Huron, Mich

NEW SPIRITUAL SONG, entitled, SPIRIT RAPPINGS, given under inspiration by Clara Morgan. Price, thirty cents per copy. Liberal deduction to agents. For sale at Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass., and Clara Morgan, No. 296½ State street Chicago, Ill.

JUST RECEIVED—A new and complete Stock of

PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS,

Violins, Guitars, Flutes, Accordeons, etc., etc., SHEET MUSIC, the largest Stock in the West. Address all letters,

PROF. D. R. HUGHES,
P. O. Drawer 6325.

THE MONK OF THE MOUNTAINS, OR A Description of the Joys of Paradise, with a view of the condition of the nations of the earth for one hundred years to come.

"The stories are as wonderful as those of 'Robinson Crusoe,' or 'The Arabian Nights Entertainments.' It abounds in marvelous revelations, wonderful stories and startling predictions—making, altogether, a most curious and interesting work."—*North Western Farmer.*

Price, $1.50; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office.

PROGRESSIVE BOOKS.

Tallmadge & Co. have removed their

PROGRESSIVE BOOK STORE

To No. 167 South Clark street, between Madison and Monroe streets, where they will continue to supply the public with publications in their line.

They will also act as agents for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, BANNER OF LIGHT, LITTLE BOUQUET, &c.

Address, TALLMADGE & CO., Box 2222,
1-tf or No. 167 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

HOLBROOK & POMEROY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Room No. 3—P. O. Box 1442. 67 Dearborn Street.

TOBACCO USERS lose "that habit" by using AROMASIA. Send red stamp for "explanation," or fifty cents for a tube, to Dr. Marks & Son, 131 W. Thirty-third street, New York. Reference—Banner of Light Branch Office, New York. 2-21-tf

BOARDING HOUSE.—Board and Lodging, per week, from $6.00 to $8.00; day board, per week, $5.00. No. 296½ State street, Chicago, Ill. S. R. COLE, Proprietor.
2-18-tf

PROSPECTUS OF THE SPIRITUAL REPORTER.

The REPORTER will be devoted to reports of Spiritual Lectures, lectures on Science, Art, Education, General Reform, and discussions connected with any or all of these subjects.

The REPORTER will be conducted and published every Wednesday by W. F. Jamieson, 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn street, Chcago, Ill.

Twenty-five copies will be sent to one address for thirty-five cents fifty copies for fifty-five cents; one hundred copies for one dollar.

Subscriptions for single copies, $1.50 per annum, payable in advance.

A limited number of advertisements, deemed suitable, will be inserted on pages of covers, and in double columns, in neat style, at ten cents a line. Address W. F. JAMIESON,
3-8-tf Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD PHONOGRAPHY.—The best shorthand—may be thoroughly and easily learned from Graham's *Standard-Phonographic Series;* sent, post-paid, at the following prices:

(1) SYNOPSIS, 39 cents; cloth, 54 cents.
(2) HAND-BOOK, (presenting every principle of every style of the Art), $2.16.
(3) FIRST READER, $1.58; KEY, 33 cents.
(4) SECOND READER. $1.87.
(5) STANDARD-PHONOGRAPHIC DICTIONARY (shows the best way of writing in either style 120,000 words and phrases), $4.36.

Phonographic Visitor, Vol. I, Nos. 1-7, 62 cents; unbound, 40cents.
Phonographic Visitor, Vol. II, Nos. 8-14. Now publishing in numbers of 48 pages. Should be taken by all who are, or wish to become, phonographers. 98 cents.
STANDARD-PHONOGRAPHIC LIBRARY, for 1866-7, 600 pages $5.00.

Address, ANDREW J. GRAHAM,
3-10-tf 544 Broadway, New York

PHONOGRAPHIC LESSONS BY MAIL.—W. F. JAMIESON, Phonographic Lecturer and Teacher, for the State of Michigan.

Will give a complete elementary course, of twenty-four lessons, by letter, (the method of doing which will be fully explained to those taking lessons in this manner,) for twelve dollars.

Easy to learn. No common branch of study—as reading, writing, arithmetic, geography or grammar—can be so easily learned, (to any given degree,) as Phonography. It can be learned by any child that can read the common print readily.

Its advantages can hardly be overrated. By means of it the student can study more rapidly, and the professional and business man transact business more rapidly than it is possible to do without it.—*Prof. Holmes.*

In self-improvement there is no better aid than Phonography. "Phonography is one of the best possible aids in obtaining a subsequent education."—*Rev. Thomas Hill.*

"I consider the art as one of the most valuable inventions of our prolific day. It should be taught in the common schools as one of the best possible aids in obtaining a subsequent education.—*Rev. Thomas Hill, President of Harvard College.*

Hon. Thomas H. Benton, thirty years U. S. Senator, when presented with a verbatim report of one of his speeches, taken by a little boy, said: "Had Phonography been known forty years ago, it would have saved me twenty years of hardlabor."

"There can be no reason why the rising generation should not be instructed in a method of writing more in accordance with the activity of mind which now prevails, than the slow and laborious long-hand."—*President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.*

Graham's phonographic books furnished at New York prices.

Instruction given at the office of The Spiritual Republic, 84 Dearborn street, third floor, on Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week.

Address W. F. JAMIESON,
Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

J. BURNS,

PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,

1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL,

London, - - - England,

Keeps for sale THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and other standard Spiritus publications.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.

THE CHAMPION OF 136 FIRST PREMIUMS IN TWO SEASONS.

"Its seam is stronger and less liable to rip than the Lock Stitch."—*Judges' Report of the Grand Trial.*

Send for the "Report," and Samples of work, containing both kinds of stitches on the same piece of goods. Agents wanted.

L. CORNELL & Co., General Agents,
3-10-tf 138 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

PETERS & SPARLING,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Room 16, Lombard Block, Monroe street, adjoining Post Office Building.
3-13-tf

FIRST ABRIDGED EDITION OF THE MANUAL FOR CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS,

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

It contains Rules, Marches, Lessons, Invocations, Silver-chain Recitations, Hymns and Songs.

Price per copy, 44 cents, and 4 cents postage, if sent by mail; for 12 copies, $4.56; and for 100 copies $34.00.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH,
3-11-tf 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

MRS. ABBOTT, Developing Medium, 155 S. Clark street, (Room 3,) Chicago, Ill. 2-tf.

W. P. ANDERSON, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521, New York City. 1-tf

MRS F. E. KENNEDY, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, has returned to Chicago, and may be found at 193 West Madison street. Old friends and new ones are cordially invited. Terms in accordance with the times. 2-1m

DR. J. WORTHINGTON STEWART,

PRACTICAL HEALING PHYSICIAN, FOR CURING CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES,

Will be in Sinclairville, Chautauque county, N. Y., up to February 10th. Chronic diseases cured by a few operations. No medicine given. No surgical operations performed.

Dr. S. can locate diseases without touching or asking the patient a question. Having had a number of years of successful practice, the Doctor can furnish proofs sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous.
1-1m*

FREE OF CHARGE!—Mrs. S. C. Dickinson will relieve, free, in one application, Rheumatism, Pains, Swellings, Sprains, Contracted or Painful Sinews, Muscles or Joints, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Toothache, Pain in the Back; or in fact anything of that nature, *free*, to show the virtue of her fluid. This fluid has been gotten up on scientific principles, and all we ask is for the afflicted to let us relieve them *free*, and then they will know who to patronize hereafter. Price two dollars per bottle, for family use, with full directions. All diseases examined free. Mrs. D. will visit the sick at their dwellings if not able to call on her, if requested so to do.

Agents wanted in every county.

Mrs. Dickinson will remain for a short time at 285 South Clark street. 3-8-tf.

MRS. M. S. CURTIS, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Obstetrician, No. 178 West Washington street, Chicago.
5-3m

DR. J. P. BRYANT will heal the sick, by the laying on of hands, at Fitz Gibbons' Hall, corner Kearney and Post streets, San Francisco, Cal., from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., commencing Friday, October 12th, continuing each day, Sundays excepted. Free to all. After the above hours he will receive patients at his private rooms, Bush street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, till 5 P. M., who will be charged according to their means, 3-10-tf

MRS. MARY A. MITCHELL, Natural Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Eclectic Physician, TEST and Business Clairvoyant and Psychometrist. Treats diseases of body and mind. Cures intemperance either of alcohol or tobacco, and insanity.

Delineations, $2; Clairvoyant examination, $2; Prescription, $3; Business consultation and Test, $5.

Consult in person or by letter, with statement of the condition, age and sex, enclosing lock of hair and photograph.

Office, 296½ State street, Chicago, Ill. P. O. drawer 6206. 1-3m

DR. PRESTON, HOMŒOPATHIST.—Also Extracts Teeth, without Pain, by the use of VITALIZED AIR.

MRS. LILLY H. PRESTON, Medical Clairvoyant and Business Medium. Room 12, No. 127 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. 7-tf

MRS. ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE, Psychometrical and Test Medium. Also gives directions to those who wish to become developed as clairvoyants and mediums.

Terms: Business Directions, $5.00; Psychometric Reading, $1.00; Directions for Development, $2.00.

Address, (enclosing two red stamps,) P. O. Box 455, Washington, D. C. 3-11-tf

MRS. C. H. DEARBORN, Inspirational Trance Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Will also give advice, clairvoyantly, upon the Marriage question where there is inharmony, and tell persons what the trouble is, and how it can be remedied, to bring peace and harmony to their firesides, by letter or in person.

All letters promptly attended to. Ladies, $1.00; gentlemen, $2.00.

Address, Worcester, Mass. 8-tf

DR. H. ALLEN, Electropathist and Homœopathist, Room 5—101 Washington street, Chicago, Ill. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. 3 5-tf

MR. AND MRS. FERRIS, Mediums for Physical manifestations, can be addressed at Coldwater, Michigan, care of Alonzo Bennett. 14-tf

MISS L. R. LOWRY, Clairvoyant and Homœopathic Physician, 300½ State street, Chicago, Ill. Office Hours, 10 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M.

EQUIPMENTS FOR CHILDRENS' LYCEUMS. Flags, Targets, Badges, Tickets, Manuals, etc., can be procured at short notice, and printed instructions will be sent free to any part of the world, by enclosing postage stamp to

3-1-tf FRANK W. BALDWIN, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

WARREN CHASE, at the Banner of Light office, 544 Broadway, New York, will keep THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and LITTLE BOUQUET for sale, and a general assortment of Spiritual and liberal books. He will receive subscriptions for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and LITTLE BOUQUET.

BOOK TRADE.—All persons desiring any of the books advertised in our columns can obtain them by return of mail, by enclosing the amount of price and postage, with their address *fully* and *plainly* written.

ONE THOUSAND AGENTS WANTED.—We are in want of one thousand agents to canvass for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. We now have such a variety of business connected with our institution that we can furnish profitable employment for men, women and youth. From two to ten dollars per day can be cleared from commissions and sales.

Those wishing to engage in the business will address the undersigned, enclosing two postage stamps, for enclosed circulars, catalogues, letter of instructions and terms of agency.

Old agents desirous of continuing their work are requested to forward their certificates for renewal. References are required of applicants. Address,

J. O. BARRETT, Secretary, R. P. P. A.
Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

DONEY'S ENGRAVINGS.—We have now on hand the following list of beautiful engravings, by T. Doney, the distinguished American engraver, which we will furnish at the following prices:

Orders by mail will require five cents on each engraving extra, for postage and tubing for the ordinary sizes, and ten cents for the 18 by 24 inch sizes.

Specimen copies of engravings will be furnished to any one desirous of acting as agent, at wholesale prices.

Washington's Last Moments	$3.00
Child's First Prayer	2.00
Proclamation of Freedom	2.00
Washington, large size, 18x24	1.50
Lincoln, " " 18x24	1.50
Washington, 13x16	1.00
Lincoln, 13x16	1.00
Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, 12x14	.50
Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, 12x14	.50
Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, 12x14	.50
General U. S Grant, 10x12	.40
Hon. S. P. Chase, 12x14	.50
Vice Admiral D. G. Farragut,	.50

Letters of inquiry, addressed to J. O. BARRETT, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., with two three cent stamps enclosed, will meet with prompt reply, giving all necessary information.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE LITTLE BOUQUET,

EDITED BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

Published on the 15th day of each month, at Chichago, Ill., by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET

Is exclusively devoted to the interests of

CHILDREN AND YOUTH,

And is an especial advocate of

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It contains eight pages, printed upon fine, clear white paper, and is embellished with electrotype illustrations which give it a very attractive appearauce.

It aims at the loftiest standard of character. It addresses itself to the capacities and pure instincts of children. It is indeed a *Bouquet* of floral loves and truths, exhaling a happy influence upon young society.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, One Dollar *in advance.*

Clubs of ten subscribers for one year will entitle the one making up the club to a copy for one year free.

25 copies, to one address			$20.00
50	do	do	40.00
100	do	do	75.00

PROSPECTUS OF

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, as its name indicates, is a journal of Spiritual Philosophy.

It comprehends the *soul* and *body* of American ideas.

Having a heart in every reform, it is the medium of inspired truth in the reconstructive work of the 19th century.

Independent of sect and party, criticises men and their policies without compromise, demanding Equal Rights to all.

Radical in character, it demolishes oppressive institutions, and builds anew in harmonious proportions.

Select in literature, scientific in investigation, cosmopolitan in spirit, it revolutionizes public sentiment for a grand eclecticism of religion and politics.

EDITORIAL CORPS.

RESIDENT EDITORS.

F. L. WADSWORTH. J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

MARY F. DAVIS. SELDEN J. FINNEY. J. S. LOVELAND.
HUDSON TUTTLE. EMMA TUTTLE.

CONTRIBUTORS.

H. H. MARSH. EMMA HARDINGE. H. T. CHILD, M. D.
G. B. STEBBINS, MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, C. B. PECKHAM,
E. CASE, M. D. ALBERT BRISBANE, KERSEY GRAVES
J. B. HARRISON, MARY A. WHITAKER, H. C. WRIGHT,
L. JUDD PARDEE.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is a large octavo, printed on good paper with plain new type.

Published every Saturday, at 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE: One year, $3.00; six months, $1·50; single copies, 10 cents each.

Address, J. O. BARRETT, *Sec'y.*
P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

☞ Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.

CLUB RATES.

5 copies for one year			$ 14.00
10	do	do	27.00
25	do	do	65.00
50	do	do	125.00
100	do	do	240.00

☞ *Specimen copies sent* FREE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first, and FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ *There will be no deviation from the above prices.*

AGENTS:

J. C. Parker, Post Office News Stand, Washington, D. C.
Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.
J. Burns, Progressive Library, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, England,
A. Winch, Philadelphia.
Luther S. Handy, Providence, R. I.
American News Company, New York.
Warren Kennedy, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Wm. Hyatt, 414 W. Fifth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
E. P. Gray, St. Louis, Mo.
Willie H. Gray, St. Louis, Mo.
H. Stagg, St. Louis, Mo.
D. A. Eddy, Cleveland, Ohio.
White & Bauer, San Francisco, Cal.
D. M. Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.

All the principal Wholesale and Retail News Agents throughout the United States will be supplied with the paper for the country News Dealers, and News Boys in the cities and on the cars, at a very liberal discount.

Western News Company, corner Dearborn and Madison sts., Chicago, Ill., General Agents for the United States and British Provinces.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO:

Tallmadge & Co., 167 South Clark street.
John R. Walsh & Co., corner of Dearborn and Madison streets.
P. T. Sherlock, No. 112 Dearborn street.