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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

Alone in the Midnight.

BY DR. ADONIS.

I.

Alone! And the midnight hour
And a wild weird power
Thrills my soul:
By some spirit I'm possessed,
Some spirit loved and blest—
That I can't control.

II.

Millions of the past and gone
Stride by me one by one—
With worms creeping,
The bond, the free, the slave,
Blest in the same damp grave,
Are softly sleeping.

III.

And this is what we call life,
With its sweet love and its fierce strife—
Dark picture to draw:
But the spirit has fled,
And my soul seems dead
To its mysterious law!

Great Salt Lake City, Utah.

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 XXIII.

MISS RIDLEHUBER'S SUMMER BONNET.

Rebecca rested her head upon her hand and smiled, when Mr. Darrell laid before her Mr. Gladstone's proposition concerning the copying. She did not tell any one what that smile meant, but it is very possible that it had some connection with the scenes of her previous acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone. She was silent for a moment.

"I didn't give him any encouragement," said Mr. Darrell, "except to recommend you for the work, and I shall say nothing more to you, than that Gladstone is a gentleman, and will treat you with the utmost respect, and if you can oblige him, it would be pleasing to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Darrell," she said, looking up at him. "I know Mr. Gladstone pretty well already, or did, some years ago. He must have forgotten the prejudices of his family against me."

"Rebecca, I think Mr. Gladstone buried a good deal in that grave over yonder, besides the body of his wife. I always liked, and I am sure you will no longer dislike him, if you will only hold yourself amenable to circumstances. You don't look pleased. Shall I tell him, no?"

Rebecca had at first felt a strong disinclination to the arrangement, but just at the instant that she was about to say so, a sudden impulse controlled her, as we are all sensible of being controlled at certain times in our lives, and she said:

"No, I'll try it. If I don't like it, it is easy enough to say so afterwards. You may tell Mr. Gladstone that I will call at his office, as he proposes."

Rebecca did call in that instance, but afterwards Mr. Gladstone seeming to be struck with the impropriety of treating her with less than the courtesy he would have bestowed upon his most dignified and refined lady friend, always delivered the manuscript to her, either at her desk, at Mr. Darrell's office, or at the house.

It was an evening, early in June. A cold north wind prevailed, and the little circle in Mrs. Darrell's parlor had drawn around a bright wood-fire upon the hearth, and were already settled at their evening's work, when a visitor was announced. It was Mr. Leslie Slade, who had a way of now and then calling at his employer's house, mostly as a pleasant social formality, but incidentally with a view of making himself agreeable to Miss Maude, now a tall, handsome girl in her sixteenth year.

Concerning this same Mr. Slade, there had been more than one animated discussion in the Darrell household. Laura had said to her husband:

"Ralph, now that our girls are growing up to woman-

hood, I do protest against that young man being allowed to visit here. He is not a fit associate for Maude, and it would be a great satisfaction to me if you would give him to understand that we think so."

"Well, my dear," Ralph had replied, "I don't know; few young men are immaculate. Slade is of a good family and good breeding. If we begin to make distinctions, it is difficult to tell where we shall end. If he were at all particular in his attentions to Maude, that would be different. Of course I should interfere. But to tell the truth, he is useful to me in a business way, and I don't like to offend him."

"But, Ralph, when a young man's immoralities are the talk of the town, I am sure it need not be difficult to draw some line which shall leave him outside of it. If you like him in a business way, that is your affair, and I have nothing to say. But then if you are supreme in your office, I ought to be equally so in my parlor."

"Very well," said Ralph, "quarrel you, with Slade, if you will, but don't ask me to do it."

And so the matter rested: Laura only waiting for a good opportunity. On this especial evening, Maude was not present, and when the young man's form darkened the doorway, Laura formed a resolve which she found means to execute before the evening was over.

A few moments later Mr. Gladstone dropped in, upon an errand to Rebecca. She was sitting a little apart from the rest, sewing by the evening lamp, so that Mr. Gladstone, as he seated himself after delivering his papers to her, found himself near the chimney, with Rebecca in the corner of the room, at his left. Mrs. Darrell sat exactly opposite him in her handsome easy chair, while in front of the fire sat the master of the house, and Mr. Slade.

Somehow into the light social chat which at first prevailed, there drifted an allusion to Miss Ridlehuber's summer bonnet.

"It was very *outré*," Mr. Slade insisted, "quite hideous, in fact."

Mr. Gladstone thought it had a stylish look, but then it was certainly a little too striking for a town like Wyndham.

Mrs. Darrell had no opinion of her own to offer. She had never considered herself authority in such matters, but she had heard one gentleman at least admire the bonnet in almost unlimited phrase. He had characterized it as "handsome," "elegant," "quite out of the common order," and had asserted that in point of taste, Miss Ridlehuber was "a lady altogether to be admired."

"Who was that?" cried Mr. Gladstone.

"You, Darrell?" asked Slade.

"Not I, indeed," said Mr. Darrell.

"It was Mr. Linscott," elucidated Mrs. Darrell. At which there was a general exclamation. Rebecca only adjusted her sewing and smiled.

From that, the chat flowed on to woman's dress in general. Of course, the gentlemen waxed eloquent concerning the extravagance of women, their fickleness, their bad taste, their want of modesty, and all the other good old fashioned graces, after the manner of men in general.

But Mr. Slade was especially emphatic. At the close of a long tirade upon the extravagance of women, he exclaimed:

"Why, a man must be independently rich, now, before he dares to marry. What could a man on a salary, like myself, for instance, do with a wife?"

Mrs. Darrell's time had come. There was no cloud upon her brow; her voice was very calm and even, but there was a "sense of thunder in it," nevertheless.

"Mr. Slade, would it cost you more to support your wife than it does to support your mistress?"

Mr. Slade grew red, then pale, then red again, and would have looked indignant, had the blow been a whit less severe. As it was, he presented a very limp appearance, and merely stammered that that was a subject he did not like to discuss with ladies, and taking his hat, bowed himself out of the room.

There might have been an awkward pause if Mr. Gladstone had not come to the rescue by saying good-naturedly:

"Mrs. Darrell, I see that the Woman's Rights Convention is to meet very soon, and I suggest that the ladies of this neighborhood send you as a delegate."

"With very sincere respect for that body," said Laura, "I must still decline the honor of a seat in their meetings. When I take the field, I shall not join the mounted dragoons, but rather organize myself as a light artillery company for independent service."

"The papers wickedly say," said Mr. Darrell, "that the dear old creatures intend to demand the suffrage."

"If women had the right of suffrage," said Rebecca, "I think the papers would at least learn to be civil."

"Why, Miss March," said Mr. Gladstone, "would you like to vote?"

The voice was precisely the one in which he would have said to an elephant, "My dear sir, would you like to dance?"

She replied with an inflection equally significant:

"Mr. Gladstone, I shall never go down on my knees for the privilege of trailing my skirts through the world's dirty work. For woman to take part in politics as they have hitherto been conducted, would be a condescension. But I think it requires no very remarkable prophetic insight to discern a prospect, that by the time men have practiced for a few years longer, admitting all that is low and coarse and debased to the polls, they will have brought politics to such a muddle, that they will be thankful to entreat the more refined powers of the nation to come to their rescue. In such a case, I would not be hard-hearted."

Mr. Gladstone raised his eyebrows a trifle.

"I am afraid," he said, "that it would be uncourteous to tell you how well we of the male sort have so far managed without you."

"The question is," said Laura, "whether you have managed as well as, all things considered, you ought to have. Whether in excluding women from politics, you have not done yourselves and the nation's affairs, a wrong corresponding to that which is manifest wherever else the humane and unselfish element of our common nature is excluded. The politics of a great nation ought to be something broad, unselfish, elevating; but until within the past few years, when women have, by force of their innate persistence, rather than because of much courtesy on the part of men, made their voices heard in public matters, have not the affairs of this nation been managed in a narrow, unenlightened, illiberal spirit, attended by proverbial venality and corruption. The publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, marks an era in our politics. It was followed by public meetings in which women participated as spectators, and at last by large, intelligent and enthusiastic assemblages who listened with delight to the utterances of a woman upon purely political questions. From that hour politics took a more celestial hue."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Darrell, "that right here comes in a very useful distinction. So long as the politics of the country had reference mostly to building railroads, conducting finances, and waging war, there was little cause for the interference of women; but now that we are becoming so advanced in civilization, that legislation is as much as anything a matter of doing justice and loving mercy, the women of the nation may justly have as much voice and influence as the men."

"Yes, but if women vote, they must also sit upon jurors' seats and judges' benches. I hope I may not live to practice law in that time."

"Now, Mr. Gladstone, are you talking badinage, or are you talking sense?" said Laura. "Suppose ten years ago, when your dear mother was living, and my mother was in her prime—"

"Oh! but I'm not talking about *such* women."

"It is precisely about *such* women that I am talking. It is the intention of the law that none but good men shall sit upon a jury, why not therefore particularize good women?"

"But as a general thing the intention of the law is woefully defeated; especially in large towns where jurors are drawn either from among the loafers and hangers on about a court room, or else from among business men, whose time is so valuable to them, that they will agree to anything rather than be kept waiting for an hour. The matter is bad enough now; don't ask us to complicate it by admitting women."

"It seems to me that such a state of things as you represent could hardly be made worse by the admission of women."

"Oh! yes, it would; we should never get a verdict then, for no one can possibly imagine that twelve women would ever agree."

"If I wished to be witty I would say, so much the better. If such difficulties beset law suits, fewer people would engage in them, which, however it might annoy the lawyers, would be better for mankind at large. But my intention is simply to show you that the character of woman being more humane and intuitive than that of man, she is at least during that period of her life when she is released from the more confining of domestic duties, better fitted for the adjudication of many cases which arise under the law than man, and that this being true, the loss is no more a loss to herself than to the world."

"Men have ruled the world so long, Mrs. Darrell, and so much to their own liking, that it will not be easy to convince them that they are really in need of assistance, even from the confessedly more tender and humane hands of women. Besides, according to your own standard, it is hardly fitting work for the gentler sex."

"Pardon me, if I disagree with you. If even in the rudest scenes of war, there are offices which the gentlest woman may undertake without derogating from her high position, surely there ought to be nothing in our courts of law which need shock or contaminate her. And it is certain that women cannot find essential justice at the hands of juries composed entirely of men. Reading up this subject the other day, I was struck with an observation of Chancellor Kent. 'The law,' he says, 'makes no provision for the relief of a blind credulity, however it may have been produced.' That single sentence pronounces the doom of woman under the law. One of her distinguishing characteristics, and the one from which nearly all the wrongs which man so relentlessly inflicts upon her honor, spring, is that blind credulity concerning the man whom she loves, which nature has implanted in her bosom expressly for the man's true use, and benefit. The great majority of married women will testify that, to that loving credulity which helped so powerfully to soften and abate the shocks and disappointments of the first few months or years of married life, their after happiness was mainly owing. Yet it is by means of this very trait that the licentious man works the ruin of the woman whose love he has sought and won. But in those cases, it is notorious that the law falls utterly short of affording any adequate redress. The helpless woman once betrayed, is not only forever undone, but there can be no justice meted out to her betrayer; nor will there ever be till intelligent, conscientious women are permitted to assist, both in making and administering the laws."

"But Mrs. Darrell, there are penalties for these offenses."

"Yes, so far as a man is injured by them, he can gain redress. The father can sue for the loss of his daughter's services. The dominant sex must not be let to injure each other. The tax payers, too, must not be mulcted. The man must pay just so much for the support of his offspring as shall suffice to keep it from the poor-house. But for the woman's irreparable loss of honor, of reputation, of all that makes life dear or desirable, there is no shadow of redress. If anything more than this were needed to show the selfishness, the utter incompetency of man to make just and equal laws for the whole race, it is to be found in the fact, which every mother knows, that it is absolutely necessary that she should train her daughters to regard the whole male sex, outside the very narrowest limit of the home ties, as the rapacious and perpetual foes of their personal honor. Men make great ado because women are publicly uncivil to them in the matter of accommodation in railroad cars, and all crowded public conveyances; but it is the just penalty which they pay for belonging to a sex which so persistently upholds the right of every man to be a villain."

"My dear," said Mr. Darrell, "that is very strong language. I beg that you will reconsider it."

"Whenever you will show me any honest, earnest effort on the part of men to treat injuries inflicted purely upon women as crimes before the law, and equally punishable, not by slight fines, but by a commensurate penalty, with those inflicted upon men, I will be most happy to reconsider it. Till then, I must respectfully decline."

"But, my dear, your language certainly is too sweeping. I know a great many men who live lives as pure as any woman's."

"No doubt of it, and all honor to them. But that men in general are as pure in their lives as women, is notoriously untrue. Innocent women are seldom the seducers of male virtue, whereas we all know how common it is for men to use every power they possess, money, intrigue, the tenderest arts at their command, to compass the ruin of an innocent woman, and the fact of their having done so, is no disgrace among their peers. Moreover, the sentiment in favor of licentiousness among men is so strong that few men, even among those of immaculate lives, would not consider the accusation of *always having been pure*, a detraction from their manly attributes. 'Oh! we know about these things, we've seen the world,' is their language, and their manner purposely leads to the suspicion that even now they might not be proof against temptation. Worse even than this, is the recklessness with which young men, mere boys, coming fresh from the pure influence of mothers, who perhaps have had too much reverence for the innocence and purity of youth, to open their eyes naturally and healthfully to the wickedness of the world, are inducted into the grossest and most revolting forms of vice. And the process is so universal that men of character and sound principles shrink from interfering on account of the sneers and ridicule which they would inevitably encounter. Admit women more freely to commercial circles, to public meetings, give them power to speak and act in this matter on an equal basis with men, and society would soon undergo a purification."

"That there is too much truth in these charges, Mrs. Darrell, no man who knows the world can deny. But do

you imagine that pure and delicate women can mingle in the cesspool of political filth, without debasement?"

"Mr. Gladstone, your own language shows the utter necessity that they should do so. Contrast the political meetings at which men have been the only speakers, with those addressed by Anna Dickenson and attended by thousands of the most cultivated and intelligent women in the nation. And yet, no meetings were ever more enthusiastic, more effective for every pure and good purpose of politics than these have been. Wherever pure women go, they inspire in men a chivalry, a delicacy, a refinement of bearing, which is impossible to them under any other circumstances."

"Oh! of course, the world has always acknowledged that women were superior to men in certain ways. That is no new truth at all."

"Yes, in a certain highly figurative and ideal sense, as the very farthest stretch of poets and lovers' license, I admit that the world has recognized the claims of woman in this respect. Yet, with strange obtuseness of intellect, man has ever resisted to the utmost, the embodiment of this ideal truth in fact. He will freely admit that his wife is his better half, but will fight to the death her claim to put her goodness into practice in any wide or general way."

"Let us console ourselves;" said Rebecca, "most new truths in mind and morals crawl out the shell of some old one. The hub-bub is always great, concerning which is the true bread divine, the old worn out form, or the new, living, moving, sentient being; but nobody yet ever knew the shell to prevail."

"But this matter of self-arrrogation on the part of woman is, I think, serious," said Mr. Gladstone. "It seems to me that the modesty of women is at once impugned when they begin to assert their own superiority."

"They certainly have a forcible example in the conduct of men for the past six thousand years," replied Mrs. Darrell. "But more than that, it is to be remembered, that while modesty is a grace, justice is a virtue, and self-justice the very base of all virtues. Until women can consistently and conscientiously assert their own rights and dignities, they will never be in a position to exercise that influence and authority in the world's affairs, which the best good of the race demands that they should exercise."

"It is the way of reaching that position, about which we differ. I certainly honor those noble women who have gone at work silently, and achieved such triumphs in art and science, that men have been forced to accord them equality, a great deal more than I can those braggart females who go about proclaiming to the world the equality of the sexes, and never doing a thing, beyond perhaps writing a stale pamphlet or two, or issuing an annual report that nobody ever read, to prove their assertions."

"Speech is silver, silence golden. I know it well. But even Solomon framed his apples of gold in pictures of silver; and those apples of gold, what were they, but a word fitly spoken!" And by and by, amid all this clamor of talking, we shall hear that divinely spoken word. Till then we must have patience with broken utterances and half truths which are like taper lights; good and useful in the darkness, but shrinking into their true insignificance before the splendor of the dawn."

"Gladstone," said Mr. Darrell, "if all my wife claims is true, I should suppose the Mormons must be the most spiritually minded men living. What must be the effect on a man of having from ten to forty priests and spiritual helpers in the house, eh?"

"Very much the same, I should imagine," said Laura, laughing, "as going to church for edification, and hearing twenty sermons all preached at once. I don't think that joke amounts to much, except as an excellent specimen of the kind of argument of which most men think the subject worthy."

"But it really does seem to me, Mrs. Darrell, joking apart, that these new doctrines of yours, upset altogether the good old ideas of woman as a domestic being; the helper of man, the ministering angel of the fire-side, the meek, gentle, loving refuge of all the troubled and oppressed spirits that seek the household hearth for shelter."

"Not by any means. I insist on all these points as strongly as you can. But I wish you especially to notice that the happiest marriages, the world over, are those in which the woman is revered and looked up to as the superior divinity of the home. It is true that many men have their spiritual eyesight so weak that it is very hard work for them to look up, and if they had wives of this sort would never be able to see them at all. Let us hope that that either by means of growth from within, or of washes and medicaments without, their spiritual state may be speedily improved."

"When all the arguments for a proposed reform," said Rebecca, "are based upon deep, underlying principles, such as Justice, Truth and Love, and all the arguments against it are drawn from superficial circumstances, precedent, prejudice, expediency, appearances, it is easy to guess which side is strongest and must in the end prevail."

"But I do not conceive that the arguments in this case are so shallow as you intimate. If we seek the authority of literature it is all on the side of the traditional idea of

woman. From Homer down, she is ever the creature of inconsistencies: the finer, yet the weaker, being."

"Of inconsistencies; exactly so, because viewed from man's standpoint it is impossible to harmonize woman's endowments with her calling. From the true view-point she is the most harmonious and perfectly adapted being on the face of the earth. But let us look at this matter in detail."

"The early pagan poets were religionists as well, so that all through their works are to be found intimations of the spiritual endowments of woman. In Iphigenia and Cassandra, the idea is alloyed with materialism. The Medea, the Hecates, the Clytemnestras of ancient Greek tragedy are revolting to modern taste, simply because they lack the tender spiritual element which we instinctively demand in the true development of a female character. The Alcestis of Euripides pleases us in proportion as it is more true to this standard, and in the Antigone of Sophocles our admiration is boundless, because the supreme grace and power of the female soul asserts itself with a noble defiance of all masculine trammels and enactments. In her magnificent disdain of Creon's boasted laws, her sublime appeal to the absolute fiat of Heaven, and her unconquerable allegiance to it, the character reaches its highest pitch, and it is in this attitude that it has stood out separate and single from all the creations of the heathen poets, for more than two thousand years, as fresh and glowing and life-like to-day as when the plastic essence was fashioned by the master's hand."

"And I like to think," said Rebecca, "that the conception of Antigone belonged to the best moralist among the heathen poets. It was Sophocles who wrote that magnificent strophe, which I learned years ago at my father's knee: 'Oh! for an absolute purity of word and deed according to those sublime laws which have the heavens for their birth-place, and God for their Author, which the dissolutions of mortal nature cannot change, nor time bury in oblivion. For the divinity is mighty within them and waxeth not old!' There is not the parallel of that sentiment in the whole range of heathen poetry. It is ever the broadest and ripest minds which hold the most advanced views concerning woman."

"You have certainly," said Mr. Gladstone, "deduced more testimony from the ancient poets than I should have supposed possible. The condition of woman under the rule of the ancient Greeks and Romans was certainly that of a slave, as both history and literature abundantly testify."

"The old Etruscan women, the mothers of the Roman Republic were held the equals of their husbands, as the sleeping effigies upon their tombs to-day bear sweet, though silent witness; and the fame of Spartan mothers is still 'familiar in our ears as household words.' It was only in the later and more dissolute stages of the old civilization that women were held as slaves; and then the races so holding them were themselves ready for destruction. You see God has never left the sex without a witness of its grand possibilities and the promise of its future development. Did you ever think about the causes which led to the decay and fall of those ancient nations?"

"No doubt the condition in which they held women had much to do with their dissolution. No one will deny that where the mothers are slaves the sons cannot be heroes."

"But there is a significance not only in the manner but the time of their downfall. Christ had been born of a virgin, and there was no longer room in the foremost places of the world for a nation which did not reverence women. So not only were these nations swept from existence, but their destruction was accomplished by a chosen agent. Far away, over the ice-floes of the north, God had raised up a people, strong, valiant, irresistible, the very foundation of whose sturdy morality, the one written and unerasable article of their code of morals was reverence for women, and the Goth and the Saxon conquered and possessed the earth because the mother of their children was also the divinity of their home."

"The philosophy of history gets a new reading at your hands, Mrs. Darrell," said Mr. Gladstone; "but we are wandering from our subject of the testimony of literature concerning the character of woman. I am waiting to remind you that Shakspeare, and Milton, and Goethe, all take the same view of woman; all represent her as the weaker vessel."

"Thank you for recalling me. The pagan poets, as I have shown you, had some glimmerings of inspiration upon the subject, and are to-day admired just in proportion as they recognized the native nobility of woman. The Christian poets at first struck out boldly into this theme, and sounded a fuller chord than had ever been struck before. But the German Reformers were essentially masculine and unpoetical in the tone of their minds, and swept out with the Mother of God and the sweet saints' faces much that was elevating and truly spiritualizing from religion. Literature was quick to feel the new influence. The spirit of the Troubadours, of Dante, of Petrarch, of Tasso, underwent a change. Milton's women are simply abortions, and are so recognized by critics. Shakspeare's women, as confessed by the mass of his commentators, are inferior to his men, for the reason that, noble and beautiful as many of them are,

they are mere female men, modifications more or less distinct of the masculine character, and never so much as intimating the possibility of that spiritual insight and illumination which is the peculiar characteristic of the woman soul. Even in Queen Katherine, who is, perhaps, the strongest of his female characters in that direction, the religious sentiment is simply a grace, a noble habit, becoming her queenhood as its ermine did, and never the mightiest impulse of the human soul; the sublimest representative of the Divine nature with which humanity is endowed. As an artistic conception of woman, the Antigone of Sophocles stands far before any Shakspearean female of them all. Goethe, by reason of his constant intercourse with women, an intercourse which, if it were too indiscriminate to be justified by prudence or virtue, must have been more or less sympathizing and appreciative, misses by a hair's breadth, the luminous secret of woman's super-masculine endowments; and that plainly because the sensuality of the man had blunted the fine perceptions of the poet.

"But as women of genius have appeared, a new and better light is thrown upon the subject. In Jane Eyre and Lucy Snow, lacking, as they do, the harmony and grace which Shakspeare's or Goethe's touch would have conferred upon them, you still catch distant glimpses of that horizon beyond a horizon which marks a woman's life as distinct from a man's; and in Aurora Leigh and the Duchess May those uncertain apparitions become glowing and delightful certainties. Woman is no longer only a modification: a parasite: but a distinct, independent soul: illy fitted, it is true, for the rougher uses of this material world, but all the more gloriously endowed with the spiritual graces which light up this dim twilight sphere of existence, and make possible here below some faint conception of heaven's ineffable glory."

"I admire your eloquence, Mrs. Darrell; but I still insist that, at least in regard to Shakspeare, I cannot yield the point. To have made Juliet pious would not have improved her to my taste: and if Lady Macbeth had gone into a convent, she would have ceased to be Lady Macbeth. Why, Mrs. Darrell, that sleep-walking scene in Macbeth is worth pages of religious philosophy."

"It is an exquisitely truthful and beautiful portrayal of the terrors of an outraged conscience: but do not, I pray you, confound moral with spiritual issues. Obfuscation of the masculine intellect upon this point is not, indeed, uncommon. The strong faith in the Unseen which characterizes woman has always been looked upon by men as weakness and fanaticism. It is not the least evidence of the genius of Sophocles that, when Antigone puts her faith in the Unseen Arm against the tyrant of Athens with the world at his back, Creon cries out that she is mad, was born mad. It is the way of the sex. They are sadly deficient in spiritual comprehension."

"Joan of Arc," said Rebecca, "is another instance. She was burned for witchcraft by the very men whom she had saved from overthrow and ruin, because they utterly failed to comprehend the sanctity of the power by which she wrought."

"But, ladies, I must beg leave to remind you that there have been men in all ages, poets, prophets, teachers, who have equalled any of your sex in the development of the inspirational gift."

"We are most happy to be so reminded. The argument is simply, that while in the male sex the intuitional gift is exceptional, and mostly accompanied by what is rightly termed a feminine organization, in the female sex it is general; and the very fact that so few such men have been able to gain recognition and appreciation from the age in which they lived, the majority of them dying on the cross, at the stake, in prison, in exile, or in want, is sufficient proof that the inspirational gift of woman could not safely be developed and set free of the world in a rudimentary stage of the race. But since Tennyson and Longfellow are acknowledged by the generation in which they live, instead of starving in a garret, while their books rotted on the booksellers' shelves, and even Browning is neither crucified nor stoned, it is not, perhaps, too much to infer that the day has arrived when woman may safely lift up her voice in the market-place, and prophesy and preach, without fear of excommunication or martyrdom."

"I abandon the attempt to defend myself on my own responsibility," said Mr. Gladstone, laughing; "and fall back upon the logic of another. An English writer in one of the reviews makes use of an argument to me new and somewhat striking. I cannot, of course, quote literally, but it amounts to this. In studying the different classes of the animal creation, it becomes evident that the progress from lower to higher is not direct, but, so to speak, wavelike. That is, that the culmination of the higher faculties precedes the highest structural type. For instance, among quadrupeds, the horse and the fox-hound are nobler than the baboon, yet the baboon is nearer man. From this it is argued that woman, though nearer the angels than man, is still his inferior in intelligence."

"Now, that," said Rebecca, "I consider a gratuitous insult."

But Mrs. Darrell smiled.

"Let us be patient, my dear," she said, "with these superior beings. When they get careering on their boasted steed of Reason, they make small account of such trifling circumstances as women and facts. Let us thank them in the first place for according to us that structural superiority which we have so long claimed in vain. For the rest I must beg you to listen to a womanly statement of the case."

"Whatever may be the law of precedence in the lower order of creation, in the highest class it seems to me to be very plain. The distinguishing characteristic of this class is not Reason, as Dr. Abercrombie, than whom is no higher authority on the subject of intellectual phenomena, virtually admits when he admits that if the argument for immortality be predicated upon Reason, then can no man exclude the brutes therefrom. But it is a sense of moral accountability and worship."

"Now in this class, spanning the entire space between the brute creation and the Uncreated, there are three orders—Man, Woman and Angels. We are scripturally informed that man was made a little lower than the angels. Will anybody pretend that man or woman reach the limit of created purity, leaving to the angels only a structural superiority? I think that is absurd on the face of it."

"But I don't see that your reasoning, after all, bears directly upon the relative position of men and women, since it is just as easy to say, Women, Men and Angels, as, Men, Women and Angels."

"Your friend of the review admits by the terms of his argument the structural superiority of woman. But if he did not, the laws of comparative anatomy settle the point beyond dispute. Man excels in size and strength, advantages which he holds in common with the mastodon and other fossil animals, who, nevertheless, lie at the very base of development; while woman excels in complexity of structure and fineness of use. In point of religious sense and spiritual insight, the distinguishing characteristics of the class, it is also conspicuously true that woman is far in advance of man. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite the poets in a mass, and all the best writers on mental and moral philosophy in all countries and in all Christian times."

"Mrs. Darrell, one would like to know the limits of these assumptions of yours. Would you have the goodness to state just what, if any, excellence or virtue you do allow to men? Are there any crumbs which we may make bold to pick up from your overflowing table?"

"Oh! certainly," she said, laughing. "If you wish my articles of faith, here they are:

"*Credo—imprints:* That man is physically the larger, stronger, and altogether more imposing being."

"That this fact, together with the predominance of his selfish propensities, an endowment entirely fitted to the sphere of his action, gives to the manifestations of his intellect an aggressive force which is superior to any similar manifestation of which woman is capable."

"That the distinctive work of man is to subdue the earth; that is, to make the material creation subservient to the wants of the race; and to provide the elements of the home."

"That the coarse structure and predominant selfish propensities necessary to this work, are incompatible with the purest moral and spiritual development. That, consequently, this marks the inferior or negative side of his nature."

"*Per contra:*

"That woman has the finer and more enduring physical structure."

"That the characteristics of her mind are correspondingly pure and elevated, rather than strong; while morally the predominance of her unselfish and devotional characteristics mark this as the superior or positive side of her nature."

"That her work, as thus indicated, is to create the home, to maintain pure, and elevating, and spiritualizing influences therein, and through the peculiar powers which belong to her sacred office of maternity to secure to the children whom she bears, strong, and beautiful, and harmonious characters."

"That, beyond this, she has in her best estate a mission of purification and spiritualization to the world at large, through which only that spiritual perfection of the race, to which we all look forward, under different names, can possibly come."

"I begin at least," said Mr. Gladstone, "to see whereon you rest your claim to the equality of the sexes; but it seems to me that, after all, there must be practically a head to the family."

"Undoubtedly. The King is the head of the realm, and ranks the Laureate, and the poet pays without disgrace his loyal homage. Yet the King is never so kingly as when he bows the knee to the poet."

"It is a good deal cloudy to me yet," said Mr. Gladstone. "But one thing is plain to my vision, Mrs. Darrell, and that is, you must be in a dangerous condition with such explosive and revolutionary doctrines seething in

your brain. I advise you, in a friendly way and as a measure of safety, to write a book and give them vent."

"When I do," said Laura, gaily, "I'll give you honorable mention in it, as that *rara avis*, a man who can bear a woman talk Woman's Rights and not lose his temper."

"Oh! you see, we of the stronger party can afford to be good-natured, because, whatever place your clever theories and ingenious ratiocinations may assign us in the metaphysical scale, in practical life we still have nine points of the law in our favor. It is a favorite theory with men that might makes right, and, by your own showing, we have still the might."

"Well, you who believe that physical might is greater than moral might, stand by your colors; and as soon as we can get our forces trained to stand by theirs, to cease making frantic attempts to be men, and to be content to be all that the good word woman means, we will fight it out squarely with you. The day may be longer or shorter in coming; but, so sure as the world turns round, it will come."

Laura was thoroughly roused, and her tones rang with a martial clangor. Mr. Gladstone had risen to take his leave, and they were all standing, when Rebecca said sweetly:

"Let us rather imagine that when Woman shall have embodied her Ideal, the presence shall be so majestic, so tender, so irresistible, that man shall gladly bow the knee and do homage, and so the soul of the old-time chivalry shall take a new form and walk once again among men."

As Mr. Gladstone stepped out under the open sky, winning him upwards with its stars, her words lingered like the vibrations of a silver bell upon his ear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT.

It was some time during the merry month of May that the old gray horse began to make daily pauses in front of Moses Moss' cottage. It was Moses himself who was sick this time. It was hard to tell what ailed him, except that the main cause of it, whatever it was, was whiskey. His system had, perhaps, got overcharged at length with the miserable stuff, and so made a faint and feeble reaction against it.

Therefore, as the doctor said, Moses was "down. Some feverish; a bad breath; pretty feeble; needs tonics. Never'll be so strong again as he has been. Moses has seen his best days."

This sentence, so oracularly pronounced, had its effect on Moses. He lay very still upon his bed, was peevish and fretful by spells, and by spells thoughtful. Having his miserable life in review before him, perhaps. Not that Moses had been an outrageously wicked man. He had never been that. He was an honest laborer, making every time as good a pair of shoes as he knew how to make; or, if the job were only mending, doing that with equal conscientiousness. He was a kind enough husband and father, on that lower sensual plane on which he had always lived. He tried hard to keep the table well supplied; he would go without a coat himself that his children might have shoes. Had done so year after year, when they were coming thick and fast upon him. He had a fondness for his wife, too, though he felt that she was too far above him to make it possible that he should always be level to her mood, or she to his; but the love of his youth had never died wholly out, and as year after year passed on, it burst out now and then in some unlooked for and unpractical manner; for true sentiment is always unpractical, whether it blossom in the poet's verse or the peasant's ruder deed. Nor was Moses wholly without that tender spiritualizing sense, the feeling of the beautiful. In some dark, narrow crypt of his brain lay the germ of that emotion; but it was only now and then that, thrilled by a waft of wandering summer air, or warmed by a slant beam of sunshine, it sent forth an indefinite but hungry feeler. At such times Moses grew ambitious, and with a noble disregard of expense, brought home a new table cover, bright with all the hues of sunset, or a shawl for his wife, whose scarlet glory made her lean figure the one conspicuous thing in the little gray meeting-house, among the flock of browns, and drabs, and grays there congregated, which fact effectually destroyed the edification she might otherwise have derived from the services.

But farther than this, could it be said that Moses had any soul-life? What evidence had he ever given of possessing, more than a dog or a horse, any consciousness of the soul's vast inheritance of immortality; or of the possibility of any enjoyments higher than those of the grosser senses.

There is one type of women for whom I have admiration without emulation. Its representative, with some bright endowments, and a more than ordinary share of purely womanly characteristics, is wedded to a sensual, brutish nature like this. With a self-renunciation, of which the unconsciousness of merit is the most wonderful part, she immediately devotes herself to the task of placing herself on a sympathetic level with her husband, to the extinguishment of every shining charm; the remolding of every attractive trait; the assimilation of every fiber of her nature to the low and groveling type of the man. The ideal woman is

utterly buried in the coarse reality of her life and duty. But behold the wonderful transformation. These gentle feminine graces and aspirations so lost, so buried, reappear by slow growth, and grotesque apothecias, in the sluggish nature of the man. He will gain heaven at last, mounting by the sure stepping-stones, of that devoted woman's sacrifices. And so, as ever, Woman bears the Christ.

But Mrs. Moss was not one of these. She had the true womanly gift of spiritual healing, but not so could it be applied. In these days of inactivity and of being brought face to face with death, Moses began to bethink himself of his lost chances. He had laughed at "mother" often for going to church so persistently; had scolded sometimes because she "wasted" so much time reading; had even felt that if she had been less occupied with her reading and the thoughts it engendered, and more ready to listen to his story-telling and gossip, that he should have gone less frequently to the tavern. But now, looking back upon the miserable, fruitless past, he began to wish that he had staid at home more, and read with mother. To be sure, there had always been such a brood of children about that the home had had few charms; but, in a vague, regretful way, he saw that while he had had a man's freedom, a man's superior position and chances, and mother had been tied at home with these children, and kept constantly a slave to their daily and nightly wants, it was, after all, she, and not he, who was the strongest and bravest to meet "life, death and that vast hereafter," which, even to Moses' darkened mind, began to loom up with fearful certainty and distinctness. It seemed all wrong, all puzzling, all mysterious, and somehow unjust to Moses. And when he had got so far, his old worn body set up its protest, and he grew peevish again, and just then the doctor called.

"H—m!" said the doctor, feeling his pulse, and taking a survey of his eye and skin. "Not much better. How—does—the—medicine—affect you?"

"Don't do me a bit of good, as I can see, doctor. I tell ye, doctor, I've got to have something warming before I shall get over this."

"Pepper-tea. Pepper-tea is warming. A little pepper-tea, not too strong, might do you good."

Moses swore a little. "Pepper-tea," he exclaimed, scornfully. "I tell you, doctor, its whiskey I want, or gin. If I could get a good horn of either, I should be right up in a minute."

The doctor whistled, in that low, meditative way of his. "When you get able to go to the tavern after it, it will be time enough for you to take the whiskey. Guess I'd let it alone just now."

Mrs. Moss came in, and they consulted about various minor details of the case. Then the doctor rose to go.

"Doctor," said Moses, in a feeble, whining voice, it was his final appeal, "Can't I have just a drop of something warming?"

"Ho—ho," said the doctor. "When—old—Squire McIntyre—was a farming it—on—the—Nightingale—Place, he was mighty—tight—with his hired men. Didn't give 'em half enough to eat. They complained to the neighbors, and some of the old farmers about, went to the squire, and recommended him to be a little more liberal. 'Men—a—mowing,' they said, 'wanted a—little—something—warm—for breakfast.' 'Cod!' said the old squire, 'I don't know—what—the—devil they want hotter than—boiling—hot—porridge.' You can have all the boiling hot porridge you want."

The doctor shut the door, and there was no more to be said.

Mrs. Moss was going about her kitchen with a nervous jerk in her motions, and a nervous flicker in her eyes, which the doctor was not slow to notice.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Sixteen years ago Rev. John N. Maffit, then in his prime, delivered a lecture which closed with the following fine passage: "The Phoenix, a fabled bird of antiquity, when it felt the advancing chills of age, built its own funeral urn, and fired his pyre by means which nature's instincts taught. All its plumage and its form of beauty became ashes; but then would rise the young—beautiful from the urn of death and chamber of decay would the fledgling come, with its eyes turned toward the sun, and essaying its dark velvet wings sprinkled with gold and fringed with silver, on the balmy air, rising a little higher, until at length, in the full confidence of flight, it gives a cry of joy, and soon becomes a glittering speck on the bosom of the æreal ocean. Lovely voyager of earth bound on its heavenward journey to the sun! So rises the spirit bird from the ruins of the body, the funeral urn which its Maker built: the death fires. So towers away to its home in the pure elements of spirituality, intellect Phoenix, to dip its proud wings into the fountain of eternal bliss. So shall dear, precious humanity survive from its ashes of the burning world. So beautifully shall the unchanged soul soar within the disc of eternity's luminary, with undazzled eye and unscorched wings—the Phoenix of immortality—taken to its rainbow home, and cradled on the beating bosom of eternal love."

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.

Spiritism and the Bible—No. 4.

BY LAROE SUNDERLAND.

Spiritism may surely be said to sustain one relation to the Bible which it does not sustain to any other book, that lays no claim to a supernatural or supermundane origin. The Bible purports to have been inspired by God, and it claims absolute authority in matters of faith and human duty, threatening the race with God's curse and eternal torments with the devil and his angels. Spiritism and the Bible, therefore, have one and the same origin; they both claim to have been originated in another world. In this respect, all sacred books are equal. The Bible, the Shaster, the Koran, the book of Mormon, "The Flying Roll," of the Shakers, the writings of Swedenborg, the "Divine Revelations" of A. J. Davis, and, we may add, all and singular, each alleged "revelation" made by one and all the mediums of modern Spiritism, all, all have this characteristic in common; they are supermundane, they come, or say they come from another world; they are "inspired" by that "somebody" whom the uninspired cannot see or cross-question at all.

And here, perhaps, it might be in place for me to ask friend L. to define his standard of "inspiration," the rule by which he pronounces one medium's inspiration "grander, more powerful and deeper" than all others. The fact of "inspiration" I concede; nay, I believe it to the fullest extent; and I am ready, always and everywhere, to allow any and all claims in this behalf, as to the fact of the inspiration, both mundane and supermundane. Inspiration comes from all things in the universe, real and imaginary, true and false; and often, we know, the false *idea* has more inspirational power than the true one, as in Popery, Mormonism and Calvinism. The *idea*, the belief in spirits, or in "inspiration" may have equal power over the mind, and produce the same results, albeit there were no spirits in existence. The human mind is governed by ideas, true or false, always. And here is a problem in respect to that superior unparalleled inspiration which is attributed to Jesus: How is it to be accounted for that such a deep and potential inspiration, as he is alleged to have been favored with, never enabled him to correct his errors? His fancied devil falling from heaven was one of them. No matter what we say of Jesus' temperament, his idiosyncrasy, or his mental capacity, it is his "deeper, more potential and grander inspiration," that we now have to do with. What did his inspirations amount to? He made no new revolution, disclosed no new reasons for virtue. He did not know as to the supermundane in his birth, not the certainty or manner of his crucifixion; and, least of all, the deification and bigoting worship, which his superior inspiration would secure for him, in succeeding ages of the world; and, most of all, it failed him in his trial hour, when he imagined God had forsaken him. And is a man, frightened and horribly agitated, as he was in fear of his crucifixion, to be held up as a model in inspiration? Suppose any one of the most noted media in Spiritism should manifest a similar fear of death, what would now be thought of it? What does inspiration amount to in any case, if it does not render one able to overcome himself? What! The best instances of "inspiration this world has ever seen," the most powerful, and yet it gives no power for overcoming the fear of death? The grandest the world has ever seen, and yet it never enables one to discover his hallucinations, in imagining he had seen the devil falling from heaven, the deepest and superior every way to all ever known before or since; and yet, it never enabled him to correct his errors in respect to hell-torments and human freedom! It seems to me that we are inspired to no very high purposes if we are not thereby enabled to perfect ourselves in all the attributes of manhood. It is not so much what the *inspirer* says or does, as it is in respect to what the alleged inspiration enables the one inspired to do, himself, in himself, and for himself. It is the food, and that only, which I masticate and "inwardly digest" myself, that benefits me most. And so of inspiration, it is that which one receives from another which feeds him, strengthens him, and, so to speak, grows him, causing a further development of all the attributes of manhood. Would a soldier, in time of battle, be thought truly *inspired* who should fall upon his face and commence the repetition of a prayer that he might not die in that manner?

One of the great things done by Spiritism is the change it has so generally made in the minds of all; yes, of all whom it has inspired in view of death. And so great is the change, my opinion is that a medium could scarcely be found, who, if unjustly accused and condemned to die, would manifest the timidity and dread of death displayed by Jesus; and the weakness in his mind and in his knees on that occasion detracted nothing from his character as a good, well-meaning man. Fear, in view of a violent death, is common to man or beast; but when we see a full grown

man, a religious chieftan, thus agitated, frightened and humbled upon the ground in prayer, surely you need not hope for our faith or imitation, when you present him as an unparalleled model of "inspiration."

Quincy, Mass., Jan. 27, 1862.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Little Persimmon.

BY I. H. HOWARD.

Softly, confidingly, beautiful flower!

Little Persimmon! come here to me—

Come and sit by me and talk for an hour,

Down by the side of me, just you and me;

Forty, and four, what a difference in ages;

Forty, a volume stained, faded and worn;

Four a new book with its unsullied pages

Opening to life as the sky to its morn.

Soberly, thoughtfully, beautiful flower;

Put out your laughter as Day doth its light;

Come and sit noiselessly, just for an hour,

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

Brimming with mirth, may I stay its outgushing,

Little Persimmon, just for a while

Putting my hand upon Nature and hushing

Her exquisite joyousness into a smile?

The fountains are dry whence the waters leapt

Into my heart in the better time,

And through its recesses have reptiles crept,

The serpents with venom, and the toads with their slime.

Thoughtfully, kindly, come hither my flower!

Put out your laughter as Day doth its light;

Come and sit by me and talk for an hour,

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

Hopefully, trustingly, one just like you,

Little Persimmon, in the better time,

Drooping with tenderness, dripping with dew,

Close by the side of me grew to her prime.

Fondly and lavishly, God had so gifted

All her sweet being with bounties so rare,

That, even on earth, immortality lifted

The veil from her spirit, till heaven lay bare.

Soberly, thoughtfully, let us speak of her;

Put out your laughter, as Day doth its light;

Come and sit by me to think of her, love her,

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

Cloudlessly, joyfully, cometh your morrow,

Little Persimmon! Yet I, with tears,

Am reaching far downward to bring you a sorrow

Out of the deep of those exquisite years;

How did I then, even I win her love—

With angels to watch her, and angels to love her—

And sully with earth-stains the breast of the dove,

With heaven about her, and heaven above her?

Soberly, thoughtfully, beautiful flower;

Put out your laughter as Day hath its light;

Come and sit noiselessly, just for an hour,

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

Sweetly, serenely, without a fear,

Little Persimmon; She came like a dove—

I drew her toward me as I do you here;

I knew it was frenzy—she thought it was love;

She listens—strange music crept into her ears;

She dreamed—in her palace the angels reposed;

She loved—all life's clouds were dissolved into tears;

She fell—and the bright sapphire gates were closed.

Soberly, thoughtfully, let us speak of her;

Put out your laughter as Day bath its light;

Come and sit by me to think of her, love her,

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

Doubtingly, tremblingly—doth terror strike you?

Little Persimmon: why shrink you afraid?

The heart of the night seemeth chilled just like you,

And drippeth its tears on this grave new made;

Is it that there, with the earth sod above her,

Lieth one perished of hemlock and rue?

A mother, but yet with no child to love her—

How can her spirit have spoken to you?

Softly, courageously, beautiful flower!

Call back your laughter, as day will its light;

Scorn me not, shun me not, sit for an hour

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

Tenderly, tearfully, cometh the morrow—

Little Persimmon! when night wears away,

Though never my soul may emerge from its sorrow,

You shall go back again—back to your play:

'Tis I, not the sleeper, your pity should share—

You inherit the life she so freely gave:

'Tis only that death hath crushed out her despair,

And God hath her spirit, and this is her grave.

Sweetly, courageously, beautiful flower!

Call up your laughter when day shall its light,

And remember, for her sake, you sat for an hour

Down by the side of me—only to-night.

New Orleans.

A New York paper calls attention to the fact that the only Government in the world that recognized the rebel Confederacy was that of the sovereign of Rome. The only Government in the world to-day that denies the right of worship to American Protestants within its capital, is that of the sovereign of Rome.

For the Spiritual Republic.

More Light.

BY H. M. G.

[Read at the annual meeting of the Hopedale Social Science Association, January 20th, 1867.]

As the weary traveler longs for rest, so does the progressive mind long for more light. Who is satisfied with present attainments? Certainly not those who have unfurled their banner to the breeze, and written thereon "Social Science." The "cause and cure of evil" is too great a problem to be solved in a month or a year.

As we preview the year, which has so quickly passed away, we may ask, what have we accomplished as a society? Who has been made wiser for our efforts and labors? Who appreciates our endeavors to inspire among the working classes the feeling of nobleness and manhood? Have we incited any to think and to ask for what are they living? Have we been able to inspire any with hope, who have long felt the crushing weight of poverty upon them?

It is sometime said that all this talk about poverty is a bugbear of the imagination. But they who feel its biting breath know better.

The poor colored woman who came to the door of a friend, in this place, the other day, and asked for charity, had no eulogies for poverty. She told her story of want and privation, with that downcast look and tearful eye, and with that patient suffering, which is all the more sad because of its patient endurance. The enlightened poor ask not for charity. They spurn it as unworthy of men and women. They only ask for justice.

The destiny of mankind is too great and glorious to be considered of little or no importance. There is too much genius, too much greatness inside of dingy workshops to be passed by unnoticed and unthought of. If the masses of workingmen and working women do not know that they possess fine powers and great possibilities, then let them be speedily awakened to the fact.

There is something greater and grander, and more powerful than the almighty dollar, however powerful that may be. A well developed brain is a mightier power; for it has, and can move the world.

Were people more enlightened, how many shoals and quicksands would they escape in life's mortal voyage. Had they more knowledge, they would act more wisely. Is not ignorance one great cause of the moral and physical maladies which afflict our race; and if so, is not knowledge the cure for these maladies? But alas! what hindrances lie in the path that leads to the golden fountain of knowledge? As blade, plant and flower gratefully receive the soft droppings of the summer rain, so would many a thirsting soul drink from the healing fount, were they not debarred by the relentless hand of poverty. Splendid talents lie dormant in many operatives to-day, which, if an opportunity were given, might astonish the world with their genius or their greatness.

But it is a fact that the artists are not all seated at their easels; the authors are not all in their libraries; the poets and seers are not all on the mount of inspiration; the sculptors are not all moulding forms of beauty from the unheven marble; the statesmen are not all in Congress; the astronomers are not all plowing the Milky Way with their telescopes; the geologists are not all in the Lord's mountain, reading his tables of stone; the preachers are not all in their pulpits; but the car of progress is rolling steadily onward. Somewhere in the bright dawning future, lowly talents will have encouragement and opportunity to blend their luster with the brightest stars that have illumined the firmament of the ages.

Light is breaking. Progress is our watchword. We must probe the lancet deep into the causes of "social evils," ere they can be eradicated. Let us remember that God and his helping angels are with those who are striving to work for the elevation of humanity.

Hopedale, (Vine Cottage,) Mass., January, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Future Condition of Spirits.

BY HETTIE BISHOP.

I have long noticed a seeming granted position, accepted by Spiritualists to some extent, and claiming to emanate from the dwellers of the spirit world, viz: That the inhabitants thereof have but to wish for a palace, particular raiment or thing, and they are there, possess it, Alladin-like. Now, Brother Harrison says: "Let us have criticism." I say amen, though it may cut up and off some of our pet theories and ideas; yet, if it serves to reveal the truth, it will do us a good work in good time. We have been taught, through the theology of the past, that the ways of God were "inscrutable; yea, past finding out." In the absolute, we may grant it true; but, as the nineteenth century has opened to us the gates of the future home of earth's inhabitants, it is but reasonable that we question the possibilities of that life, its uses, attainments and real enjoyments. To me there comes, at this time, a better defined answer. It certainly accords more harmoniously with the natural process of earthly attainments, and the methods of obtaining them. Then, in this earthly tenement, we labor

both assiduously and methodically for the honest attainment of certain mental and physical conditions. We feel it right and just. In this life, clothes and wealth may be placed at our feet by kind and loving friends; but wisdom and knowledge, the immortal, imperishable substances whereby the spirit is to be clothed in the future, come not at our bidding, or as a legacy from another, but only through honest self-culture, and the thorough study of natural laws. If the spirit world, and all that goes to make up its uses and beauty, are material and objective, then certainly there must be a law by and through which they are created, obtained and exist; and mankind there, as here, will find it to be one of their highest aims and deepest studies to construct and build, and clothe themselves from the elements permeating the realms of their future home. If we had but to wish for a thing, and, lo, we had it, our heaven and its usefulness would not be much of an improvement on the old orthodox one. True, there would be the advantage of variety over a never ceasing, never ending shouting, singing and praising God; but it would only be a gratification to some of the lower propensities of our natures, a gratification without a use, a shadow for a substance; a panoramic view of an ideal life we had learned to conceive while here, but which, in reality, was nothing more or less than an objective fancy. Radicalism and extremism may do very well as agents to develop and inaugurate a new system or philosophy, but rationalism, planted upon a middle ground, studying and applying all the different manifestations in nature, is what Spiritualism is most needing at the present time. And this brings to my mind another strongly marked theory, with extremes as far removed from each other as are the North and South poles; and that is "evil spirits." One class, in their credulity, seem perfectly incompetent to reason, and distinguish between a highly spiritual plane and a semi-spiritual mundane one; while the other, in their incredulity, can recognize only one condition, and that is the highly spiritual.

Brother Loveland, in a late article on "Evil Spirits," (in my opinion,) about as good as annihilates the Spiritual Philosophy, by destroying the proof, by robbing the witnesses of their identity, making something like Gods of all disembodied spirits. I believe it is generally conceded that evil is but the result of ignorance. Then, if there are no evil spirits, or spirits producing no evil manifestations, all spirits, after leaving the earth form, must either become suddenly wise, or be prohibited from manifesting themselves till they become so, which he does not claim. Now, it appears to me that the middle ground is a safer one to stand upon, and reason from. Severing no link in the chain that binds and connects us to nature, to each other, to the spirit world and to the great architect of all, making no incomprehensible strides, by divesting spirit of all its earth bias and proclivities, till, through wisdom, it shall be enabled to drop them off one by one. Rather let us study the laws by which we find ourselves connected with, and controlled by, disembodied spirits, cultivating our aspirations for the pure and good, arming ourselves against evil by having no "like to attract like."

Leonidas, Mich., Feb. 11, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

"Whatever is, is Right."

BY W. D. HOLBROOK.

I have been reading the conclusion of "Sequel to Dealings with the Dead," by P. B. Randolph, and in the finale of the narrative, in his treatment of the "all right" doctrine, I find great force of logic—arguments which go home to the heart of every true friend of humanity, and lay bare the claims of that doctrine when applied to the human race. There are but few whose pen will so readily, and so thoroughly, dissect and expose the sophistries and the absurdities of the text "Whatever is, is right," when applied to human actions. And yet, when applied to any, or all things outside of man, no one will question its truth.

As Spiritualists and reformers, it is of the highest importance that we adopt no motto or saying that, in its tendency, will have the effect to draw us downwards in the scale of being; and it is very difficult in these days of political, social and moral revolution, to determine the right from the wrong, to fully satisfy our own souls what ideas or principles to adopt amid this great, grand upheaval for human liberty, in order that justice may be done, and the true principles of progress be maintained.

We know full well that there are many, very many, who carelessly and loosely adopt the above motto, and who, when the solemn trial hour should, perchance, bring it in reality to their own doors, with all its horrors, and with its pestiferous, devastating and corrupting influence, as in the cases cited in regard to prostitution by Mr. Randolph, they would immediately shrink from the position assumed as a thing too monstrous and too abominable to find lodgment in their domestic councils.

Persons may talk of ideas and sayings with flippancy and favor, so long as the application is to the world generally, or to any but their own, and get along smoothly for awhile; but let it come home and they are killed outright. This savors too much of old theology; the penalty or pun-

ishment is always for somebody else. 'Tis not for me; no, no.

There are many whose powers for discussion will not carry them deep into intricate subjects, whose philosophy floats on the surface of things, who depend more on the mere statement of another, if that statement should happen to give or correspond with their own inclination, rather than their own intuition, backed up by strong argument.

The argumentation is lacking; therefore it is that, in our public journals, the best minds of the age need to shine out, in a blaze of glory, in behalf of the right, that it may reflect more brightly on lesser minds, and be as the guiding star in this lower world to those who need it. Dr. A. B. Child has written nobly, written powerfully and well. His bold utterances I like, as I like progress everywhere; but the question comes up from the deep fountain of the soul, can the people of earth, with all their selfishness, adopt, take home and apply his theories. Can the "all right" doctrine, as generally understood, be carried out in all the ramifications of life? I leave it to abler pens to say.

But I wish here to express my heartfelt thanks to P. B. Randolph, and the powers there manifested in the conclusion of the article above referred to; and I would that every Spiritualist in the land could read it, and feel as I have, and do feel; in which case our good sister, Emma Hardinge, would soon find ample means to move on in the great philanthropic work she so nobly commenced some years since, viz: to build a home for the outcast and abandoned females of our own great land.

Only think of it; from one to three dollars each would place in the hands of our noble sister the means to go on and commence the heaven-born project, that, in the end, might be the redemption of our fallen sisters. I feel it is high time that this subject be again brought before the people, and a concert of action in this direction will do more to make all right than all things else.

Have we a religion superior to any and all others? Of what use is it, unless it be carried into practical effect? I press it home to every Spiritualist, and ask you to ponder well the proposition: Can we, with the same outlay, accomplish as much for good in any other direction as in this, viz: To lay the foundation for the reclamation of those who are driven to crime by destitution?

Where can we place so small an amount, that will count so much for happiness, as in the knowledge of the fact that we have generously contributed to so noble an object? Instead of much talking, let us act, and act wisely and well.

Waukesha, Wis., Jan., 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Are There Evil Spirits?

BY H. B. VINCENT.

In No. 5 of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is an article from my highly esteemed friend, J. S. Loveland, under the above title, about which I wish very briefly to remark, not by way of controversy, but to eliminate and express thought.

There are two extremes of opinion entertained and advocated with reference to this subject—

1. That spirits "possess, obsess, infest, or control" individuals to produce nearly all the crime and misery humanity groans under, thus relieving mortals of personal responsibility and accountability, I reject *in toto* as an erroneous proposition.

And (2) my friend's central idea that there are no evil spirits seems equally at variance with the middle line of harmony and truth.

That personal culture is the measure of growth, and that our mental and moral status is the same immediately after death as immediately before it, is a basic principle of the Spiritual Philosophy, too firmly established to be summarily set aside.

Upon this truth depends essentially the great fact of personal identity in the spirit world.

If liars, robbers, murderers and haters of human kind are to become wholly good and truthful by changing their places of residence from earth to the "Summer Land," then this basic principle of the Spiritual Philosophy and these considerations of identity are all worthless chimeras.

Mental science, as established by the discoveries and application of phrenology, demonstrates, conclusively, that idiosyncrasies of mind and morals depend, essentially, upon inherent mental organic conditions. Aside from malformations, the brain is the measure of the mind.

A man does not lie, or steal, or murder, because of a peculiar formation of the animal brain, because the brain is simply the organ and index of the mind.

Mind develops brain, and not brain the mind.

Hence, that conformation of brain that indicates the liar or hater of his kind is simply the index to the constitution of mind that prompt so lying and hatred.

Does death change mental and moral organic conditions? Does the liar and hater of his kind become the truthful philanthropist immediately on entering the spirit world?

If this is so, then death effects a change of being as well as of condition, thus destroying identity and overturning the basic principles of Spiritual Philosophy.

Phrenological organs are indices of the mental faculties

that constitute the mind of man; and, hence, if the mind exist in the spirit world, possessing identity and personal consciousness, it must retain its peculiar characteristics of lying or truth-telling, loving or hating, doing good or evil.

Will John Morrissey and Jesus of Nazareth be alike good and truthful after John dies?

I believe, with A. J. Davis, that there are three distinctive phases of human character, to-wit: that which is bequeathed to us from Father God and Mother Nature, which is essential and purely divine in its nature; that which we inherit from our earthly progenitors; and that which is manipulated upon us by the conditions and surroundings of practical life.

The first renders every human being akin to the Divinity that presides over and permeates the universe; the second and third make up those endless varieties of character that render infinite the peculiarities of human actions.

Good and evil, with all their intermediate shades and shadows are, and must be, characteristic of human life wherever humanity exists.

And as the spirit world is inhabited by earth's dead, the endless shades and varieties of human actions must characterize life there as here, until the waves of human progress have wafted humanity beyond the limits of our present conceptions.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, February, 1867.

Life.

"I remember when I think,
That my youth was half divine."

In after life many of us look back to the divine beauty of our early years, and sigh because our glorious youth is dead. But with some people youth never dies. I know a few spirits who still carry beneath their dusty and battered armor, through all the shocks of life's warfare, a nature fresh, unsullied and gentle, as in the glad morning-time when we all thought the world was full of beauty and love. They have never grown wise enough to be selfish. The witching spell of childhood is still upon their sight, and they strangely refuse to see that the earth is a wreck and a desolation. They have not "learned the world's great lie."

They trust where everybody else is deceived, and love those whom all others hate. They were bathed at birth in the fountain of eternal youth, and are already immortal.

The world does not know them. Only a few ever recognize them here; but those who become acquainted with them learn that human nature has possibilities of truth and power and love of which few of us ever dream. I know some souls who waste love as the sun scatters his light; who have an infinite strength and wealth of affection which is not careful about its objects, but is exhaustless and all-embracing, so that when I meet them I think always of the love of God.

H.

HOW MIRRORS ARE MADE.—Probably few of our readers have a very clear idea how the huge mirrors, that are so fashionable and expensive, are made. The plate-glass, which comes from France or Germany, is first polished, by means of rough brushes; next, a bag, containing the common potato, reduced by a pulverizing process to an almost impalpable powder, is applied to the glass, the potato dust escaping through the meshes of the bag; then a plate foil is spread upon a setting bed of marble, and on it is placed the prepared quicksilver; the glass is then laid on the top of this and pressed down with heavy weights. Here it remains about twenty-four hours, when it is examined and if found free from flaws, is ready for use.

MAKE A GOOD BEGINNING.—The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things. How many a poor outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment, he had only made a beginning!

THE OVERPLACED MAN.—We need not fear the under placed man—he will find his level. It is for the overplaced that we should have misgivings. In the caucus, men ask, Is he a Republican, or is he a Democrat? then, Has he talents and ability? and then, Is he honest and to be trusted? These affirmatively answered, they may make him their candidate, cover him with honor and success, and go home and tell their wives what a good thing they have done, for getting to ask the fourth and chief question, Has he the will, the personal force, and the power to assert and maintain his position?—Emerson.

TRUE LABOR.—"The wealth of a community," says Mr. Coleman, in the last number of his excellent work on European Agriculture, "is its labor—its productive labor. A man is not the richer for houses which he cannot occupy; lands which he cannot use; money which he cannot spend. He might own a continent in the moon, but what would that avail him? He might die of starvation in the vaults of the Bank of England, or the undisturbed possession of the richest mine in Peru. Labor is the great source and instrument of subsistence and wealth."

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Classes and Causes of Disease.

BY HERMANN STÜDER.

Our body is a very complicated combination of many different organs, each of which has its peculiar destination. As long as these organs continue their activity in a harmonious way, so long we are in good health; but as soon as this harmony of the different organs is broken and disturbed, if one or several of them has become refractory, if they quit their activity, or assume functions for which they were not intended by nature, then the consequence of this digression is a gliding off the track of the whole organism, and the disagreeable sensation of sickness creeps over us.

Thus the part acts on the whole, and *vice versa*. No one of our vital organs can be afflicted and diseased without communicating its state more or less to the whole organization. According to the symptoms which accompany them, we distinguish two great classes of disease, *acute* and *chronic*. The acute diseases develop and pass pretty fast, generally in nine to fourteen days, and are always accompanied by fever or inflammation, or both. Originally, there were only acute diseases; through the fault of baneful medicine, in course of time, the chronic ones were added. Whoever is afflicted with such a one, may better satisfy himself right away that *medical art* is, if possible, even more powerless against these than against the acute diseases, although they are her own offspring, and that only the Schrothian cure is capable of rooting them up.

All acute diseases, with very few exceptions, offer about the same symptoms, bodily and mental dejection, physical lassitude and dislike of exercise, increased inward heat, now and then a cold shivering, dry, hot and closed skin, accelerated (or but seldom slower) pulse, sometimes heavy, frequent and anxious breathing, (especially in inflammation,) coated tongue, want of appetite, and especially dislike of meat, violent thirst, inactive, and sometimes hard stool, little urine, which is of a deep color, and precipitates a sediment, in most cases, after standing a short time.

If we try to search out the causes of disease, we find the origin of most of them in the suppressed activity of the skin, and a weak and incomplete digestion; in one word, in greater or lesser interruptions in the change of matter.

Germs of diseases may be inherited, and develop, sooner or later, gout, hemorrhage, lung disease, scrofula, syphilis, etc.

Other diseases come by infection, and are characterized by a fermentation of the blood, typhus, scarlet, measles, etc.

Other diseases are caused by continued violent impressions on the nervous system; for example, terror and anxiety. Fear may produce diarrhea.

It cannot be denied, however, that in all these diseases, even when they are more or less produced through outside influences, a greater or lesser degeneration of the body's fluids co-operates, in connection with the impulses from without, to produce the possibility of such development of disease. So Schroth's opinion would be true, that all diseases develop more or less from degenerated fluids, and that, therefore, there is no radical cure without a thorough purification.

A normal state of the fluids is, therefore, a fundamental condition of health, and that is exactly what, in chronic cases, the Schrothian cure is aiming at, because, in most cases, they are produced by medical poisons in the blood and system generally, and wherever a cure is not already a pathological and physiological impossibility, it always succeeds. Persons with normal blood are armed against all aggressions; it is a sure rampart against any measure from abroad.

And this normal state of the blood and the fluids generally is based on a good assimilation and elimination, or undisturbed *change of matter*.

I presume my readers to be acquainted with the fact that natural science has found out that every seven years a man is quite a new being; that, of the material which seven years ago his material body consisted of, to-day not a particle is retained. Our material existence is a continual being born and dying, an unceasing growing old and being renewed. This process, of course, goes on faster in our youth than in old age, when all the organic functions become relaxed.

This coming and going of the constituent parts of our bodies, which, of course, begins with the first breath of life, can be likened to nothing better than the change of population in a large city. After a comparatively short lapse of time, not an atom of the former material of our body is to be found, just as the inhabitants of a great city daily and hourly diminish by deaths and departures, but are replaced by births and arrivals, so that by this imperceptible change the whole population is renewed.

This change of matter can easiest be seen in the horny parts of our bodies, the nails and the hairs. Here we must help nature with scissors and knife, while in the other parts nature undertakes this business alone, and carries it out fully, too, provided that human nonsense does not

interfere with and hinder her. This change of matter is not a mere play, invented by our creator just for pleasure's sake; it is of the utmost importance for the preservation of our health and life. A somewhat protracted cessation of this process must necessarily result in death. Partial disturbances are the prolific sources of different sufferings, and in all diseases that human flesh is heir to, this important item has a hand in the game. Even ailments that seemingly lie quite out of its way may be explained through it; for example, blindness, where it is not caused by an outward injury. As all parts of the body are subject to the law of change of matter, and must be renewed in a given time, so the eye is not excepted from this rule. If now the elimination of the old particles is impeded; for example, the upper parts of the retina remain, then, an old, dead membrane is formed, and blindness ensues. On any other organ the cessation of this change of matter will have similarly fatal effects.

Now, we know positively enough that this continual exchange of old and new matter takes place, but no mortal eye penetrates to the very sanctum of nature; the organically working loom of living nature hides itself even from the keenest eye, and perhaps never will be entirely dismantled of its robe of mist.

But certain it is that the digestive apparatus is the main agent for the importing business, while the pores, the lungs, the bladder and the rectum are destined to throw off what has been used up. Most people leave this business, in their thoughts, entirely to the rectum. But you would err very much if you should think its destination is only to pass off the indigestible parts of the food. That is only part of it. Another important part of his export business is formed by that before spoken of. The refuse or worn out fibers are resorbed by the blood, are by this vehicle carried to the intestines, are eliminated into them, and at last worked off with the rest of food. Just think of the tortures of costive patients, if you want to form an adequate idea of the importance of this part of change of matter.

Another eliminating organ of *no less* importance is the skin. The colds, that every spring carry off so many victims, are nothing else but an interruption of that part of the change of matter which is carried on by the skin.

Our skin is perforated by numberless pores, so that, if seen through, it resembles a sieve. These pores are the mouth pieces of as many little spiral ducts, that penetrate the epidermis and the cellular tissue under it. The number of these pores is at least two millions, and the combined length of the spiral ducts would amount to miles. These pores have to wash off another class of gaseous and liquid products of the change of matter in us. This activity of the skin is so important for our life and health, that it ranks not much behind breathing, and nothing at all to eating and drinking. The quantities thrown out this way by our organism, are varying as to weather, and season, and climate; but at any rate much greater than most readers imagine them to be. The lungs and skin together throw out about four fifths of all we eat and drink.

If we lay our warm hand on a cold looking-glass, the latter is instantly, by the transpiration of the skin, covered with condensed vapor. The intensest thirst is soon allayed by baths or wet wrappings. These two facts give us a right to the conclusion, that either the activity of the pores is a double one, absorbing and secreting, or that one part of the pores presides over the one, and the other part over the other function. However, the latter hypothesis might not be so easily proved. But certain it is, that a suppression of the activity of the skin, a discontinuation of absorption and exhalation, has, in most cases, the most fatal consequences. These consequences—and who has not experienced them?—we comprise under the collective designation of "colds."

We take cold easiest if we pass from a considerable degree of heat to a cold temperature; if, with bare or warm feet, we tread on cold stones, etc.; if, in a state of overheating, we partake of cold drinks, or expose ourselves to a current of air, etc. If a perspiring, or only evaporating, part of our body is for some time exposed to the influence of cold, be it from whatever source, then the pores contract, or perhaps shut entirely, and the cutaneous exhalation stops. The next consequence, of course, is this, that substances will remain in the system that ought to be eliminated, and because the cuticle refuses its services for this useful purpose, the alarmed organism throws that function upon another organ. So we have a kind of a vicariate; another organ must assume a function for which it was not originally made. It is clear that such a state of the system must be abnormal, a diseased one, that under unfavorable circumstances must end even with death.

If the mucous membrane has undertaken the vicariate, we have a bad "cold"; if the lungs are summoned up to do this business, a cough, with matter and slimy expectoration, ensues; and if the intestines vicariate, we have the questionable pleasure of being visited by a smart diarrhea.

There is no one part or organ of the body that may not be effected by the cold. Sometimes it is the stomach, and the appetite is gone; sometimes the bladder, which causes, by crampy contractions, the most excruciating pains. There is quite a legion of pains and woes attributable to this variant tendency of a simple "cold."

that constitute the mind of man; and, hence, if the mind exist in the spirit world, possessing identity and personal consciousness, it must retain its peculiar characteristics of lying or truth-telling, loving or hating, doing good or evil.

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If we try to search out the causes of disease, we find the origin of most of them in the suppressed activity of the skin, and a weak and incomplete digestion; in one word, in greater or lesser interruptions in the change of matter.

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This coming and going of the constituent parts of our bodies, which, of course, begins with the first breath of life, can be likened to nothing better than the change of population in a large city. After a comparatively short lapse of time, not an atom of the former material of our body is to be found, just as the inhabitants of a great city daily and hourly diminish by deaths and departures, but are replaced by births and arrivals, so that by this imperceptible change the whole population is renewed.

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Our skin is perforated by numberless pores, so that, if seen through, it resembles a sieve. These pores are the mouth pieces of as many little spiral ducts, that penetrate the epidermis and the cellular tissue under it. The number of these pores is at least two millions, and the combined length of the spiral ducts would amount to miles. These pores have to wash off another class of gaseous and liquid products of the change of matter in us. This activity of the skin is so important for our life and health, that it ranks not much behind breathing, and nothing at all to eating and drinking. The quantities thrown out this way by our organism, are varying as to weather, and season, and climate; but at any rate much greater than most readers imagine them to be. The lungs and skin together throw out about four fifths of all we eat and drink.

If we lay our warm hand on a cold looking-glass, the latter is instantly, by the transpiration of the skin, covered with condensed vapor. The intensest thirst is soon allayed by baths or wet wrappings. These two facts give us a right to the conclusion, that either the activity of the pores is a double one, absorbing and secreting, or that one part of the pores presides over the one, and the other part over the other function. However, the latter hypothesis might not be so easily proved. But certain it is, that a suppression of the activity of the skin, a discontinuation of absorption and exhalation, has, in most cases, the most fatal consequences. These consequences—and who has not experienced them?—we comprise under the collective designation of "colds."

We take cold easiest if we pass from a considerable degree of heat to a cold temperature; if, with bare or warm feet, we tread on cold stones, etc.; if, in a state of overheating, we partake of cold drinks, or expose ourselves to a current of air, etc. If a perspiring, or only evaporating, part of our body is for some time exposed to the influence of cold, be it from whatever source, then the pores contract, or perhaps shut entirely, and the cutaneous exhalation stops. The next consequence, of course, is this, that substances will remain in the system that ought to be eliminated, and because the cuticle refuses its services for this useful purpose, the alarmed organism throws that function upon another organ. So we have a kind of vicariate; another organ must assume a function for which it was not originally made. It is clear that such a state of the system must be abnormal, a diseased one, that under unfavorable circumstances must end even with death.

If the mucous membrane has undertaken the vicariate, we have a bad "cold;" if the lungs are summoned up to do this business, a cough, with matter and slimy expectoration, ensues; and if the intestines vicariate, we have the questionable pleasure of being visited by a smart diarrhea.

There is no one part or organ of the body that may not be effected by the cold. Sometimes it is the stomach, and the appetite is gone; sometimes the bladder, which causes, by crampy contractions, the most excruciating pains. There is quite a legion of pains and woes attributable to this variant tendency of a simple "cold."

In such cases a rational treatment will, above everything, aim at a removal of the cause, which consists in a suppression of the normal activity of the skin. It will, by proper means, capacitate the skin to assume anew its normal functions, after which the disorder will vanish of its own accord. Now, this is exactly what the Schrothian cure is after, and what it succeeds, too, admirably in doing, through its wet wrappings. Most diseases germinating in colds are cured in this manner, in a surprisingly short time.

But how terribly perverse, in such cases, does the old art and science of medicine act? She instantly has recourse to her physics, as if the stomach, that has only to work for the nutrition of the body, must be made responsible for an irregularity that finally must be "booked" on account of the skin. How often do we see a catarrhal affection of the pectoral organs, etc., that might be cured by two or three packings after the Schrothian method, take a fatal issue under medical mismanagement.

The substances retained in the system in consequence of a cold, accumulate of course, if nature does not remedy the evil of her own accord, and produce inflammations. Therefore, the frequent inflammations of the lungs, bowels, diaphragm, etc. Be it through the fault of medical treatment, or in consequence of a hereditary weakness of some organs, there often results from this chronic diseases.

I said, in the beginning of this treatise, that the healthy state of the fluids depended on the change of matter. You can only find healthy fluids there where assimilation and elimination of substance goes on in a normal way. Among these fluids the blood, unquestionably, is of the greatest importance. While accomplishing its circulation in the body, it resorbs from the adjoining parts of the vascular organs used up substances, which it partly carries to some other organs to be eliminated. So the blood is the stream of life, which continually feeds the whole body. If the quantity of blood be diminished, be it by blood-letting, leeches or cupping, then a complete nourishing of the whole organism is an impossibility, and the glaring nonsense of allopathic treatment is, therefore, obvious.

So a continual vitalization and renewal of the blood must be indispensable. The former process is done by respiration; the latter through nutrition, the food and drink we take, and which are so changed by digestion as to be fitted for an admixture with the blood.

Our health depends, therefore, first of all, on a proper quantity and quality of our food. If we do not make any mistakes there, then digestion goes its regular rounds. A good digestion produces a normal state of the blood and other fluids, provided that respiration and cutaneous exhalation go on normally, and this normal state of the fluids finally results in a proper sustenance of the body through the blood.

And to the blood has always been paid a great deal of attention, as long as there have been physicians and patients. The science of medicine has been, and is, aware of the fact, that here is the fulcrum and center from whence the whole organism ought to be influenced, and tries to help it and improve it by diminution, or by purifying mixtures and pills. But, if anything, this is a perverse, foolish, and even homicidal proceeding. In every indisposition the stomach and digestion are more or less participating. Its activity, its inclination to work, is gone. It even don't care about favorite dishes. How then, in the name of reason, should it be pleased with that witch-broth that comes from the druggist? Why should it work and digest these nauseous drugs, that have not the least relation or affinity to the substances of the human body? Why should it assimilate and send them off to the different parts of the system, while the very sight of its choicest food in healthy days revolts it, so that it ejects it instantly, or lets it lie there as a kind of despised ballast?

If we are unwell, our want of appetite is a natural consequence. The stomach does not work, because it does not find a ready market for its produce. The blood, the next consumer for the stomach's manufactures, is already so surcharged with effete matter so that it breaks off every business transaction with it. In consequence of this "lack of demand," that manufacturer with the oldest firm suspends its working activity, discharges its laborers, and waits for better times; *i. e.*, until his business friend, the blood, succeeds, by lucky speculations and through its mercantile genius, in disposing of its accumulated material. As soon as there is an ebb in that magazine, the blood, this fact is gladly telegraphed through the nerves to the stomach. He instantly opens his workshops again, calls in the old laborers, provides for the importation of raw material, and the work goes on again, so that it would be a pleasure to witness this unrelenting activity and industry.

If, in spite of the physics, the illness has reached this stage, then we believe in our simplicity of mind and heart, that the physician has helped us to that splendid appetite, while we have to thank this lucky result only.

Weakly persons are not unfrequently hurried to the grave by such cathartic cures, (?) and it takes a robust constitution to withstand those brutal attacks on the tender organic

tissues of the stomach, and to work off the old effete substance, along with the nuisances from the apothecary.

So, whenever you get sick, keep away from you that allopathic broom, and do not force any food on your stomach, but wait until a lively appetite comes in a natural way.

In the next treatise I will endeavor to show you how to help the natural workings of the system in acute diseases, so as to be almost entirely sure of a happy and glorious result; so that the whole medical quackery must appear, to any one that has eyes to see and ears to hear, as a proceeding that hardly would be pardonable in the inmates of a lunatic asylum.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

To A Bereaved One.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

She is not dead—

Her lovely spirit free and beautiful,
Yet lives, unrobed in native purity,
Reborn in heaven.

She is not lost—

Love fleeth not when earthly fetters fall,
But ever faithful, clingeth closer still
Unto its own.

An angel now,

To guard thee in the conflict of thy life,
No longer pleading for thy firm support,
But strong to save.

Her gentle voice,

In lonely watches of the silent night,
Will breath sweet music to thy listening soul,
To calm and bliss.

Near, ever near,

Her spirit unto thine, with holy power
Inspiring thee to bravely, nobly bear
Thy cross on earth.

Her lot below

To suffer, and in meek dependence live—
Denied the joy of home's dear ministry
To those she loved.

But oh, how changed!

The mortal weakness to immortal strength;
The wan and faded form all glorious now,
Divinely fair.

God's gift of love,

His first best gift He taketh not away,
But safe within the Father's home she rests
And waits for thee.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Communication from E. Smedley, of Kalamazoo,
One Month after his Departure to the
Summer Land.

DEAR COUSIN: I feel a strong desire to write a few lines to you. We had exchanged ideas in regard to this inner life many times, and in some few instances, I find that we were correct, but in the main I must say that our conceptions of spirit power and existence were not really right. I thought I was so far initiated into the second sphere, that I should find things about as I had expected, but let me tell you I was unprepared entirely for the scenes that awaited me. For the last twenty-four hours of my stay upon earth, although I continued to breathe, and seemed to realize what was passing around me, my spirit was getting glimpses of its home, and I realized the presence of spirit friends who were endeavoring to show me the way. I felt strangely, and seemed to hesitate, feeling a desire to remain in the house with my family. This sensation did not last long as those whom I felt I could trust, told me where I was, and I seemed to awaken as from a dream, to the realities of my new position.

To tell you that all is bright and beautiful here, would give you no idea of what is before you, as it is a brightness and beauty so different from anything that you have imagined, that I do not feel as though those were the words to use, nor can I find any that do seem appropriate. Every thing is so harmonious, so soft and floating-like. Well, I cannot tell any better than others have told, unless you ask particular, as I see, but the sensation is more what you experience when listening to superior music than anything else—no discord, but perfect melody. Upon what you would understand by the lower spheres, meaning the home of earthly spirits, I saw flowers, trees, animals, etc., but as I went to higher light, I saw nothing of the shadows of material life.

I cannot yet describe how these are formed, but I know they are only semblances, not realities. I saw beautiful fruits, but there was no substance there. There is nothing here, of course, that requires bodily nourishment, but there are spirits here who seem to require shadows of earthly things to make them contented, as without them they would

linger constantly upon the earth. Higher influences surround them, and help them until they become weaned (as it were) from those things, and thirst for something better. As for me, I am very thankful to say that I have no desire to linger upon this earth, any further than to return to benefit those left behind.

Everything is very new to me yet, and as I am constantly filled with wonder at what I see passing around me, I have an unsettled feeling, which will undoubtedly pass away soon, and I be in a better condition for argument, or rather for giving you truth concerning the Spiritual Philosophy. I see many things here of which I desire to write, but lack expression, to convey a knowledge of them to you. Everything here tends to elevate, and when there is nothing left upon earth to attract and interest the freed soul it must soon forget to wander in that direction. Happy shall I be when all the members of my family have finished their earth work and joined me here.

For The Spiritual Republic.

"Are There Evil Spirits?"

BY DR. BAGSTER.

The answer in No. 5 of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC to this question admits another view. Evil in its adjective sense is the negative of good, and has really no positive basis in its original composition; hence, in an absolute sense, there cannot be evil spirits, though relatively, just as we estimate specific gravity by an equivalent volume of water or air, there may be a point of estimation sufficiently definite to make a zero table of spirit condition a possibility, and on such a scale might be shown, above the cipher, what is considered good, and all below it evil. This would be a spirit-ometer that would go ahead of Reaumur, Celsius, and Fahrenheit; but the great difficulty would be, as it has been in the thermal invention, a general agreement where to place the cipher, since, according to Tupper, there is no good so good but what there is some evil in it; and no evil so evil but it contains some good. The phases of religion and morality we find in this world, and suppose in the next, would require some sliding apparatus to adjust it to their particular standards.

Evil is something adversely done by do-evils, or, (since Luther knocked the "o" out with his inkstand,) by what are called devils, and their name is legion. But this by no means proves that they are what they do; as, by way of illustration, a man may be a painter without himself being a painted man: for, obviously, a painted man can only be, at best, the resemblance of a real man. So a spirit may be a doer of evil without itself being the evil—in the constitutional sense of that term in the question, "Are there evil spirits?"

The terms analogous with good and evil are right and wrong, which philology explains somewhat favorably to a correct understanding of our subject; for by it we learn that right means straight, as, for instance, we say a right line, and mean a perfectly straight one: and wrong means twisted, from the Teutonic verb, to wring; as wet linen is wrung to twist it, or is twisted to wring it.

Old Testament, Isaiah, chapter XL, verse 4, and New Testament, St. Luke, chapter III, verse 5, both say, "The crooked shall be made straight"—which is simply a promise or prediction that wrong shall be made right. Why, then, need we apply the term evil to spirits, as a fixed and unalterable condition, when common sense and Scripture are both against such a use of the word? Is it not a fact that any child may get a skein of silk or thread into such a snarl from inexperience or ignorance as would puzzle the most skillful spinner to make right again? But is it not also a fact that neither mortals nor immortals can snarl the thread of human life so that the All Father cannot, or will not, in His own wise way and time, bring it all fairly and squarely to the line and plummet of unerring and eternal truth and beauty.

If there be evil-doing spirits, then their final rectification is well assured.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11, 1867.

Spirit Rappings.

Why do not those who fret and spew at the spirit rappings do the same when a friend knocks at their door, or when news, in a similar manner, is conveyed over the country by the electric telegraph? Are they "low" because they are raps? What if they thus announce our immortality, are they then of no significance? We confess that nothing of the "manifestations" is so engaging, so sweetly thrilling, as the gentle taps that sign an unseen intelligence and the deep love our friends on the other side feel in our enlightenment and happiness. We never sit in an orderly circle, when the spirit raps come copious as the shower drops of summer upon the wilting plants, but we "entertain angels unawares." So hallowed is the worship of the soul, so grateful to heaven for this mode of converse with the "gone before," over whose earthly biers we bitterly wept, that silence becomes the purest eloquence.

It is as absurd to live without an aim as to shoot with out one.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

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WHAT IS EVIL—ITS ORIGIN AND CURE?

Two theories have divided the opinions of men on this most important question. One may be termed the spiritual, and the other the material theory; as one has attributed evil to matter, and the other to spirit. Both agree that evil is a positive entity or power, though disagreeing as to its habitat in the human economy. Theology asserts that evil is a spiritual contamination or corruption—a perversion of the love, or inner life of man. But mythology affirmed that matter was intrinsically evil, and, therefore, man's body was the seat of sin. Of course, the origin of evil would be unlike in these theories, as would also be the process of cure.

Both these philosophies exist to-day, though not always distinctly stated or adhered to; for we often find persons who seem to constitute a jumble of both. It is obvious that a clear comprehension and statement of this question is specially desirable. The entire method of reform depends upon the solution of this question; yea, it includes that solution. We can never agree upon anything practical, until we harmonize in the essentials of theory. Let us, then, endeavor to grapple this problem, with a view to a thorough solution.

First, then, are the old philosophies correct in assuming the existence of evil as the opposite and antagonist of good? for if this be admitted, it will be difficult, if not an impossibility, to deny that evil is eternal, in the strictest sense of the term. If it be a principle of positive activity, how could it either begin or end? And if it be an integral element of the spiritual constitution, why must not the spirit suffer forever? If it only pertained to the body, the soul would be free when the body died; but no hope of escape, but by death, would be possible.

This point can be settled only by ascertaining the essential elements of evil. Whoever will carefully analyze the numerous forms of so-called evil, will find each one to be some form of excessive manifestation on the part of powers, in themselves good and necessary; and the whole will be summed up in the term selfishness. He will also find that this selfishness is exclusively directed to those things which pertain to time and earthly life; or if they seem to be of the future, it is because of mistake in supposing the present to be transferred to the future. No one is inclined to fault the selfishness of the animal creation. But is not the primary, or basic, department of humanity animalistic? Is it not right that it should be so? Could souls be born without the prior existence of bodies? Of course not.

This order, then, which evolves a spiritual, conscious, immortal entity in an animal body, is wise and good. But the existence of the spirit in a vehicle of animalism, is not its own proper sphere of being, but simply its embryonic condition; hence, we can only learn of the spirit, and then imperfectly, when the bodily senses and passions are hushed by some mighty spell.

Approaching the spirit, with the body thus tranced, what do we meet? We stand face to face with impersonal principles and perfect love. The outer body is sensationless; you can cut the flesh or amputate a limb and there is no pain, but the spirit is awake as never before. But there is no passion, no falsehood; you are talking with angel goodness and philosophy; you cannot evoke evil from that spirit; you must awake and arouse the animal before those manifestations can be seen. Is evil, then, of the body exclusively? And if so, how, when we have already seen

that it has only the attributes needful for its own existence? We answer: the evil complained of, is the evil of position, not of nature; the evil of relation, not of being. This is true of everything called moral evil, or sin.

Evil is the violation of no law of God, but is the substitution of one for another. We have already seen that the soul is not fully born so long as it lives in the body, but it does experience a birth to consciousness before that great change. This birth into consciousness is a most astounding change, and when sudden, as it sometimes is, produces a marvelous revolution in the conduct of individuals. With all, it inaugurates an almost life-long warfare. Justice, love, unselfishness, are the attributes of spirit. They make their affirmation in and through the conscience or moral sense. The first motion of the conscious soul is a feeling of its own innate, rightful supremacy in the complex kingdom of manhood. But the animal has possession, and is powerful. The intellect has become accustomed to yield to its sway. All the habits are on the side of earth. Is it, therefore, strange that the soul is so often thwarted in its effort to rule?

We are now prepared to state the question with precision. The animal passions controlling and using the intellectual powers for their own groveling ends, is an evil by position, or incongruous relation. But that incongruity depends entirely upon the existence of the spiritual consciousness. Indeed, but for this, it would be no evil. Hence, the origin of evil dates from the birth of the soul into self-conscious life, and every man commits original sin. The intellect has no moral consciousness. It works just as freely for "the flesh and the devil," as it does for God and the spirit. The animal, of course, is "of the earth, earthy," it has no conscience. It is only when the soul awakes to its own conscious life, and essays the rule of the kingdom, that the sense of wrong or moral incongruity is strongly felt. "Where there is no law, there is no transgression." The law is man's spiritual consciousness. That, and that alone, feels the incongruity of a life of sense, or of mere intellectual culture, which is often termed "enlightened selfishness." It affirms, and will not be silenced, that its nature is deeper than sense and higher than intellect. All that sense, intelligence and imagination can furnish, only disgusts, and leaves its great hunger unsatisfied. And so long as they are thrust upon the spirit as food meet for its nature, so long the great unrest continues, and the war between flesh and spirit must go on. This predominance of the animal over the spirit constitutes the so-called evil or sin of the world; and as we have seen, the evil in its true position, is no evil, but good, and as indispensable as anything else. It is, therefore, only evil in an incidental sense, and, from the nature of the case, must cease when the conditions of the soul essentially change, though peculiar combinations of evil may carry their effects far beyond the period of their own existence.

The animal, then, in its sphere, is as right and holy as the spiritual, and all the talk of shallow thinkers about evil being as positive as good, falls to the ground. There is no such thing in God's universe as a principle of positive evil. Evil is the travail pain of the soul's birth from material surroundings into immortal life and joy. It is the friction of the spiritual life in its evolution from the material.

Evil is, therefore, inevitable, but temporary. In one position, it is good, and, in the absolute sense, it is right that that evil is. It is only when you attempt to force the animal rule of selfishness into the domain of the spiritual, that good becomes evil, right is transformed into wrong. When the means of culture and progress are ignored, or supplanted by selfish, animal passions, then the spiritual nature protests, and affirms the wrong.

Ignorance may, yea, does seek a shelter under the inspired, optimistic saying of Pope, "Whatever is, is right;" but it is only a shallow perversion of the real idea, and will secure no exemption from the rigorous retribution, ever visited upon presumptuous ignorance. Happiness is not found in animal riot and earthly glory, but in spiritual manhood.

But how is evil to be cured? Overcome evil with good, says one. But evil is good, as we have seen, in its own proper sphere. Nor can we, nor ought we to destroy it, as has been sometimes attempted. The ignorant extremists of the past have sought to cure evil by flagellating and tormenting the body, but have always failed. Shall we then pamper the flesh, by stimulating the passions, or shall we seek to convert the soul *a la* church method? These methods have failed, and we need not repeat them. What is needed is an adjustment of forces, so that one shall aid the other, instead of the present antagonism. In other words, a true education is the true method of cure. And this method will be a comprehensive one, including all the spiritual, intellectual, physiological and social appliances, by which humanity can be advanced in the path of progress. We have not room in the present article to evolve this universal method of education, but will recur to it hereafter.

L.

Private letters say that Thomas Carlyle intends paying America a visit next year, or the year thereafter, thus executing a purpose long cherished.

WHAT CONSTITUTES RIGHTFUL OWNERSHIP?

We called attention, in our last issue, to the Responsibilities of Wealthy Men, and refer thereto again for the purpose of presenting some thoughts upon a topic incidentally implied in that article. As our whole system of so-called morality is radically defective, and in many respects false, we need not be surprised at the extremely loose ideas entertained, and practically exemplified respecting the rightful ownership of what is denominated property. It is more than probable that ninety-nine of every hundred persons are entirely satisfied that they are the rightful owners of what they possess; and are, by virtue of that ownership, justly entitled to dispose of it in any way they see fit. Nor is it supposed that any question can be raised as to the morality of the matter.

But the question recurs, what constitutes rightful ownership? Does possession imply ownership? If so, then every thief, gambler and robber, is rightful owner of the spoil he has taken. But this is universally disallowed. On what ground? The manner by which they secured possession, would be the common answer.

What is the principle involved in the method of the thief and robber? It is this: He takes, but renders no compensation in return. He does not produce what he assumes to enjoy.

Suppose we apply this rule to all persons, and to all properties held by them, as the only absolute test of right or justice, what will become of the claims of thousands? Did you make these articles, or buy them with others which you did produce? would be the question in all cases. How will you reply? Will you say, my father gave them to me? I inherited what I possess as the legal heir of some deceased relative. How came that person by this property? Did he produce it? In many cases we might trace it back to some flagrant act of robbery as the origin of possession.

Take, for instance, land. What right has any man "to have and to hold," in exclusive possession, a certain portion of the earth's surface? Is any one so simple as to answer, "I bought it?" Bought it of whom? Who gave the original title? The kings of England gave the original titles to land in this country, and our government has followed this example. How came the king by his right to give titles? He had only the right of the robber. Can yours be any better? Did you consider the slaveholder, who bought an African, any more entitled to claim ownership therein than the slavetrader, who stole him from his native land? Do you think justice requires that former slaveholders should be remunerated for the loss of their slaves? Why not? They bought and paid for them, or inherited them the same as you do your land and other wealth. Why do you make a distinction, where there is no difference in principle?

Man's right to his body is no more sacred and absolute than his right to the soil, for of what use is a body if you have no indefeasible right to a standing place on the earth? If the present theory of land possession is correct, then multitudes only stay on the earth through sufferance, not of right. Do you say, I acquired my wealth by the profits of legitimate trade? Let us see. You have paid the producers of your goods less than justice demanded, or you have sold to the consumers for more than that, and by this tariff you have accumulated the thousands and millions which no honest mode of production could ever have placed in your hands, and you call this legitimate trade! This is honest commerce! This is rightful possession! What is the difference between taking advantage of a man's weakness, ignorance, or necessity! Is not stealing by the little, the same in principle as stealing by thousands? Does it make any difference to a man in the end whether ten dollars is taken from him at once, or at ten several periods? If A. T. Stewart abstracts from the pockets of the people one million dollars each year, is it any less a transfer of their hard earnings to his coffers without an equivalent, because cloaked over with the name of legitimate trade? If this is legitimate, what would be illegitimate trade? If taking what belongs to another without ample recompense constitutes the essence of theft and robbery, if the mode is only an incident, what is our present system of trade and speculation but a form of robbery? It is granted that it does not take all, it does give a partial compensation, but does this change its essential character? A man may have one million dollars in possession; and because the highwayman only compels him to deliver ten thousand, is it any less a robbery than though he took the whole? Or would it be less a robbery if one thousand, or ten thousand, instead of one, were the victims? The essential wrong is the same in all these cases. The manufacturer, or the money lender, who lays by his hundreds of thousands each year, is a robber in the light of impartial justice and eternal right, for he is appropriating the products of other men's industry—the products of their labor, he assumes the right to hold and use. His defence is, that it is law and custom, and there is no other to be made. But this is the robber's plea, for it rests on might, not on right. Its final support and justification is the sword and cannon.

The only basis of rightful ownership, as a general rule, is production. What a man has made, or made to grow, is

his; so, what may have been rendered him, in exchange for actual benefits conferred, is rightfully his own. Special instances, however, we dismiss, as the general rule embraces the vast majority of all possible cases. But its application would revolutionize the whole structure of society, it may be objected. Very good; we can't help that. Society must be based upon the principles of justice, before it can ever have peace and genuine prosperity. You may think these ideas extravagant and visionary, albeit they are those gravely urged by the profoundest minds of this age; but we assure all such that, unless they are substantially accepted, and practiced, within fifty years our entire system of trade and commerce and social life will go down in a whirlpool of blood. All our great cities are filled with the elements of explosion. Ignorance and crime keep pace with the accumulation of great fortunes. The few growing rich, and the many growing poor, is the death knell of any nation, and we are now listening to the first dread tones. Now, that fate can be averted, not by a few gifts from a Peabody or a Stewart, but by the inauguration of a system which shall make Astors, Stewarts and Peabodys an impossibility. We, of course, do not intend to say that these men, personally, are not as upright as the great mass of men; they are only the more fortunate of the great brotherhood of robbers which takes in us all. It is not so much the individual man, as it is the principle, and the system made by it, that must be changed by wisdom, or it will be changed in the carnival of a terrible revolution. The men of wealth can anticipate and prevent this if they so elect. They can so wield the mighty power in their hands as to surely change the whole system of commercial life. It will, to be sure, as we have shown, compel a recasting of the entire morality of the world, and a new mode of dealing with our fellows. But surely this had better be done than to precipitate so fearful a catastrophe as we have specified.

Let no one dream that because, heretofore, wealth and rank have prevailed, they will continue to do so in the future. To indulge this idea is ruin and death. We are in the commencement of a New Dispensation. The whole power of the heavens is enlisted on the side of justice, and it must be done. The men of wealth are called upon to lead in the work of its inauguration. They must renounce, not the present control of the vast amounts they possess, but they must recognize the right of the common humanity to its use, and confess their stewardship in its employment for that purpose. Will they do it? Where is the wise man who will lead in this needed work? Where is the Moses for this Exode? We wait his coming as the last hope against a fearful and leveling anarchy. L.

LAW OF PROGRESS.

Natural laws are ingrained, inherent in the very constitution of things. Happiness results from fidelity to their order; misery results from infidelity; obedience brings the rounded beauty of health. It is ignorance, madness, folly, to try any other method than that which Infinite Wisdom has ordained.

Has not man a spiritual organism? There cannot be action of mind without mental faculties? As we think of and love the spiritual, it is proof positive of spiritual powers; and as there are such powers, they are organized in heavenly embodiment.

Things are in pairs—positive and negative—right and left—male and female—body and spirit. The physical is but the spirit's medium—its instrument of action. Are not all forms the expressions of their invisible souls? It is not the physical eye, but the spirit within that sees; not the physical ear, but the spirit within that hears; not the physical heart, but the spirit within that loves; not the physical brain, but the spirit within that thinks. The spirit is organized correlatively, having organs and functions analogous with those of the body. Hence, the spirit is the reality, the identity that survives all the deaths of the body. Obedience or disobedience to the laws of the physical affects the spirit within in corresponding ratio. He who pollutes his body pollutes his spirit; he who keeps his body sinless and undefiled, is mediated for orderly divine service in the religion of godly deeds. We need not be anxious for the spirit's growth, when we are obedient to the essential conditions. Will not the bird in the egg expand its wings, and be ready to fly, if rightly incubated? Nature's developments lie beyond the reach of our philosophy. We can create nothing; all we can do is simply to apply the requisite forces.

Is our spirit to have no guardian care, no culture, no direct food and drink except what the body supplies? It lives in thought-life on celestial elements. Here is the divine trust. The machinery of a water-mill cannot move unless there is a living fountain head; though causation, spirit has functional action, dependent for supplies, and ever a recipient and giver. It is susceptible to perversion as is the body. There are spiritual adulteries, spiritual vanities, spiritual prodigalities. What are sexual promiscuities, the bigotries of sect, the phantasies of "revivals," but disobedience to the laws of the spiritual organism, resulting in mental, moral and physical diseases cursing society?

Who will reveal the constitutional laws of the spirit? As yet "we see through a glass darkly." Mostly by analogies

we have to reason; when will the heavens within be an open book, embodied in science? This is the great work left undone. But certain we are, from the data already determined by experiment, that, as with the organic and functional constitution of the body, we can attain orderly progress in heavenly experience only by faithful obedience to divine law in harmony with our moral instincts and demands.

If the spirit's functions are analogous with those of the body, its supplies are so. There must be therefore a spiritual universe. Those who have been intromitted into heavenly perception and affection, know what we mean when we say that we can breathe the magnetic atmospheres of the spirit world; that the spirit eats and drinks here; that it obtains here the characteristic envelopment of heavenly attributes; that it has the associative home of angels; that here the Father inflows and outflows, translating, attracting to practical higher uses. Fidelity to mother earth, fidelity to Father Spirit, constitutes us children of a Divine Parentage.

In respect to law, order, and progress, it matters not as to the age in which we live. Human nature is ever the same. Forms, modes, uses change, but not laws. Has it not ten thousand times been demonstrated beyond a question, that a true temperamental marriage—holy, loving child-birth—genial youth—beautiful, happy homes—pure air—pure water—pure food—pure clothing—pure habits—pure morals—pure society—are necessary to health and wise, glorious manhood? Then this is the way. There is no other. It is blasphemy to God to try any other.

And is it not demonstrating in the perversions of angel ministrations, in the sad results of marital infidelities, in the speculating practices of self-aggrandizing and monopolizing magnetizers, in the seductive influences that are generated in disorderly spirit circles, in the irreligious mold of character which such a career in due time always presents, that God is not mocked with impunity; that His Higher Law is irrevocably stern, developing exactly what we may expect of disobedience—discord, unfaith, unrest, ravishment of virtue, chaos of institutional education, and social pandemonium? All this is a lesson of awful warning, telling the unmistakable truth, that no person can deviate one hair from divine order and find any progress.

"The undevout philosopher is mad." In his effort to be "greatest in the kingdom of heaven," he becomes the Pharisee who is surely cast out. Is there not a point of perfection for all things? Can a circle be more than round? Can the divine be more than divine? Can you, oh, man of dependence and independence, reconstruct in better style what the Infinite has done? That only is improvement which finds the law, the order, the good, the glory of the Infinite. If Jesus, as we maintain he did, illustrated beyond a cavil the divinity of self-denying love and its transfiguring beauty, then in this order, he is "the way, the truth, and the life." *

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN CHICAGO.

If there is any man in America entitled to the crown of political glory, it is Wendell Phillips. Years ago, when the nation was chained in the bonds of slavery, hand and foot, he was foremost to agitate against anointed legalized high crime, amid popular curses and persecutions. He has been the Atlas bearing the American Republic upon his manly shoulders, principled in the justice of freedom. God has made him the Joshua, winning victories. He tells the whole truth. He is verily a breaking up steel plow, finished after the style of the latest improvement, sinewed clean and sure, polished and sharp, drawn by mettlesome colts well trained to the harness; as he tears through the tangled glebe, the earth trembles; but he plows on heedless of storm or peril, trusting in the Almighty for the sower of the seed.

Last Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Young Men's Association, Mr. Phillips addressed a large and enthusiastic audience in Crosby's Opera House. He held his auditors with an easy rein. His lips, ever touched with electric fire, uttered words that pierced as barbed arrows into the hearts of political sinners. His reasoning loomed up before the vision in startling prophecies of coming war. He believes the South has not abandoned her revolutionary purposes; that her strong men—Wade Hampton first—yet keep the secret of ruin to this Republic; that she waits now to develop her capital; that the "saints" (!) in Congress can be bought by the future bushels of Confederate scrip, when the Southern debt is acknowledged valid by the reigning conservative dynasty yet to come; that the purchase of the "Confederacy restored" by the bribe of Delilah to the Samson of the North, is the solemn intent and iron determination of the Southerners.

Mr. Phillips favors the impeachment and removal of President Johnson. His criticisms upon him and other public men were severe. "Mr. Buchanan has gone out of human sight." "Mr. Beecher, glozing over the wicked schemes of Johnson, has gone under." "Mr. Seward has lost his brains." Nor did General Grant even escape his rebukes; he thinks the great hero has lost his national luster by an implied defense of the President's policy, and by not making New Orleans as safe to walk in as Chicago. Serious charges these—and serious events are coming; there is no peace yet; let us all be vigilant in duty. *

MILWAUKEE LYCEUM ANNIVERSARY.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Milwaukee, Wis., was organized February 11, 1866, under very favorable auspices. It germinated, budded and blossomed into rare excellence under the influence of pure devotion to purpose, and the warmth of genial enthusiasm. It has had the obstacles of fire, destroying its first outfit entirely, and prejudice, which comes to all advance movements; but it stands to-day a smiling testimony in favor of the Lyceum method of education, and the practical efficacy of modern inspiration. Great credit is due to its several officers and leaders who have served so faithfully in their various capacities during the past year, and to the children, who have been no less devoted and industrious in its behalf.

On Monday evening, 18th inst., the members and friends of the Lyceum gave their "First Anniversary Exhibition and Festival."

At an early hour, all were in their places as in the usual Lyceum sessions. The portion of the hall not occupied by the Lyceum, was crowded with friendly or curious spectators, who, during the whole evening, manifested the most lively interest in what transpired before them, and expressed unqualified satisfaction with the matter and manner of the exhibition.

The exercises consisted of singing, and Silver Chain reading by the Lyceum. A short address by F. L. Wadsworth, Free Gymnastics by the Lyceum, followed by recitations, dialogues and songs by members, closing with a grand Banner March and song.

It was with no ordinary satisfaction that we stood before this body of young people, and noted the marked change of one year. They came to the Lyceum from the various Sunday Schools, exercising no ease of person, and showing no marked degree of culture (as may be shown even in healthy, joyous children); now they evince self-possession without forwardness, and express their thoughts and feelings with a degree of originality and modesty truly charming. The promise for noble, free, self-sustaining womanhood and true manhood abounds in our Lyceums, and particularly in Milwaukee.

The most attractive feature of the entertainment was the dramatic power and taste exhibited by those who took part in the declamations. Little Abby Libby, of Stream Group, is a genius. She commits to memory very quickly, and seems to embody in her own nature the sentiment of her piece which she repeats with the emphasis and gesture of the true actress. Master Muckler, a lad of seven or eight summers, rendered "Larry McFinn," in costume, with wonderful accuracy. Misses Lottie Freeman and Bertie Sherman acquitted themselves very finely, as did also Master Daniels, of Excelsior Group, in his recitation of "The Polish Boy;" indeed there was nothing that was not good; the excellences which we particularize were marked and unusual.

We think there will be less conflict in sustaining the Milwaukee Lyceum hereafter than heretofore. It has, now, if never before, won for itself a place in the warm hearts of those who were present on the occasion of its first anniversary exhibition and festival.

Aside from the exercises referred to, the entertainment was enlivened with music by Severance's Quadrille Band, a company of true musicians and noble men, who do honor to their profession by manly integrity. They make music for the million, but practically and fully ignore the dissipation too often associated with their calling.

Altogether, this anniversary brought a great success, marked a crisis in the Lyceum, renewed and enlarged the interests of the friends of human progress in Milwaukee, and opened the way for happy, zealous work for the year to come.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET"

"The First Law of Courtship," not only details some tender passages between the hero and heroine of the story; but also shows what practical use Mr. Linscott was able to make of his doctrines of male superiority, in a genuine love affair.

"Joel's Secret" is not disclosed and we promise the reader will be much better kept than Miss March's.

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.

H. H. Marsh lectures at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday evening, March 3d, at 7.30 o'clock. Subject—The despotism of Commerce.

Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke in the Universalist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., some weeks since. So great was the rush of people that scores were unable to obtain admission.

Artemus Ward has left England for the Island of Jersey. By the advice of Dr. Hastings, he has suddenly discontinued his lectures as the only possible chance of saving his life. He has made hosts of friends in London, who manifest the greatest anxiety for his recovery.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

From W. H. Johnston.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Allow me to express my sincere thanks for the arduous labor—the constant care and critical discrimination—of which your journal bears such abundant evidence, from week to week, of having been bestowed upon it.

It is also very gratifying to me to look over the many spontaneous evidences, to be found in the space devoted to "Voices from the People," of appreciation of such labor upon the part of so many sterling minds in the ranks of progress. I am glad that in this respect you are willing to lay aside your personal preferences, and let that part of your journal mirror faithfully, for a short season, the public feeling.

Spiritualism means Universal Progress. It will not, therefore, cease its efforts to elevate the literary tone of the radical journals of America; and spiritualize their utterances to that degree that, as the fruit of their efforts, we shall truly have a Spiritual Republic in place of a government unjust to large classes.

Columbus discovered America, and now America in turn discovers Columbus. This idea alone, as applied to the fate of mankind and the character of the New World beyond the stars, is fruitful of revolution; it rests with conservatives entirely to decide whether those universal revolutions shall be peaceful ones of science and philosophy. Why not revolutionize religion without bloodshed as well as anything else?

Be that as it may, we will marry religion, the spiritual emphasis of the soul, to sturdy Philosophy, whether conservatives will or no; and the world shall have a good dance when the bridal ceremony is over.

Corry, Pa. Feb. 12, 1867.

From G. B. Stebbins.

The question of woman's education is up in the Legislature of this State, as the State University at Ann Arbor ask for \$200,000, or a yearly income of some \$15,000, to meet their growing wants. As their income is now some \$35,000, the large number of persons who believe in the admission of women to its halls, say "Take the money, but open your doors to our daughters as well as our sons, and thus benefit all, and elevate the standard of the University."

In the Senate J. G. Mint has a resolution of inquiry on woman's education, and in the House C. E. Mickley one of the same purport. So the matter is before them, and its triumph is only a matter of time, for *women will go to the University.* I enclose an article from the *Detroit Post* in reply to their Lansing correspondent, which states the strong grounds on which this matter stands, and shows the shallow quality of the objections. The University has over 1,200 students, and is an excellent institution, standing deservedly high, and to stand higher still when it does justice to woman.

A proposal is also before the Legislature for a grant of some \$7,000 a year for a Female college. Rather meager beside the richer endowment of the great school from which women are shut out. The Homeopaths, too, are urging that a State Law granting them a Professorship at Ann Arbor may be carried out. Whereat the *dignified Allopathic Professors* threaten to resign!! *There's infallible science* for you.

Let them go, poor men. I guess they would stay after all.

If the women of Michigan had the ballot the University doors would be open in a week. *That is coming, too.* Work on and both will be won.

Detroit, Feb. 16, 1867.

From H. C. Wright.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: God speed you in your efforts to establish and build up among men, in the body, a *Spiritual Republic, i. e.,* a republic whose laws shall be love, not force, forgiveness not revenge, good for evil, and not evil for evil, moral and not military power. A republic whose corner stone shall be, "It is more blessed to give than receive," to suffer rather than make others suffer; to die rather than kill. A republic, in which no man shall be allowed to try to govern others, till he has learned to govern himself. A republic in which each shall be an autocrat with but one subject, *i. e.,* himself, and in which self-forgetfulness, self-abnegation and not self-preservation shall be deemed the holiest, most binding and most potential law of human nature. A republic whose forces shall be controlled by love; in which love, not Andy Johnson, will be President and Commander-in-Chief.

Dear friends! Such a republic, the race needs and must have before the nature we bear can be developed in all its beauty and grandeur. It must be developed within the human soul, before it can be made manifest without. The soul of each man or woman is the only manger in which the true savior can be born. That such a republic, such a savior was born in the soul of Jesus, can be of no help to

me. Only as this Christ, this Messiah, this Savior, is born in my own soul, can it avail me. When love shall be inaugurated as "President and Commander-in-Chief" of all the forces and powers of my nature, then, and not till then, can I be a "Man of God." Never before can my soul become the beautiful city of God.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC! (the one great demand of human nature is and ever has been "A Spiritual Republic," whose only sure defense shall be that which forestalls all offence, *i. e.* that love which "seeketh not its own," which "plans and does no evil," and which leads all who have it to suffer rather than inflict suffering; to die rather than kill. Give us such a republic, and you give us that which alone can save the race from blood and carnage, and from all sin.

A brighter day is dawning on the race. The pre-natal life and education of man is being discussed all over the land. The right of woman to decide for herself, when, how often and under what circumstances she shall assume the responsibilities and be subjected to the sufferings of maternity is to be a settled principle of the coming republic. That it is a crime of blackest hue for husbands to impose maternity on their wives when they know their nature does not call for it. That the husband will see and worship the God in his wife, and not the mere animal. No more "unwelcome children." That children have a right to demand of their parents healthy bodies and healthy souls, a love origin, and a welcome into life.

Tell me, dear editors! Are these to be recognized as fundamental principles of life, in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC which you aim to establish and perpetuate? Will you allow me to help you in making these principles so self-evident, so divine, and so essential to the devotion and happiness of man, prominent and efficient in that God-inspired, God-ordained republic for whose existence all true Spiritualists, and all true men and women must necessarily pray and labor.

God bless THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC! God save THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and hasten its coming in all the land. Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 13, 1867.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM A. T. FOSS.

I am glad to make your acquaintance. I love the cause and work of Reform, and I desire to know and to love all who are doing its needed work. This contact of thought, feeling and purpose is a great mutual benefit.

It has been my happiness through life, thus far, to feel entire faith and confidence in my work. I *knew*, thirty years ago, that the anti-slavery work would be successful; so I know, to-day, that Spiritualism will break, destroy and utterly consume old theology. I am without doubt or fear on this matter.

Spiritualism has come into this world without invitation, and has come to stay. With my whole being I give it welcome, and will do as best I may its divine work.

Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 13.

FROM L. H. COWLES.

It is universally conceded that the REPUBLIC is a very decided improvement on the JOURNAL, and I am more than glad that the paper is now in the hands of those who will, ungloried, handle all truths freely, and make time-honored falsehoods, and soul-crushing institutions, tumble before their mighty power. I often think that those who have never been enslaved, cannot feel all the ecstatic bliss enjoyed by the liberated captive. Hence those who have endured the bondage of the church, when emancipated, and the light of our everlasting gospel illumines the soul, are the ones to rejoice with "joy unspeakable and very full of glory." Those, also, who have groaned in social hells, listen with joy to the distant mutterings of the thunders betokening the storm that shall purify our social world, and scatter into fragments the miserable, rotten institutions which now curse and corrupt our humanity.

Chardon, Ohio, Feb. 12.

FROM HETTIE BISHOP.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I like the reconstruction of your paper; hope to see more of the principle infused into our government and social relations. As old things are constantly passing away, dying out, should not the new be an improvement on the old? Let us try to labor, both honestly and faithfully, as becomes a people professing a better faith.

Leonidas, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

FROM MRS. JENNETTA M. DE LANO.

Send me your life-giving paper. I am an invalid, confined almost entirely to the house, and I need your beautiful gospel to help me bear my sickness with any degree of fortitude. It rests me when tired and discouraged, and takes me from this world of care to the bright realms of the Summer Land. I thank God and the angels for this blessed hope.

Pensawkee, Wis.

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."

Labor.

Warm hearted labor in the fields
Is nobler than the courts of state.
For she, at least with truth can say
That all her ends are good and great.

She moves, a princess, full of smiles,
With ripened plenty in her arms,
And casts about her, gifts and sees
The hillsides full of golden charms.

She comes by belts of ripened corn,
And vines that bend with purple wealth,
By orchards dripping crimson fruits,
Blowing the golden airs of health.

She wears a fourfold crown, begirt
With the four seasons, flashing bright
On all her children as they come,
Gathering around her with delight.

She goes by streams and dusty mills,
By meadows full of purple bloom;
All perfect in her loveliness,
With blessings for the humblest home.

She walks on solid ground, and bares
Her brow to feel the breath of morn,
And hears the bugle breezes blow
Among the emerald-bladed corn.

She dots the sea with stately ships,
And looks across the world to see
Her harvests grow and reapers reap
The golden grain in harmony.

She moves and all her steps are flush,
With starry flowers and healing balm;
She looks on passion, and the storm
Is hushed, and all is pure and calm.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY IRA PORTER, OF CHICAGO, IN CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 17, 1867.

If social science related to terrestrial affairs only, it ought even then to be the subject of hourly and daily study.

But the commerce which has for the last twenty years been going forward between this and the unseen and eternal societies, has taught us that the next state of existence, as well as this, and that all states, for us and for universal humanity here, everywhere and forever, are social conditions in which we mingle together according to our mutual attractions and repulsions; and that our social enjoyments are dependent entirely upon the moral character of the societies in which we are permitted to move.

This being true, social science is most emphatically the science of all sciences—the science for everybody of both sexes, of all ages, colors, and nationalities. It should be the first thing to be thought of when we wake in the morning, and the last when we pillow our heads at night.

What is the office of Christianity when duly understood, but to serve us as a primary school in which we are indoctrinated into the divine principles of social harmony—principles older than suns and planets, principles that existed ere "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Its primary rules of action are few and simple. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Though all human experience proves that instant obedience to this command is an impossibility, yet we are to hope and strive for its ultimate attainment—an attainment to be achieved when our unfolded knowledge shall demonstrate that God is just, wise, merciful and true, and our well disciplined moral powers shall enable us to love justice, obey wisdom, practice mercy, and embrace the truth.

To master this great social science is the work of an eternity, and the joys and glories of the highest heavens the unfulfilling reward of those who accomplish it.

It is our business this evening to apply ourselves with undivided attention to learn as much as possible in the brief time we are together, what the principles of social harmony are, what we may expect from obeying, and what from violating them. And also to discover what modes of life are best adapted to make our social duties easy, pleasing and practical.

In a field as wide as this, it is not easy to know where to begin, or when and where to quit. But I will start out with the distinct proposition, that *injustice in all its forms impairs social harmony.*

Human society will be bad, worse, worst; good, better, best, in exact proportion as the principles of justice are violated or regarded.

I am aware that in our present condition, stupefied as we are by ignorance, and stultified as are the masses by time-honored institutions, there are some disputes about what

is justice as between man and man, and still more about justice as between man and his Maker.

Without entering upon this disputed domain, I will assume what few will deny, that justice demands that those who labor sufficiently to produce an abundance, each for himself or herself, should have an abundance; and that those who produce but little, should have but little; and that those who produce nothing, should suffer from want; always provided that this failure to produce is voluntary, and not the result of accident, disease, or natural impotency.

Whenever and wherever this rule of justice is violated there will be social inharmony, exactly proportioned to the extent of the violation.

It must, then, follow, that in order to secure social harmony, we must correct all those systems of government, religion, finance and commerce, which unsettle the scales of justice, and tax the labors of the industrious to supply the wants of those who would live without work.

This work cannot be accomplished in a year, nor even in a few years, for the reasons that multitudes have as yet but little idea of its necessity; and still greater multitudes are conscious, like the Grecian idol maker, that "by this craft they live," and are, therefore, heartily opposed to its accomplishment.

There are other and numerous obstacles in the way of distributive justice, which are to be first noticed, then studied, then removed. Among the most prominent of these, are

1. **SUPERSTITION.**—This has its cumbrous and costly machinery, taxing human labor bodily and mental.

2. **COMMERCE.**—Which enriches its agents at the expense of the producing classes, and which is out of all due proportion in the amplitude of its means to the useful results it accomplishes.

3. **FASHION.**—Which is an absolute tyrant, creating artificial wants, as inexorable and more expensive than our natural ones.

4. **HABIT.**—Which entails upon us those artificial wants, and appetites, which we cannot indulge except at the expense of health, and the needless labors of ourselves or others.

5. **IGNORANCE.**—Which paralyzes our faculties, and disables us from discerning the relative quality of things, expressed by the words good and evil, right and wrong.

These are, at the same time, the obstacles to the progress of social science and the evils to be cured by it.

Blinded, we have need to see our condition and its remedy. Paralyzed, and made impotent by these chronic social evils, we are called to work out our "own salvation." Dead in trespasses and sins, the sleeper is commanded to "arise" and come to the light.

Let God be praised, that "where there is a will there is a way"—a supply for every want, an answer to every prayer, a prophecy in every aspiration, which God, in due time, will fulfill to the joy and honor of every prophetic watchman who heralds the first gleam of auroral light.

Be consoled, too, with the reflection, that the spirits of just men made perfect have ever been, and are now more than ever, the teachers of humanity, giving us progressive lessons in the divine principles of social science.

More than three thousand years ago, from the hill tops of Judea, (whether in whispers or in thunders, and 'mid clouds of fire and smoke; whether engraved upon tablets of stone, or in the inextinguishable convictions of the ancient prophet, it matters not now,) there came a voice as from God, saying, "Thou shalt not covet." This, duly interpreted, means thou shalt not desire to live upon what another earns. If this command were rightly interpreted and duly obeyed, nine-tenths of our social evils would be instantly expunged from the face of the earth.

Christendom acknowledges the divinity of this command, but where are its teachers who are backing up this faultless precept by their own consistent example? Unluckily the potency of this precept seems to be in inverse ratio to its age; and Great Britain and the United States, who have this *lex scripta* most widely printed and read, seem less inclined to obey it than heathens and Mohammedans.

Query? May it not be possible that this is owing to the fact that nearly all of our Christian teachers are setting the Christian world an example which it could not follow without danger of being houseless and perishing by nakedness and starvation?

If God has ordained that the human body should be exercised in supplying itself with food and raiment, can it be possible that He has also ordained that our divinely appointed guides should live in life-long violation of this law?

Can he be a safe teacher whose example lures me from the pathway of a true life? May we not appropriately ask those who teach "Thou shalt not steal," dost thou steal? May we not, just as appropriately, inquire of those who teach the dignity, morality and necessity of human labor, the question, "Dost thou labor?" If there are in the old church, or in the new, in the pulpit or in the lecture room, among orthodox divines or spiritual lecturers any who cannot answer this question affirmatively, should we accept them as teachers? Does not the primary rule of social

harmony demand that we say to all such, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting?"

Before we can make much progress in social science, we must have a new class of teachers, those who will not content themselves with merely teaching that God miraculously engraved his mandates, with His own finger, upon tablets of stone, but such as will give us consistent examples of obedience to those mandates.

You have recently had, in this city, one of the grandest lottery operations of this gambling age. In this, nearly one million of dollars passed from the hands of those to whom it legally belonged into the hands of others who gave no equivalent for it. I rejoice to see that some of the orthodox pulpit teachers have the eye to see and the voice to denounce this social wrong.

Speaking of it, the reverend, or the right reverend (you will excuse me if I do not get his title right) Mr. Gulliver says, "Gambling is, in one of its aspects, the attempt to gain a valuable consideration without rendering an equivalent, either in the form of property, labor, or skill. It has this element in common with theft, burglary, fraud, forgery, and other kindred crimes."

If any distinction can be made out which distinguishes speculation from legitimate business, it is probably at the same point. The speculator seeks to get money from the community for a very inadequate compensation, or none at all. Every scheme of profit emanating from a desire to live on what another earns, without an equivalent, is a violation of the command "Thou shalt not covet;" and whether perpetrated by priest or layman, is a crime.

All laws, traditions, superstitions and usages, which make distinctions between the rights, duties and supposed destinies of men are fraught with social discord.

Eighteen hundred years ago, (so the sacred record teaches) there was a certain Jew, who had been educated in the religious faith of the Jews, and through such education had come to believe that the infinite Jehovah had "chosen the Jews to be a peculiar people unto himself above all the nations of the earth," and that all other people were inferior to them—"heathens and dogs."

The angel wanted to make him the teacher of a benevolent Roman Captain, who had attracted their notice by "much alms," which he had bestowed upon the needy. They wished to bring the Jewish bigot and the generous heathen into closer social intercourse. We have not time to dwell upon the process by which this "manifestation" was accomplished. Suffice it to say, that the ultimate of the whole matter was this, the angel of God upon the housetop at Joppa revealed to Peter, and through Peter published to all who know the history, "that God is no respecter of persons." He loves all, of all nationalities, sexes, ages, and color alike. His rule of social duty is a unit for all. The rights and responsibilities are the same for all.

Before we can organize a true system of social harmony we must accept this teaching to its fullest extent. Those who are not fully saturated with this conviction are unfit to lay a finger upon the foundation or superstructure of the new social edifice we are ambitious to rear.

Our Bro. Payne, a week ago to-night, from this stand taught us that there was in principles an inexorable logic, by which problems in morals may be settled as certainly as problems in arithmetic.

In mastering social science we have need to know this as surely as the mathematician knows that two and two make four.

We must first understand the logic of principles, and then welcome and carry out the inevitable conclusion to which they lead.

As I have studied the subject of social science, I have come to see:

1. That society on this planet needs improving.
2. That it can be improved.
3. That it can be improved only through better systems of education than any now in use.

I use the word education here in no technical or restricted sense. I mean by it all we learn from the time that our eyes are opened at our birth, to the time they are closed by our death—yea, more; all that we learn by our own observation, from our parents, our companions, from society around us, at home, in the school, in the fields, in the streets, in the churches, or in the marts of trade, everywhere, and from everything and everybody—angels and men—from the societies of this sphere and the societies of the next.

Have you never marked the distinctive difference of the teachings from these two spheres—the mundane and the spiritual?

"The latter teaches that it is more blessed to give than to receive," "With all thy gettings get wisdom," "Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth, lay up for yourself treasures in heaven, where moths do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he possesseth." Miserable "is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God."

Our mundane teachers and teachings, when separated and winnowed from all mixture with the spiritual, teach us by one continuous lesson of precept and example to seek for

terrestrial power, terrestrial wealth, terrestrial fame, as the highest good. On the other hand, the angels as perpetually teach us, with lesson after lesson, repeated age after age, to seek for the imperishable riches of the soul, rather than for worldly wealth, which oftener impairs than increases even our terrestrial happiness.

When we shall become learned in social science, we shall come to know which one of these two antagonistic teachers is the best instructor for us. If we will reflect, we know or may know to-night which of these opposite teachings are most generally learned, accepted and put into practice in this city of Chicago where we are assembled.

In this Babel of discord, this compound of superabundance and of poverty, in this huddle of pride and pomp, of wealth and luxury, of ignorance and want, of disease, of vice and crime—with its massive, costly, tall-steeped palaces for God; and its low, wretched, squalid huts for the poor; with its thousands who earn nothing, and consume much, and its other thousands, imbruted with toil, yet suffering for the necessities of life, we have a living illustration of the practical wisdom of our mundane teachers.

But, it will be asked, have we not in the churches pulpit teachers, who are competent to instruct us in all things necessary to secure our highest welfare in this life and in the next?

I think it may be answered truly that there is no want of pulpit teachers. They are the living instructors, the paid and honored teachers of this people; and yet, are not the people perishing for lack of knowledge? The preachers are separated from the people by the broadest distinction of caste; they assume to be the authorized agents and attorneys for God; regenerated, illuminated, selected by divine wisdom and qualified by divine appointment to be the teachers of a sin-benighted and sin-ruined world—not merely sheep, in contradistinction from goats, but the bell-wethers of the flock, duly qualified to lead the herd into green pastures and by the side of still waters."

These are the shepherds by which society in all Christendom is led. From such teachers we have had line upon line and precept upon precept for centuries past.

The present condition of society is a living comment upon what this class of teachers have done, or are likely to do, for the promotion of social science.

I have no harsh words for any of them, but with all due respect, I must be indulged in uniting with you in the inquiry, are they not "blind leaders of the blind?" and, being thus led, have we not all fallen into the ditch together?

Where, and in what, have they led us from the ways of wisdom, whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

I think they have erred most in this: they have taught too much, a vast, unreal distinction between good and bad men.

They have taught us by precept to work, to be temperate, industrious and economical, while they have chiefly abstained from all productive bodily labor.

They have been ambitious to rear costly edifices for God, while multitudes of their parishioners were poorly housed, poorly clothed, poorly fed, growing up in ignorance under every temptation to crime.

They feast with those who can return their feasts again. They are all, or nearly all, well housed, well fed, well clothed; spend most of their time with the aristocratic classes, and imitate them, as far as they have the means, in the style of their houses, furniture, dress, equipage, etc. Have words of commendation, or if not, they have no adequate rebukes for those who get rich by grinding the face of the poor, provided they give to the church, attend upon its ministrations, and are liberal at donation parties, and toward bible and missionary societies.

Surely there is a fault somewhere. Surely society needs improving.

We have guides that profess to draw their lessons of social science from the plenary inspiration of the Old and New Testament. We have had them age after age; we have no want of them now and here; yet two per cent. of the people of this young city have more property than the remaining ninety-eight per cent. Those who do nothing are perishing beneath the load of their wealth, and those who work like slaves are suffering with poverty. This state of things is destined to endure as long as we follow the mundane teaching. The Pharisees, of old, were impotent teachers of righteousness, because they bound heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and laid them upon other men's shoulders, while they would not touch them with one of their fingers. The world followed their example, and not their precepts. Then and now it took its lessons of social science from the mundane and not the celestial sphere.

The prophets of all the ages have predicted "a good time coming;" when the lion shall lie down with the lamb; when universal justice shall prevail; wars cease; swords be beat into plow-shares; the knowledge of the Lord abound; when there shall be no occasion for any one to say to his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord, but all shall know Him from the least to the greatest." I believe all these predictions. My soul yearns for their fulfillment. I am willing while I live to work and pray for that good time coming.

I know it will come; I believe it will come, not by miracle, but by changes in the natural order of events.

Before it comes, the world must clearly discern the difference in principle between the teachings of the mundane and spiritual spheres, and take its lessons from the latter, and not from the former.

Let us take a perspective glance at that good time. Then there is no debasing ignorance; no occasion to say each to his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord; know ye what is good;" for all shall be so instructed that the least and the greatest will know the appropriate uses of all things, and the inevitable consequences of all actions.

Then, every human want will be supplied without afflictive labor.

Then, all humanity of both sexes, of every caste, nationality and color, will be regarded as the children of one common Father, made in His image and likeness, the representative of God upon the earth.

Then, every member of society will each stand in his or her place, all performing their respective parts, and bearing their appropriate portions of the burdens of life.

All will be well housed, well clothed, well fed, amply furnished with "all that ministers to the comfort of the body and the demands of the soul."

Then, relatively speaking, there will be no more ignorance, no more vice, no more want, but little disease and no more war.

The labors of life will then be so light upon each member of society, that they will be but a refreshing recreation, not a wearisome burden.

Then, the angelic and the human spheres will be closely united in a joyous, love-inspiring, love-securing intercourse.

This is a faint, imperfect, prosy description of the sober realities which await the future destinies of our race.

Between our present condition and that, there seems to lie a broad, deep and impassable gulf. Blessed are those who have faith to see that it can be bridged over, and who are willing to lend themselves—all they are, and all they have—to the work.

We are living in a pivotal age.

This 19th century is a crisis in the world's history. It is a revolutionary era. We have been chastised and chastened as no people were ever before. We have learned, and are learning as no people have ever learned before. Now, centuries are crowded into years—the last twenty of which have carried us farther up the hill of progress than the preceding twenty centuries.

In our systems of education nothing short of a revolution will answer the purpose. The teaching of our present system "leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind." It is a system that tends to make of all, who are educated in it, not what they ought to be, as perfect members of a perfect society, but exactly what they ought not to be.

A true system of education would implant and cultivate in the breast of every pupil a desire to obtain a livelihood by honest toil, and at the same time instruct the pupil into a knowledge of the best modes of doing it.

Our present false system of education inspires, in the breast of its pupils, a desire to get a living without earning it, and instructs him into a knowledge of the most respectable and successful means of accomplishing the end.

Before you can well found, and put in operation a true system to take the place of the old and the false, you must raise up a new class of teachers.

Our youth are now taught by the example of society as it is.

Before we can well teach a true system of social science, we must be able to present the example of society as it should be.

We have, so far as I know, no such society on this planet.

We want the example of society, where every one, teachers and taught, are good workers, free, independent, and honest thinkers, self-reliant, self-sustaining, self-governing, self-employing—all imbued with a sincere desire not to die in debt to the world, but to do as much for the world as it shall do for them, and more, if possible.

We want a society that will cast off all the unnecessary burdens and time-honored abuses of the past—that will not be voluntarily taxed by superstition, by commerce, by fashion, or by habit—a society wearied with the old order of things, hopeful of the new, and panting for revolution.

May we not, in this 19th year of the spiritual era, find enough who are prepared to build up such a society in Chicago, and to discharge with fidelity and zeal the transcendently great and glorious work it will have to perform? If there are any, I yearn to know who they are, and to cooperate with them.

The spiritual spheres teach us that all human existence is educational. Our new society will learn to contemplate it as such. It will look upon education as the perpetual instrumentality which is to transform the cradled infant into the mighty archangel, so transcendently glorious as to be mistaken for a God. Every part of this education is immediately related to social science. It is to make us better pupils, better companions, better instructors of those less developed than ourselves.

When we come to view education in this light, all our plans of life and action will be formed in reference to their

bearings upon our endless education, and this also in reference to our future, social conditions and qualifications.

One of the lessons of social harmony is, "give an equivalent from the products of your own labor, for every product of others' labor which you shall use." In homely and plain phrase, *earn your own living*. We must teach ourselves and our children, by line upon line, and precept upon precept, and by our own consistent example, that unless we do this we are virtually thieves, robbers, or beggars. He or she who desires to live upon what another earns, is a thief at heart, a robber in principle, whoever they may be, and wherever found—whether a priest in the pulpit, a thief in the State Prison, or a prostitute in the bridewell.

This is no mundane lesson. It comes from the celestial spheres. Until the world masters it, there can be no millennium.

When we have fully resolved to receive this lesson and obey it, then, and not till then, will we seek for and adopt true modes of social life.

Then, the world will seek the most economical modes of living.

Then, there will be no single families living in style, in isolated houses, for the very reason that this mode of living necessitates a greater amount of labor than such families can wisely perform.

Then, every man and woman will eagerly seek for those modes of life, which will secure the largest possible amount of comfort with the smallest possible amount of labor.

Then, the labors of life will be equally distributed. None will be imbruted with toil; none made weak, effeminate, nervous, dyspeptic, and consequently wretched by idleness.

Then, it will be doubted by nobody, that men and women are equally affected by all that relates to human existence—in the domestic circle, in the neighborhood, in the public schools, in the church, and in the State; that they have the same rights as men; that they should understand and feel the same interest in all questions that affect human weal or woe; and that, therefore, they should be allowed, and should exercise the same privileges as men, to work out their own salvation, by learning, teaching, speaking, voting, acting, whenever and wherever their interest or anxiety is involved.

Then, the female half of humanity will contribute from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more than at present to the productive forces of society.

Then, increased intelligence will be applied to all industrial processes. All the forces of nature, fire, water, steam, electricity, will be then, even more than now, laid under contribution for the supply of human wants.

Then we will strive to spend as little time as possible in supplying the wants of the body in order that we may have as much time as possible to minister to the demands of the soul.

Now, a respectable family, living in medium style, must have a house, with one cellar, one wood-house, one kitchen, one dining-room, parlor or parlors, buttry, store-rooms, sleeping-rooms, closets, etc. Such a house must have a cooking stove, parlor stove, with sundry others for occasional or constant fires. These are to be put up, taken down, cleaned, blacked, supplied and fed with fuel. The house must be furnished inside from base to attic. In keeping such a house, there is a perpetual routine of putting up, and taking down furniture, sweeping, dusting, dish-washing, building fires, and house-cleaning. This demands one or more servants to each household, and the constant vigilance of a housewife to watch them, to guard against their reckless carelessness and improvidence; to say nothing of their still more glaring vices, into which the cupidity of their employers have educated them. These employments are monotonous, unproductive, unimproving, calculated to belittle, and make insipid and commonplace all who are confined to them for long periods of time.

Housewives, constantly employed in such pursuits, are unfitted, by their inferior development, the result of inferior conditions, to be the companions and counsellors of well educated husbands; unfitted to be the mothers and educators of such sons as will be likely to do honor to their parents, themselves and the free government in which we live.

A house of this kind costs, according to material used in it, the time, place, and manner of its construction, from \$1,500 to \$6,000. Experience demonstrates that a laboring man, working by the day, week, month or year, for wages, who saves at the end of the year \$150, is a prodigy of industry and economy, and to achieve this is obliged to work like a galley slave, leaving him little or no time to supply the demands of the soul. One of the cheapest of these houses would cost the net savings of ten years of this severe toil.

Suppose this same laborer has to furnish his house, keep it in repair, prepare all the fuel, carry it to the rooms where used, feed the fires by the labor of his own hands, or by the labor of those for whom the expense is incurred, how many families would there be living in what is called style? Very few. It is a certain fact that those who live up to style, in our present modes of life, are supporting that style by the labors of those who are living below style. In proportion

as one member of the human family consumes more than he produces, some other member must be necessitated to consume less; hence, the Christian world exhibits great disparity in human conditions. Its Dives and Lazarus are everywhere seen—the one rendered wretched here by his poverty, the other hereafter, by his selfishness, the fruit of his wealth.

All those who would be just, who would lead a true life, who wish to do the most that is possible for themselves and for mankind, should adopt this precept, *live on a little, and earn it*.

If there be any fact well settled by experiment, it is this, that a family of one hundred persons or upwards can be comfortably housed, warmed, lighted, clothed and fed, at a less cost, per head, than a family of five, ten, twenty, or any intermediate number.

Fifty families may be accommodated by a single cellar, a single room for fuel, a single cooking range, a single dining hall, with separate tables, where each may have such selected table companions as are agreeable.

All these may have their separate apartments, easy of access, secluded from intrusion, protected from disturbing sounds made by those who are above, below or around them.

Every apartment may be lighted by gas, manufactured cheaply on the spot, and warmed with hot air, hot water or steam, by the heat of a single furnace.

Nine hundred dollars, expended in a domicile of this kind, will afford better accommodations than twice the sum expended in an isolated house; and the current expenses for light, heat, furniture, repairs, etc., be less than half incurred in the isolated household.

Seventy five per cent. of the female labor, now absorbed in housekeeping, may be employed in productive occupations, in which women will become the artificers of their own fortunes, create, use or bestow wealth in the way most agreeable to them.

These fifty families may have their public park, music, paintings, statuary, all that gratifies, elevates and refines, for their joint use, and by contributions of small sums from each, so that every one may have every want of his or her compound nature better supplied than the richest now have living in isolation.

The love of the beautiful, in all men and all women, when gratified, is a source of refined pleasure and enjoyment. It is an innate love of the human soul—is to be gratified and cultivated, for the very reason that it is as immortal as the soul itself.

Hence, the grand and beautiful in architecture has been eagerly labored for among all civilized people. Hence, the massive temples and costly churches of ancient and of modern times.

Nearly all of the fine specimens of architecture, which have adorned our planet, have been reared by despotism for the uses of despotism, by superstition for the uses of superstition, or by the frauds of commerce, to minister to the pride and luxury of bankers, land speculators, or princely merchants, who, by the artifices of trade, have gathered up, without adequate equivalent, the fruits of others' labor.

Shall we rear any more palaces for the use of despots? No. Shall more be reared by superstition for the uses of superstition? My answer is, no. Shall they be reared by the frauds of commerce, for private use, to be the objects of desire, admiration and envy to all who aspire after wealth, that they will not and cannot earn? To this, also, I answer, no.

Shall we do without them? Here, again, I answer, no.

Let palaces be multiplied all over the land. Let them be raised by the many, for the use of the many. Make all past experience, all modern science, tributary to their beauty and convenience.

Let them be the cheap homes of the rich and the poor, where all may live and learn together.

These homes will be the centers of schools of industry, and science, where fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, youth of all ages, and both sexes, may mingle together, day by day, in those avocations which supply us with food and raiment, and in pursuit of knowledge.

All this may be done, without complication of interests, like the Fourier societies, without sacrifices of individuality, such as seem necessary in communities like the Shakers.

My time, but not the subject, is exhausted. If I have impressed upon your minds the importance and value of social science; if I have made you to see it as I see it, the science of all sciences, the central subject of the Christian religion; the science which is to make heaven here, and heaven everywhere; if I have impressed you with the inexorable logic of its principles; if I have so drawn the distinction between the lessons of our mundane and our spiritual teachers as to lead any one to adopt the latter rather than the former; if I have increased your faith in "good time coming," and given you any encouragement to work and pray that those who now live may see its dawning light; above all, if I have made any of you to see, as I see, that there can be no harmony without distributive justice, and that we must, one and all, be educated to do right, be-

fore earth can be transformed to heaven; if I have hinted at any new modes of life, so as to awaken an aspiration after something higher and better than our present conditions, then I have not labored in vain, and my humble, but earnest efforts, will not fall of their certain reward.

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 Louisville, Ky., on the evening of February 5th, by N. Frank White, Dr. D. T. STARKEY, and Mrs. JULIA A. VEAZIE. Mrs. Veazie has for over a year acted in the capacity of a public medium in Louisville, giving universal satisfaction, winning to the cause of Spiritualism many citizens, and to herself a host of warm friends. All regret to lose her services as a medium, and many soul-uttered wishes for their future happiness follow her and her genial and talented companion wherever their duty leads them.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THEY SEE THEIR MISTAKE NOW.—Mr. Thomas O. Schooley, of Mohawk Village, Ohio, in a letter to the manufacturer of a certain sewing machine in this city, writes: "Mr. Elliott, of Coshocton, sold three or four of your machines; and although most people at first thought the work would not stand, they all see their mistake now." This machine, it is hardly necessary to add, is the Willcox & Gibbs.

TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS.—It is a duty which every one who has suffered from the terrible ravages of that most horrible of all diseases, Dyspepsia, and who has been cured by Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, to tell the friends and neighbors of it. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is the golden rule.

Every one that has used it knows of its wonderful curative powers in Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Cholera Morbus, and we might say, every disease that arises from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels.

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.

POLAND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are a sure cure for liver complaint, and all bilious 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.

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.

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 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. 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 2 1/2 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 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 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 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 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 11 1/2 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 2 1/2 o'clock.

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

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Regular meetings at Moor's Hall, corner of Main and Fourth sts., at 10:30 A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifthstreet. Services at 9 1/2 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 11 1/2 A. M.; evening lecture at 7 1/2.

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

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

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.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 P. M.

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 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 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, Physiology, (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 February; 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.

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

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

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

L. Judd Pardee, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

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.

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 Hamonton, 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.

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C. F. Loomis, Agent American Express Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
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