

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

\$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM.

[SINGLE COPIES SEVEN CENTS.]

PUBLISHED BY
CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 24, 1867.

VOL. II.—NO. 7.

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."

JOY IN SORROW.

BY GERTRUDE M. HALARD.

Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your immortal cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain.

E. B. Browning.

O Thou, who art our Father and our Mother,
We bow with reverent love unto the Power
Which, not in wrath, but tenderly and wisely,
Has led our trembling footsteps to this hour.

With souls that thrill to the deep bliss of being,
As keenly as they quiver at life's pain,
And eyes that look beyond this mortal seeing,
We know we call not on Thy name in vain.

We thank Thee more than for earth's fleeting pleasures,
For all our withered hopes, for grief and pain,
Which opened to our souls pride-blinded vision,
A hidden well-spring of pure joy within.

We lift to Thee our hands, bereft of treasure,
Standing 'mid broken idols round us strewn;
O, not in gifts alone, but in bereavements,
Thy love is fully and completely shown.

We mourn no more our fairest dreams departed,
No tears fall fast above our buried youth,
The spirit knows no age, kept verdant ever,
By streams unending from Thy fount of Truth.

Eyes, wet by sorrow's tears, have clearer vision,
Hearts wounded, see, O Healer, unto Thine,
And with the sacred joy of grief, Great Spirit,
We thank Thee, kneeling at the inner shrine.

That life but shadow is of Death, the real,
Whose touch diviner breaks the bonds of clay,
And forth to rapturous sounds of angel singing
Leads the glad spirit on its homeward way.

ADDRESS

OF THE

THIRD NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

TO THE

CITIZENS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

FRIENDS, BROTHERS, SISTERS: The voice of the arisen heroes of all time bids us speak to you from the clear sky and elevated summits of the nineteenth century. The past is behind us. Its fossilized opinions, its defunct faiths, the saurians and monstrous forms of its darkened beliefs repose stratum upon stratum, under our feet, in the crust of history. We cannot resurrect them to fresh life if we would; and we would not if we could. They have served their "day and generation," and, as living forces, are passed forever away.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead,"

rings out from the clear sky and fresh tendencies of the LIVING PRESENT, while from the great depths of spiritual nature comes the Divine command, "Onward to the mountains of the Lord." Let us not hesitate to read and follow the great lesson of progress, which assures that nothing that needs to live can ever die. In physics, science shows us that no particle of real force is ever lost out of the powers of the world. What disappears as force in one phase or form, reappears in another with all its contents undiminished. When the motion of a mass is arrested, it is at once transformed into heat; if arrested as heat, it passes into electricity, or chemical affinity, or the pure white light, but is never lost, as power, from out the sources of Nature.

And this law of the equivalence of forces rules as rigorously in the realm of mind as in that of physics. Hence no particle of truth, of spiritual life and light, is ever lost out of the mental, moral and spiritual forces of man. All the power which gave life to the fossil forms of earth's crust, is living and busy in the historic period. The same energies of Nature which hardened the Azolic rocks, which grew the vegetation of the carboniferous era, and which has crowded whole epochs of wonderful life into the crust of the world is to-day operating on the surface or within its depths.

So with the life of mind—the soul. All the powers of dead generations are transmuted into the fresh activities of the present. Even the experience of all ages is living in the brains and blood of this generation. The ganglionic centers of the race have received and will yield all that is lasting of the very life of the thought of the dead; so that if all books of history and all art and all law were destroyed to-day, we could rebuild to-morrow the age, and improve upon it, too. The world is alive. "The way of life is wonderful," it proceeds by abandonment to the currents of eternal power. Tendencies are streams of power setting into us from the eternal depths of Spiritual Being, and indicate at once the duties and destinies of the times. Let us then abandon ourselves to the divine afflatus of this age and its duties, as to the sovereign behests of almighty Justice and truth, sure thus to secure the whole force and gravity of the earth, the sun and the stars. Then will our action swing into its divine order and obey the regulative laws of the cosmos. So shall use, beauty and spirituality be born of our national effort.

And it will be seen that the principles herein set forth are laid down at the foundation of our National Association. One of the Resolutions adopted in our third convocation reads:

"Resolved, That in adopting these articles this Convention has no power or wish to prescribe a creed, or in any way fetter the belief or limit the freedom of any individual

mind, but that we declare our object to be the discovery of truth and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life, and that we recognize everything that tends to the enfranchisement, development and true welfare of human beings as embraced within the range of the Spiritual Philosophy and the purpose of this National Organization."

Friends, can you ask anything larger or more fraternal to all newly seen truth or goodness or virtue than this?

"Progressive Conventions are the mouthpieces of mental liberty," and when in a religious convention like ours, we declare our arms, and heads, and hearts open to all classes without distinction of sect, sex or color, to all fraternal fellowships of true reforms and reformers, and to all newly discovered or discoverable truth, we have set this world the largest and wisest example of true religious republicanism, based on the democracy of souls, it has ever seen. Here we have struck the key-note of the nineteenth century; we utter the bravest social and conventional word ever spoken; we put the sects and isms to shame; we declare the birth of the only true church—the church of humanity; we are swung into the line of direct march toward the millennium. But alas for them! "Liberal Christians" even do not recognize this fact yet. A late convention of persons of "free religious" proclivities met in Boston, distinctively as such. We can say to them, Good, but you are still in the rear. Read this resolution:

"Resolved, That no great question of human general well-being is foreign to the spirit, ideas, or genius of the great spiritual movement," adopted not only in our National, but also in some of our State Conventions.

And then let proud, New England scholars, Unitarian divines, and popularity-seeking Spiritualists remember that Spiritualism—in National Conventional utterance—begins and will continue to lead the only truly "free religious" movement of this century. We say to those would-be-leaders of religious freedom, Gentlemen, what would you have? Why could you not unite with us before this late hour? Our arms and hearts were and are open to you. We invited by resolution, more than two years ago, your counsel, your criticism, and your co-operation. Our National Conventions kept their fraternal call in the press before your eyes. We wanted, we needed, and we invited you. Why did you not come? Are Spiritualists too humble, too ignorant, and too unpopular for your ambition? Some of you have been invited, and have accepted the invitation to lecture before local spiritual societies. You knew the breadth and fraternity of our spirit. We look upon your conduct as an inuendo; but it will prove an inuendo in our favor by which it will at last be seen that pride, and not principle kept you, some of you at least, from our halls and our councils. The Spiritualists of America can afford this, but you cannot; we can wait till our hour shall fully come, and when it does, it will be seen and acknowledged that Spiritualism is the greatest creed-crusher and soul-liberator the world has ever seen. Gentleman, you are still in the rear. Our word to you is, "Come up higher;" leave for a little time your dusty libraries, step out under the stars and open your eyes and you will then find that no ism, not even Unitarianism, can command the soul of this western world.

Liberty, spiritual as well as political, and not any form of Christianity, is the enthusiasm of the nineteenth century. But liberty itself rests only on the democracy of souls; Spiritualism in advance of them all has declared for such democracy; and now we intend to push this movement, under the power and benediction of the angels, to complete and final victory.

We have a word to some of the early-educated and influential Spiritualists, who do not and we fear will not come together with us and help to push this blessed movement on to complete success. Why stand you idly by? Are your professional pursuits so all-absorbing you can find no hour for counsel with us, to help rear the temple of absolute spiritual enfranchisement? True, most of the public advocates of Spiritualism have come from the bench of the mechanic and the handles of the plow; but remember from the carpenter's son and the fishermen of Galilee came a power that shook and even now shakes the world. Perhaps it is the poverty that the public advocacy of Spiritualism entails that keeps you so silent in our ranks. Ah! here is the hardest obstruction of all. Wife and children must first be fed, housed and educated. To the few only this sacrifice can be allowed. But come together with us; let us take large and high counsel on these great themes which so move the world to-day. Let all the real Spiritualists of America enter by representation the next National Convention at Cleveland, and it would instantly be seen and felt as the most living, powerful and inspired body of men and women on earth. This would give the Convention a unity of front, a solidity of character, and a harmony of purpose which would be felt to the ends of the world. Then could we secure, too, the largest possible inspiration from the spiritual world, to illuminate, to guide and to purify us from all dross of personal and petty ambitions. Then the light of the countenances of the "Gods" would shine fully upon us and fuse all hearts and purposes into unity.

A universal representation of the true Spiritualists of America is the one great need of the moment with us. A great religious, social and industrial crisis is rapidly approaching. Consider the heterogeneous religious elements in American society. Here is supernaturalism, with its tyrant God, its despair of man, its chronic distrust of human nature, its curses on the human heart, its worn-out creed and ritual, its "infallible Bible," its priestly aristocracy, "chanting damnation hymns over dead babies," with its subjugation of slaves to masters and of women to their husbands, its Jesuitism, and its horrid lust after political power and authority, aiming to become the religion of the Republic. And it is not merely in the Catholic church that this supernaturalism and its lust of power resides. The American State is in

more danger to-day from "Evangelical Protestantism" than from Catholicism. The time has arrived when, in the opinions of "evangelical" divines, the affairs of government are to be taken out of the hands of the "ungodly," and to be administered by the "saints."

The following resolution was adopted in a Convention of the "Lord's Anointed" in Philadelphia, March 6, 1867:

"Resolved, That Government, being God's ordinance, instituted not only for the good of the people, but also for the glory of God and for the establishment of his authority in our world, should only be administered by men who are the friends of God and the faithful subjects of his rule. And, therefore, for Christian men to entrust the reins of government in the hands of the ungodly, profane, corrupt and intemperate men, the known enemies of the Ruler whose authority they exercise, is to be unfaithful to the cause of God and the best interests of mankind. 'As a roaring lion and a raging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people.'"

Again, in Pittsburg, Penn., another convocation of "reverends" met and resolved to amend the Copstitution to read, "We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledge Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a supreme Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect Union, etc., do ordain and establish this Constitution."

Here comes to light the long dormant, but logical and inevitable tendency of all the supernaturalism in Christendom. And the thirteenth chapter of Romans justifies, indeed expressly confirms such aims as are found in these two resolutions. Grant the premise of the first resolution, viz., that God is the direct authority and source of government, (and Romans declares it,) and that governments are instituted as well for the "glory of God" as the "good of the people," and the conclusion is logical that none but the "friends of God" ought to be allowed to "administer" them. But who is to decide who are the "friends of God"? Here is the practical point. Is a Presbyterian, a Catholic, a Baptist, or a Spiritualist Convention to be considered an adequate tribunal to decide this question? Of course those shortsighted "reverends" who drew up this resolution would freely, benignly, and doubtless gratuitously undertake this august office for the American people. The resolution should, in order to express the whole spirit of this contentible set of theological grannies, have ended with these words: "Resolved, That we are the only friends of God." Give them the first petition, they will take the last possible liberty and authority in the case. And so, here in America once more this old Devil—Church and State united—rears his scarred, blackened and hideous front in the very face of the genius of Liberty, and bellows, in the dress and garb of Christianity, for the mastery of nations and of souls. All over the land, wherever this "Evangelical" Christianity can command enough power to compel the reading of the "Bible" in the schools, it is making this wicked effort. Nothing but the social and orderly unity of Spiritualists and of free minds can prevent its accomplishment. From the home of the free in the Summer-Land comes the warning of a great religious contest to issue from this nest of error, the "Evangelical Church." The branches of these sects are uniting for the unity of this effort. They have declared their nefarious purpose. If we do not at once unite against them, blood will follow their footsteps. That very spirit has already mobbed us, as in Hartford, in 1853. From the Christian pulpit it has been asserted that mediums are witches, and then the Bible command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," quoted to justify outrage on free Conventions. And the same, and worse, may and will occur here again. A vast amount of ignorant bigotry exists in the Christian churches to-day, and will ere long show itself. There is but this for us to do at present; to rally and unite under the banner of free Spiritual Democracy, and demand free discussion; at once, full, fearless, thorough debate in and by the churches, of all the great questions that lie at the foundations of "revealed" and natural religion. The refusal to discuss slavery in the South, led us as a nation into the rebellion. Only by this could the ignorance of the South have been enlightened. This would have prevented rebellion. So of the great religious contest which is close upon us. Free, full, fearless discussion can save us from blood.

Before we, as Spiritualists will consent to have the infallibility of the Bible, the deity of Jesus, and the political authority of these quondam "friends of God" crammed down our souls, as part of the Constitution of our Republic, we will fight "till the buzzards are gorged with the spoil." And of this we give all timely and ample notice.

Now to prevent this necessity, to avoid bloodshed and ruin, we ask the Christian Church to open its doors to free debate of all the great issues which lie between us. We say to the Church, Make your pulpits as free as our platforms, and all may go forward in peaceful discussion; but hug your bigotry, shut up your churches, pour out your anathemas, seek to control the Constitution of our country in the interests of Evangelical Orthodoxy, and you plunge this nation into battle and into blood, and your doxies into ruin. The American Republic means Spiritual Liberty. Your resolutions are born of the twelfth century, of darkness and of the very spirit of despotism. The dogmas of no Christian sect can ever be allowed to become a part of the Constitution of our country. Religion must be left to each soul as its own individual concern. You shall not interpose your senseless creeds between our heads and the infinite heavens of eternal Light, Liberty and Love. And those who are engaged in this insane and wicked attempt in these meetings for "Christian Union," merit the scorn of every lover of religious liberty. Nor can Catholic and Protestant combined succeed in this aim. With more than six

millions of Spiritualists, two millions of skeptics, half a million Unitarians, and other religious liberals, in opposition, what can these "blind leaders of the blind" expect to do?

And beside, all the "liberal Christian" sects are actually beginning to disintegrate. There are already two parties in each liberal church. One party is moving toward "Radicalism," toward "Rationalism;" the other toward "Ritualism." The first desires more freedom, reform, progress; the second desires less. The two tendencies cannot long continue without a permanent division. Hence disintegration is upon the churches called "Liberal."

It takes only half an eye to see that Spiritualism is the only resort of all Christian progressives, who hold on to the idea of God and in the possibility of a natural divine life; and Atheism of all those who cannot so hold on. For if, as Rev. John Weiss asserts, we cannot get into "contact with the spirit world," how can we be inspired of God? He who can come into sympathy with the Divine Spirit, is in contact with all worlds and all spheres, else God is not Infinite Spirit, "immanent in matter and in man." If we cannot hold communion with the souls of our arisen friends whom we have seen, how can we hold communion with "God whom we have not seen"? On the other hand, as we do hold actual communion with our spirit friends, as we have fine spiritual powers which enable us to be sensible of the presence of the angels, it is inferentially probable, at least, that we may also have powers which connect us with the Divine Spirit of the universe, and what is so calculated to quicken and awaken our diviner qualities as a conscious communion with those who have shuffled off this mortal coil? If the spirit world which our departed fathers, mothers and friends inhabit, is too fine in quality, too far removed in essence and space to allow of our acquaintance therewith, the hope of communion with God himself is worse than vain, it is wicked.

How can John Weiss and his intellectual kindred thus slam the doors in the face of our spirit friends on such grounds, and still claim fellowship and communion with the Creator? Hence we said, and repeat it, those who hold on to the idea of religion as natural communion with God, must come at last to the Spiritualist platform, and accept what Jesus enjoyed and affirmed—communion with the spiritual world. There is no middle ground between natural religious inspiration and the great spiritual Idea. The furthest star sends its beams down into our world, and celestial chemistry picks them to pieces, and ascertains thereby the constituents of distant suns. So with the light of immortal life. Its idea and intuition in us is the eternal recognition of the far fallen beams of celestial being—of Spiritual life. Intuition of the spiritual and divine is the spontaneous spiritual chemistry of the soul. There are no "discreet degrees" in nature between "matter" and "spirit"; there is no qualitative chasm or vacuum over which, from either side, influences cannot pass.

Nature is a unity—an undivided empire; and to him who affirms the God in it, there is no escape from the spiritual fraternity of all things, and of all spheres of being. SPIRITUAL COMMUNION is the glorious flower of all religious experience; the answer so all prayer; the ultimate of all study, the goal of all science and scholarship. For what is the aim of scholarship but this—to get into contact and sympathy with the souls of the dead generations of men? to learn their truth, their experience? to measure their thought, their idea, their spiritual life? And what is the aim of science but to fathom those hidden, secret, invisible, spiritual forces of which the suns and stars are the merest precipitations and residue? If there be a God, "matter" is but spiritual sediment; "suns" are only shadows of eternal reason; and so the spirit in Nature and in man is the only permanent, solid and enduring substance. And this is the great spiritual Idea; the center and core of our faith; the grand spiritual and logical basis of our associate action. Association of souls rests on the fraternity of Nature. How could we associate unless made of the same spiritual essence? And how could we study the stars, or religious truth, unless they, too, were made of the same identical stuff. Spirit is the foundation of all things; continued inspiration from God the one condition of all life, high and low; and hence communion with Nature, universal. There is no world too fine for the spirit in man; no angel too pure to work for us earthlings; and no spiritual aristocracy allowable in this God's world. Here must progressive religionists land at last.

Either Atheism or Spiritualism to every progressive man and woman. This is the grand upshot of all religious contests.

As Spiritualists we are ready for this issue, and we say to the "churches," "be ye also ready." There is a class of reactionists in the Protestant churches, who, when the grand shock comes, will retreat into the bosom of the Catholic church, as the only logical resort of "supernaturalism." And they are logical in this too, from the premise accepted in common by both Catholics and Evangelicals, viz., that religion is a supernatural and miraculous revelation to man, and not a revelation and tendency in him.

Hence, at last, only two great religious parties, will occupy the field—the Catholic and the Spiritual parties.

Then comes the last great religious contest of this world. And this contest is already begun. It is deepening on every side. The soldiers of these two armies are swinging into line. Soon will the columns bear down upon each other. Fellow citizens, we warn you to open your eyes and hearts to the great truths and facts of the hour. You cannot blink this contest out of sight. The issues are too radical, too direct, too point blank to be ignored or patched up with compromises. We are either to plant the Bible, the church and its priestly aristocracy, on the throne of absolute religious and political supremacy, or to give of the soul, greater than reason, diviner than the conscience, and so dig amid the rubbish.

hand inspiration; or we are to make the soul sovereign and supreme, and each man's soul his own priest, Nature his Bible, and natural, spiritual inspiration the condition of all divine life and conduct.

There is not an argument can be brought to sustain the Christian religion that is worth a straw, that is not stronger when applied to the great spiritual religion. It is said Jesus was inspired, communed with angels, was strengthened by them, healed the sick by the laying on of hands, read the hearts of men, opened the eyes of the blind, and hence that his religion is divinely revealed? We reply, So do hundreds of spiritual mediums. And we have this advantage over the church in this, for our facts are before our eyes to be examined, cross-questioned, analyzed, and in an age of science, printing-presses and electric telegraphs, while yours are the gathered traditions of nearly twenty centuries. And if we do these things to-day which Jesus did, we can more justly claim to be, did we choose it, the true disciples of Jesus, for we do the works he said should constitute the signs of true discipleship; while you—professing Christians—not only do them not, but even deny the possibility of their being done, or, when done before your eyes, ascribe them either to mundane magnetism or the "devil." Did the disciples speak in unknown tongues? So do spiritual mediums—by the thousand. Was Jesus and the disciples persecuted? So are mediums. Are spiritual mediums accused of every wickedness? So were the disciples. Are they charged with sensualism? So was Jesus. In short, the parallel is complete. Modern Spiritualism and the religion of Jesus are alike in nearly every particular. But "Christianity" no more resembles the religion of Jesus than the unconscious quiverings of galvanized muscles resemble the spontaneous throbs of a soul-impassioned organism. The first was the inspiration of a large, free soul, touched by the Divine life and love; the last is a poor, halting and second-hand imitation thereof. The first believed in a living God, scorned Phariseism, hypocrites and the dead traditions; the last believes in a dead God of tradition, and only in the records of an inspiration long ago received. Just where Spiritualism differs from "Christianity" it agrees with the religion of Jesus. It is alive, fresh, spontaneous, progressive. The grand result cannot be doubtful.

Fellow Spiritualists, the grandest issues of the world are before us. The next Convention should be an earnest of a true appreciation of the coming contest. To spread a knowledge of the facts, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, to organize Children's Progressive Lyceums, and so keep our children out of the clutches of Orthodox theology, while we open a free path to the skies and to pure and noble living, and also to establish the new method of education which regards the child-soul as the germ of all possible human perfections, needing not to be crammed with dead dogmas, but educated, called out, developed, each after its own native type, and to arouse the world of souls on earth to the nearness and presence of the spiritual and the divine, is our object and our work. And it is worthy of the most influential in our ranks. Let us have one Convention that shall be really representative of the millions of American Spiritualists. And, as we go up to it, let us, by pure lives, resolute justice and human love, reinforce our souls for calm, holy, just and blessed fellowship with each other and with the spiritual world. So shall it prove a Spiritual as well as a Spiritualistic Convention. And let us remember that all our plans will come to naught if not in consonance with the designs of the spiritual world. If principle guide us, we shall be found naturally in harmony with the good and true in the summer-land. We ask for no factitious harmony. No peace at the expense of compromises with half-truths, or injustice, or conservative opinions will be worth anything to us. We need the harmony of justice, of truth, of love, of wisdom. And, if we wait for it—uplift our souls for it—it will come, beaming and blessed, out of the pure deeps of the world, to give us power and performance.

Concerning Doubt.

(EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.)

"He that doubteth is damned, if he eat," said the apostle Paul, not "he that doubteth is damned at any rate." There is a world-wide difference between these two assertions. The first is true as Heaven; the second is false as anything can be. And yet it is the key-note of unnumbered systems of theology. "He that believeth," cry these systems, "shall be saved." Of course therefore he that believeth not, and he that doubteth, shall be damned. But if a man is saved by his belief, can the belief which has this saving energy be any merely intellectual assent to certain propositions, especially when these propositions are in no wise moral in their character. I am not more certain of anything, in my own mind, than that the New Testament writers did not inculcate any such horrible absurdity. How could they, seeing that they were simple, earnest men, not theologians. By belief Jesus and Paul meant faith. By faith they both meant character. That a man is saved by his character, this was the sum of their philosophy. But the theologians have assured us in their names that men are saved by their acceptance of certain propositions, whether they have been convinced of the truth of them or not; as, for example, the puzzle of the Trinity, the doctrine of physical salvation by the blood of Christ, certain things about the Bible to the effect that it came down from Heaven like an erolite, certain things about Jesus, as that he was God, or God and man, or something between God and man, or anything but the purely human character which the record inadvertently bears witness to at every page. "To believe such things," cry forty thousand clergymen in the United States alone, "is to be saved," although nothing is more evident, than that a man may believe any one or all of these things, and lie and cheat and steal, abuse his wife, neglect his children, swindle his servants and vote the wrong way inveterately and persistently as often as the election days come round. The ablest advocate of the Calvinistic scheme I ever met, was evidently as coarse and brutal morally as he was intellectually shrewd and keen. And he admitted that between his doctrines and his life there was no connecting link. But every one of us have known men and women who have believed these things with all their might, and yet their lives have been the purest of the pure, the truest of the true, and like fair trees, have blossomed sweetly forth on every side with fair humanities, and bent beneath a golden weight of love. But were they so because of their belief? No, but in spite of it. An earnest heart will neutralize in part the stupidest of

creeds. But these very people, had their beliefs been as human as they were inhuman, their lives would have been much more sweet and strong. As, then, to accept the creeds that are considered orthodox does imply salvation, so to reject them does not imply the opposite condition. He that doubteth is not necessarily damned. He may be but it will not be because he doubts.

"Again, what warrant have we for supposing that the laws which govern the reception of moral and spiritual truth differ so widely from the laws which govern other truth, for example, scientific or æsthetic truth. Why should there be a fixed amount in one case and not in the other. Evidently there is no reason, and history reveals that practically there has not been any such difference as men fancy, and that he that doubteth in one case has not been damned any more than he that doubteth in another; that moral and spiritual dissent has been just as necessary to human progress as scientific or æsthetic or political dissent; eye, that, despite the creeds, it is the world's doubters, in whatever fields the world most richly loves; their names it is that time has blazoned on her scroll in brightest characters; their memories have poets been most glad to sing; their monuments the succeeding ages have built up with fondest reverence. At the bar of history the doubters certainly are not condemned. They are the choicest spirits of the race."—The Friend.

For The Spiritual Republic.

ODE TO LIFE.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

O, silent, solemn, frigid, mystic Life!
O, stern, weird priestess of the Deity!
Cradled in darkness, reared amid the strife
Of warring elements; we gaze on thee
With mingled love and awe, not knowing what we see.

For thou art veiled, and none may read away,
The filmy covering that envelops thee;
And youth matures, and manhood growth grey
While vainly seeking for the magic key
That shall unlock thy lips, thou stubborn mystery.

Near to Eternity's wide-open gate,
Whose cloud-formed pillars tower above the sky,
Thou standest, and each traveller, desolate,
Kisses thy garments as he passes by,
And loses thee how oft with sad, regretful sigh.

Thou art attended by a motley throng
Of handmaidens, who minister to thee;
Now bringing thee a prayer, and now a song,
And now a curse (which last annulled shall be),
From the surrounding kingdom of Humanity.

The Past behind thee waits, in pensive mood;
Her dark hair, falling o'er her gloomy brow,
Sparkles with gems—the legacies of the good,
And great, and wise, who labored long below
The Heavens celestial, where they live and labor now.

The Present, cleaving closely to thy side,
Upon thee turns her eager, hopeful eyes.
"O, mistress, sweet, though good or ill betide,
I will remain thy faithful slave," she cries,
While from her bosom wings love's tender, low-breathed sighs.

Anon, about fair Hope she wreathes her arms,
And lays her cheek upon her snowy breast,
And then to thee, O, Life! the pair sing psalms
Of wondrous beauty, counselling thee to rest
Securely in the thought that all is for the best.

The Future, veiled and mantled, like a star
All shrouded in a silver-fringed cloud,
Lifteth her voice to greet thee from afar.
"Welcome," she cries, in accents clear and loud,
"O, sovereign, Queen of Life, to serve thee I have vowed.

"I'll spread a smoother covering for thy feet,
I'll weave a brighter pathway for thy head,
I'll give Content to make thy train complete,
And Harmony, whose mission 'tis to wed
And bring all jarring souls to one blest marriage bed.

"Then shall thy subjects see thee face to face,
And learn to understand thy purposes,
Until inspired, they lovingly embrace
And tell each other of their inward bliss,
And glowing dreams of joy exceeding even this."

Thus sings the Future; let us then await
Her beautiful approach, and hourly pray
That it may be our spirits' blessed fate,
Even while they animate these forms of clay,
To witness thee revealed, O, Life! by Truth's clear ray,
Painesville, Ohio.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

Spiritual Experience.

BY "KATE SANFORD."

Educated in, and a member of a church diametrically opposed to psychological inquiry; taught by my pastors, teachers and sponsors in baptism that all such questioning and every endeavor to "look beyond the veil" was a violation of the injunctions of Holy Writ against sorcery, witchcraft and enchantments; and surrounded by a community the greater portion of which regard Spiritualism religiously as worse than infidelity, and in sequence as socially unrespectable; looking upon mediums as impudent impostors, and spirit manifestations as tricks of jugglery; among such influences and partaking of much of their bias, I have, notwithstanding, been most singularly forced, as it were, into a recognition not only of the fact of communication between the dwellers in the flesh and those who having laid aside their clayey habiliments have passed on to the better country, but also of the possibility of some persons ability to leave temporarily their bodies and wander through space, as well as of the power of not a few to read the minds of those about them as an open book, and view their hidden lives as pictures hung on a wall. I say "forced into a recognition," because it was not until after many strange and trying experiences and months of anxious and patient investigation that I was brought to confess to myself the truth of these things. And now after a long time of deliberation and hesitation I have been persuaded by what I most firmly believe to be authentic communications from my spirit guardians, to lay a few of the facts of my experience before your readers, in the hope that they may elicit from those who have carefully investigated such phenomena articles on these most important subjects, calculated to instruct those who by reason of social or other difficulties are groping their way in the dark towards mediumistic

development, or the mere intellectual understanding of the wonderful revelations of Spiritual Philosophy.

Long before I had ever heard the names of "Spiritualism" or "Animal Magnetism," I found myself frequently enraptured with persons about me, and particularly with one person, a young lad but little older than myself. Some of these incidents were very amusing, and I know now there must have been very strong magnetic sympathy between us, although then in my childish ignorance I regarded the phenomena as merely odd coincidences of which indeed I was ashamed to speak even to him, for we were child sweethearts. I will give one incident which to my mind establishes conclusively the fact of this "rapport." While we were yet young, myself almost a child, we were separated by the removal of my parents to a distant city, and I never saw Jamie Cairns again until six years had passed and I had been two years a wife. And then I saw him only for a moment, as we passed each other in the crowded street, but I felt him and was conscious of his vicinity before I saw him.

I told my husband, from whom I had no concealments, of this circumstance, and he laughed and said "magnetism, 'tis magnetism." The impression made by this circumstance soon wore off, and amid the duties and enjoyments of a most happy home, I soon, as one might say, almost forgot my boy lover. Another six years passed and one night my husband awakened me, asking what disturbed me. Before I was well awake I exclaimed "Oh, Jamie Cairns, Oh, Jamie Cairns!" My husband raised me up in bed, then saying, "well dear, and what of Jamie Cairns?" This quite aroused me, and I told him I had seen him in my sleep, and he had told me he was dead or dying, I could not say which. Willie looked at his watch, it was just five minutes past three o'clock. In the morning he made a minute of the circumstance in his pocket book. "Jamie Cairns died Oct. 7th, 1859, 3 o'clock A. M." I watched the papers but no mention was made of his death, and I had begun to think it only a dream, when one day I received a call from an old friend from the place where my early days were spent. Not many minutes elapsed before I said, "And Aggie what about my old friend Jamie?" "Don't you know?" exclaimed she, "why, he died more than a month ago. I was with him the night he died, and you were the last person he spoke of. He had bade good bye to his mother and brothers and me, and we thought him gone when he opened his eyes and looking at me he said: 'O, Aggie, I wish I could see Kate Sandford!' They were his last words; he lay quiet a few minutes, and then smiling went to sleep. I looked at the clock, it was just a minute of 3 o'clock, Oct. 7th."

This event awakened in my mind considerable thought regarding those occult influences which I knew were by some persons supposed to control and surround our lives; but no idea of seeking information from Spiritualistic sources entered my mind for a moment. Indeed I had as yet been little in the way of hearing anything about this new Revelation or its supporters. I had simply a sort of impression, or general idea, that certain fanatics and infidels in disguise joined with Women's Rights advocates and crazy philosophers of the utopian school, were seeking to undermine true faith and establish creeds under the simulation of a new revelation of some sort.

Time passed, and I was occasionally aroused to new thought on the philosophy of the mind by the increasingly frequent instances of rapport between my husband and myself, and by occasional glimpses into the future, vivified as such by the fulfillment of the impression, but nothing that I read, nor explanations given by divines whom I consulted, gave me any satisfaction regarding the metaphysical questions that presented themselves to my attention; but books and doctors alike seemed more successful in still further bewildering me than in elucidating any difficulty. It is impossible to tell how long I should have remained in this state of darkness, had not my enlightenment been hastened by my coming in contact with certain earnest and candid believers in our beautiful and comfortable Spiritual faith. Not many months before my husband's departure for Spirit Land we were so fortunate as to become acquainted with some of the developments of the new Philosophy through a friend in whom we had the most perfect confidence. Nothing happens by chance—and it was a good Providence, a gentle guardian spirit who led us one day to speak to her concerning these dim perceptions of the over-soul.

Her experience had been much the same as our own, but she had found light. We knew her well as a truthful candid woman, who never allowed her imagination to run away with her practical good sense, but who on the contrary was rather given to peer cautiously into creeds, dogmas, or opinions before adopting or accepting them as her own, and in view of all this we were as ready to accept her experience as if it had been our own. Circumstances prevented our making any personal investigation into the spirit theory during my husband's tarrying on earth. But the few months we thus spent together here in this mortality, held in their keeping influences which were to effect us even on to the regions of the immortal and unseen. Between ourselves and this grand woman sprang up a friendship such as this world seldom gives, and which once given can never take away. Shortly after my widowhood I was privileged to spend some time with this beloved friend, and with a new and tender interest in all that pertains to the Beyond I talked with her concerning these things, learning much of the theories of this new phase of religion, and learning many wonderful things in regard to its manifestations. We had no seances, nor did I ever receive anything like a communication from the Other Side until nearly a year had elapsed. At this time I was induced, to visit Dr. Harry Gordon in New York, where I received communications from both Jamie Cairns and my husband. I suppose a person less difficult to convince than myself would have been abundantly satisfied of the genuineness of these manifestations; but though I left the Doctor's rooms thoughtful and surprised I was not satisfied. It seemed to me that the communications might be accounted for by clairvoyance or "rapport." That the Doctor being highly receptive and easily impressed might see the thought daguerreotypes on my mind, and thus deceived himself, transmit to paper the impression he had received, not from spirits but from my own mind.

My daily avocations prevented much investigation of this now more than ever interesting subject, I had no one to converse with upon it; the people by whom I was surrounded would have simply thought me crazy had I alluded to the state of my mind. I therefore determined to pursue my investigation no further until a "more convenient season." How true it is that we are not always under our own con-

trol. Notwithstanding my determination I found myself suddenly more than ever interested in the subject. I was sitting one evening alone in my room, a thing which seldom happened me that winter, a bright fire burned in the grate, the doors were all closed, and the window curtains down; the room was warm. I was reading Bichters "Hesperus," and absorbed in the transfer of the Princess Agnola, when suddenly a cool, not to say cold, blast of air swept over me. I turned towards the doors, they were closed—the window curtains stirred not. The thought, "fancy," passed through my mind; when again I felt the same cool draught over me. I sat up attentive. It came first from one direction and then from another, now fanned my cheek, and now came directly in my face, and again played over my hands. I knew it was no freak of imagination, some supernatural influence was at work about me. Is it a spirit? I asked. Again I felt the playing of the air over me, and instantly the room was filled with a rosy light fading as suddenly as it came. This was repeated three times. Here was a manifestation entirely unsought for, different from anything I had ever read or heard of, and not to be accounted for by any clairvoyant or magnetic theory. Subsequently I was spending an evening with some friends who had lately become interested in the subject and it was proposed we should "have a sitting, just for fun, and see what would come of it." Six of us pledging our good faith sat at a small table in the usual manner. In about fifteen minutes the table began to move in a circular direction, and finally up and down the room. Then stopping it began slowly to tip. We were all novices in the modes of getting communications, but one young man who had seen a little of this manner of manifestation proposed some questions and a formula of answer. It was signified that I was the medium, and would write. Pencil and paper were put on the table. What shall I do? I asked. That is all I remember until I awakened from a trance in severe pain and distress, my friends bathing my face and rubbing my hands. In a state of entire unconsciousness I had given several communications and tests. The surprise and bewilderment of my friends prevented their taking notes of what was said, but the written communications were sufficient to prove to me the fact that I had been under spirit influence. From this time I was frequently conscious of the influence, but a fear of unhealthful effects from what I felt was an abnormal state, and innate dislike of losing even momentarily my own personality prevented my encouragement of it on my part. There is no longer any question in my mind of the fact of spirit intercourse. Many other proofs beside those I have mentioned have settled this incontrovertibly to my mind. The question is, how far it is wise to encourage such developments, and in what manner such development is best obtained?

New York City, August 5th, 1867.

Sympathy of the Mind with the Body.

All are aware of the wonderful influence exerted by the condition of the body upon the faculties and affections of the mind. The following, from the Essay on Indigestion, by Dr. James Johnson, contains some very remarkable facts:

"Many a happy and lucky thought has sprung from an empty stomach! Many an important undertaking has been ruined by a bit of undigested pickle—many a well-laid scheme has failed in execution from a drop of green bile—many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth in consequence of an irritated gastric nerve. The character of men's minds has often suffered from temporary derangements of the body; and thus, health may make the same man a hero in the field, whom dyspepsia may render imbecile in the cabinet."

Dr. J. illustrates his subject by the following remarks: "I lately saw a gentleman of brilliant talents and prolific genius, who could sit down and write extemporaneously whole pages of surprising poetical effusions, with scarcely an effort of the mind, and who would yet, from sudden derangement of the digestive organs, be so completely and quickly prostrated in intellectual power, as not to be able to write three lines on the most common subject. On a late occasion, when he had to communicate an official transaction that required not more than half a dozen lines in the plainest language, he could not put pen to paper, though the attempt was made fifty times in the course of two days. At length he was forced to throw himself into a post-chaise, and perform a long journey to deliver orally what might have been done in one minute by the pen. In half an hour after this ride was performed, he sat down and wrote an ode descriptive of his own state of nervous irritability, which would not have done discredit to the pen of a Byron."

"The author of this essay has himself been so enervated by a fit of what is called indigestion, as to be utterly incapable of breaking the seal of a letter for twenty-four hours—though, to all appearance, in good health at the time."

PROF. AGASSIZ ON THE RACES.—Prof. Agassiz, in his letter repudiating certain remarks alleged to have been made by him respecting the negro race, says:

"The only ground I may have given to question the soundness of my views concerning the different races of men is the opinion I have always maintained, and which I still hold, that the different types of the human family have an independent origin one from the other, and are not descended from common ancestors; but this idea I do not apply to the negroes only, but to the Indians, the Chinese, the Indoos, the Australians, etc., as well. In fact, I believe that men were created in nations, not in individuals; but not in nations in the present sense of the word; on the contrary, in such crowds as exhibit slight, if any, diversity among themselves except those of sex."

A good story is told of an old gentleman who went into Trinity Church, Boston, lately, while the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was repeating the service to deaf-mutes, by signs, etc.

After watching the proceedings for a few moments, he arose from his seat, took his hat, and started for the door; and, as he passed out, shook his head reproachfully at the sexton, and muttered, "I can't stand them ritual tantrums, no how."

It is not so honorable to descend from a high ancestry as to ascend from a low one.

The bases of our civilization are manners, conversation, labor and virtue.

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."

GOD AND THE SOUL.

BY ANGELUS SILESIUS. 1620.

The soul wherein God dwells—
What church can holier be?
Becomes a walking tent
Of heavenly majesty.

How far from here to Heaven?
Not very far my friend,
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in Thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make the whole.

Hold there! where runnest thou?
Know Heaven is in thee,
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'lt never see.

Ah! would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth,
God would once more become
A child upon this earth.

I don't believe in Death;
If hour by hour I die,
'Tis hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou and let Him live;
Be not, and he will be;
Wait, and He'll all things give.

O, shame! A silk worm works
And spins till it can fly;
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-cloth lie.

Shall Women be Doctors?

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

Much as this question has been discussed, and valuable as have been found the services of women as doctors, it is still being argued against by a large class of persons who, from their position, ought to know better. One of the last efforts against female practitioners is from the Philadelphia County Medical Society, in a discussion upon the "Status of Women Practitioners of Medicine." This society has very grave objections to women becoming doctors. "Their delicate organizations," say these men, "would sink under the task." Whether married or single, their physiological peculiarities are strong objections. If married, they would cease to be a fountain of home influence, the gentle guide, friend, and instructor of their children; the counselor of their husbands. Anxieties about her patients would prevent her from nursing her little ones. Curiosity would lead them into strange and forbidden paths. Professional intercourse would engender misunderstandings, jealousy, bickerings, heart burnings; and these, again, would result in a loss of delicacy, grace, and dignity of character. Believing, or pretending to believe, all this, it is not strange that this society should throw as many hindrances in the way of women studying medicine, as possible, and close their discussion by passing the following resolution:

"Resolved, That, in conformity with what we believe to be due to the profession, the community in general, and women in particular, the members of this society cannot offer any encouragement to women becoming practitioners of medicine; nor, on these grounds, can they consent to meet in consultation such practitioners."

By this course these men cut themselves off from all opportunity to know whether their objections are valid or not. If they will not consult with them, how are they ever to be sure that their patients do not get on well, or whether women practitioners become coarse, unrefined, and lack in gentleness or dignity; or are broken down by hard labor? They determine to shut their eyes, and then insist that their prejudices are right. These objections come from ignorance. Hard as has been the lot of the pioneer women who have devoted themselves to this pursuit, multitudinous as have been the obstacles laid in their way, bitter as are all the prejudices they have been obliged to surmount, the success of women as physicians is beyond all cavil. How much greater will it be when they have an open field and abundant opportunities for acquiring such knowledge as is necessary to this profession. One of the principal reasons why women should study medicine, is to do away with the very condition of things that the Philadelphia doctors are afraid of. Give woman a profession of honor, of trust, of usefulness, and of dignity, and you give her motives for cultivating womanliness, higher graces, a more devoted life. Give her a knowledge of the human frame, and all its relations to life such as she ought to acquire, before becoming a doctor, and she will, we are sure, have so much higher idea of its value than now, as to scorn those vices which corrupt her physical welfare, make woman an invalid, deteriorate the quality and diminish the number of her offspring, destroying whole families, and threatening to blot out even whole nations of men. "What would be the state of the household, what the present and future prospects of the children deprived, to a considerable extent, of their natural guardian?" ask these gentlemen. Just the reverse of what you predict. If all mothers were physicians, in the highest sense of the word, children would be reared on physiological principles. Their bodies, as well as their brains, would receive proper care. Their health habits would be greatly improved. The inharmony between the body and brain, which now threatens the permanency of the race, would, in a few generations, be restored. Girls would be taught how to dress, eat, drink, sleep, study, exercise, work and live. They would be told, early in life, what habits are pernicious, dangerous, fatal; boys would be instructed to control their passions, to be pure in body and in mind, to keep their bodies a temple for the spirit of God to dwell in, instead of, as now, allowing passion to run rampant, intemperance, and kindred vices, to sap the life out of them before they have reached man's dignity and estate. We believe this

would be so, because knowledge gives power, and because it is so among the large number of physicians whom it is our pleasure to know. Not that they love their children more, but they love them with more intelligence and wisdom.

Nor, again, is the argument that women are not physically capable of performing the labor found true in practice; for, among many hundred who have adopted the medical profession, we know of a goodly number who have grown healthier with every year. They become acquainted with the laws of health by the study of physiology and hygiene, and, putting these laws to a practical test, in their own persons, get the benefit of it by improved physical conditions; and, what is true of a portion, may be true of all. This argument would apply with more force to school teaching, for it is rare that a teacher lasts more than ten years before her health fails. It would be as true of housekeeping; for, as people now live, and will live, until they are taught by physiologists, the unnecessary tax on a housekeeper is too much for her health, and she often breaks under it. Fashionable women, who have little or nothing to do, also break down through idleness. Even the girls who are sent from the parental roof to the college and boarding school, are quite likely to be returned home, after a few years, with weak backs and sides, and debilitated frames. It is not work that kills folks; it is worry, debasing toil, and bad habits of living. The hard workers live the longest, and particularly those who have an honorable, useful, and remunerative employment.

Our advice, therefore, to women is to become physicians wherever they have the taste, the necessary qualifications, the head and the heart. Do not rush into the profession blindly, thinking you will meet no obstacles, but understandingly, and with a determination to honor it, to make it what it should be—a means to the improving of the race, notwithstanding the efforts made by medical schools of both Allopathic and Homoeopathic practice to hinder you. We believe woman is destined to supersede man in very many branches of medical practice—branches that are the most lucrative, and also the most important, in their bearing upon the interests of mankind.

The great obstacle in the way is a want of proper medical schools. The old practice of drugs must die out. It cannot survive this century, perhaps not this generation. The medical practice of the day, with a few rare exceptions, is not the kind we want to see women adopt, but a new system, founded on physiology and hygiene, preventive as well as curative. If, therefore, women are just now, for want of better facilities, obliged to go through a course of study founded on drug medication, in order to become doctors, let them have their minds on a practice which is not founded on poisoning sick people, but on placing them in right relations to nature; the proper use of air, light, food, rest, sleep, recreation, and every hygienic agent that the ingenuity of man can bring to bear upon the prevention and cure of disease. We hardly yet know the power of the human frame to recover a healthy state, without any interference on the part of doctors more than the best hygienic care. (There may be displacements, fractures, dislocations, etc., requiring surgical and mechanical interference, but it is not of these that we speak; they come within the province of surgery.) It is in this field that we hope to see women labor; and here we bid her a hearty welcome, and will say and do all in our power to help her to achieve a useful destiny.—*Herald of Health.*

For The Spiritual Republic.

Psychometric Reading of Eliza Johnson.

BY ABBY M. LAFLIN FERRER.

Patient, gentle, loving and very affectionate—feels her duties as a mother, wife, and christian resting upon her. I see her as it were in a temple; angels bring to this pure devoted one gifts for others. I see them hand her blessings for the people through her prayers and desires. Hidden she is from the crowd—like a priestess she stands, not conscious that she is so.

I see her farther back in life, courageous in spirit, firm, with a willingness to be and do at all times what her patient spirit marked out for her to do—What is written over her? "Chosen of the angels to do a hidden work, passed by, by the crowd, yet a fit companion for the amiable and pure." A snow-flake is not whiter, a snow-flake is not more frail, if you touch it with a hot hand; if the heat of passion breaths upon her, the spirit seeks its own temple, its sanctuary, and there it grows, gives out what it loves to give. Great faith and devotion to the good in things, loves all that is quiet, rest, attracting to her the spirit, the life of stronger natures, thereby giving to them the light of which she is so full—a jewel, a crown of light and glory through her self abnegation, to those whom the Lord gave to her. "Misplaced in a crowd," according to the present worldly wisdom, but not according to the wisdom of the spheres. A light is not set in or under a bushel, but on a hill, so that all can see. Religious, very devoted to the light of the gospel as she views it, not in a strict orthodox way, but through kind acts daily and hourly expressed to those who live with and come to her—feels the troubles, the strifes, the miseries on earth, and her tender spirit weeps and mourns that it is so; not a tear would be shed, not a heart would ache if her tender heart could comfort them. Does not see women, as women, outside of the home circle; sees her as a devotee to her mission as wife and mother; that she is born, created by God to bear and rear children in the fear and love of the Lord. Accept man as the head of the woman, woman only as a vine clinging to him, beautifying him, forgiving him, gently persuading him, but never asserting her rights, only through quiet remonstrance. Home comforts loved, not luxurious living. A believer in the common destiny of mankind, and would be the same in high positions as in the lower walks of life. No pride or arrogance, not a lover of place and power, thereby attracting it through the repose of the soul—the strength of the spirit; bringing to her those who lifted her where her spirit should be, the better teaching woman of her country, that the christian graces are the brightest ornaments to her sex. Great constancy and integrity to her kind, to those who look to her for comfort, with great justice, and not one who can overlook a friend in disgrace, distress, or if cold stern poverty separates them from her. Great tenderness toward the poor. Loves peace and not war; yet not in any expression of her nature a partisan in political life; all that rolls beneath her feet, for on the mountain of Peace she stands while angels constantly minister to her. Encased within

her own soul's temple, nothing can shake her from doing her duty to those whom providence has placed within her home circle. "Recompensed in heaven," an abiding faith in God, in the good eventually conquering all wrong, all sins. Misdeeds are often looked upon by her (but not exposed) as created, framed by circumstances. This comes through her great spirit development and great spirituality. Is not conscious that she is so far removed from others of her sex, is not conscious of her great perfection and strength of spirit. Seldom opens her heart to those who live with and surround her, yet it is constantly radiating, beaming out of the spirit, and those who see her feel the sanctity of the spirit.

The daily prayer for peace, for the country's happiness goes up to the great All Father, and the angels who are unseen by hard, strong men, walk in the temple of this patient, faithful, gentle one. And who shall say that the silent prayers of woman are disregarded by the loving angels who are sent to bless all men and peoples, not through their worthiness but through their necessities.

Hopeful, thereby the better imparting it to others. An unseen minister, attracter of angels to the habitation of man, bringing blessings to him with worldly place and power, is the sphere of Eliza Johnson.

Very sensitive and shrinking from the crowd, living out the law of her being; feeling the confusions and solid, sordid mass of minds will destroy her spirit strength and peace. The spirit is too strong, too full for the frail form that encases it; yet no complaints ever escape this patient woman's mouth; thankful to her Father in heaven that he has blessed her and hers, in and through his inscrutable and mysterious providence, more than through the goodness of any, or the deserts of any. So humble is she that in all things the silent prayer is this: "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done."

The emblems of the spirit are seen. A pearl held in the hand of an infant, and set in the heart of the pure white lily of the valley. Another, the modest blue violet which grows in great profusion in the meadows, also the bee hive, and over all is seen the golden sun rising with quiet, great repose, and harmony, which belongs alone to the good, the pure, the patient, gentle hearted wife of our President, Andrew Johnson.

Washington, D. C., August 7th, 1867.

GOD BLESS LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless little children—
We meet them everywhere;
We hear their voices round our hearth,
Their footstep on our stair.
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er
With mirthfulness and glee:
God bless the little children
Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath the gipsy tent,
With visage avarth and dun,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance
With roguery and fun;
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows, with a pin,
Or creeping through the hazel bush
The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,
Their stately father's pride;
We meet them in the poor man's cot—
He hath no wealth beside.
Along the city's crowded street,
They hurl the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—
The saddest sight of all.

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's tender care;
Their only friend the God above,
Who hears the orphan's prayer.
But dressed in silk or draped in rags,
In childish grief or glee,
God bless the little children
Wherever they may be.

Practical Suggestions.

BY A FARMER.

All great social and political reforms to be permanent must begin with and be consummated by the people. The wrongs and oppressions which the wealth producing classes are now, and have been suffering, are the result of unwise and unjust legislation in the interest of non-producing capital, and the remedy must be legislative. It is now for the American people, whose government is founded on the principles of equality and freedom, to establish the rights of labor—which in the past have been disregarded except as they ministered to the extravagance and luxury of a privileged class—by the enactment of such wise and just laws as will effect the equitable distribution of the products of labor between non-producing capital and labor.

This the industrial classes, with proper organization, have the power to do, and it is to be hoped that the National Labor Congress will, at its meeting in Chicago, organize the National Labor Party, making their platform broad enough to embrace the mechanical, mining and agricultural interests as well as that of all other useful occupations, callings and professions. The farmers, who have heretofore taken but little interest in the labor reform movement, are fast coming to see that their interest is identical with that of all other useful occupations; that while the mechanics have to erect the mansions and manufacture the clothing for the drones of society, the farmers have to raise their food, for which, like all other laborers they receive really no compensation; and they are ready and willing to join with the wealth-producing classes in all departments of useful industry, in a grand co-operative movement for the emancipation of labor from the thralldom imposed upon it by vicious legislation in the interest and for the benefit of bankers, usurers, speculators and gamblers; for the establishment of such a system as will give to each the products of his labor and talents, and compel all to earn a living by honest industry.

The high rates of interest on money, favored by our present unjust monetary laws, whilst stimulating the enterprise of the very few, and certainly securing to them great wealth, represses the enterprise of the great mass of the people, by depriving them of the just reward of their labor, and tends to the increase of pauperism and crime, and the inevitable overthrow of the government. While justice to labor will secure individual comfort and happiness to all who are able and willing to work, it will rapidly develop our natural resources, greatly increase the national

wealth, and strengthen and perpetuate our free institutions.

"Let us then go to work with faith in the justness of our cause, and with constancy in the discharge of our duties, and soon the ranks of the enemies of justice will waver and give way before the power of right, and the victory will be won; the rights and dignity of labor asserted—a victory more grand, more sublime and more beneficent in its results, than was ever won on the battlefield."

A Co-operative Society.

The New York Evening Post gives the following account of a co-operative society in that city:

The Union Co-operative Land and Building Society was formed under the supervision of John W. Farmer. The object of the society is, by co-operation, to enable the members, who are all laboring men of the poorer class, to become their own landlords, by providing funds for each member to purchase houses, land, and other real estate within a radius of ten miles from the city of New York. It is governed by a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, trustees, and eleven directors, who shall constitute a board of management, all elected by the association of laboring men, who meet every Wednesday and Friday evenings, at Farmers' Institute, No. 49 Ludlow street. This is similar to the societies which have been in operation in London, for twenty years past, but under a more improved plan to meet the peculiar wants of American laborers.

The society consists of five hundred actual paying members. Four hundred and fifty of these are already connected with the first society, with about one million shares taken—about \$9,000 paid in. The Treasurer, Mr. Farmer, who is also the president, has given security in real estate to the amount of \$10,000. The first society is already formed and on Friday evening, August 9th, appropriations were made for the purchase of two houses, in sums varying from \$2,000 to \$5,000, according to the amount taken up.

Another society will immediately be formed. One thousand dollar shares are now being issued at fifty cents apiece. No member is allowed to take less than two shares equal to \$2,000, and up to \$6,000. By paying one share weekly you can purchase a house worth \$2,000; one share and fifty cents, a \$3,000 house; two dollars, a \$4,000 house; two dollars and fifty cents, a \$5,000 house; three dollars \$6,000 house, etc. The society claims to secure to its members the fullest benefits of co-operation; to make ever lowance for sick members; to advance all monies by lot and sale alternately. It receives no interest from its borrowing members. Members may withdraw or transfer shares on giving the usual notice. Borrowers can fix own time for payment from one to ten years, in weekly monthly payments.

Universal Suffrage.

To the people of the State of Illinois:

We, the undersigned, convinced that our Republic of Government is the best known to the world, are theless fully aware that its principles have only a limited application. They have existed in theory partly by practice.

Unchallenged, slavery has occupied the land in the name of Liberty. The declaration, that "all men are equal," has been shunned, and, in legislation for studiously ignored.

With the view of relieving this fundamental state human liberty from the charge of being a practical not less to affirm an abstract natural right, which all mere distinction of sex and color, and knows no cracy save that of intelligence and virtue, in addition universal franchise just secured to colored men by legislation, we would recommend such a modification of our State Constitution as will admit woman, equal man, to all the privileges of the Elective Franchise.

In direct ratio with the enlargement of woman man has ever been elevated, society evolved, and government prospered.

Monarchies have conceded her fitness to rule, but, thus far, have endeavored to frame perfect without her aid. They have allowed her intellect no political representation, hence ours is but the half of a true government, lacking soul and life. An idle spectator, she is compelled to see public affairs, controlled, generally, by men of low instincts and with no power to escape the effects of their folly. Taxed, without representation, denied admission to departments of education, and to the more important employments, deprived of the guardianship of her own position is, in a very great degree, one of the greatest grievances, far greater than those our Revolutionary fathers so bravely fought to repel.

In these respects our boasted equality is a usurpation. Until woman shall attain equal man, in all the relations of life, it is as impossible to arrive at the symmetrical proportions of a real government as it is for a part to comprehend the whole.

Contrary, when she is advanced to the full enjoyment of common rights, then will the political atmosphere purified of existing corruptions, that personal moral sentiments will be honored by election.

To all who would aid in attaining this grand appeal, asking that you correspond with the work vigilantly in your several localities, to create and increase public sentiment in this culminate petitions, and cause to be enrolled so great a number of signatures for her enfranchisement, as shall next Constitutional Convention of Illinois be in its behalf.

Robert Collyer, H. H. Marsh,
Mrs. C. F. Corbin, J. D. Tallmadge,
P. Daggy, Mrs. H. F. M.
D. P. Livermore, F. L. Wadsworth,
W. H. Ryder, Mrs. Mary S. C.
Marvin H. Bovee,
Address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Box 6325,

A Yankee captain was caught in the jail but was finally rescued badly wounded. What he thought while in that situation, thought he would make about forty barrels

Excess of ceremony shows a want of civility is best which excludes all superfluous

He who never changes any of his opinions any of his mistakes.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 24, 1867.

PUBLISHED BY THE CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE Office, 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street.

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

TO POSTMASTERS

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions...

TO OUR PATRONS

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given. On subscribing for the REPUBLIC, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

The Sunday Question.

One of the greatest incidental questions of the hour, slowly but surely working into prominence, and perhaps, into critical proximity to politics, is the Sunday Question.

The first very noticeable effort for self-preservation was a simultaneous attack on the Sunday press, East and West, and upon the half-clothed and poorly fed newsboys...

Some weeks ago, the Christian Sunday worshippers held a large meeting in Crosby's Opera House, in this city, to talk the matter up, and see what could be done to defend their holy day from desecration.

Per contra on Saturday evening, 17th inst., the Germans held a large and enthusiastic meeting at the same place, utterly ignoring the persons who falsely, as they say, represented them.

Resolved, That we, the American citizens of the German tongue, assembled in Crosby's Opera House, declare as follows:

Resolved, That we decidedly reject the totally unfounded assertions that we are, by this course, ungrateful to our adopted country...

Resolved, That we just as decidedly oppose the farther assertion that our adopted citizens owe to the new country their knowledge, their strength, and their lives...

Resolved, That from the above-mentioned motions we insist upon celebrating Sunday with our families in our own way, and that we will partake of that which is most seemly to us, and which God, more tolerant than hypocritical fanatics, permits to be.

Resolved, That we, differing from them, will not only not interfere with the rights of those who differ from us, but will also see that they are protected by law in the observation of their peculiar forms of worship...

Resolved, That we will, as one man, defend each and all of the principles enumerated, irrespective of party ties, and that nothing will lead us to vote either for any platform, or any man who is inclined to favor coercion in regard to the observing of the Sabbath...

The Germans of the West are not to be ignored. They are radical; they are powerful. The church party, in meeting them, will meet a solid phalanx in favor of liberty and progress...

There is one feature in the present associations of the question that we regret, viz. the Temperance interest. Unfortunately all American holidays are by custom, and almost by consent, given to carousal by that very class who would be most noticed—because noisy, young Americans and other young "sports."

Undoubtedly the evangelicals are prosecuting their plans vigorously under the Sunday liquor law of New York, receiving the assistance of many ardent temperance men, who would oppose them on the Sunday question separately put; and the same coupling of interests will be carried as far as possible.

It will be well to notice that the reform interests of the day are very much interlocked. Broad views and careful analysis are indispensable, and by them we shall be able to meet and justly weigh all, and finally dispose of the Sunday Question as any theological dogma should be disposed of—by setting it aside and substituting that which is of much more practical importance.

The Cretan War.

There is probably no scene more revolting, before the eyes of the world to-day, than the war of the Turks against the Cretes. The Turkish subjugation of Greece occurred some four hundred years ago; but so true were the Greeks to their kin and nationality, that they preserved themselves from any consolidation with their rulers.

It is to be hoped that a war so unjust and extremely barbarous, will not be permitted to continue. If there was reason for interference in behalf of the Greeks in 1827, there is three fold cause for succoring the Cretons in 1867.

We are sorry that European powers, who, by the way, are closely employed keeping a balance of their own affairs, do not, with greater promptness, step forward to urge the claims of humanity.

We gladly observe that amid this show of respect to the Sultan, by the powers above named, that Prussia and Austria are not unmindful of the sufferers.

Certain it is that every lover of liberty has something at stake in the Cretan struggle; and every civilized government should feel itself bound by the interests of a common humanity to close the revolting scenes of Turkish warfare.

We hope that no American will lose sight of the struggling, faithful Cretons. Our tendencies, our hopes, our noblest deeds, are at-one with their prayers, and we doubt if our government could do a deed more worthy its own spirit, and more to be approved by the world, in due time, than to take measures of relief to those struggling, suffering people.

New York Medical College.

The New York Medical College for Women will begin the Fifth Annual Term, of 30 weeks, at the College in 12th Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November.

Rev. Robert Collyer's Meetings at Library Hall.

On Sunday evening last the Rev. Robert Collyer preached as was expected at Library Hall—but as was not expected, he took for his text the words of Paul, "There is a spiritual body." This was not the theme advertised by us and previously advertised by him.

We were anxious to see which of these two paths he would choose to tread. By his change of subject we were not allowed that satisfaction.

Instead however he gave us an elaborate discourse, duly written out, upon the solemnly recorded assertions of one Saul of Tarsus, commonly called St. Paul who some 1800 years ago declared "there is a spiritual body."

In treating this subject, he started out with some poetic descriptions of venerable trees which had been growing for centuries and intimated that there was more in, and of, these trees than there seemed to be, that they not only had a wooden body and branches and leaves but that they had a spiritual body; so of many other objects, as Mount Olympus and Mount Washington.

This part of his discourse was poetic and served two excellent purposes. First it afforded him a splendid opportunity for some very nice word painting which is always interesting to amateurs in that department.

In this respect, Mr. Collyer's discourse was a perfect model.

After giving his audience to infer that he intended to teach that trees and mountains have a spiritual body, he came at length to speak of man, and in this portion of his discourse gave us to understand that men and women have spiritual bodies.

Here, again, the teacher managed to make himself admirably obscure. The general tone of his remarks were calculated to inculcate the idea that this body was made up of the moral character of the individual.

One thing is quite certain, that if a knowledge of the existence of a spiritual body shall ever become one of the exact sciences, it will have to be taught in some way more demonstrative than was Robert Collyer's last Sunday evening's lecture at Library Hall.

The National Labor Union.

The National Labor Union is in session in Chicago this week. It is composed of delegates from nearly all of the Northern States, and some of the Southern.

The Secretary of the Union in making his report, after recounting the general prosperity of labor reform during the past year, says:

"The subject of co-operation has received much attention, and has been submitted to some very encouraging tests. But the whole subject is yet open to deliberation, and it is certain that labor can in no way make itself independent of capital but by co-operation; labor has thousands of times created capital, and it can do so again.

It is very encouraging to notice the rapidly increasing interest in co-operative association. Our exchanges bring us every week records of new beginnings. Societies are being formed, papers, daily and weekly, are being started, and there is really a rapidly increasing interest in this very important subject.

Mrs. Eliza Johnson.

We print elsewhere a Psychometric reading of Mrs. Johnson, wife of Andrew Johnson. A private letter accompanying the reading calls attention to facts concerning Mrs. Johnson's life, corroborating the characteristics set forth by the psychometrist; and the whole furnishes a subject for thought—even study.

Mr. Lincoln was temperate, religious, cheerful, and in no way selfishly despotic. He was woman's choicest companion; he would instinctively take her to his side, respectfully, encouragingly, making her more womanly, while she strengthened his nobler manhood.

counting himself "the head of the family," and woman a "vine," or hardly that—a convenience.

Mrs. Johnson is a meek, devoted, unassuming nature, never seeking to extend her boundaries, yet unqualifiedly good.

"The peculiar relation which Mrs. Johnson bears to our American women, the singular experience of her private life is clearly seen, felt and understood, in touching this pure woman's soul, who has been so little known except to the angel world.

We have no desire to bring Mrs. Johnson; as the wife of the acting President, before the people, but she pictures so correctly a phase of woman's life in society that one can but reflect, and ask if there is not a better way.

Personal.

Emanuel Sullavou, a colored youth, has just entered Harvard College.

Abby Folsom, for many years conspicuous at anti-slavery and other progressive meetings, died in Rochester on Friday, 9th inst.

The Hutchinson Family are singing in Kansas for Universal Suffrage. The songs of the Hutchinsons have led the advance of Freedom for many years.

Lecture by Robert Dale Owen.

This gentleman proposes to spend a portion of next winter in delivering, throughout the West, lectures on one or more of the following subjects: 1. "Abraham Lincoln and the Crisis which Called him Fort." 2. "The Line of Human Progress Deduced from History."

Applications may be made to the Chief of that Bureau, Edwin Lee Brown Esq., 46 River St. Chicago, who will supply information as to terms and all other particulars.

The English Reform Bill.

The Reform Bill has finally passed both houses of the English Parliament, and received the approval of the Queen, thus becoming a law of the Realm. This Bill reduces the county franchise from £50 a year to £12; restores the old "scot and lot" rate-paying qualification to boroughs, and gives the lodger a vote.

The great feature of the bill is that it will double the number of votes in Scotland, England, and Wales, which will insure a more liberal representation in Parliament, as nine-tenths of the increase will come from the industrious classes.

Circular.

From the Spiritualists and Society of Friends of Progress, at Lawrence, Kansas, to the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in the State; Greeting:

Believing that an organization of the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in the State would be of great importance, we briefly submit some purposes for the same.

1st. To enable all Friends of Human Progress to Co-operate in extending a knowledge of the beautiful Philosophy of Spiritualism, and inaugurate it practically.

2nd. Through such organization to enable Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of different localities to become acquainted with each other, which will greatly facilitate visits to our State of good speakers from other localities; as they could then be readily directed where their labors would be desired.

3d. To enable the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress to jointly labor with the friends of Freedom everywhere for the adoption of the Constitutional Amendments now pending in our State, and for the better furtherance of equal liberty, and the common and equal Brotherhood of Mankind.

To this end we propose holding a State mass Convention at Lawrence, to commence on Saturday, August 24th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and close on the Sunday evening following; and we earnestly invite the co-operation of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, throughout the State to meet with us.

On receipt of this circular please reply, stating whether or not you have a local organization, and what members would be interested in such a movement, and whether you hold meetings at stated times.

Our experience, and that of other communities, is, that it is best to form legal local, as well as State organizations, leaving members free in their opinions and beliefs.

The world is in commotion; great thoughts are agitating the public mind; reforms, both in civil, political and religious life, that a few years ago seemed to the most sanguine reformer to be far away in the future, are thrust upon the attention of the country in a peculiar manner.

Let those who can appreciate the importance of action at this time, strike strong and heavy blows for the Right, until error and superstition shall cease to be prominent.

S. J. WILLIS, President. Miss A. K. DRURY, Secretary. Address P. O. Box 14, Lawrence, Kansas.

Notices and Reviews.

NED NEVINS, THE NEWS BOY, Or Street Life in Boston; by Henry Morgan, P. M. P., (Poor Man's Preacher) Illustrated; Boston, Lee and Shepard.

This book puzzles the critics. They are full of wonder. They have tried to write it down, but it always comes up—and has now reached its fifteenth thousand. The book may not have the greatest polish in the world. Its illustrations may be "devoid of merit" and "its characters unnatural" in the eyes of some, but according to our observation it is full of human nature; and an ounce of real human nature goes further with the hearts of the people than a pound of minister or "perpendicular aristocracy."

In reading this book one sees many pictures of "street life," and peers through them to hidden causes, finding ample reason to be charitable to the unfortunate.

TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE; A new monthly published at Peoria, Ill., by E. B. Boyle and J. W. Franks, Editors and Proprietors. Price \$1.50 a year. Nos. one and two of this Magazine have reached us. Its appearance is prepossessing, its matter good, and its conductors brave. At least we so judge from the following, made as an announcement in No. 1:

"Our brethren will please understand that this Magazine is an individual enterprise, dependent on its merits for support. No tax will ever be imposed on the Divisions to keep it going; we have capital enough of our own to print it, and plenty to live on beside. No prowling beggars will bore the brotherhood for donations to keep it alive, and no corps of idle editors will take the cream of its earnings. The type will be set by our own fingers, and the editorials will be written by our own pen; no extravagance will be indulged in; and if we fail it will only be because the thing is not worthy of support. But we know no such word as FAIL—we set out to SUCCEED, and by the grace of God we shall do so!"

GOOD STORIES.—Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have issued the initial number of Good Stories, under which title they propose to publish, in cheap and attractive form, a valuable collection of Short Stories, Tales, and Sketches.

No. 1, of the series before us, is neatly put up and interesting, as no doubt all of its successors will be. Among the contents of this first copy we notice "Love on Skates," by "Theodore Winthrop," one of the most pithy, racy little stories printed. We shall be glad to see "Good Stories" widely circulated and more than fill the place of the present trashy, blood and thunder, sickly, disgusting stuff that floods the country in the shape of "cheap reading."

Good sense can be put up in "Good Stories" and made instructive and interesting.

We are receiving among our exchanges, the Advocate; published daily and weekly, at Pittsburg, Pa., by the Pittsburg Co-operative Printing Co. Incorporated July 24th, 1867. It is the right sort of a journal, published by the right kind of a company. It is well edited; full of news that relates to the industries of life, with little that relates to its horrors. It espouses the cause of Labor Reform; and cannot fail to take a prominent part in the social reconstruction now dawning upon us so rapidly, and will do much good. We welcome it, and wish it all best possible success.

Editorial Notes and Clippings.

The world has 95,727 miles of railroad now, 36,893 of it in the United States, or more than two thirds as much as all Europe.

The Roman Catholics are circulating tracts of the same form, style and size as those of the American Tract Society.

The journeymen bakers of New York, many of whom are out of employment, have converted Putnam Hall, Twelfth street and Third avenue, into a bakers' intelligence office. They are preparing to open co-operative bakeries there and in Brooklyn.

More than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of wool have been purchased this year at Morenci, Michigan, at an average of forty-three and one half cents.

The Adventists in a town in Maine are preaching the immediate destruction of the world, and at the same time erecting a house of worship substantial enough to last a hundred years.

A new paper on the Co-operative plan is to be started in Cleveland, Ohio, and will be called The Times.

One thousand dollar confederate bonds are used for newspaper wrappers in Texas.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., rector of the Holy Trinity (Protestant Episcopal) church of New York city, has been arraigned before the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New York for preaching in St. James Methodist Episcopal church, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He has disregarded the prohibition of Rev. Dr. Stubbs, rector of Christ church in that city, and in violation of one of the canons of the church, which forbids any minister of the Episcopal church officiating "either by preaching, reading, prayers, or otherwise, in the parish or within the parochial care of another clergyman, unless he have permission."

The state constabulary of Maine have prohibited the sale of cider, and no liquors of any kind can be openly purchased in Bangor, except at the city agency.

A number of printers in Paris, France, have formed a Co-operative Society for producing cheap publications, and they have achieved great pecuniary success.

Agassiz says the Florida reefs were 70,000 years in being formed.—Exchange.

If the world is only 6,000 years old, as per Christian theology, what did they "form" on for 64,000 years?

Sunday lectures on political economy and co-operation are given to the workingmen of New York at the Farmer Institute. The Boston Advertiser thinks the Common Council should take the matter in hand. It is an irreligious subject—not fit for Sunday talk. What a pity it is that workingmen are stirring themselves for education, and bid fair to become the true aristocracy of America! There are only two parties to oppose them; viz., Capitalists and priests.

The Republican State Convention that met a few weeks ago at Columbia, South Carolina, made the free school system the first plank in its platform. This showed that the

loyal element, the majority of which is composed of negroes appreciate keenly the importance of education. But the report made since then to the Freedmen's Bureau, by Mr. Tomlinson, the Superintendent of Education, in that State, is still more to the point. According to that document, there are no less than 25,000 men and women in South Carolina who can read a newspaper with a fair understanding of its contents, who, two years ago, did not know the alphabet.

The Spragues of Rhode Island are estimated to be worth twenty-five millions of dollars. This amount has been mainly accumulated by manufacturing enterprises.—Exchange.

Hence the Spragues of Rhode Island command great esteem. But, we query, how came the Spragues by such wealth? Did they earn it? We venture to affirm that if they had only what belongs to them on the proportion of labor done and talent invested, they would hardly have five hundred thousand dollars, and the remaining \$24,500,000 would be in the hands of, now, comparatively poor, and some really destitute, men, women and children.

The Austrian Government has pledged itself to enlarge the civil and religious liberties of the Protestant inhabitants of the Empire.

Homer Brown whose letter is on the sixth page doesn't seem to be in need of doctors and lecturers; therefore, he has no appetite for them.

Mrs. Cora Scott Daniels writes an interesting letter to the Anti-Slavery Standard, of August 17th, concerning the anniversary of the massacre of July 30th, 1866. The day was observed with great solemnity. Meetings were held in Mechanics' Institute. The Catholics held meetings in the hall of the Institute, which was heavily draped. Behind the rostrum, in silver letters on a ground of black, were the words: "In Memory of the Victims of July 30th, 1866."

In the course of her letter Mrs. Hatch says: "The rebels complain of the injustice of the Military bill; but it is of their own creation, and, notwithstanding their cry of 'tyranny,' they respect power. The loyalists only wish the measures had been at first so strict as to render misinterpretation and evasion impossible. But we are all hopeful, earnest and ready to work. The colored freemen here understand the issues of the law as well as we do, and here in the city where intimidation is impossible, are outspoken and fearless. Could you see them crowd the offices of registration, with eager, joyous countenances, could you hear them in their clubs and leagues speak of the rights which are inalienable to all, could you have seen their tearful eyes and saddened faces yesterday as they gathered en masse to pay their tribute to the memory of their friends and companions, you could not doubt their ability to aid in the work of establishing a 'republican form of government' in these States. With Congress, Sheridan, and the colored freemen, we shall win."

The Spiritual Harp.

We are informed that J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett, well-known by the Spiritualists throughout the country as earnest, active men, are moving to furnish progressive societies, with appropriate music for their meetings.

The Spirit Minstrel and Psalms of Life have each done good service, and will long be used more or less; nevertheless, there has for some time been an active demand for something new, and better fitted to our advancing condition. We anticipate that the Spiritual Harp will be just the thing; and as the compilers invite "authors, poets, musicians and all lovers of melody to aid in this undertaking," there certainly ought to be a rich variety in the forthcoming book. We hope there will be a general response in this matter. Let all who have choice words and sweet compositions of music, send them to J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., or J. O. Barrett, Sycamore, Ill.

Notice.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I wish to give notice to all State and local organizations of Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers, that D. U. Pratt, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, is Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and they will please report names of delegates to the National Convention to him instead of to me as before requested. Also applications for entertainment should be made to him.

NEWMAN WEEKS, Chairman Ex. Com.

Certificates.

We have been requested to print a form of certificate, for the use of delegates to the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists. We deem the construction of such an instrument of very little consequence. Almost any form bearing the signature of the president and secretary of the Society will do, the simpler the better, for example:

This is to certify that _____ has been duly appointed by _____ as delegate to the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists to be held in Cleveland Ohio, commencing on the 3d. of Sept., 1867. _____ Aug. —, 1867. _____ Pres. _____ Sec.

Tickets to Fourth National Convention.

Western Delegates to the Fourth National Convention will find best accommodations via Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne R. R. Depot, corner of Canal and Madison streets, Chicago. Trains leave at 7 a. m., 4:30 and 10 p. m. The 4:30 p. m. train will land passengers in Cleveland next morning. Change cars at Crestline. Buy Trip Tickets at the main office, corner of Clark and Randolph streets, if possible; if not, call for the same at the Depot Ticket Office. Call for tickets to the Cleveland Convention.

For further particulars, if necessary, enquire at this office of F. L. WADSWORTH, Chairman Com.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Lenewee Co., Michigan, will hold a Grove Meeting on Saturday, Aug. 31st, and Sunday, Sept. 1st, two miles northwest from Rome Center. Mediums and speakers are invited to come especially. Come one, come all. All to be cared for free of cash. By order of committee. ELIJAH WOODWORTH.

Rome Center, Aug. 12, 1867.

Progressive Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its regular sessions at Crosby's Music Hall, State street, near Washington, every Sunday morning, commencing at 10.45 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

The safe, sweet corner of the household hearth, Behind the heads of children."

DEI GRATIA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

"A brusked reed he will not break." Ever darker, darker, darker, Lowered the storm upon the main, Surged the thunderous billows sky-ward. And plunged down the abyss again.—Exchange. But at eve the storm-clouds parted, Drew their trailing vestures dim Eastward, and disclosed a star-beam, And the horizon's golden rim. And a little bird went singing Sunward through the rosy gloom; Dropping its melodious secret Down on other worlds abloom. So my day of doubt and darkness Raged and wrestled to its close; Then the heavens above grew tender, And God's star of love arose. And a little song went winging From my heart's deep wells of peace; Thanks for God's sweet mercy given, Thanks for my worn soul's release.

For The Home Circle.

How Mrs. Maloney came to Keep a Servant.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

Phillip and Nora Maloney are neighbors of mine,—friends, I might almost say, so amicable are the relations existing between us. Phillip, a tall, straight young fellow, with a bright face and a brisk, active manner, is a great favorite with every body, and has pushed his fortunes so well in this Western land, that when he married pretty Nora Cahoon, he had bought a nice bit of a house—two rooms and a bedroom—with a garden spot attached, and a meadow below for the cow. Then, the next year, Phil got made constable, and added a smart, young horse to his belongings; and altogether, the establishment was as jaunty and thrifty as one could wish to see.

Nora made a trim little house-keeper, and for a year her cares seemed to sit lightly upon her. To be sure, there were a good many steps to be taken about her little place. Phillip took care of his horse, but the cow and the pig and the chickens fell to Nora's share; and their appearance, certainly, did her credit. Besides that, I learned that she did up, each week, some dozens of muslins and fineries for the lady-boarders in the village; and, with the proceeds, bought herself a ribbon, or, more likely, a handkerchief for Phil that was finer than he was wont to carry. Then Nora had the ambition common to most young house-keepers. She was determined to keep all the disagreeable details of her work out of Phil's sight; and when he came home from a long ride across the country, he was sure to find the house all to rights, the closet full of good cooking, and Nora herself in her neat print dress, waiting to greet him with her sweetest smile of welcome.

It was all as it should be, and I hoped it might last; but when I knew that Nora was looking for another and still a dearer addition to her household, I wondered how the little wife would manage to keep Phil's home sunshine always so unclouded.

The baby came at last, and after a few weeks of strange rule, Nora was about her kitchen again.

"Phil," I said to him, one evening as I passed the cottage, "Phil, you ought to mind the cow yourself now, and not leave it to Nora; she has enough, with the baby, to do in the house, without setting her foot out of doors."

"Oh! Madam," said Phil good-naturedly, "she'd die to be always housed. A step in the air keeps the blood in her cheek. There's not the match of her for a housewife in the town, if I say so myself."

"But the baby, Phil, she mustn't neglect the baby; and she mustn't be too hard worked to keep it healthy."

"Oh! I do assure you ma'am, she's not in the least worked. Why, I never come in but I find her with her clane dress on, and the ripples of her hair as bright as the goold of yer brooch, madam. Oh, she's as healthy as you please; and the baby, look at him now! Did ever ye see the likes of him?"

"Does the man think his wife an angel in very deed," I wondered, "and so above all mortal ills?" But I went out of town for a few weeks, and when I came back, going past the house again, I saw a little maid, whom I knew to have been taken from the poor-house, tending the cow and the pig. Phil lounged over the gate, and Nora stood in the doorway with her great, fair, blue-eyed boy in her arms. It is wonderful what pretty children the Irish always have!

"So you've gotten somebody to help Nora," I said to Phil. "I'm very glad you were so sensible. It is a credit to you."

"Small credit to me, ma'am," said Phil, half roguish, sheepish; while from the way Nora laughed and danced her baby and shook her sunny hair, I knew there was a story about it. So the next day I went down to hear it, and shall give it to you as nearly as I can, in her pretty Milestan:

"I got on finely," said Nora, "and seemed doing nothing at all, until the baby came,—the blessings on him. But after, I somehow didn't seem as strong as I used, and the work seemed all at once to get more. Still, I had no thought of complaining, and what with the way he grew, and the way Phil doted on him, I was as happy as the day was long. It was about August when he began to cut his teeth, and then the best I could do, he would fret nights. The weather was hot, and poor Phil had worked; that is, he had been riding in the heat all day. So, too, had I worked; but then, I was the mother, you know; and it fretted him if he scolded, and half between sleeping and waking he would scold sometimes. Then what with the losing my sleep and the heat and the crossness of the child, it seemed that the house-work would never get done; till at last Phil declared one day that there was neither peace in the house by day, nor by night, and was nigh to call me hard names that I did not get on better at me work. Sure, it was very bad with us, altogether, ma'am. I was like to lose all my religion, and so I am certain was Phil. The priest was harder on me that month than ever before since I said my catechism. 'I do be thinkin',' said Nora, looking up shyly, 'there should be women priests for women sins; sure, the men don't understand 'em at all.

"It fell out one day that Phillip went out with an early breakfast, expecting to be gone the run o' the day. I thought that time I'd get the lad asleep and do a scurry o' work afore the father got back; but somehow after he was dressed the sleep went astray on him, and he fretted and fretted, a lying in his cradle, till my heart was like to break. I had washing to do that day, but the churning must be done first; so when I found the lad wouldn't sleep, I took him on my arm and churned with the other hand. But the butter was long in coming. Three hours I was by the clock a standing by that churn, the lad on my arm, and no dinner a getting at all. At last, I got the butter; I had it salted and put away, and just at that minute, up drove Phil in his buggy, a drop o' fresh blood in his cheek, and his eye winking as bright as the tip o' the segar he was smoking. But when he came in and found no dinner—well, yerself knows what a man is when he's hungry, ma'am; and I was fit to cry wid the grafe when he scolded me."

"A big bother ye make over a spalpeen like that," he said. "What would ye do if ye had tin o' 'em?" "But there's been the churning, Phil," I said; "it's stood forenest my eyes all the whole blessed morning, and it's not out o' the way yet." Sure, I hadn't emptied the churn.

"A smart housewife ye are," said Phil, "to be put about by a dipper o' cream. I'll soon have the churnin' out o' yer sight."

"Then a big Irish devil flew into my head, savin' yer presence, and I said niver a word; but just let him go on wid his churning. Sure, it wouldn't be hurting the buttermilk."

"He flew at the dasher very fierce for the first fifteen minutes; ye'd have thought the butter was his nigger servant to come when he called it. But then when it did not come, he grew to look red in the face."

"Phil dear," says I, 'belike the crame is warm with standing in the hate all the day. When it be warm, I do be putting in cold water.'

"With that he looked a trifle cheerier, and sprung up for a dipper o' water; but there was none at all in the house, so he took the bucket and ran to the spring. When he came back, he swashed the half of the full of the bucket into the churn."

"Sure, now," he said, 'we'll have it in the shake o' yer hat.'

"But he churned and churned away, and niver a sign o' the butter."

"Phil dear," said I, 'I think, indade the water was too cold. I often have to put in hot water when the morning is cool.'

"So Phil flew at the tay-kettle; but it was just filled, and he had to go for wood to heat it."

"Sure, Phil," said I, 'don't be too long gone, or the crame will go back on ye.'

"With that, Phil swore he this and he that, he didn't care a stiver for the cream. Only that he set his heart on bating me; I saw he wouldn't care if it was all in the horse-pond together. And yet," said Nora innocently, "it was scarce an hour since he'd laid hand to the dasher."

"Well, he put in the hot water, and still the butter didn't come. It was getting warm work, and I meant to release him soon; but I thought maybe a change would be relafe, so I said, 'Phil, my honey, I'm just going into the garden for a cucumber for the dinner. Would ye be holding the boy while I'm gone; he's fit to die with the hate and the flies, if I have him in the cradle?'

"Phillip took the lad on his arm, without a word. He had seen me hold him and churn a dozen o' times, and felt ashamed to refuse, I suppose."

"I was back in the turn o' yer hand, I thought; it may have been a trifle longer that I was gone. But as I came back, I heard a great hullabaloo wid the pigs in the sty. When I came into the room, the lad lay in the cradle a screamin' at the top of his voice, and the father a sitting on a chair looking as black as ere a cloud in the summer sky."

"Phil," said I, taking up the child, 'did the butter come yet?'

"No," said Phil, as crusty as you please.

"But the pigs'll be wantin' the buttermilk for their supper."

"A pig that's full fed o' crame for his dinner will be little likely to greet for a trife o' buttermilk at supper-time," said Phil.

"Why Phil, dear, what do you mane?" says I.

"If ye look in the sty, ye'll know," said Phil. "Sure, the devil was in the crame, and I sent it all over the fence to the pigs. Sure, Nora," he said beseechin', "I should ha' killed the lad if I hadn't, for I was done bate out when he began to cry, and nature must have way."

"It's a blessing from the Almighty God," says I, as soft as I could, 'that I saved the butter!'

"You saved the butter!" he repeated, in a maze-like.

"Yes, sure, the last thing I did at the end o' my three hours' work, was to take the butter out o' the churn. But ye seemed to think churning was play, Phil, and I always like to see ye amuse yerself."

"Milla murder," shouted Phil; and then he went off into a long string o' big words. It was a good sign. They always feel better, ma'am, after they swear a little.

"It was a day and a half before the right reason came back to him, but when it did, he he said to me, 'Nora, me darlint, there's Tom McGinnis' orphan in the poor-house. It would be a good deed to find her a home; and 'ts little we'd miss her bite and her sup, and she might amuse herself wid the churn—the devil fly away wid it,—the whole run o' the day, if she liked. Play is good for the childer.'"

"Then he laughed a great laugh, and it was settled that we should get Judy, if we could. It's a fine little girl she is, and many's the step she saves me."

We are in receipt of papers from England containing notices of the labors of our old friend, Prof. L. N. Fowler, the phrenologist. Mr. and Mrs. F. are doing a good work in the old country, spreading broadcast the seeds of truth concerning phrenology, physiology, education, the relation of the sexes, the work of woman, etc. A private letter informs us that they intend to return to this country in about three years, and contemplate a residence in Chicago. We predict for them a hearty welcome.

He that hinders not a mischief when it is in his power is guilty of it.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

APALACH, MISS.—Regular Sunday meetings, by the Free and Scientific Religious Society of Spiritualists, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Hall of White Block, below "Masonic Temple," Main street.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, President; Mrs. B. H. Longshore, M. D., Secy.

CHICAGO, 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.

SPRINGFIELD, MISS.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church."

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

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

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

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold regular meetings in Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues, every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

GALVESTON, ILL.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Olmsted's Hall, next building west of Galveston House, third story.

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.

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.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 45 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 107, New York.

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.

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

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

MORNINGTON, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifteenth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sanson street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11 A. M.; evening lecture at 7 1/2.

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

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.

RICHMOND, MD.—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.

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.

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