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Written for The Universe.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

One dwells upon the emerald side
Of granite sloping, dim and grand;
Her mansion-windows, tall and wide,
O'er-look the spacious land.

The other, in the valley-glen,
From busy sight and sound aloof,
Lives all secure from worldly ken—
So low her cottage roof.

One moves through all the gazing throng,
With changeless, self-reliant grace;
No heart-revelings rise to wrong
Her calm and perfect face.

The other, who is Nature-taught,
Disdains to be worldly-wise;
And lifts the wondrous change of thought
Into her azure eyes.

One glides in regal loveliness,
With wondrous robes for her feet;
The other walks, in rustic dress,
Through meadow-grasses sweet.

One lays in mine a hand so fair,
So soft and delicately white,
I seem to touch embodied air,
Or clasp a jeweled light.

The other lifts a hand to me,
Deep-tinted by the golden sun;
And on the little palm I see
The trace of duties done.

And both unto my heart are more
Than I can ever think or tell;
The name of one is Isadore,
The other, Christabel.

And when my glowing pulses beat
The passion-throb of earth and time,
I climb with eager, tireless feet,
The granite height sublime.

But when I think of life and death,
And love's infinitude—its then
I turn and walk with calmest breath
Adown the valley-glen.

And if one soul shall rise with me
Through God's eterne, I know full-well
The angels by the waveless sea
Will call her "Christabel."

Written for The Universe.

MARRIED;

OR,

A Woman's Deception.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE IN THE WIND.

(Continued.)

The Doctor replied very gravely. "Miss Zarie, you seem not to comprehend the matter at all. If I ever wished a divorce from my wife, it was for the simple reason that I did not love her, but that reason is so entire and inclusive that it admits of no other. The whole thing is utterly removed from the plane of any personal pique or resentment whatever. That Elsie did not come to nurse me was part and parcel of the fact that she did not love me, and that I knew before. Therefore so far as that is concerned the case stood just where it did. If I wished a divorce, I do not know of any way in which I could gain it while she choose to oppose me, and so long as she holds me bound to the obligations I assumed at marriage, I hold myself, in truth and honor, bound also. If we had no child, I should be firmly of the opinion that the best good of both required us to be permanently separated. As it is, there may be a doubt, and I give her the benefit of it. I do not see that I could rightly give up my child, neither can I ask her to do it, and I am certainly under a stronger obligation to the child than to any other living being."

"But the thing can't drag in this way always. It has an ill odor and people won't always bear it. What are you going to do about it?"

"My duty, so far and so fast as it is given me to see it. Miss Zarie, I believe in a Providence which guides and rules the affairs of men, and I trust that of late years, if not before, I have learned not only to obey, but to trust and wait. As you say, the thing cannot last this way always, but I am more willing to trust in the ability of my Father in Heaven, to bring me well and wisely out of it, than in my own. If I keep my life pure and true to every obligation, I know that he has so formed the laws which govern this world, that in His own good time I shall come off conqueror."

"Yes," said Miss Zarie, "He always wins who sides with God, but then I did not know that that was spoken of a divorce case."

"I have faith that it will prove true in the case of an unhappy marriage nevertheless."

Miss Zarie went home instructed. She never advised the Doctor to apply for a divorce again; but she did watch very carefully the movement of events.

At midsummer, when it had become evident that Mr. Vaughan's health was failing, Proctor had been sent for. He had failed to arrive in time to see his father, but soon after the funeral Mrs. Vaughan had received intelligence, that he would arrive in the next steamer, and had gone down to New York to meet him. Some necessary business kept him for a week or two in town, but early in October he arrived at Brockendale.

During that time Proctor had, of course, learned from his mother something of the state of affairs with the Glendennings. She had not cared to go deeply into details, because she knew that Proctor had always loved Elsie with more than the tenderness he would have bestowed upon a sister, and she did not feel at all sure he would agree with her entirely in her judgment of the case; and she had unfortunately gone so far toward giving that judgment a practical result, that she felt now in honor compelled to stand by it,—for to leave

all the odium of an unpopular measure, of which she had been really the instigator, upon her dead husband, could not be called, it seemed to Mrs. Vaughan, an honorable proceeding. Proctor felt by instinct that he had not arrived at the bottom of the affair, and on the morning after his arrival at Brockendale, he hastened to Richard for a full explanation.

Theirs was a friendship which time or absence could not impair. In three minutes—nay, less—with the first shake of the hand, Proctor had taken in the changed aspect of his friend, and Richard had seen that through the brown and bearded face of his old companion, the same play of light and warmth and truthfulness broke out, as from the less-matured features of the youth.

The Doctor did silently thank God for a friend. Proctor, at least, would understand him—would give him sympathy, counsel, support; all these he felt he sadly needed.

They took a long, slow drive together—the Doctor's first since his illness—and talked the matter all over. Proctor had that rare tact which enables one to enter into another's feeling, as if they were his own. He knew, besides, the truthfulness and the purity of the man he had to deal with; and many things, that to another would have needed explanation, he comprehended silently.

"It is a case," he said at length, "in which no man dare offer advice. But I understand you; I feel deeply for you, and if it was possible to aid you, I should gladly do so. For one thing you may rely upon me—I think I know my mother well enough to answer for it—that, so far as the family is concerned, you need fear no farther persecution from us. My mother is not acute, but she is the best-hearted person in the world, and I know I can set her right. I am glad, too, Dick, that I'm not married. There is nobody now to interfere with my devoting myself to this affair as much as is judicious, until it shall be settled. For it will be settled; I am as certain of that as, when I see a fruit tree in bloom, that there will be fruit in the autumn."

"Yes, Proctor; but suppose this individual case were settled, what is to be done with the thousands of others just like it, or worse, all over the country?"

"All over the world, you may as well say; for European society is far more depraved in this matter than our own. I've thought of marriage myself, at times, but I've never had the courage to face all its direful possibilities. Still you have thought of it more than I, and what is your remedy?"

"I know but one, and that, truth—an purely applied to all relations of the sexes. Perfect truthfulness, in courtship, in marriage, in all the relations to which marriage leads, would, I am convinced, if persevered in for one generation, obliterate half the evils of this kind under which society groans. Let our young men and maidens be educated to know what marriage is, and to believe it a sacrament, the most holy known to men in the simple human relation, and to live, both before and after marriage, true to all its requirements; and let all ideas of buying and selling worldly advantages be separated from it, and the old profanity, that all is fair in love and war, be blown to the winds,—and the thing would regulate itself, as surely as God's laws are laws and not mere freaks of chance."

"Ah! but, man, that pre-supposes the millennium."

"Well, God always pre-supposes a millennium, and therefore it will come. And yet, it can only come, humanly speaking, as the coral reefs are built, through innumerable small individual exertions. Let my part of the work be to live the truth for one."

"And mine," said Proctor, smiling, "to see that you get your reward for it."

"God only can give me that," said Richard, gravely. "All the same I am deeply grateful for your good will."

Proctor's declaration seemed, however, to be prophetic. On the very morning after this interview, he brought home with the day's mail, a letter addressed to his mother, and bearing the Philadelphia postmark, which occasioned him some curiosity.

It was a square, unwieldy epistle, directed in a coarse, illiterate manner, and looking every way the strangest letter to have crept into the mail-bag of a wealthy and cultivated lady like Mrs. Vaughan.

"Mama," said Proctor, laughing, "do open this letter at once. I'm in such haste to know its contents. Some hack-driver or green-grocer must have fallen in love with you."

Mrs. Vaughan smiled in a motherly way as she took the letter, and proceeded to open it. Proctor was a grown man now, and she leaned on him as on her only earthly protector. All the same she liked him to keep the boyish flavor of his manners. It was good not always to be reminded of her own age by his increasing dignity. But, as she read, the smile faded and her brow grew overcast.

Proctor looked over her shoulder.

"Nay, take it," she said, "I have finished it."

Proctor took it and read:

MRS. VAUGHAN:—I write this letter to let you know that your niece Elsie is in my house, and sick of a strange kind of sickness. She seems worn out like. She says she has got no money to pay a doctor, and I must send her to a hospital, which I shall do if I don't hear to the contrary from you by return mail. She don't know that I am writing to you; but she told me she was buying mourning for her uncle in Brockendale, that she used to live with, so by that means I learned where her friends was, and I thought best to apply to them before sending her to the hospital.

Yours, etc., SARAH KEYES.

The letter was postmarked three days earlier, but had evidently been delayed in the mail.

Proctor's first impulse was to vent his surprise and pain in an earnest exclamation, but a wise second thought restrained him. He had a point to gain with his mother, and must proceed with discretion.

"Well, mama," he asked, "what is to be done?"

"I suppose," she said, "that you must go to Philadelphia and see about her."

"How do you suppose it happens that she is out of funds?" asked Proctor.

Mrs. Vaughan replied with evident pain:

"She probably spent a good deal among the sick, while she was here."

"But there was something left her in the will."

"The woman speaks of her having bought mourning."

"And I suppose fifty dollars don't go a great ways toward renewing a lady's wardrobe entire?"

Mrs. Vaughan winced. The dress she had on at that moment had cost fully that sum.

"What do you suppose ails her?"

"Proctor" said Mrs. Vaughan almost petulantly, "you are worse than Torquemada. Have you no consideration for me?"

"Mama," said Proctor, "I am trying to get at the real merits of the case. As nearly as I can see, Elsie came down here to make a visit, found the town given up to fever and panic, stayed and spent her strength and her money freely for the benefit of the poor and the needy, and now has gone home without a 'thank you' from anybody except the poor people whom she nursed, and is left to suffer, and possibly to die, as her only reward for her heroism. That being the case, it becomes a matter of interest to me to know what is to be done about it."

"I suppose, my child, you must go down to Philadelphia, and, if it is possible, bring her up here."

She was sitting with her head resting upon her hand, and her face partially concealed. She had not said all that Proctor felt the case demanded, and he waited to know if she would say the rest without his solicitation, as he vastly preferred that she should, though he was equally determined that he would spare no pains, if need be, to induce her to say it.

After a moment's thought, Mrs. Vaughan went on, though with an evidently painful effort.

"I may have wronged Elsie, both in thought and in deed. I can see, my son, that you think I have; and the possibility does not make it the easier for me to see her just now. On the other hand, neither you nor she ought to forget that she has erred very grievously against both my prejudices and my conscience. Still I see every day more clearly how difficult it is to measure other people's lives by our own standards; and you may say Elsie, when you see her, that I am willing, if she is, to waive all these disputed points, and receive her into my house and into my heart, simply as the friend whom years ago I held in dear esteem. And you may add that I sincerely hope that personal intercourse may clear away any mists of prejudice or misunderstanding which may have complicated our relations, and enable us both to see the truth more clearly."

"That is like my own mother," said Proctor. "I shall bear your message gladly, mother, and I shall start on the evening train. I will write you as soon as I get there, and I trust there will be nothing to hinder our early return, and I know you will do everything in the meantime to prepare for a hearty reception."

The next day, therefore, found Proctor knocking at Elsie's door. Mrs. Keyes admitted him, saying, as she did so—

"I am glad you have come, sir; for I couldn't have kept her another day; and it was a pity to turn such a soft young woman as she is out to a charity hospital."

[To be continued next week.]

Written for The Universe.

THE BIRD-MOTHERS.

BY A HOOSIER MOTHER.

I am sitting in my garden, under the large walnut tree; the birds are chirping and twittering above me, the young ones are almost ready to take their first flight into the wide outer world. What anxiety and what delight do both parents evince on this momentous occasion!

I wonder if birds have marriage-laws to bind them together till their young ones no longer need their care, or do they see, what some men and women fail to perceive, that, having given life to sentient beings, they are bound—whether the law in the case be written or not, they are still bound—to see them safely through their years of helplessness. And how eager, busy and happy they seem in doing it!

I suppose that no bird-legislature has ever made a law, that if such a thing should happen as a fuss in the family—all the little ones must be taken from the mother and given to the father; nor that, in case the latter should by some luckless shot lose his life, the female parent must be forthwith ousted from her nest, and the nest itself put up at public auction.

Nor do I think the wise exponents of bird-justice ever tell her that now she must have guardians for her chicks, as human lawyers do, even here in Indiana, the paradise of women.

No, birds know better than that; and if men and women would study a little the example they set, they would not talk as they sometimes do, setting aside all marriage laws, for they would see that the principle underlying them is as fixed as that of the attraction, of gravitation, and by the same power. But they would endeavor to remodel them; they would abolish those human arrangements by which marriage has been made a one-sided affair in a way that nature never intended.

It would almost seem, that men, seeing the severity of the pains of married life to women, have been afraid they would shrink from incurring them if any other chance were permitted them; and that, in consequence, they have instinctively bound them hand and foot with restriction on restriction. But all this is unnecessary. The matter has been well arranged by nature. The delights of maternity fully compensate women for its penalties, provided they can have any fair chance to enjoy them.

Law is, indeed, powerless to regulate the internal phases of these delicate and strictly personal matters. Still we cannot dispense with it. It is needful to control the outward manifestations. Only do not let it conflict with nature. Let the human mothers stand in the same relation to the family, that the bird-mothers do, and all will come out right in good time, or as right as is consistent with

mundane imperfections. Absolute perfection is out of our reach, but we have not been left helpless.

Written for The Universe.

APPRECIATED AT LAST.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY AMANDA ROBERTS KEYSER.

"Done at last! How pleased Henry will be! Now I'll make up the lost time and have everything in order before he gets home."

With a hasty glance at the finished picture, she put it out of sight, and hastened to the kitchen to commence work. While her whole soul had been completely occupied in the work before her, she had been all unconscious of the lapse of time, and now she was surprised to see her husband already standing on the threshold, surveying the confusion within. Breakfast and dinner dishes unwashed, the floor unswept, bread souring in the tins, and two dirty, ragged children, running in from the yard to meet papa. Poor Mrs. Smith! words could not express her mortification and disappointment; her husband never scolded, so she could not get angry, and thus cure one evil by committing a greater. Therefore, contriving herself as best she could, she went forward to meet him with the customary kiss, and whispered, "Try to forgive me once more."

"I will, dear," replied her husband; "you know I should have no happiness, if I harbored an unkind thought of my wife. I will go to the post office, while you get supper."

This was not the first, or second time he had come home to find things in equally bad condition. Still, he never doubted the good intentions of his wife, but continued to hope that in time she would overcome the habit of putting off her household duties.

On the opposite side of the street lived Mrs. Smith's only sister, Mary Jones. Jones and Smith were mechanics, employed in the same shop. They were both good workmen, and received regular work, and good wages. To-night Jones was met, as usual, at the gate, by his two children, and at the door, by his wife, holding a lovely baby. His home and family were always a model of neatness and order, and he was soon seated with his little family around the nicely-prepared supper.

"I wish Henry could eat supper with us," said Mary, as she passed her husband's tea.

"Why so, wife? Has Sarah burned her biscuits again?" asked Mr. Jones, as he helped himself to a specimen of that article, which for the snowy whiteness of its center, and the golden brown of its crust, could not be excelled.

"Worse than that! she has neither bread nor cake in the house. I was there, not half an hour ago, and she had not washed a dish, made a bed, swept the floor, or even combed her hair to-day."

"Is it possible! Who could have believed that two sisters, brought up together as you were, by such a capable mother, could be so different in their habits!"

"We are as much alike now, as we ever were. Mother used to say that Sarah was the trial of her life."

"But why is it? She is a smart intelligent woman in every other respect."

"You and Henry are the only ones that ever see anything smart about her. I say, and know, she is a lazy, heedless creature. Too lazy to even be neighborly."

Mrs. Jones was not the only one who had uttered this sentiment. Whenever women met together to spend an hour or two, the principal subject of conversation was this poor woman's negligence. Even men, who are said to be above gossip, condescended to jest of her husband's buttonless shirts. Every act was watched, reported, and magnified, until a candid person would have believed them entirely false; but her neighbors had come to consider nothing too bad to believe of her. Still, none accused her more severely than did her own conscience.

With a sad heart, she went about her work, as soon as her husband was gone. The tears would not be restrained, now that there was none but the children to witness them, and she wept as she worked. Many a time before, had she been discouraged by her own negligence, but to-night it seemed that there was really no hope of her ever doing right.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself many times. "There is no way of escape. My husband and children must be cared for, and I must do it. Yes, I will," she added, with more determination. "I know that strength will be given me, if I but persevere."

Then she offered up a silent but fervent prayer for forgiveness for the past, and strength to do the work appointed her. After this, she became calm, and when she heard her husband's returning footsteps, went to the door to meet him. Supper was now ready. She turned the tea, saw that the children were waited upon, and then opened the letter which he had brought her.

"W. J., husband, what can this mean? Here is a check." "Is it possible! Read the letter and see what that says." "It is from father, but so short."

HOME, JUNE 20, 18—

Dear Daughter:—

I have been very successful for a few years, and have concluded to share my profits with my children. I shall send Mary the same as I have you. Your happiness is dearer to me than any amount of gold. When you have invested your share let me know what you have done with it.

Your affectionate FATHER.

As she read, Henry took up and examined the check.

"Why, Sarah, this seems like a fortune. I had almost given up all hopes of ever possessing so much money. Now we can buy this house and lot, and have a home of our own at last. This will just pay for it, and you shall have the deed in your name. Won't you be a happy woman, then!"

"I suppose Mary will buy the house and lot where they live; she has been very anxious to do so," she replied, thoughtfully.

"Of course she will. Your father knew that his girls would not waste his earnings, and I believe he will be as happy to know that you have homes of your own, as you will be."

Henry was very cheerful, and talked for some time of the bright future, the many improvements that she could make in their home, the fruits and flowers he would add to the small variety already growing, and the little improvements in the house that would lessen his wife's labors. He grew more animated as he proceeded, and leaning toward his wife, he drew her to him, and kissing her joyfully, said:

"Say, dearest, won't we be the happiest couple in the world?"

In reply, she only dropped her head upon his breast, and sobbed convulsively.

Henry was alarmed; what could it mean? She had never been hysterical. He called her by all endearing names, and begged her to speak and tell him what was the matter. This great excitement caused her to exert herself to become quiet, but she could not do so entirely.

At last she said: "Henry, you talk as though it were possible for money to buy us a pleasant home. If the sacrifice of my life, this night, would secure you as much peace and comfort as William Jones has in his home, I would die this hour, by my own hand, and accept my doom for eternity, to secure you happiness on earth; but I know that cannot be; you still love your lazy, shiftless, wasteful wife, with all the ardor of the lover of eight years ago. Can you still hope that I will ever make a careful, thoughtful woman?"

"Most certainly I do, darling. I know and appreciate the nobleness of your nature. I know, that in my wife I possess a true, noble, whole-souled woman. I wronged you bitterly, by not listening to your advice before we were married, and let you remain at your trade, until together we had secured a home. I was so impatient to call you mine, and have you to cheer my lonely evenings, that I flattered myself you would be more happy in what I thought your proper place. If I had listened to you then, we might now have had our home, and you could have hired a good girl to relieve you of these annoying cares that rob you of the time you should spend in pleasant and more profitable employment. Then you would be, I think, the girl I married. I have had but occasional glimpses of her during these years, for you are nearly all the time in some trouble."

She looked up, smiling through her tears, and said, "Honestly, dear, which would you prefer to buy with money: your lost Sarah, or this house and lot?"

"If I could have your old self, I would prize the change above any property."

"Then, say no more about the money. Consider it passed away, and in a few weeks you shall have the woman of your choice."

"What do you mean?" he asked, bewildered.

"Just what I say. Trust me this time, and ask no questions."

"I will," he replied, and he kept his word. To say that he was perfectly satisfied, would be to say that he was not human and possessed of the common sins of mortals. He asked no more questions about what she intended to do, but he had many unhappy hours. He loved money as well as most honest men, but unlike most of them, he considered that all persons had a perfect right to use their own as they thought best, even though they were women. He had failed to see that his wife had not just as good a right to use her money as he had his. The reason he doubted, was, he feared she did not know the value of money. He had worked hard to support his family, and now to see money enough to buy them a comfortable home, go without even a word of remembrance, required a strong effort.

Three years have passed. Mrs. Smith is moving about the room uneasily, looking first from one window, and then another. At last she exclaims:

"What can be the matter? It is half past six, and Henry not in sight yet."

A moment later, a quick step was heard on the stairs, and she hurried forward, and met a handsome, well-dressed man at the door, who gave her a genuine lover's kiss.

"I am ten minutes late to-night, darling. I went round to the book-store to get the book you spoke of yesterday."

"How thoughtful of my pleasure you always are."

"Why should I not be, when I have no need to think of my own?"

He had taken the baby from her arms when he first came in, and was now tossing her in the air with all the energy of a happy father. You would never recognize this couple as the unhappy pair we saw before. There was nothing of the old shiftlessness to be seen. She was dressed in a neat muslin dress, with white collar and cuffs, her hair put up in the most becoming style, while her face spoke only cheerfulness and peace of mind. You would also pronounce them younger instead of older. Henry did not wear the buttonless shirts now, and he saw no disorder about his wife's room. She closed the shutters, set back the chairs, and brought a delicately-embroidered cloak that was but suitable to put over the neat and tasteful clothes worn by the happy child.

"Let me wrap her up and carry her down stairs, while you get down the carriage."

"No, Sarah; you know I don't want that. I am proud to carry my girl through the streets. Only see her jump! I believe she knows I am."

Sarah only kissed both for reply, and they continued:

"My most earnest prayer for this little one is that she may become as noble a woman as her mother is."

"Oh, Henry! rather desire her to become like her Aunt Mary. It is cruel to ask that she should copy after me."

"No, dear, you wrong yourself there. Why will you always regret the difference between you?"

"Because she can do so much more for her loved ones than I can. William must be one

of the happiest of men; with such a perfect home as he has."

"Is his home pleasanter than ours is now?"

"No, but I am dependent on servants, while Mary attends her herself."

"Yes, but your mind has arranged everything and made it most desirable; and see the difference. You leave your business in time to walk home with me; we eat our supper, and then, while your sister is busy washing dishes and putting things in order, you can have an hour or more to walk or talk with our children. You devote double the time to me and the children that Mary does to her family; because her labor is constant, and keeps her mind employed, as well as her hands. They are happy together; but what do they know of the many subjects that are exciting the minds of the public? I once thought that I would be happy thus, but I now know it is not all of life to live. You give regular employment and good wages to three needy women, and sometimes more, so you are also a public benefactor. — Here we are at home, and Charley and Alice running to meet us. Why did they go home before I came?"

"They were anxious to do some work in the garden before supper."

At the door, they were met by a tidy-looking girl, who took the baby while the parents, prepared for the tempting supper they and spread in the next room. Everything, in saw around the house was in perfect order, and spoke of the good taste of its mistress.

Nurse and housekeeper had already eaten and were now ready to attend patiently to the wants of the hungry family. That was a pleasant meal; and let me say such is the rule now, not the exception. After it was finished, Sarah said:

"Henry, to-day is an anniversary in our lives. I want to be alone with you for a while."

As she spoke, she led the way to the parlor, and closed the door after them. "I might say," she continued, "it is a double one; for it is the anniversary of two important events, or turning points, in our lives. Eleven years ago to-night, you accompanied me home to my father's, that I might prepare to become your wife. Six weeks after we were married. Then commenced years of struggling, such as I had never dreamed of. While a girl at home, I thought I tried hard to do what was right, but I had no motive for exertion, and, do the best I could, I could not equal Mary, even when a child, and of course, I was judged by my actions, not motives. You know how this finally drove me from home, when I was nearly nineteen years old, and you know how I succeeded. Success was no more of a merit then, than failure had been at home; for it is no effort to succeed when one's whole soul is in the work. But oh, the horrors of those first years of married life! As I look back upon them now, it is like recalling some frightful nightmare; one continual struggle, without a movement to relieve the terrible pressure. Three years ago to-night, when it seemed that I could endure no more, the load was lightened, and I cast it off. Think of our home that night, and compare it with to-night. You remember I asked you which you would prefer to buy with the money father sent me: the woman you married, or the house we occupied? You chose the woman. Have you found her?"

"I have, darling,—only strangely matured in all that won my love in her girlhood,"—he answered fervently.

"Then I have a present for you, as an anniversary gift."

As she spoke, she took a folded paper from her pocket, and placed it in his hand. He looked at it in surprise, and asked:

"What does this mean?"

"It means that I have bought a clear deed of our home, as a present to the kindest of husbands."

"But I cannot understand how you have accomplished it."

"It is very easily explained," she answered, with a smile. "I learned when I went to the city, a few weeks before I received that money, that my old employer thought of giving up his business. In fact, before I came back, he offered to sell out to me at a very low price. I never felt the want of money as I did then, and I hope I never shall again. I thought it would be of no use to apply to father, for he never sympathized with me, and you had no means; so I felt that there was no hope, and I returned home, more unhappy than before. The first mail after I received that letter from father, I sent one to Mr. Jones, to learn if he had yet sold. The next day I received a favorable reply, and you know that in less than two weeks from the receipt of the money, I was nicely settled in business, with an honest and thorough housekeeper at home. From that time I have been prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. There could have been no better time or place to start in such a business than I had, and you see the result. I am free from debt, have paid all the help I have hired in the house, as

THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1899.

HUNGERING HEARTS.

Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled,
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest mirth may thrill,
And yet, beneath them all, the while,
The hungry heart be pining still!

These know their doom, and walk their way,
With level steps and steadfast eyes;
Nor strive with fate, nor weep, nor pray—
While others, not so sadly wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight!

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks.
For them no night redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impared;
O, misconstrued and suffering long—
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's life desert hold,
No fountain shade, no dew-grove fair,
Nor gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches, wide and bare!
The foot may fall, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame;
Yet still ye make no word complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame!

O, eager eyes that gaze afar!
O, arms that clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are—
Not all unspilt your despair!
Smile, patient lips, so proudly dumb!
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

THE LAKE STEAMER.

STORY OF A TERRIFIC SHIPWRECK.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

[In Lippincott's Magazine for September, in the serial entitled "BYRON THE BREAKERS," written by Mr. Owen for that periodical, is a chapter containing the following graphic account of a frightful steamboat accident on Lake Erie. We believe that a casualty, similar in its outlines, did actually occur there, some years since. The "Thomas Hartland" and "Nelson Tyler" therein mentioned are personages in Mr. Owen's story, both men advanced in years; the former a Naturalist, the latter a miller. We learn that the above novel will be published in book-form, by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., toward the close of the present year. The chapter is entitled,—"THE LAKE STEAMER."—Ed. Universe.]

"Roth, wie Blau,
Ist der Himmel;
Das ist nicht des Tages Glut!
Welch Getümmel!"
—Schiller, *Lied von der Glocke*.

We are living through a period of transition, and our young country exhibits the exuberance incident to such a state. In legislative hall or traveler's caravansary, in "silver palace car" or gorgeous steamer, we are wont to overlook the fitness of things, mistaking tinsel and glitter for appropriate enrichment, and often neglecting substantial comfort for worthless gauds.

Yet if there was extra gilding and carving and superfluity of mirrors and silk hangings in the stately "Queen of the Lakes" on which Hartland and the miller embarked, she was nevertheless a magnificent vessel, gracefully modeled and well appointed—a craft of which her genial captain might well be proud.

Full three hundred and fifty feet long, she had two decks stretched throughout her entire length. The lower of these was partially occupied, on either side, by the officers' berths, close to which rose the smoke-stacks, while the spacious forward deck and the open central space were crowded by a large number of steerage passengers, chiefly decent-looking German and Irish emigrants; a few of whom, however, had engaged bunks in the small, plain after cabin. Of the upper deck three-fourths were occupied by the main cabin for first-class passengers, handsome state-rooms being partitioned off on either side; and the after portion, which was appropriated to the ladies and their friends, was separated from the gentlemen's cabin by rich brocade satin drapery. From the opposite end of this spacious room double doors opened on the upper forward deck, the favorite resort of the cabin passengers in fine weather.

Upon these two decks, on the present occasion, upward of four hundred passengers had found accommodation.

Captain Drake—for so the autocrat of this floating colony was named—had his wife and family on board, and had invited a number of friends on a pleasure trip to Cleveland. A gay and thoughtless party they were; among them several young people of each sex, whom the captain, bent on the happiness of his guests, had apparently selected with special reference to their individual preference, for they dropped naturally into couples, some secluded themselves in the ladies' cabin and looking over books or prints together; others, deep in conversation, promenading the forward deck.

The captain entertained them generously: champagne circulated freely at the upper end of the long dining-table. In the evening there was music. One young lady, of distinguished appearance, but somewhat inappropriately attired in an elaborate ball-dress, was a charming ballad-singer; and her rendering of the old song, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," called forth, from a good many eyes, the tribute of tears. Then there was an impromptu ball, two negro violinists composing the band. Captain Drake, his fifty odd years forgotten, joined jovially in the dance, which was kept up till past midnight—in honor of May-day, the captain said, for they had left Buffalo on a warm, bright first of May.

Among the sober spectators of this gay scene were Thomas Hartland and Nelson Tyler; the latter cordially enjoyed it, the former sitting unmoved, with a silent protest in his heart against the levities of fashionable life. Without waiting the termination of the dance, Hartland retired to his state-room. Having delayed to secure his passage until the day before the steamer's passage, he had been fain to put up with a somewhat undesirable berth, the upper one in a state-room alongside the wheel-house. As this room could have no door or window opening outside, it was lighted by a frame projecting from its roof and glazed, so that any one oc-

cupying the upper berth could, by raising himself, see, through the side-panes, what passed on the hurricane deck.

Hartland lay awake. At first, the sounds of merriment and music outside ceased sleep away; and when these gradually ceased and the cabin was deserted, he still lay, he did not know how long, listening to the plash of the great wheel hard by, sinking at last into troubled and broken slumber.

In the dead of night he suddenly became conscious of the sound of footsteps overhead. Looking through the sky-light, he discerned the figures of two men moving silently about, one of them having a lantern in his hand. Then he thought he heard their voices, speaking in eager, suppressed tones. Thoroughly roused, he donned a portion of his clothes and proceeded to the upper deck. A third man had joined the first two, and Hartland asked him what was the matter. In reply the latter pointed to one of the smoke-stacks, adding in a whisper, "Looks as if it might be fire." Hartland then perceived, dimly by the lantern-light, a slender line of light smoke or steam rising close to the starboard smoke-pipe, and he became aware that one of the two men, whom he had first seen, held a hose, of which he was directing the contents on this object of their suspicions. At first the stream of water seemed to quench the fire, if it was, but after a time, the smoke began to reappear and to drift aft, though still ascending only in feeble puffs. Hartland hesitated no longer, but returned at once to the cabin, where he roused the miller, and they awoke several other passengers, the doors of whose state-rooms happened to be unlocked; making no noise, however, for they were both men of nerve and courage, and they knew the effect of a sudden alarm at night among so great a crowd.

Those who had been roused hastened from the cabin and met the captain speeding up to the hurricane deck.

Still that ominous line of smoke! gradually increasing in volume, Hartland thought. A death-like stillness over the boat, broken only by the dull, rushing sound of its huge wheels. "These emigrants below ought to be warned," whispered Nelson Tyler to Hartland; and they both descended, moving slowly and quietly among the sleeping multitude that lay on the deck. They awoke the men gently, speaking in an undertone, and telling them it was better to be ready, though there was no immediate danger. As the officers, fearing disturbance, and confident, no doubt, that they could soon master the fire, had given no alarm, the news spread but gradually and without arousing any violent demonstration. With a low murmur the crowd arose.

Then the two mounted to the floor above. Men and women, their faces deadly pale, were creeping silently from the cabin, and soon the upper forward deck was nearly filled. They could dimly see, on the cabin roof, a line of men who had been organized to pass what few buckets they had, from the side of the vessel. The crowd watched the result with feverish anxiety. No one spoke above his breath. All eyes were turned to that long, dark cylinder of smoke. It had doubled in volume, Hartland saw at a glance, since he first had sight of it; and the conviction flashed over him that the supply of water was quite insufficient to check the hidden flame. The horrors he had read of, about fires at sea, rose vividly to his mind, but he thrust them aside by a determined effort. He looked at Tyler. It was evident that the miller too realized the situation, yet he said but a word or two, and in a tone so low that Hartland overheard only Ellen's name: then a look of stern resolution passed over Tyler's face. Conscious of his own strength and skill in swimming, he was nerving himself for the struggle before him.

What a magnificent night it was!—clear, cloudless; starlight, serene in its splendor, but no moon; the wind a moderate breeze, fresh and balmy, just stirring the lake surface into gentle ripples. Nature in her quietest, holiest aspect, shining with calm benignance from heaven, as if to give earnest of peace and protection to the creatures of earth.

Solemn the hush over that awestruck crowd! They felt what might happen, though most of them, not having noticed the gradual increase in that fatal smoke-column, were still buoyed up by hope. How character, unmarked, showed itself there! Some seemed self-absorbed; others had gathered into groups, the selfish instinct overcome by affection. Here a mother had brought her children together and was whispering to them that they mustn't be afraid. There a brother, his arm around a favorite sister, was speaking some low word of comfort and encouragement. Hartland distinguished among the rest the fair songstress of the preceding evening, half clad now, careless of appearance, mute with terror, a young man, lately her partner in that gay dance, by her side; bewildered he seemed, panic-stricken like herself: poor protector in a strait like that! She was not the only one who found out, in that terrible night, the difference between a companion fit to enliven hours of idleness, and a friend who will stand stoutly by and succor, through gloom of danger, when life is at stake.

Even a touch of the ludicrous mingled, as it will in the most tragic scenes. One gentleman had a silver-bound dressing-case strapped under his arm; another carried a hat-box, which he seemed to guard with scrupulous care. Tyler saw a young girl, who was standing near him, deliberately unclasp a pair of handsome earrings, then roll them carefully in her handkerchief, which she deposited in her pocket. And one old lady, walking distractedly up and down near the cabin door, kept eagerly asking the passers-on if they were sure they hadn't seen anything of her bundle. But all such frivolities were soon to cease.

How often, to the storm-tossed and bewildered mariner, has there shone, from watchtower or pharos, a feeble ray, welcome as Hope herself, life-guide through night and tempest! But the hope, the safety, of this waiting crowd was in merciful darkness.

A faint flicker of light! God in heaven! It had shot up along the edge of that large, dark smoke-pipe! For a moment it dimly showed the wain faces—a signal-fire, omen of coming fate.

Another! A shudder crept through the watchers—a long, low moan; they saw it all now. The fiery element, gathering power below, was slowly creeping upward upon them. The crowd glared around with the instinct of fight. Nothing but the waste of waters, with here and there a star reflected from their dark depths! And still, as dreary monotone, the rushing plash of those gigantic wheels!

Then there were eager inquiries for life-preservers. Not one, they were told, on the boat! And the gilt glitter in that luxurious cabin—a what a mockery now! The thousands squandered there, might, wisely spent, have saved that night hundreds of human lives.

As it was, a portion of the passengers went

* The law which now requires that all passenger steamers shall be fully supplied with these had not then passed.

in search of something to keep them afloat in case of the worst, returning with chairs, stools, pieces of board, and the like. Others, utterly unmanned and abandoning all exertion, gave way to wild bewailings.

A mother with several children, entreated Mr. Hartland to take charge of the youngest, a little girl.

"I am going below, madame," he replied, "where the crowd is dangerous, and where she would run great risk of being lost or crushed."

The mother submitted, kissing the child and taking it in her arms, and Hartland whispered to Tyler, "Let us go down. We may approach the shore before the flames gain head; and if we have to swim for it, the chance is better from the lower deck." So they descended.

Below, the deck was a mass of human beings. To them the danger was even more apparent than to those above. Flakes of flame already rose, here and there, from the deck near the smoke-stacks. Even the heat was beginning to be felt. But there was one favorable circumstance. The wind was westerly—a head wind, though veering a little on the starboard quarter—and flame and smoke were blown aft, leaving the forward half of the vessel clear.

Soon a large flock of flame shot up, and there were screams faintly heard from the small after cabin. Some of the inmates, attempting to lower the yawl that hung astern, had been caught there by the drifting fire; their fate was sealed.

That last burst of flame must have shown itself on the upper deck, for there was a smothered cry from above, and then a voice—the captain's—it seemed—shouting in loud tones to the pilot.

The alarm gained the crowd below, which swayed to and fro. Women and children shrieked in terror as the press came upon them. Men's voices rose—a hoarse murmur, like the gathering of a great wind. Tyler endeavored to make his way to the bow, but found that impossible: several stout Irish laborers turned threateningly upon him. "I'll risk my chance above," he said to Hartland, but the latter stayed below.

When the miller reached the upper deck a sheet of fire already rose nearly as high as the smoke-stacks, and the roof of the main cabin had caught. But he saw also in a moment a change that kept hope alive. The smoke and flames, instead of drifting aft, now blew dead to leeward. The captain's command to the pilot had been to port the helm and run the boat on shore.

But this change, bringing the mass of flame closer to the passengers, so that those nearest the cabin felt the hot breath on their cheeks, at first increased their alarm. They crowded fearfully toward the bow, and many must have been thrown into the water there and there, had not a voice called out, "Don't crowd! they're heading her for land!" This assurance in a measure quieted the terror-stricken throng. There was the suppressed voice of lamentation, an appeal to Heaven for mercy here and there, but still no clamorous shout, no wild outcry. There could be seen, by that red glare, on some faces the calm of resignation, on others the stillness of despair.

Though the flames spread steadily, the engine continued to work, the wheels did their duty, and the pilot—no noble fellow!—still kept his post, though smoke, mingled with thick sparks, swept in circling eddies around him.

Each minute was bearing these four hundred souls nearer and nearer to safety, and all eyes were now strained in the direction of the vessel's course. The blaze from that terrific bale-fire lighted up the lake waters far and wide, and—yes! was at last reflected on a low shore and trees. Some one near the bow cried out, "Land! land!" Others caught and repeated the soul-stirring cry. And though the passengers in the rear of the crowd were already in perilous vicinity to the spreading flames, a faint shout of exultation went up.

But terrible and speedy came the reaction. The boat had been headed more and more to the left, and ere five minutes had elapsed—with a *thud* so heavy that she shuddered through all her timbers—the vessel struck a hidden sandbar, remaining fast, but before she settled, swinging by the stern till her after cabin lay directly to windward. Thus the breeze, which was fresh, blew right from stern to bow.

Fearful was the result! In an instant the whole body of flame swept straight over the masses that had huddled together on the forward decks. At the same moment the huge smoke-stacks, loosened by the violent shock, fell, with a loud crash, down through the cabin, their fall being succeeded by a sudden and tremendous burst of surging fire.

No restraint now! No thought among that doomed multitude save one—escape from the most horrible of all deaths, to be burned alive! In the very extremity of despair they crowded recklessly on each other, sweeping irresistibly forward till the front ranks were borne sheer off the bow: then the next, then the next! Ere three minutes had elapsed the water swarmed with a struggling throng—men, women, children battling for their lives. A few of the passengers in the rear rushed to the stairs, but they were in flames. No escape from that scene of horror, except by a leap of some twenty feet—from the upper guards down to the waves below, already covered with a floundering mass. But most of those who were left accepted the desperate alternative, flinging themselves over the side of the boat. Many fell flat and became senseless at once, sinking hopelessly to the bottom; others, dropping straight down, soon rose again to the surface. Now and then an expert swimmer, watching an opening in the living screen, dived down head foremost. Scarcely a score remained, the miller among them, on the extreme bow. Even at that appalling moment his attention was arrested by a brief episode in the scene of horror before him. A young mother—tall, graceful, with a look of refinement and a pale Madonna face, her arms around a baby, asleep, in her shelter—stood on the very edge of the deck where the rush of the headlong crowd had broken down the guards—alone!—her natural defender—who knows?—swept away by the human torrent, or perhaps, under the tyrant instinct of self-preservation, a deserter from her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. All alone, to earthly seeming at least, though she might be communing even then with the Unseen, for her colorless face was calm as an angel's, and her large, dark eyes were raised with a gaze so eager it might well be penetrating the slight veil, and already distinguishing, beyond, guardian intelligence bending near, waiting to welcome into their radiant world one who had been the joy and the ornament of this.

As Tyler watched her, a tongue of flame swept so close he thought it must have caught her light drapery. A single look below, a plunge, and she committed herself and her babe to the waves and to Him who rules them.

Tyler rushed to the spot where she had stood, but mother and child had already sunk.

For a brief space—moments only, though he thought of it afterward as a long, frightful dream—he gazed on the seething swarm of mortality, stripped of all flaunting guise, and exhibiting, under overwhelming temptation, its most selfish instincts bared to their darkest phase.

The struggle to reach the various floating objects, and the ruthlessness with which a strong swimmer occasionally wrenched these from the grasp of some feeble old man or delicate woman—it was all horrible to behold. Then again, many swimmers, striking without support for shore, were caught in the despairing clutches of some drowning wretch, unconscious perhaps of what he did, and dragged down to a fate from which their strength and courage might have saved them. From their persistent self-devotion; husbands with but one thought, the safety of their wives; a son sustaining to the last an aged parent; but above all the maternal instinct asserted its victory over death. Tyler, even in those fleeting moments, caught sight, here and there among the crowd, of a woman with one hand clutching a friendly shoulder or a floating support, holding aloft in the other an infant all unconscious of impending fate. In one instance, even, a chubby little fellow, thus borne above the waters, clasped his tiny hands and laughed at the gay spectacle of the bright flames.

Meanwhile, the wind, veering a little to the south, and thus blowing fire and smoke some ten or twelve persons still lingered beyond actual contact with the flames. But each moment the fire swept nearer and nearer and Tyler felt that the last chance must now be risked. He dropped into the water, feet foremost, and disappeared.

While these things passed, Hartland, below with the steerage passengers, had witnessed similar scenes. Human nature, cultivated or uncultivated, is, as a general rule, in an extremity so dire, mastered by the same impulses. The difference inherent in race, however, was apparent. The sedate German, schooled to meet hardship and suffering with silent equanimity, and now standing mute and stolid—eyes fixed in despair—contrasted with the excitable Celt, voluble in his bewailings. Hartland, like Tyler, had kept himself aloof from the dense crowd, and so escaped being carried along by the frenzied fugitives when the flames first swept the forward deck. He was one of those men whose perceptions are quickened by imminence of danger. He noticed that the starboard wheel-house, which had not yet caught, afforded a temporary shelter from the drifting fire; and acting on a sudden conviction, he climbed over the guards on that side of the vessel, a little forward of the wheel, and let himself down till his feet rested on the projecting wale of the boat. Thus, holding on by the rail, he was able to maintain himself outside of the blazing current until only a few stragglers were left on deck.

There he remained some time, deliberately thinking over the situation. As a boy he had learned to swim, but for the last fifteen years he had been almost wholly out of practice. He called to mind the rules with which he had once been familiar, and the necessity of keeping the eyes open so as to elude the grasp of drowning men. As he held on there, the risk from such a contingency was painfully brought to his notice. From time to time several of the passengers from the upper deck had slid down near him. At last one heavy body, from immediately above, dropped so close that it brushed his clothes and almost carried him down with it. He turned to see the fate of this man. After ten or fifteen seconds he saw him rise to the surface again, and with a start recognized Nelson Tyler. He was struggling violently, and Hartland observed that some one, as the stout miller rose, had clutched him by the left arm with the tenacity of despair. Both sank together, and Hartland saw them no more.

Several times he was about letting himself down, but held back because of the crowds that he saw rising to the surface and wrestling with death and with each other beneath him. At last he was warned that his time had come. Looking toward the bow, where several men, imitating his example, were holding on outside the bulwarks, but unprotected by the wheel-house, he saw the flames catch and terribly scorch their hands, the torture causing them to quit their grasp and fall back headlong into the waves. Still he watched, until, seeing a whole mass of bodies sink together, and thus leave an empty space just below him, he commended his soul to God, and, springing from his support, sank at once to the bottom.

After a brief space, when his eyes had cleared a little, he saw what he has seldom seen the lot of a human being to witness. On the sand, there in the lower depths of the lake, lighted by the lurid glare of the burning boat, loomed up around him ghastly apparitions of persons drowned or drowning—men, women, small children too: some bodies standing upright as if alive; some with heads down and limbs floating; some kneeling or lying on the ground; here a muscular figure, eyeballs glaring; there a slender woman in an attitude of repose, her features composed, and one arm still over the little boy, stretched to his last rest by her side. Of every description, in every posture they were—a subaqueous multitude! A momentary gaze took it all in, and then Hartland, smitten with horror, struck upward, away from that fearful assemblage, and reached the surface of the lake and the upper world once more.

There he found the water, not only around the bow, whence most of the passengers had been perished, but also between himself and the shore, so overpread with a motley throng that he resolved to avoid them, even at risk of considerably lengthening the distance. He swam toward the stern, where the surface was comparatively free, and after passing one or two hundred yards beyond, seeing no one now in the line of the land, which was distinctly visible, he struck out vigorously in that direction.

Then he swam on, but with gradually diminishing strength and courage, and a little nervous trembling. He estimated the distance to the land at half a mile. It was, however, in reality, a quarter of a mile farther. But the air was balmy, and though the wind blew, the waves were not sufficient to impede a stout swimmer. There are hundreds among us who can swim a much greater distance. Yes, if they start fair, mind and body unexhausted. But after such a terribly wearing scene of excitement as that—the man fifty-seven years old, too—will his strength hold out to reach the land?

HADNT TIME.

One morning, just as the President was leaving the White House for a walk, he was met at the door by a seedy-looking individual, who saluted the Chief Magistrate of the nation with a spasmodic bow and scrape of the foot, when the following interview occurred:

"Be you President Grant?"

"I am the President."

"Well, your Excellency, I am the word and spirit of Christ in the nations. I am here now to see you by appointment of God. Have you time to hear my address?" at the same time drawing forth a prodigious roll of foolscap.

"No, sir," replied the President, "I cannot listen to it now."

"The word and spirit" was struck dumb, and watched the President until he vanished away in the distance.

"ONLY TWO LABORERS KILLED!"

A few lines told the story.

The passengers escaped unhurt—only two laborers killed.

So the despatch read in the paper this morning announcing a collision on the Central Railroad. Only two laborers! But wait a moment. Who were these laborers? The train met—there was a crash—the passengers escaped unhurt, and the only ones sent or called home were two laborers. The train passed on. Passengers talked and chatted. They read books and papers, played cards or slept. Loved ones behind them or before them, waiting their returning or coming.

Only two laborers! Who were they?—what were they?—where were they? No names given—no thought. Had one of Vanderbilt's trotting horses died or been killed, the telegraph and the papers would have told full particulars, for, is not the horse of a rich man of more account than the life of a laborer?—a simple-minded, honest, toiling laborer?

Who was he?

We will tell you. He was a poor working-man. Day after day he toiled, early and late. Men rode over the railroad he helped build, and praised the enterprise of its managers, never stopped to think of him who gave his health, muscle, and very life to the work. He was passed by as of less account than the little smile of a pretty girl or bewitching woman.

But he was a man. Years ago he was an infant, and rested as do the children of others in loving arms. There was a joy at his coming years ago. There were prayers of a loving mother for his health, happiness, and escape from temptation. But where the mother is now, we cannot tell—for he was but a laborer, and in the eyes of the rich they are not worth mentioning except as cooks, washers, ironers, menders, or old women. Are they not the most blessed who die young?

Yes, she loved him, and wept when he went into the world. And her prayers followed him to protect him; and he became a laborer rather than a loafer or a criminal, forgetting God and mother alike. And he toiled—and in time he loved just as we love. His hands were hard, but he did not know his heart was soft, and kind, and mellow? And by the labor of his hands he earned a little home where to his heart he held the dear ones who wait in vain his coming.

He was a laborer—he is now at rest, for his work is done. *Somebody* mourns. The heart of *somebody* will be made very sad, for this is the first Saturday night he has not come with his honest heart to love the dear ones of his little home. He toiled for others—such is the laborer's lot. But when came the resting-hour, loving eyes watch d his coming, listening ears waited eagerly for the familiar step, loving lips were put up to greet him, a tired yet loving breast was pressed against his own; a heart all his felt enraptured to know the laborer had returned. Somebody loved him and them. All the week has the home one worked and waited for him and the coming of Saturday night. Many the plans for the morrow and coming week. Many the little stories of incident to be told as head and head on pillow rested, the heart beating in love's unison the while.

Laborers love. And they have homes dear to them. And the eyes that look for their coming—the heart that feels their absence—kisses that greet them as sweet as the dew of richer love. And when he does not come now, oh! how terribly anxious will be the waiting ones. He comes not. That is his story—no! Ah, here he comes—no, it is some one else! And you may wait, and wait—he was only a laborer, and it is not worth while to be in a hurry to tell his family. Perhaps it will be best to busy him and say nothing, for he was only a laborer.

But there are breaking hearts in his home as in others. The dream of life is broken. The hopes of years—the joys of a lifetime—the dreadful and lonely future—the weight of a bitter struck heart now fill the place where was the laborer, whose name is not worth the space it would occupy in a daily paper. And you may shove back his chair from the table—return his plate to the pantry—pour not out the fill of his cup—leave his pillow, from the bed—hang up, fold, or give away the garments he wore—search his pockets and read the letters and papers he left at his little home—wander, oh so sad and lonely about the rooms; for he comes no more. That book he liked to read—that picture he looked at—the little presents his love-filled heart prompted giving to you—the keepsakes, moss-covered with tender memories, he will never look at or talk over with you as you sit side by side, for his work is finished—he is at rest; and you who mourn are the ones we pity, and God knows how earnestly.

Perhaps they will bring him home. In a rough box—on a coarse board, with a few blood-stained clothes thrown over him—hair tossing hither and yon, eyes aglare and aglare. May be they will not care to bother with a dead laborer, for he can be of no use to a rich; and is to be hated because he left loved ones for the living to look after.

But they will bring him home—and go to their suppers—you to your mourning! Then you can weep and pray. You may kneel by him as we have knelt for and to the loved and lost, till it seems as if the heart must and would break with agony. And you may look at his unspeaking face—lay your hands on that forehead—press your warm lips to his cold ones, and ask God to take you also—this you can do, if he was but a laborer!

Thank God; the rich, who hold our notes as bonds which we must pay, cannot keep us from loving each other, nor from paying tribute to trusting hearts. Nor can they keep the ones who labor, from loving each other truly, for their hands be hard, homes poor and raiment scant. And if the rich do not care for us, we who are working-men and laborers can care for each other, and live more for the dear ones who will mourn for us when we too, are called to that rest which awaits us; not only here where those who are but laborers are unnamed and unhonored, but in that better land where the rich are not our masters, and where there is no Saturday night.—*Brick Pomeroy.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

—The other day, old Uncle Tony, who is very religious, was seated in his door gazing at the starry skies, his ears connected by a huge crescent of water-melon, and his jaw working steadily and comfortably up and down, when Mas' John came along and remarked, "Well, Uncle Tony, the end of the world hasn't come yet."

"No, Mas' John, an' I was just thinkin' how good de Lord is to us poor niggers, to put it off till arter watermelon season."

— "Here, young man," said "Old Abe," at one of his joint-debates with Judge Douglas, in 1858;—"Here, you hold my clothes, while I stone Stephen."

—"I am come for my umbrella," said the lender of it, on a rainy day, to a friend.—"Can't help that," said the borrower, "don't you see that I am going out with it?"—"Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but—what am I to do?"

"Do!" said the other, as he opened the umbrella, and walked off, "do as I did—borrow one."

Old Heads on Y. S.—

"John! John!" shouted an old gentleman to his son, "get up; the sun is up before you."

"Very well," said John; "he has further to go than we have."

"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg-shells?" "Certainly not, my dear," said his mother, "but why do you ask such a silly question?" Because I've just dropped the basket, and broke the shells on more'n two dozen yolks."

A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Straining gnats, and swallowing camels, ma'm," replied the pupil, cheerfully.

—"My good fellow, you're one of the men we read of," said Sprinkles to Twinkles, slapping him on the shoulder. "How so," inquired Twink, looking up with a pleased expression of countenance. "Where do you read of me?"—"In the police reports."

Conjugal Items.—

When Twilpingsham was about to get married, he resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake he learned the ceremony of baptism for those of riper years. So when the clergyman asked him in the church: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he replied in a solemn tone:

"I renounce them all."

The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool;" to which Twilp replied:

"All this I steadfastly believe."

A Virginia couple wanted to get married, but had only twenty-seven cents between them; and the person wouldn't marry anything for that. The bride wept in silence for a time, when a bright idea struck her, and she cried, through her tears: "Please, sir, if you can't marry us full up, won't you marry us twenty-seven cents worth; we can come for the rest some other time."

This was too much for the parson. He married them "full up," and they went on their way rejoicing.

A man whose wife hung herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied, "I cut her down three times last week; but I can't be *always* cutting her down."

Loving wife at Long Branch.—"The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband:—"Take some of it home with you."

There's our Jeremiah," said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits."

"Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man, with a sigh, and significantly tapping his head; "he failed for want of capital."

Laziness.—

An incorrigible loafer being taken to task for his laziness, replied: "I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken. I have not a lazy bone in my body; but the fact is I was born tired."

It was the same fellow, that threw himself ruefully down under a one, one hot day, closed his eyes, and languidly murmured—"Now breathe, if you want to—I'll be hanged if I will."

It was a second cousin of his, whose friends decided to bury alive to keep him from starving, being a time of famine, and he being too lazy to work.

THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1868.

LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD.

BY C. NORWOOD, M. D.

Amidst the many great and momentous evils of the day, calling loudly for action, there is none perhaps, that calls for it more loudly, than the growing evil of Intemperance. We are aware that, at the mention of intemperance, nine-tenths of those who hear, will at once exclaim, oh, that is an old story, worn out years ago! we want something new, and exciting!

But, listen, kind reader—and see if we cannot find something that will be worth our while to spend a few serious reflective moments upon. Christianity is also an old story, and poorly told, at that! yet, to-day, the moralist, the sound thinker, the judicious and the wise are just awakening to the realities of the religion, which was taught by the good reformer of nearly nineteen hundred years ago. They have just discovered that true religion does not always dwell beneath the tallest steeples; does not yield its purest, sweetest love, in the softest cushioned pew; neither does it evince the most profound wisdom in the most gorgeously decorated pulpit, nor does it reserve every good and pure thought, for a special display upon the Sabbath day. But a good, true, noble Christian carries his religion in his bosom every day; carries it with him to his workshop, to his counting house, out upon his farm; in short, always has it with him, ready to speak a kind word, to do a benevolent act, to give cheer to the oppressed, and to chide the reckless. True religion lives in the bosom of him, "who doeth all things well."

Temperance of the past, is like the Religion of the past; both have served their time, and gone to seed; and their fruits are before us. The people now demand a new and a true temperance, as they demand a true religion, new rights for woman, and new light for all.

Anti-slavery and Temperance began the agitation of those questions about the same time. Anti-slavery has finished her work, thank God! and is now resting upon her laurels, reaping the reward of her labor; while Temperance is in the mire, up to her waist, and intemperance, rolling on increasingly, sinks her deeper and deeper. Anti-slavery has finished the work she so nobly began; yet, the first block, only, has been removed from the great slave-mart of the world. We need now one more anti-slavery society, one that shall cover all social and moral evil. Call it, if you please, "the Anti-Slavery Society," which would include every species of slavery: the slavery of intemperance, the slavery of woman to her husband, slavery to creeds, to political corruptions, to fashion, and last, but not least, slavery to public opinion.

We started out with a view to speaking of intemperance, its use, abuse and remedy;—but we must also speak of Temperance. In doing this, we know whereof we affirm, as we have been identified with the Anti-slavery and Temperance reform for more than thirty-five years,—from the simple temperance-pledge, the Washingtonians, the Sons of Temperance and the Good Templars—we have been with them all. But to-day we are looking for something higher and better. We would not speak disparagingly of our brother or sister in the temperance cause, but desire to state a simple fact, none the less deplorable because it is true: that, just in proportion as the different organizations become popular, they become corrupt, forget the object for which they started out, and become imbued with petty jealousies, quarreling about who shall become their next president, vice-president or treasurer, or about the distribution of the means etc. We regret that it is so; but it teaches us that our aim is not high enough, our motives not pure enough, and that too few understand the value of the work to be accomplished, and the principles involved.

We have had numerous prohibitory laws; but that is not what we want. Prohibitory laws and creeds—their usefulness is numbered with the past. Invariably, when such a law is enacted, the cry of oppression is raised: "They are taking away our rights," etc. This causes the ignorant masses to at once hasten to their rescue; and thus their ranks are swelled to the height of ten, where only one is saved by prohibition. When they are asked to sign our pledge, the answer is: "No; I will not sign away my liberty."

Now, we do not propose to take away their liberty, or infringe upon their rights, but to pass a law, that will induce them to see the necessity of exercising their reasoning faculties. By this method we shall elevate them up out of the gross animal conditions; and bring them to a higher moral plane. Our plan is not, to take from them anything that they can claim as their right; but to give them all they ask in that direction:—license every man or woman, who wants a license, to sell all kinds of liquors, wine, beer, ale or cider! But first pass a law to the effect that, for every theft, robbery, murder or crime of any kind, committed while the perpetrator is under the influence of liquor, the parties, having sold or given any kind of beverage to the criminal, within a specified time, should be held as *participes criminis*, and be made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Thus we should take no rights from any one, but simply hold every one responsible for the crimes committed by their influence. Men would then be induced to exercise their reasoning faculties, and, by so doing, would see the advantage of giving up their nefarious calling, and become honest, sober citizens.

But, the objector may say: "We could never enforce such a law, for they have four-fifths of the executives of the law on their side; it is not four-fifths of the law-makers."—Ah! this is the very reason why we should act, and act now; because, their cause is growing stronger every day, and, if we ever expect to conquer, now is the very time to act. As to having the law executed, there would be no difficulty: simply insert a clause in the law, making every officer, of any grade, who should be empowered to act in the matter, a party to the crime (should he refuse, or neglect to execute the law), and punish such accordingly.

Officers are but servants of the people; the people are the power, and it is a mistaken idea that officers will not execute the law only to their own interest. Surely this is now done; but, only, because the people are inactive, dead to their own interest. If they (the people) were alive, the officers would be watched and brought to an account for their neglect or misdeeds; but, instead, while the people are dead, political tricksters will manage to elect some creature, pledged to their interests, while the interest of the masses is entirely overlooked, and often the innocent, outside of the "ring" are oppressed, fined, imprisoned etc., while the real culprits, in-

side the ring, are let alone promoted. All seems to be working in rings: The whiskey ring, the commercial ring, the railroad ring, the real estate ring, in fact every little petty business has its ring, and stool-pigeons, to rope in the green horns, (as they say), or outsiders; which means nothing more nor less than, so many devices for robbing the people.—Shall we now form an *anti-evil* society, to watch over and cause to move within circumscribed bounds all other rings? or shall it be an *anti-evil* wedge to burst these rings asunder and scatter them to the winds of hades, where they properly belong?

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

The inspirations of the present age are unmistakably pointing to an era in the future, when man shall recognize the infallibility of Nature's teachings, and frame his codes and creeds in conformity to them. The cry is sounding forth from the people: "Give us natural rights, consistent laws; divest religion of mysticism, and human nature of the awful deformity which clothes it, according to the old theological system; create conditions in society, consistent with the wants of both sexes, their proper development; undo the wrongs, which the influence of the ages of ignorance and blind adherence to false systems has established as right in the minds of a vast majority of civilized humanity,—by remodeling public opinion, establishing, as a basis of law, morals and religion, the self-evident proposition, that aspiring man can be bound by no laws that cramp his intellect and hinder the expansion of his natural powers."

The unanimous sentiment of the great mass of progressive people, in this progressive age, is in favor of reform in all departments of society,—of exchanging superficial forms, antiquated dogmas, for humanitarian enactments, reasonable, natural systems of faith and practice. Nature is asserting herself thus in the change that is coming over society, and bringing to view the natural side of religion, law, morality, and human nature.

Religion is that principle in human nature which reaches out after God; it is the aspiration of the spirit after the divinity which is its birthright. Man worships the good, aspires after it; be it personified as a God after the image of man, or enshrined in the universe, the handiwork of an Intelligent Author, who is, in a sense, all, and in all of the wide domain of material and spiritual nature.

Worship is an expression of aspiration; a soaring of the spirit after its destiny, under whatever form of religion it is practiced, whatever be the name or the attributes of the God or Principle to which it is paid. Ignorant man has heretofore been blinded to the true significance of worship, as he has to the true nature of Deity. He has clothed the God of Nature with attributes which only characterize degraded man; thus creating a God to be feared, one which could not call forth true worship,—those intense aspirations which elevate the mind, by calling forth emotions of gratitude and praise. Bowing before this Tyrant invested with supreme power, what of real benefit can the mind receive from the act of worship? The good, forever inherent in human nature, has sufficed to cause even the worship of "devils" to be a saving agency; for, the very effort of the mind to pay homage, calls forth the aspirations of the spirit, and thus the tendency is developed toward the Divine. However, to compare devil-worship, or the worship of a capricious and tyrannical despot, clothed with supreme power, to that of the pure principle of good or perfection, which is embodied in the universe as its Interior Spirit or Supreme Intelligence, is to compare darkness with light, savagism with high civilization; because the benefits arising from the worship of the latter, as compared with the former, are, as the light of a high civilization to the darkness of barbarism.

Intelligent devotion is a direct avenue to progress, securing a preparation of mind for the reception of truth through the spiritual faculties; while blind worship conducts through dark labyrinthine paths, to a goal where the light of inspiration dimly shines, but half chasing the darkness of ignorance and superstition. The devotees of unnatural religion, after all benefits, to be derived from it, are secured, see truths with their mental vision after the manner of the blind man, referred to in Scripture, who saw "men as trees walking," when his sight was but half restored.

This mental blindness is the natural result of the dwarfing tendency of systems, at variance with nature. Perfection is found in nature. Although it requires more than the wisdom of the philosopher to discover it, it is for the human mind to search after perfect models for social, governmental, moral and religious systems in her domain, until they are found. It is for the human intellect to model and re-model human institutions after the most perfect method it can discover in nature, until, ultimately, the perfect is to be discovered, on the plane, where Perfected Wisdom exercises its prerogative to sway all nature according to its will.

The evolution of a natural system of religion commenced in earnest with the advent of the Spiritual Philosophy. Such a system had been foreshadowed since the dawn of civilization; but only dimly by the religion of Christendom, which has assumed, for centuries, to be the depository of all the blessings conferred by civilization and true religion.

Accompanying the advent of the Spiritual Philosophy, and as a precursor to it, was a remarkable stimulation of free thought throughout Christendom, or the most enlightened portion of it, which effected the important purpose of preparing the minds of the people to consider its merits, and compare them with those of the theological systems in vogue. The liberty of thought, which characterizes the civilization of the present age in America, was a necessary concomitant to a system so avowedly opposed to time-worn institutions, and in favor of the establishment of new forms, at the expense of old ones which the people were out-growing.

It is comparatively easy, at the present time, to introduce reforms, as heartless inquirers are readily disarmed by the sharp criticism of the progressive minds of the age, who bear sway, notwithstanding the protests of conservatives. The multitude of questions that agitate the public mind, are resistlessly impelling it in the direction of the evolution of advanced forms, social, civil and religious. It is claimed that, the tendency of all the social reforms, being agitated so determinedly at present, will be in aid of the establishment, on a permanent basis, of a system of religion in

conformity with man's nature, and in harmony with the developments of science. Natural religion unfolds itself through the medium of science as certainly as through revelation; and when it is taken into consideration that science is the basis of law and order in the universe, it will be understood that an unscientific religion is, in reality, no religion, but simply an imposition upon the credulity of ignorant men. Long enough has the race groined under the burden of a theology, the fundamental principle of which is oppression, and which expresses itself by winking at the most grievous wrongs that afflict society. What more than the theology of the day upholds the abominable institution of slavery, polygamy, woman's wrongs, despotism, ignorance and blind adherence to unscientific, unreasonable theories? What more sustains the nature of man, than submission to authority on questions that concern his vital interests, as do those of religious faith and practice, social forms etc.?

It is of vital importance to society that the claims of science, the interests of humanity as regards social reforms, be weighed against those of a theology that has for its paramount object the maintenance of certain dogmas that have no more reference to the good of society, the elevation of human beings out of the quagmire of sensualism, in which such a vast proportion of them are plunged, than the question, as to whether the "Man in the Moon" is a real personage or only a picture of the imagination, has to the science of astronomy. There is surely to be a solution of the question as to whether "ritualism," the doctrine of the "Trinity," the infallibility of the Scriptures and the Pope, etc., is of more importance to human society than the rights of woman's wrongs, the breaking of the chains of the slave, the regulating of the social relations so as to rid society of prostitutes of every name and both sexes, the regulation of capital and labor,—in fine, the changing of the present social system, which is one of anarchy in a just sense, for one founded upon the principles of justice and fraternity. Nothing can stand in the way of human progress longer than means to develop themselves, whereby the obstructions may be removed; and it is safe to predict that the free discussion, of religious as well as other questions involving the interests of society, is developing the means of purging the public mind of all love of antiquated theology and oppressive forms of every name and nature.

Whoever dares not, or ventures not, in this age, to question every authority that seeks to limit investigation, is cowardly, and surely, a slave to that which he should master by his reason. The revelations of reason are proven to be more wonderful than those of the telescope, when the fact is taken into consideration that man indeed knows nothing without the exercise of reason. Therefore it is proclaimed in the present age that, the most wonderful of wonders is to be revealed to the race through the agency of human reason, aided, and developed to a powerful standard, by investigation and discussion—a religion that satisfies the intellect as well as the aspirational nature of man; one that concedes to man what has been heretofore denied to him, by investing him with a progressive nature and inherent powers that will ultimately make him lord of creation in an unrestricted sense. Heaven speed the day when natural religion shall supersede artificial and superficial, and mankind shall bask in the sunlight of true science and philosophy, which are its true companions!

THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF THOMAS PAINE.

The religious views of that distinguished "infidel," THOMAS PAINE, whose name is even now a bugbear and a terror to the Church, and from the prejudices against whom, arising from "infidel teachings" and misinterpretations, many calling themselves "free-thinkers" still repeat his name with misgiving, if not with actual shuddering—we say the religious views of this THOMAS PAINE—noble and true man that he was and radiant spirit that he now is—were truly rational. Many who have never before seen them, will be astonished that the following paragraphs are actually extracted from that dreadful volume, "The Age of Reason," published in 1794, but we assure them they are genuine. What is there in these sentiments to have brought down upon poor PAINE's devoted head the unbotched venom of church and clergy? It was because the reasonable views he presented were inimical to the perpetuation of priestcraft. But, thanks to Heaven, the days of bigotry are passing, and the memory of this brave soul is being justly revered:

Extract from the "Age of Reason."

It has been my intention for several years past, to publish my thoughts upon religion. I intended it to be the last offering I should make to my fellow citizens of all nations, and that at a time when the purity of the motive that induced me to it, could not admit of a question, even by those who might disapprove the work.

I believe in God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.

But some, perhaps, will say—"Are we to have no word of God—no revelation?" I answer, Yes; there is a word of God; there is a revelation.

THE WORD OF GOD IS THE CREATION WE BEHOLD; and it is this word which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man. * * * It preaches to all nations and to all worlds; and this word of God reveals to man all that is necessary for man to know of God.

Do we want to contemplate his power? We see it in the immensity of the Creation. Do we want to contemplate his wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate his munificence? We see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not the Scripture which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called Creation.

—The New York papers are calling the attention of the people of that city to the curious revelations made by the publication of the criminal statistics for 1868. The whole number of arrests during the year was 4,712. Of these only 605 were disposed of in the courts, leaving 4,107 cases unaccounted for. Out of 78 arrests for murder, only 15 cases got as far as the courts. Out of 13 persons arrested for bigamy, only one was tried; and out of 65 cases of arson only two were tried. There were 255 arrests of receivers of stolen goods, and only three trials.

OLD CONNETTOUT TIMES.

SPEECH OF POLLY BAKER—IN DEFENSE OF "BASTARDY."

(The following speech was delivered before a court in Connecticut, by Miss Polly Baker, when she was prosecuted for having a bastard child.)

May it please the Honorable Court to indulge me in a few words! I am a poor, unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it, to get a tolerable living.

I shall not trouble your Honours with a long speech, for I have not the presumption to expect that you may, by any means, be prevailed upon to divert in your sentence, from the law, in my favor. All I humbly hope is, that your Honours would charitably move the Governor's goodness in my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice I have been brought to public punishment for want of money to pay those fines.

This may have been agreeable to law, and I don't dispute it. But since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and are repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances, and therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them, I take the liberty to say that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighborhood where I was born; and I defy my enemies, if I have any, to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child.

Abstracted from the law, I cannot perceive,—may it please your Honours,—what the nature of my offense is. I have brought five children into the world, at the risk of my life, and have maintained them well by my own industry, without bothering the township; and should have done it better, had it not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid.

Can it be a crime—in the nature of things, I mean—to add to the number of useful citizens in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it praiseworthy, rather than a punishable action; I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth. These things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the Minister or Justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding fee.

But can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your Honours: you are pleased to allow, I don't want sense; but I should be stupid to the last degree, not to prefer the honorable state of wedlock to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and am still willing to enter into it, and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, skill and economy appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say I ever refused an offer of that sort;—on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that was ever made to me, which was when I was a virgin; but, too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my honour by trusting to him. That very person, you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county; and I had hopes that he would have appeared this day on the bench and have endeavored to moderate the court in my favor; then I should have scorned to have mentioned his treachery; but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer—the first cause of all my faults and misadventures, if they must be deemed such,—should be advanced to honour and power in the government that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy.

I shall be told, "I likely, that were there no Acts of the Assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgression. If mine be a religious offense, leave it to a religious punishment. You have already excluded me from the Communion; is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended Heaven, and must suffer eternal fire; will not that be sufficient? What need is there of your additional fines and whippings?"

But how can it be believed that Heaven is angry at my having children, when, little done by me, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in formation of their bodies, and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls?

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters. I am no divine. But, if you, gentlemen, must make laws, do not turn rational and useful actions into crimes by your prohibitions; but take into your consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in this country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expense of a family, have never sincerely or honorably courted a woman in their lives; and, by these means of living, leave unproduced—which is little better than murder—hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation! Is not this a greater offense against the public good than mine? Compel them, by law, either to marry, or pay double the fine of fornication every year.

What must poor young women do, whom custom has forbid to solicit men, and who cannot force themselves on husbands—when the law takes no care to provide them any, and yet severely punishes them if they do their duty without them? The duty of the first and great command of Nature and of Nature's God, is,—"Increase and multiply!"—a duty for the steady performance of which nothing has been able to deter me; but, for its sake, I have hazarded the loss of public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment, and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory.

BEECHER AND FANNY FERN.

Countless anecdotes about Henry Ward Beecher are current; but the following one, we believe, has never been in print, and is worth giving to the readers of this Journal. It was related by "Fanny Fern," who, when a girl, attended a school kept by Mr. Beecher's sisters, Catherine and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The two latter issued strict orders that when Henry Ward came from college the girl pupils should not associate with him, as he was a wild, rollicking fellow, full of all sorts of mischief. In spite of this regulation, "Fanny Fern" accepted an invitation to take a ride with him one Saturday afternoon, and in consequence got a tremendous scolding from the Misses Beecher. Soon after this event she left school and did not meet Beecher for a number of years. He was then in the height of his reputation, and she also had be-

come known to fame. One Sunday evening she accompanied her husband, Mr. Parton, to hear Beecher preach. It was some special occasion, and he preached a most affecting sermon. At its end, they waited near the door to see him as he came out. Mrs. Parton was half inclined not to speak to him, as he appeared to be moved, but she stepped forward and said, "I suppose you don't remember me, Mr. Beecher." Without hesitating an instant, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, he grasped her hand and exclaimed, "Do you think I've forgotten that ride?" The transition from his former gravity was almost startling, and added still more to the humor of his tone. —New York Mail.

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR, AND SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Rev. Dr. Bellows contributes to *Appleton's Journal* a paper entitled, "Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor." In the course of a conversation Mr. Powers relates the following experiences:

These spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, although I have never in the least been carried away by them. I recollect we had many "sittings" at my house and others, when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or pre-arrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That hand floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and beside him there were six others round one half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight.

All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just at the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs.—, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. "Could it take a fan?" cried her husband. Three raps responded "Yes," and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. "Give it the handle," said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. "Could it fan the rest of the company?" some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

I felt on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors and morbid feelings. My children, who knew all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

I have always thought there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might here enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body it would have the precise form of his body; for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and, flimsy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to the eyes. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system,—the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear, and, under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five-and-twenty-years ago.

I had retired at the usual hour, and as I blew out the candle and got into bed I looked upon my infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand, but the candle was out. Still the light increased, and I began to think something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of the bed, I saw a green hill-side, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant.

A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished, in about the time I have been telling you the story, and left me wondering), I felt my pulse to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from awakening my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said: "And is our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have a similar experience, but I never had it.

Mr. Powers, being asked whether he really believed in the pretensions of modern Spiritualists, said: "I am not a believer in the revelations of spirits, as made known through mediums or otherwise, for most corrupt and unworthy communications are often made; and with many mediums there is a great deal of trickery, while there are some so-called mediums who are nothing else than charlatans. But I do believe in the fact of spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means as yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past."

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—How to "turn people's heads."—Go late to church.

—The Rothschilds won't raise any more loans for the Pope.

—Massachusetts contains a Catholic population of 350,000 souls.

—Boston has seventy-five Shakers on its lecture course for next winter.

—There are no less than one thousand various forms of religion in the world.

—Public debates on religious questions seem to be getting fashionable in the West.

—An African Methodist Episcopal Conference has been in session at Springfield, Ill.

—The Baptists of Germany have increased to ninety-six churches and over 17,000 members.

—The daughter of a departed old Irish fossil is disinclined for embracing the Roman Catholic faith.

—The clergyman who went forth to marry Commodore Vanderbilt, took scrip to the extent of a purse of \$300.

—They have a coin in China, fifteen of which equal a cent. Wouldn't they be nice to carry to church!—Exchange.

—The Rev. Mr. Rossi, of Palmer, Mass., put up his horse at a raffle the other day, and sold 300 tickets at 50 cents each.

—Two of the Sultan's cabinet ministers think of joining the barbarous Christians; but Abdul don't mind it. What next?

—Bishop Linz, who was sentenced to imprisonment for defying the civil authorities of Austria, will be made a cardinal by the pope.

—A society has been instituted in England for the "argumentative display of the truth of Christianity," whatever that may mean.

—Rev. Dr. Gaddis, of Brooklyn, Congregational, has been preaching in favor of greater charity of judgment toward "the fallen women."

—While a mother was brooding over her poverty, her little son said: "Mamma, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel!"

—A great revival of religion is said to be progressing in Shawanetown. Meetings are held morning and evening, and the greatest interest prevails.

—Some undevotional fellow angriamed "best in prayer" out of the word "Presbyterian," while longing for a minister of that denomination to cease praying.

—The New York Methodist, speaking of camp-meetings, says, "Are they camp-meetings or Pienices?" It seems to want more religious features and less social rows.

—"The blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus-rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster."

—The progressive party in the Jewish Church is heartily denounced by their stricter brethren, who complain bitterly of modern innovations on the ancient ritual of the Tabernacle and Temple.

—When the Bishop of Montreal was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, the crowd made a rush for the reserved seats, and the shrieks of roughly used women, and the curses of men, completely drowned the intonations and prayers of the ecclesiastics.

—A writer in the *Christian Intelligencer*, signing himself "Puritan," accuses Mr. Beecher of "Veiled Profanity" in his oft-quoted contribution to the *Ledger*, about trying to cultivate and make money out of the Canada thistle, in order to exterminate it.

—A leader of music in a church where congregational singing was practiced, selected a tune with wrong meter, to be sung to words: "With hyssop purge my soul, O Lord!" He tried it twice, when some old lady cried out: "Mister, you had better try some other yark."

—Bishop Melville is reported, in the *Protestant Churchman*, as having lately prepared a letter more favorable to the advocates of the revision of the Prayer Book than the one which he wrote some time ago. The speedy publication of this new letter is announced.

—A little six-year-old was walking with his father, and passing a church, the child asked: "What house is that?" "That is the Dutch Church," was the reply; "people go there to be good, so that they may become angels." "Will there be Dutch angels, pa?" That child should be sent to Sunday-school.

—A Catholic priest, Michael Reagan by name, was arrested on Sunday last, charged with obtaining money under false pretences. The history of his fall is in one word: intemperance. It is said that there are sixty complaints against him, brought by poor persons from whom he has obtained small sums of money.

—A few years since a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. Oh, Lord, thou knowest what is the desire of my heart," she exclaimed. A m-n-a-n," responded a brother in a very low accent. It was wicked, but we are sure several grave members smiled on the occasion.

—An inquisitive urchin, the other day while reciting a lesson—says an exchange—from the *Sermon on the Mount*, broke out: "Ma, did Jesus get \$2,000 a year for preaching?" "No, my child, he did not get anything." "Why didn't they pay him?" "Because he refused to preach politics. The devil offered him a big salary to do it, but he would not accept the call."

—It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the *texts*, he reached at length a kind of resting place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say Amen!"

—A correspondent writes: "One sermon I once heard of—and perhaps you have heard the same—was from a text which the preacher found in Job, which runs as follows: 'Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.' This he divided into three parts, as follows: First, Skin worms; second, What they done; and third, What the man seen after he was eat up."

—Judge T. J., a Sunday school teacher, was asked an unanswerable question by an irreverent boy: "You have read 'bout the golden calf in the Bible, haven't ye?" said Jimmy. "Yes," said the Judge, patronizingly. "Well, will yer tell me," said Jimmy, very modestly, "whether it was a bull or a heifer calf?" This was too perplexing, and the Judge walked off with a smile on his benevolent phiz.

—Dr. Spencer, some days before his death, gave orders that nothing—not even as much as a thread of his hair—should be on his coffin. "For," said he, "I lamented a sorrowful state of Christ's Church militant here on earth; but now, being on the point of retiring into the Church triumphant in heaven, I will not have the least mark of sorrow left upon me;

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HERMAN."—It is certainly distasteful for English writers to exercise their ingenuity in "coining" words. Occasionally a new word gets engrafted in our language, which so completely and exactly expresses the idea for which it stands, that it is a valuable acquisition. Newspaper writers are continually exercising their ingenuity in the production of new words, as "burglar," "telegram," and a thousand and other current expressions. You are, however, mistaken as to the word "colloid." Dryden used it long ago, in the following verses:

The seeds of fire, thus tossed in air, collide.
"CHARLEY."—This correspondent complains that the young lady of his heart frequently calls him "her little fool," and jokes him heartily about "mouse colored mustaches," (to whomever that may allude,) and often makes him the laughing-stock of a whole company. He plaintively inquires, "What would you do, now?"—We should reason with her, seriously and solemnly, upon the impropriety and cruelty of her conduct; we should endeavor to enforce her back to her proper love and respect, by all the pretty little arts and wiles which Charley no doubt knows so well how to assume; and if that didn't effect anything, why, then, we'd jilt her.

"L. H. BROWN."—Cland Arian Helvetius, was the name of the writer to whom you refer. He was born in Paris, in 1715. His first literary attempts consisted of "Epistles on Happiness," written in 1748. His next work, which was issued ten years later, was called "De L'Esprit." This brought upon him a great amount of persecution. It consisted of several "Essays on the Mind." It was Voltaire who called Helvetius in early manhood his "Young Apollo," and his "Son of Parnassus."

"ALBERT."—We do not believe that the proper way to study history, is to commence away back at the starting-point, even if that can be reached. The true theory is, to commence with to-day, and work backward. Learn the history of your own country, and those contemporary with it; then work back into the middle ages, and into antiquity, if you please. History is a retracing of past human events, and the way to retrace a path is not to run around and commence at the beginning again.

"TRAVELER."—It will take you only about eighty days to go around the world, now, if you do not stop too long at stations. Suppose you start at Paris: you can go from there to New York in eleven days; from New York to San Francisco in seven days; from there to Yokohama in twenty-one days; from there to Hong Kong in six days; from there to Calcutta in twelve days; from there to Bombay in three days; and so back to Paris in six days.

"FLORA."—No set rules of etiquette will hold good in all cases. Your only protection and guide in some situations, is common sense. Do that which your own good judgment dictates, and if you make a mistake, those whose opinion are worthy your concern will take the evident intention for the deed, and make all due allowance.

"CATO."—We cannot at present give you the name and address of the present President of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor Mich., as the public are not yet informed who the successor of Dr. Haven will be. You will see the announcement of the appointment in our "Personal" column, so soon as it is made public.

"TEMPLETON."—Henry More was known as "the Platonist," and spent his life wholly at Cambridge, engaged in metaphysical studies. He wrote "The Mystery of Godliness," "The Mystery of Iniquity," and "A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul." He was born in 1614, and lived to the advanced age of seventy-three.

"JERNIGAN."—The Japanese make trunks, bags, cigar-cases, saddles, microscopes, and water-proof coats, out of paper. This article, in various forms, enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything, in a Japanese household; and many of their inner walls are nothing but paper screens.

"T. H. VANDEMARK."—Boston Common is a mile in circumference. Druid Hill Park, of Baltimore, contains 550 acres. St. Louis has fifteen small parks, containing 287 acres; and Chicago has 126 acres of parks already, and is going to have another large one.

"P. P. R."—You are wrong. Mr. Moody did not identify himself with the new Temperance Party lately formed at Farwell Hall, and he frankly told them that he would not, so far as the political part of the programme was concerned.

"FRESHMAN."—It is hardly probable that a political party will be organized upon the platform of opposition to secret societies. Like the Temperance platform, it would not be broad enough to build a party structure upon.

"INVALID."—The census of 1880 showed Massachusetts to be the worst of the United States for consumptives; the mortality from that cause being one for every 250 inhabitants. Georgia was the least afflicted, ranking only one in 2,150.

"ENGLISH CHARLIE."—The Alabama question will be settled, sooner or later. Something will happen yet, that will rouse the American people to demand an immediate settlement of it.

"HENDRICK."—Be patient. We have already spent some time in endeavoring to obtain the information you desire, and shall spend ten times as much more, before we give it up.

"J. W. F."—A letter addressed to John B. Gough at Worcester, Mass., would probably reach him. We have not heard that he intends discontinuing the profession of lecturing.

"DAVIS."—You would do well to study Photography, at all events. It cannot fail to be of considerable use to you, in whatever department of life you may be thrown.

"NELSON."—You had better leave your "little difference" to three good impartial townsmen, (not neighbors, for they may be prejudiced) and let the lawyers pluck somebody else.

"JANE."—Of course you have a right to call yourself Jane instead of Jennie, and require others to conform to the same rule, if you wish. It is a matter of taste.

"BELLE."—Type-setting would pay you—after a while. Many young ladies earn a comfortable and independent living by it.

"DISPUTANT."—Stereotyping was invented in Scotland, in 1785. Watches were first made, in Germany, in 1477.

"JOHNIE."—A new tunnel is to be run under the Chicago river, at its intersection with La Salle street.

"DANIEL OFFENBACH."—The heart of a healthy person beats about seventy times per minute.

"PASSENGER."—We have heard that pounded ice, applied to the spine, is a cure for sea-sickness.

No pen-up continent contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor-in-Chief.
H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—"EXETER HALL," ETC.

The great religious romance, "Exeter Hall," which is pronounced by eminent critics the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" presaging a great theological revolution, is meeting a remarkably large sale. It is a large octavo volume, of 186 double-column pages, and we send it by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, 75 cents.

We will send a copy of "Exeter Hall" free, to any present subscriber to THE UNIVERSE who will send us one new subscriber for one year with the money, \$2.50. With this offer, any present reader may easily secure a copy of this great work. The offer is also made to any one becoming a subscriber who will procure and forward an additional name.

We continue the offer of a choice of a copy of either "Dawn," "Rebecca," "What Answer," "Gates Ajar," "Gates Wide Open," or "Men, Women and Ghosts," to any person sending us the names of two new yearly subscribers, with the money (\$5.00) for the same. The books will be sent postage paid.

One of the above two subscribers may be a renewal of a trial subscription; or one-half of any club for premiums may be renewals of trial subscriptions.

Many are already forming large clubs for our largest premiums. See List of Premiums on next page, and a description of some of them on the seventh page of this issue, and read the directions for procuring and forwarding names.

The terms of a large number of trial subscribers expire Oct. 1st, (as will be seen by the dates on address slip,) and if they desire the paper continued, they are requested to send in promptly.

HOW TASTES DIFFER.

The *Janesville (Wis.) Gazette* says:—"A nasty paper printed in Chicago, in the interest of the Spiritualists, called THE UNIVERSE, has a nasty communication in the last number, signed by Mrs. Knowlton, formerly of this city. A family here, who subscribed for the sheet when it was first started, under the idea that it was to be decently conducted, were compelled to carry the dirty thing out of the house on a shovel."

What does this signify, except that tastes and judgments differ? We know many families that will not permit the so-called "Holy Bible" of the Christian Church to lie within reach of their children, nor indeed to allow its presence in their houses at all. We have in mind one person, of refined taste, who commenced the perusal of this book, and did the same as the *Janesville* paper says "a family" did with THE UNIVERSE. We dare say there are those who have served the *Janesville Gazette* in a more disrespectful way.

Nearly all the newspapers of this country and England are discussing the case of the "alleged" incestuous life of Lord Byron, as publicly revealed by Mrs. Stowe, to which we have given place in this journal, as also a counter paper by the N. Y. *Citizen and Round Table*. Mrs. Stowe claims to have made the disclosures—not to aid in bringing about social reform, but to offset the damaging effects of the book of the Countess Guiccioli, and to deter the youth from reading the poems of the great bard. She must be rather stupid in this, for the notoriety given the subject will largely stimulate the sale of the book, and we look for early and immense issues of Byron's poems, including "Don Juan," in "blue and gold," by the eminent publishing house which has largely profited by the sale of the September *Atlantic*, containing Mrs. Stowe's sensation.

The Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists at Buffalo, held last week, was largely attended, and its deliberations were characterized by a marked decorum and a sense of the dignity and importance of the cause for the promotion of which they were assembled. The comments of the Buffalo press were complimentary to a considerable degree. Spiritualism has come to be a matter not to be sneered at by intelligent editors, and is getting too popular to make it profitable to ridicule its believers and advocates. A condensed report of proceedings will appear in our next issue.

A cable dispatch reports a dreadful case of fanaticism in Russia—the burning themselves to death of seventeen hundred devotees of a new religious sect. And this is the nineteenth century! But fanaticism is not yet extinct, even in this comparatively enlightened United States.

We have two excellent stories on file, to follow Mrs. CORBIN'S, one by Mrs. ROBERT DALE OWEN, and one by Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN.

Those desiring to address MR. PEEBLES, will direct, care J. BURNS, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, London, England.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OCEAN JOURNAL.

At Sea, "CITY OF BROOKLYN,"
Thursday, Aug. 5, 1869.

Time drags. Let us philosophize, or dogmatize—which? Few discern the difference. Oscillating amid ocean waves, mounting crystal crests, or sinking into billowy valleys—plus this moment, minus the next—I fancy myself a sort of moral equation. Eternity is the unknown quantity. God geometrizes. Mathematical laws are universal. Every particle of iron circulating in my body follows the law of its strongest attraction—follows it mathematically. Moral equations, because relating to the soul, admit of self-solution only. Away, then, priests, teachers, all! I am the problem. I solve myself. Milk for babes, soothing syrups for sniveling crones, crutches for cripples, atonement for Christians, and more brains for egotists and idiots. Why, the transition law of adaptation! But why be always puling babes? Freedom, youth, independence—these are the watch-words of the century. The genius of the age commands the abolition of whip and devil, flag and cannon; commands the complete reconstruction of government, marriage, jurisprudence, penalties, theologues, and books—from King James' Bible up to a children's Lyceum Manual, untainted with military terms, soldiered drills, and negro melodies. Oh, for more moral heroism! If there are angels for inspiration, why not for spinal stiffening? Pray, my good church-friend, do not lean, like a greasy, half-dipped candle, stand up, in many independence!—do not beg!—beggars seldom get good things. Do not loll along the beaten track. Construct your own highway, whether leading up or down. If you "go to hell," go "game," cleverly, there; whether inclined to kick or kiss, the road, do it upon your own responsibility, and not needlessly drag Jesus or the "devil" into the scrape. Finally, after "due trial," if dissatisfied, discover a northwest passage and go "up higher."

FRIDAY, August 6.

Conventionalities thrown aside, our imprisoned crew has become very social. Sir John Barrington, unbending himself, sports with the children, plays whist with the ladies, and sips wine with a right good will. His social nature and fine manly bearing constitute him the center of attraction. The captain, a good, solid, substantial, red-faced Englishman, is kind and pleasant. The passengers are generally mutually courteous. Oh, these "eternal friendships" of two weeks, that spindles up so rapidly under the stimulus of common interests and a common destination, —Liverpool, —how frail and fleeting!

Resting a few moments this afternoon from deck-pacing, and unfolding a late copy of the *American Spiritualist*, a gentleman, tapping us lightly on the shoulder, said, "What!—a Spiritualist paper—are you a Spiritualist?"

Certainly I am—are you?
"Well"—(hesitating), "well," not exactly. I attend Rev. Mr. Elliott's Unitarian Church, in Portland. True, I've witnessed phenomena that I could not account for upon any other hypothesis than the Spiritual. My wife and son are Spiritualists."

Are there many avowed Spiritualists in Portland, Oregon?
"There are—quite a number—some of which compose the most intelligent citizens of our city."

Do they support regular meetings?
"Oh, not at all; they have been rather unfortunate in their speakers, inasmuch, with one exception, they lacked culture and refinement, while some of their traveling media, charging from two to five dollars per hour for the exercise of their gifts, proved shamefully immoral. Others were gross impostors—one of which, a rope-tying medium, I detected in my own house. These and other things have prejudiced our people against Spiritualism."

But they should discriminate between the use and abuse—the genuine and the counterfeit.

Very true; but what people should do, and what they will do, are considerations of minor consequence in determining the future of any moral or religious movement."

This gentleman was Judge Thompson, of Oregon, making the tour of Europe and Asia, with his family.

India in her palmy days had four distinct castes. French steamers usually have three; ours has but two—First Cabin and Steerage. Strolling this morning, from some invisible impulse, past the forbidden ropes, into the steerage department, we met an acquaintance from Michigan. Purposing to finish his course of study in a German University, and courting economy, he had taken a steerage passage. Poor fellow! Sensitive, his lesson of suffering on ship-board has been a sad one. His brother, older, is an artist and a wanderer. Though an impressionist and inspirational medium, he seems unconscious of it. The calculating world does not understand him. Friends, mourning over him, call him "unstable." Unstable as he may be in other matters, he certainly is fixed and devoted enough to the profession he has chosen, and, if health and life are spared, he will some day find his name enrolled high on the scroll of artistic fame. With a warm heart, he is a creature of moods—genial, gentle, churlish, capricious, serious, "unstable" and fixed—in fact, as many of us are, a bundle of contradictions.

SATURDAY, August 7.

The clouds are heavy, and the day is bleak; in the wild wind the rattling post-panes creak. I sit alone and ponder musingly—How strangely I go wandering over the sea.

This freedom from care is delicious!—no drudgery to perform; no obligations to fulfill; no visitors to interest; no badly-written letters to read; none to write, and no complaining correspondents to hurl in your face this sentence: "publish or send back my article by return mail." Our floating institution darts like an arrow from crest to crest, and many are making the passage in jolly defiance of all ailments and discomforts. Why not make the best of everything? Why peddle your pains to excite and call out sympathy—a sympathy more mouthed than real? Thunder-storms, whirlwinds, hail-stones, earthquakes—anything but a peaceful, whining, fault-finding disposition! If your head aches, endure it, and not by a constant tell-tale of weakness involve others in the misery you've entailed upon yourself. John, on Patmos, heard "music"—not grumbling, in heaven. Optimism is its best sense, is true. God governs the universe, and all is well. Every rational atom is bound by a chain of gold to the divine bosom. All this social ferment, this hot seething, this

uneasy struggling, this toiling up the steep, this magnetic yeast that comes pouring down from angel-realms—is only
The Spirit of the years to come,
Yearning to mix itself with Life.

SUNDAY, Aug. 8.

A strange day. The sea full of moods, led in the service of worship. Early in the morning sunbeams danced and glittered upon every rippling wave, filling the eye with glory and the soul with devotion. Just past 12 o'clock, the wind changing, the waters became uneasy and threatening, as though yawning for shipwrecks. Great surges, rolling over the watery plain, beat against the steamer as though wielding the hammers of Cyclops. The sun declining, the winds abated; and, toward evening, the sea-waves dashed lightly, —then softly, caressingly, against the ship's sides as though atoning for past tempestuous passions. I walked till a late hour, so utterly alone, and yet, so happy, —my very soul singing:

"Tis sweet to be alone.

Passengers had gone to their rocking berths. Sailors, save those on duty, had camped round loosely, while phosphorescent flames flashed and sparkled in the wake of the steamer. The stars, with points of silver in the blue above, and in the denser blue beneath, added to the splendor of the scene. The celebrated astronomer, Struve, tells us that the light from the bright star Vega, in the constellation of the Lyre, consumes over twelve years in reaching the earth. The planet Jupiter is six hundred and seventeen millions of miles from the earth; while Uranus runs its solitary course at a distance of eighteen hundred millions of miles from our planet. Oh, how I desire to tread the surfaces of those distant stars; to stand on their emerald-crowned summits; to explore their rivers, lakes and seas, and shake hands with their inhabitants. Perseus, lead me up,—up the pearl-paved highway! Eternity has plenty of time in store for us all.

Twelve o'clock, the other night, found me upon deck star-gazing. This is admissible at sea. I was not alone—angel friends were in attendance. Oh, how blessed, this consciousness of the ministry of spirits! One gentle, holy presence never leaves—never forsakes.

Ab, though the friends I once held dear
Are far or false or frown,
I need not grieve, for you are here,
My hope, my love, my own!

Who is "you"? That, anxious inquirer—is "none of your business." Good night, dear friends; pleasant dreams!

MONDAY, Aug. 9.

Nine days out, at sea—over two thousand seven hundred miles distant from New York—and still the fire burns upon our soul's altar, which Tennyson embodies in his *Ulysses*:

I cannot rest from Travel: I will drink
Life to its lees.

Meeting several sailing vessels during the day indicates that we are nearing some commercial center. Hardly two days, the weather continuing fair, will bring us to Queenstown, off the southern coast of Ireland. This point gained, and we are less than twenty-four hours' sail from Liverpool. Lights and shadows flit across my inward sky,—whence they come, whither they go, whither I go, I neither know nor very seriously care. Going is the word; of that I am certain.

Watching the waves this morning, while being baptized by a dripping shower. I yearned to stand upon their white crests and have all the world's dust, that had gathered upon my garments during ago years, washed away, making my heart sunny and warm like a bank of fresh flowers for the care-worn and weary to rest upon.

TUESDAY, Aug. 10.

Suffering from dungeon-like state-rooms and irrepressible ship-odors, what a luxury it will be to once more stand on solid earth, and have plenty of room! Much of our happiness comes from contrast. After the storm, the calm—after death, life immortal.

The sweetest fruit that fall shall bring,
Is now a bud within its rind;
The nest the bird shall build in spring
Is now in moss and grass entwined.

Approaching the end of our voyage, permit us to volunteer a few hints as helps to future travelers. Though we had previously cruised down the Atlantic coast through the Caribbean sea, sailing along past the frowning mountains of Mexico, and then farther out, under the equatorial skies of the Pacific, we were veridant as touching a trip across the Atlantic.

Remembering, then, that the steamers for Liverpool sail in a curvial direction, passing into high northern latitudes, provide yourself though in July or August, with plain, but warm clothing. It will be indispensable, mornings and evenings. Diet, eating principally dry food, a few days before taking passage. Walk as much in the open air on deck as possible. Thirteen times the length of the vessel and return, is over a mile. Purchase a comfortable sea-chair, as there are no seats on deck save hard benches. Retire in good season. Indulge in frequent baths. Inhale as much as possible the fresh bracing breeze; bait the stewards with coin; make the best of stern necessities, and you will convert the terrors of the sea into sources of real enjoyment.

ON SHORE, LIVERPOOL, THURSDAY, Aug. 12.
Safe in the Queen's dominions, and ruled for the first time in our life, by a woman. Thus far it is pleasant.
J. M. P.

MR. PEEBLES A CONSUL!

We learn from THE UNIVERSE that Mr. Peebles has received his commission [as Consul to Trebisond]. It is a wonder he was not rejected on account of his belief in Spiritualism. This appointment gratifies us exceedingly, as it is a proof that bigotry is lessening its hold on the minds of men in authority, and that justice is sure to achieve victory in the long run. How will our ecclesiastical friends like this appointment? Not remarkable, we opine. Progress is ever onward, however, and those who attempt to retard it, through selfishness or bigotry will surely be crushed by its ponderous wheels. May success attend Bro. Peebles in his new mission, is the sincere wish of his hosts of friends.—Banner of Light.

We were made aware of the action in favor of the appointment of friend Peebles, surprised at the result. We do not consider it a wonder he was not rejected on account of his belief in Spiritualism, happening to be in some official quarters. Among the most respected and trusted officials, are open and avowed Spiritualists. The Administration persecutes no phase of religious sentiments; and in our opinion, this ceaseless cry of the unpopularity of our philosophy, the poverty of ourselves, and the persecution we meet, is as much out of taste and time, as foreign to the general truth.—American Spiritualist.

"PROF." J. STANLEY GRIMES SUPPRESSED.

Under the heading of "Suppressing an Ignoramus," the following narrative of a scene at the Scientific Convention recently held at Salem, Mass., as reported by the N. Y. *Tribune*, is going the rounds of the press. It will be remembered that the victim of this "Suppression" by Agassiz, has been for years, and is now one of the most prominent and active opponents of Spiritualism in this country, and has been patronized, and petted by "Orthodoxy" to a most disgusting extent. His conceit and impudence will perhaps now be abated a little. It will be well for our readers to preserve this, and confront the "Professor" with it, in places where he hereafter offers to "expose the humbug of Spiritualism."

Quite a scene occurred at the meeting of the American Scientific Association in Salem, on Wednesday. Mr. J. S. Grimes undertook to read a paper containing the following remarkable theory: "The ocean once covered the globe; the continents, with their present outlines, rose from the bottom of the sea more than three miles, and came within a hundred feet of the surface of the sea, within reach of the waves, before any of the present mountains were created. The waves beating upon the rising borders, abraded them, and the sediment, being deposited on a continent near the border, produced depressions, and these, by reaction, produced elevations."

Before Mr. Grimes had begun to get through with his reading, he was interrupted by the Chairman, Prof. Agassiz, who said the meeting was pressed for time, and that Mr. Grimes didn't "understand the elementary principles of geology." Mr. Grimes pathetically remarked that Prof. Agassiz wanted "to bring back the days of the Inquisition." Prof. A. said that it was his business to see that "the time was not needlessly frittered away." Mr. Grimes asked, sarcastically, "if the glacial theory had been adopted by the geologists of the last thirty years." Prof. Agassiz good-naturedly responded that "he did not care whether it had or not." Prof. Hall then knocked Mr. Grimes's theory into smithereens, and the meeting proceeded to more important matters.

THE SLAVERY OF MARRIAGE.

BY FRANCIS BARRY.

I hear on every hand, from Woman's Rights orators, that married women are slaves. Susan B. Anthony says the women of the "Suffrage Association" are "runaway slaves"! There can be no honest and intelligent dispute of these assertions. The legal status of the wife, under the common law of Marriage, does not essentially differ from that of any chattel-slave.

Now I affirm that, in the light of the development of the last half of the nineteenth century, no other demand will satisfy the claims of justice or decency, but the demand that slavery be abolished! The noble and brave women and men, who are so earnestly pleading the cause of down-trodden, insulted, outraged and enslaved woman, are eloquent in the utterance of every true and brave word but this truest and bravest, and grandest and most eloquent word of all—ABOLITION! Let us give to the semi-barbarous past the monopoly of the stupid and base and cowardly policy of patching up slavery, acknowledging only the wrongfulness of its "abuses." Far be it from me to underrate the earnest work of any honest worker, but, with all deference, it is the stupidest nonsense to talk of the "rights" of slaves, so long as you do not propose to interfere with slavery! The slave, as such, has no rights. There are but two positions a human being can possibly occupy:—one, that of a slave, enjoying fewer or more privileges, suffering greater or less outrage; the other, that of a free, self-owned, independent individual, claiming and exercising all the rights of an individual; recognizing no authority under heaven, having power to confer or take away rights. The moment you recognize any such authority, that moment you have no rights, only privileges, enjoyed as favors from the power having the right to take them away. The wife is now a slave. I demand that she be emancipated, that she be recognized as an individual; and this is all one with abolishing the slavery in which she is held.

To such as affirm that they are opposed to the popular marriage, —the "Common Law" marriage, marriage as it is, —and in favor of its abolition, I reply, —I know of no other marriage. I have no time, if I had disposition, to quarrel with ideal systems. If true lovers, recognizing each other's equal rights and complete individuality, choose to apply to their relationship a term that has always, and by common consent, been applied to the vilest, most disgusting and damning system upon which the sun ever shone, I shall not quarrel with them. A passing criticism upon the bad taste and want of sensitiveness they exhibit in their choice of terms, is all I can afford. I am absorbed in the fight with the living, death-dealing, love-destroying monster. And, while people can use terms according to their own taste and sense of propriety, I have a right to demand that the question be not complicated; that the naked issue of Freedom vs. Slavery, be left bare, and fought out on its own merits.

When woman is free, when she owns herself, and decides for herself what relations she will sustain, I propose, that she shall decide, each for herself, what she will call those relations, if she thinks they need calling. It is the most outrageous and damning insult, while woman still lifts her manacled hands to heaven, vainly imploring for the justice denied her on earth, —while she is bound hand and foot and given over to prostitution and ravishment, —while the babe on her bosom, the product of her owner's rapacity, may be torn, from her if his caprice dictate —to talk of what form of relations she ought to sustain! Good angels, and my own self-respect and sense of decency, save me from so base and despicable a thing, as stopping to talk —while woman is a slave, —of what she shall do as a condition of being freed! Indeed, the outrage and insult aside, the imposition of conditions is itself slavery. There is no freedom unless people decide for themselves, after they are free, what they will do.

Then let the lines be drawn. After this there are to be but two parties, —the Party of Freedom, and the Party of Despotism. He who is not in favor of all freedom is in favor of slavery. Let the good old name *Abolitionist*, which so few ever had any business with, except to disown it, be revived! Aye, so few! There is probably not a tyrant on earth but

is willing that people shall enjoy some privilege. He, and he only, is an Abolitionist, who is opposed to all slavery, and in favor of all freedom for all humanity.
555 Ninth Avenue, New York.

MRS. KNOWLTON AND THE JANEVILLE GAZETTE.

To the Editor of The Universe.

I see that the *Janesville Gazette* considers THE UNIVERSE, as well as an article of mine, "nasty," —that it was so "nasty" that one of their townsmen, who subscribed, supposing that it would be decently conducted, did carry it out "on a shovel!" Delicate, tender, fastidious editors! Have you become quiet without an opiate? Some men, among whom are those editors, have the happy faculty of constituting themselves judges of persons, actions and commodities. If they unerringly determine what is "nasty," they probably owe quite as much, if not more, to native endowment as to education. They seem to be unconscious of the fact, that there are in this country, many "whitened sepulchers filled with dead men's bones."

If it be true that your paper, or my article, is "nasty," will the gentlemen tell us what is the quality of the acts narrated, which facts are not denied and cannot be? Again, are the perpetrators of those acts men? Will those editors sanction such actions by the mantle of their secrecy? Are such acts longer to be tolerated through the infamy of silence? Can such conduct be stopped, any more than those acts which are denominated crimes, without bringing the perpetrators before a public tribunal? Larceny could as easily be stopped by secreting the fact, protecting the thief, and advancing him to honor and power. If those editors are ignorant of the fact, I can inform them that their city contains more than one man, guilty of conduct like that detailed in my article, with whom those gentlemen associate as friends!

I was aware, before writing that article, that the subject was one which had long enjoyed repose, through the promptings of delicacy. I have passed the point however, where what is called delicacy shall deter me from exposing conduct which is not only revolting to coarse sensibility, but actively injurious, and which imposes misery to its utmost degree. My object is to awaken attention to a great and, as I believe, a growing evil, to the end that it may be eradicated; and not for the venal purpose of gratifying idle curiosity, or depraved taste, or to make money, as is done by most publishers of daily newspapers, who publish what not only savors of vulgarity, but that which is that article unmixt with other ingredient, —as in giving the details of crime, con. and divorce cases. Those disgusting details are now read, I doubt not, with pleasure by that fastidious subscriber, who, as the *Gazette* says, carried out "on a shovel" your paper containing my article.

"As a sense of pain is the first symptom of recovering from profound stupefaction," there is hope that these *Janesville* editors may yet arrive at that point of manhood where they will lend a helping hand to remove practices which would disgrace a savage.
A. N. KNOWLTON.

WOMAN PHYSICIANS.

To the Editor of The Universe:

Believing that the medical profession is one of the most suitable fields for solving the problems of woman's equal capacity and equal rights, as well as for providing herself a useful, honorable and profitable business; knowing that the Healing Art, according to the Hygienic system, is peculiarly adapted to woman (as surgery is more peculiarly a masculine avocation), also knowing that nearly all women, who desire a medical education, are obliged to work their way against opposing influences unknown to medical students of the masculine gender (as rich parents are seldom inclined to educate their daughters for professional usefulness), I hereby offer, through you, to give free scholarships to twenty-five such women as you will certify to be deserving and poor, and who desire to become practical physicians or Lecturers on Health and Medical Subjects.

Each scholarship entitles the holder to attend two full courses of lectures in our Hygienic-Therapeutic College, at the ensuing term, commencing the middle of November in each year and continuing twenty weeks. Our college is regularly chartered and authorized to confer the degree of M. D. We have very full and complete demonstrations on anatomy (with dissections), surgery (with operations), and obstetrics (with appropriate apparatus). A peculiar feature of our lecture-term is its Lyceum, in which ladies and gentlemen meet on equal terms for debates, essays, readings, declamations, and criticisms, which is the most efficient method possible to prepare them for professional life and for public speaking.

More than one hundred woman-graduates are now in successful practice, and there is a popular demand for at least one thousand. Any woman accepting this offer can learn all particulars as to board and incidental expenses by writing to us. R. T. TRALL, M. D.
Hygeian Home, Florence Heights, N. J., Aug. 1869.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.

A Woman Suffrage Convention is to be held at Cincinnati on the 15th of September. The following is the "Platform," which has received the signatures of one hundred and twenty women and men, including clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors, etc.:

WHEREAS, All just governments are founded on the consent of the governed;
WHEREAS, Taxation without representation is tyranny;

WHEREAS, Every human being is endowed by his Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; therefore,

Resolved, That the Government of the United States, in denying to women, who constitute full one-half of its subjects, the right of suffrage, and with it most of the privileges and emoluments pertaining to full citizenship, is only half republican in its character.

Resolved, That it is the duty of women who are thus denied their right of suffrage to demand it, in order that the government may be in truth what it proposes to be, and by this means be preserved for the welfare of future generations.

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A NIGHT ON THE DEEP—TILT WITH A MATERIALIST—DAVENPORT BROTHERS—WEATHER NOW AND BY-AND-BY—PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

New York, September 5, 1869.

The bare blue desert of the sea flowed out!

That's Alexander Smith, in his Edwin of Deira, a poem of the most intense beauty and originality. He catches the point where the unfortunate Northumbrian prince, after journeying, a fugitive and alone, for days and nights, through trackless wastes and wilds, comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon the sea, just as morning is beginning to build her dazzling heaps of sands and sea-shells on the shore. How magnificent the sentence or casket containing this sublime idea—"The bare, blue desert of the sea flowed out!" I again quote the superb line, not only because of its great strength and beauty, but because of my having, myself, recently realized its truth and power while standing in the presence of the ocean, at early dawn, during the purple disentanglement of light from darkness.

I had been out all night on the great deep—and such a night!—The moon, throwing back the jeweled ether from her shoulders, stood out, as it were, in advance of the sky, and poured from her silver urn a flood of radiance so celestial and all-pervading, that it was difficult to associate it with anything terrestrial. The sea, which was as calm as a summer lake, mirrored the heavens so wondrously, that I looked for stars at my feet only; while so transparent and luminous was the atmosphere, the white sails in the dreamy, immeasurable distance reflected a sort of mystic, downy light, which might be supposed to exhale, as it were, from the wings of a sleeping angel. What might not a single hour have then brought forth? At the first swoop of the wand of the great enchanter, the whole scene could have been changed instantaneously. The winds could have been bidden from their hollow caves, and the angry clouds hastened from their secret hiding-places, until darkness reigned sole monarch of the sky, and the huge, blind ocean, aroused from its dreary repose, shook its watery hide in great white smoke, and tossed its mane among the blackened stars.

Such were my imaginings, when, verging toward midnight, I was joined on deck by a gentleman who, like myself, had been attracted from the saloon of the steamer, to witness the shining drama of the hour. He was a man of rare culture and polished manners; but, unfortunately, a materialist; of apparently, the most hopeless character. In all that was transpiring within and around him, he saw nothing but the offspring of the blindest chance. Thoroughly read, trained and traveled, he parried all my thrusts, with the greatest ability and adroitness. I pleaded "the fitness of things" and their beautiful relations to each other. He referred to the mere accident which produced such a condition of affairs. I advanced, that it would require an endless series of homogenous accidents to produce the phenomena connected with our present existence, and that such a thing was beyond the pale of possibility or the endurance of common sense. Here he became thoughtful and silent, as well he might. I then followed up my argument with the proposition, that the whole of the glorious works of Nature were worthless, ridiculous and aimless, if not made with sole reference to some intelligence capable of appreciating them. What were the odor, color, and variety of flowers, the flavor and tintings of fruits, the luster of the diamond, the dewy beams of the morning, the effulgence of noon or the mellow glories of night, if there were no intelligence to recognize them?—of themselves, these things are nothing. It is the appreciation of them, that gives them their *sole value*. How absurd, then, to presume, that the whole machinery of creation could so far defeat its own ends, as to permit the very spiritual essence upon which its value depended solely, to be annihilated!

I did good work that night; for, on shaking hands with my acquaintance—who I found to be an editor of one of the most distinguished dailies here—he expressed a desire to renew the conversation at some future period, and begged that I would put him in the way of witnessing any manifestation that might tend to lift him from out the terrible gulf in which he had so long lain buried.

The Davenport Brothers intend to be with you soon. They are now gradually wending their way to California. They gave a seance recently at Newport, R. I., at which I happened to be present. The manifestations were at once startling and miraculous, although, for a time, doubted by one of the committee of investigation, who had quite a genius for discarding his own senses, and eliciting the admiration of the gallery. When, however, he began to perceive that there were half a dozen spirit hands playing with his raven locks, while the brothers were tied securely in full view of the audience, both his oratory and logic gave way completely, and fell into absolute driveling. Ultimately, nevertheless, he became serious and abstracted, and left the hall unobserved and in silence. The father of the Davenport is in Boston, superintending the publication of their autobiography.

The weather is very pleasant here just now; and I sometimes feel for the thousands of poorly clad children who disport upon the warm sidewalks every evening, little dreaming of how close the cold weather is upon them, and how soon they shall be driven into their miserable dwellings by the biting showers and bitter blasts which are being cradled in the cruel north. The poverty-stricken aged, so painfully here, also command my tenderest sympathies, and urge me to pray, that the great brotherhood of mankind, contemplated by Spiritualists, may soon become a living fact. The old, out on the wintry highways, in darkness, hunger and in rags, is a circumstance terrible to contemplate. The subject moves me to pen this

FRAGMENT.

When the path is lone and the tempest's high,
And the beggar's lamp's blown out, in the sky,
When, with upturned face, neither near nor far
Can he catch a glimpse of one rush-light star,
While he feebly treads round his withered breast
All that now remains of his tattered vest.

And turns in the blast, lest he sink in death,
To cough, and gasp for a moment's breath,
While the tattered flag of his thin, white hair
Wildly floats over the staff that he leans on there,
O, Angel of Pity! then steal behind,
With your wings spread between him and the wind
We are anxiously awaiting the lectures of Moses Hull, which are to commence at the Everett Rooms immediately. The prospects of our glorious cause are, I am satisfied, becoming better and better in this city daily. Men of discrimination and sound attainments are

beginning to perceive that our divine philosophy is not to be pooh-poohed any longer. We number amongst us some of the ablest scholars and thinkers of the age. We have Nature, Science and Common Sense on our side, and are the only religious body in existence, whose credentials are endorsed hourly by the denizens of the other world. What, then, is for the exclusives as well as for the masses, but to just abandon their sapless and exploded theories, and fall into line with us! Every astute and thoughtful man must perceive, that he might as well try to keep out the tide with a pitchfork as to attempt to stem or stay the current of Spiritualism that has now set in upon the world. The day of ridiculous dogmas is past. In this age of progress we cannot live upon the dry husks of the Old Theology. For upward of eighteen hundred years, the churches have been ringing their well paid but stupid changes upon the threadbare assertion, "If you are a good boy and do as I tell you, you'll go to heaven; if you are a bad boy, and don't do as I tell you, you'll go to hell." This miserable bugbear has been their hobby from first to last; and, look at the result,—a world dashed into sectarian fragments.—Materialism cropping out wherever humanity refuses to acknowledge a blood-stained God—"believers" in doubt, in the hour and article of death, and the majority of the human family, groping about, far and wide in Cimmerian darkness for a light, struggling for existence in their own bosoms.

—Miss Anthony seems bound to put a copy of JOHN STUART MILL'S new book into the hands of all her subscribers. She offers a paper-bound copy to every old subscriber who sends her \$3.00 to renew—and a copy to every one sending a new subscriber and \$3.00.

—Our Foreman, Mr. Daniels, thinking that the poem, "Hungering Hearts," appearing in our last issue, was so good as to deserve an *encore*, has repeated it this week. We think his judgment also good.

PERSONAL.

—"Brick" Pomeroy won \$5,000 on the Oxford crew.

—The Emperor Napoleon is in all sorts of health.

—Carlotta Patti is coming to this country on a concert-tour.

—General Sheridan is the best-engaged man in the country.

—Mrs. Southworth's friends assert that she doesn't eat opium.

—Frank Blair is still in the life-insurance business, in Kansas.

—Hon. Wm. A. Howard, of Michigan, has declined the mission to China.

—General Beauregard is interested in the patent right of a new kind of skate.

—Alexander Mitchell has been elected President of the North western railroad.

—George Peabody is seventy-five years old, and has given away six million dollars.

—The King of Sweden is said to be most affable and approachable monarch in Europe.

—King William of Prussia is bolstered up by morphine whenever he appears in public.

—Russia has offered thirty-five million francs for Prince Borghese's celebrated picture-gallery.

—Lo-po-tai, a Chinese doctor in San Francisco, gets \$7,000 a week for dosing 700 fellow-Celestials.

—General John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War, died at Washington, on Monday last, of Consumption.

—E. O. Halle, better known as "A Head," the southern humorist, died in Austin, Texas, on the 14th inst.

—The fee of Caleb Cushing as counsel for Mexico before the Mexican Claims Commission is \$30,000 in gold.

—Ogleby threw the first shovel-full of dirt in breaking ground for the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill.

—Dr. E. O. Haven was formally inaugurated as President of the North-western University, on Wednesday last.

—Theodore Tilton sat one hundred and twenty-five times for a new portrait which he has hung upon his parlour wall.

—General Longstreet, the Surveyor of New Orleans, has appointed several colored men to positions in his department.

—Chang and Eng have a total of seventeen children, of which nine are assessed upon Chicago, and eight upon Eng.

—The Empress Eugenie intends to establish a Josephine Order, which is to be conferred on ladies of eminent virtue and merit.

—Harriet E. Healey, of Tuftonboro, Me., is a freshman at Bates College, and passed the best classical examination of the whole.

—A well-authenticated natural son of Lord Byron, by an Edinburgh girl, died a few years since in the State Prison at Jackson, Mich. He was a train-smasher.

—In society or at home Charles Reade is said to be always the same; his manners are a happy blending of affability and dignity, and calculated to put strangers at their ease with him.

—Captain Francis E. Brownell, who shot Jackson who shot Ellsworth, at Alexandria, Virginia, early in 1861, ranks as Captain in the regular army, but has been put on the retired list on account of ill-health.

—Senator Carpenter sent a speech of his addressed to Wendell Phillips, care Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher addressed it to Mr. Phillips, with the statement, "Wendell is under my care, but I keep him in Boston for safety."

—The discussion about the probable fate of Dr. Livingstone has been renewed in England. Captain Burton, the African traveler, believes Livingstone is a prisoner at the town of Luanda, capital of the King of Casembe, and an expedition is talked of to search for him.

—The Hon. James W. Grimes, United States Senator from Iowa, has resigned, his resignation to take effect December 1. Mr. Grimes is now in Europe, and his letter of resignation was forwarded from the city of Paris. The reason he assigns for his resignation is that, though his health is somewhat improved, it is such now to forbid his attending to his public duties during the next session of Congress.

LITERARY NEWS.

—J. Ross Browne is to do China up in magazine articles.

—The Byron scandal continues to agitate the literary world.

—The Boston Daily Tribune is a new liquor-prohibition paper.

—Godey, of the "Ladies' Book," Philadelphia, has an income of \$30,180.

—"One Night in Ten Bar-rooms" is a forthcoming drama by Mark Twain.

—Messrs. Bradbury and Evans contradict the report that *Punch* has been sold.

—McMillan's Magazine of London, is republishing the Byron "obscenity."

—Twenty-one thousand of Miss Alcott's "Little Women" have been printed.

—Mrs. Childs thinks of starting a woman's paper in opposition to the Revolution.

—Anthony Trollope heads a literary association in Manchester called the "Sphinx."

—The Detroit Free Press says the *Baptist Tidings* of that city has suspended publication.

—A new evening paper, *The Daily Republic*, made its appearance in New York on Thursday.

—A Texas paper commends the *Thursday Flea*, published in that State, as a "lively" journal.

—Mr. Swinburne will contribute a sonnet, on Mazzini, to the September number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

—Donald G. Mitchell, famous as *Ik Marvel*, gets five thousand dollars a year to edit *The Heart and Home*.

—The Byron *furor* has exhausted the entire edition of the September *Atlantic*, and the publishers are printing another.

—The ladies of Turkey have taken to reading the newspapers, and have started one of their own, printed on fine yellow paper.

—There is in Germany not a single paper that has a four cylinder press, except the *Koelnische Zeitung*. All Berlin dailies are printed on small presses.

—According to the New York *Democrat* 29 papers have been started in New York since 1840, all of which have died, at an expense of \$9,000,000.

—F. B. Winkie, (Polluto of the Chicago Times), has issued a new book entitled "Walks About Chicago, and Army and Miscellaneous Sketches."

—James Miller is the publisher who, has in preparation an edition of "Peter Parley's Thousand and One Stories," which have long been out of print.

—"The Beautiful Snow," a very melting production, is all looking around for its author. Faxon, Watson, Signorini, and Dora Shaw, have all laid claim to it.

—A book will soon be published in Boston, gravely defending polygamy on moral, religious, social, physiological and political grounds. It is the work of a clergyman, not a Mormon.

—The Howard University, at Washington, has been presented with a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," complete, printed in the Chinese language. It was brought from China by a negro sailor.

—Captain Mayne Reid is engaged in a very bitter quarrel with the Boston and New York publishers who have had dealings with him, and writes letters to the New York *Herald* denouncing them all very savagely.

—Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, the inventor of phonography, has published a complete edition of the Bible in phonographic characters. This is by far the most extensive work ever produced in any system of short-hand.

—J. B. Ford & Co., the publishers of Beecher's sermons, have bought the *Church Union* newspaper, and it is hinted that the reverend gentleman's name will appear as editor of the *Union* as soon as he gets the "Life of Christ" off his hands.

DR. G. SWAN IN OHIO.

Grosvenor Swan, M. D., who is now stopping at the Adams House, and who has recently been performing some marvelous cures in this city, comes to the west with the highest recommendations, both as regards his standing as an educated Physician and Surgeon, and his great gift of Healing, by Magnetic means.

His Professional standing having given him access to the best families in the East, his testimonials, which are numerous, come from the highest authority. From among the numerous publications with reference to his success in the cures of his specialty, we select the following, from the "Old Guard," a Magazine published by Dr. Van Everie, in New York City, and in answer to an inquiry that had been called out by a former article published in the same Magazine.

"An eminent physician of Philadelphia, a professor in one of the Medical Colleges of that city, writes to ask if we know anything of the nature of the remarkable cures lately performed by Dr. Swan. We deem the matter of such public importance that we refer to it in our 'Table.'"

"We know nothing of Dr. Swan's theory of the cures he has effected, but we have seen three persons who had been bed-ridden for many years, and were considered, until lately, even by Dr. Swan himself, as hopelessly diseased and crippled, but who now not only walk, but rejoice in complete restoration to health. We have seen two such cases that seem to be miracles, and in a ruler state of mind, we would not pass such a case as Dr. Swan is a man of learning and science in his profession, and has, we have no doubt, some scientific explanation, or at least, some theory of his own, to account for the effects which he has produced. At any rate, his standing in the profession, both as a surgeon and physician, entitles his discoveries, whatever they may be, to the highest consideration of the students of medical science. Is there any science that more needs a fresh infusion of genius?"

Dr. Swan expects to remain in the City until the first of November.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

Mr. Edwin Adams closes his engagement at this place of amusement, to-night. For the last two weeks, he has been drawing crowded houses, to witness his masterly delineation of "Enoch Arden." The audience have characterized themselves nightly with a liberal use of the pocket-handkerchief, and the imaginary sufferings of poor Enoch have in many cases drawn tears "from eyes unused to weep."

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—This noted place of amusement, has been filled with large audiences during part of the past week, to witness "Foul Play," by Mr. Alken, the manager, appearing in the characters of the great Ethiopian comedian, Hazzard.

The new force of "A Day's Fishing," was received with great merit. The Museum is fast increasing in popularity, since Mr. Alken has again assumed the management of it.

DEARBORN THEATRE.—The Emerson and Manning Minstrels have presented a new and sparkling programme this week, in which Mr. Bob Hart, the greatest Ethiopian comedian, appeared in several of his specialties, while Mr. J. T. Dunnie, the balladist, made his first appearance in the city.

Chicago to New York.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway began, on Monday Aug. 23, to run a palace sleeping car between this city and New York without change. The route is via the New York Central and Hudson River railroads, and is one of the most pleasant and easy between the metropolis of the East and that of the West. Berths may be secured and all necessary information obtained of F. E. Morse, Esq., General Western Passenger Agent, at the Company's office, No. 56 Clark street.

Sunday Conversations and Lectures.

On Sunday, Sept. 12, Mr. James Walker, editor of *The Liberator*, will open a Convention at 10 o'clock a. m., in the hall of the Scientific and Free Religious Association, 214 Wabash Avenue, and will in the evening, at 7 o'clock, deliver the usual evening lecture. Morning subject: "Is Conscience a Distinct Element in Mankind, or is it the Result of Education?" Evening subject: "The Dead who Die in Free-thought."

A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

A Convention will be held at the Court House, in the city of Racine, Wis., on Saturday and Sunday, October 2nd and 3rd, 1869, for the purpose of organizing a Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

Good speakers will be present. Provision will be made for the entertainment of all who may come. Let us have a grand rally to this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

By Order of Committee.

Meeting at Roscoe, Ill.

The Spiritualists of Winnebago Co., Ill., will hold a two day meeting at the Free Church in the village of Roscoe on the 25th and 26th of September. Good Speakers will be present to address the meeting, and a good time is expected. Arrangements will be made to entertain those who come from a distance.

Per Order of Committee.

JABEZ LOVE.

Advertising and Job Printing.

Parties wishing to advertise in Leading Papers, or in need of Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Blanks, Circulars, &c., will do well to send the orders to Edward P. Fenn, whose experience, and superior facilities in these departments, enable him to give satisfaction to all. Address EDWARD P. FENN, 113 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1899.

THE CRUCIFIXION.—NO. 3.

BY LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

This method of punishment is said to have been inflicted among the ancient Hindoos from time immemorial, and it was common among the Syrians, Egyptians, Persians, Africans, Greeks and Romans, and it is still in use among the Chinese, who generally tie the victim to the cross. The Jews copied it from the Romans. It was not designed for producing immediate death, although the pain occasioned by it was so intense that "crucifixion," among the Romans, was the common word by which they expressed suffering in general. Indeed all accounts of this mode of punishment go to show that the death which followed it was scarcely ever caused by the crucifixion, but it was hastened by breaking the bones of the victim. Hence the account in John xix., 32, of their having broken the legs of the criminals crucified with Christ.

In crucifixion, the victim was fastened to the cross, either by nails driven through the hands, or by cords. There is no mention made in the New Testament of Christ having his feet nailed to the cross. Nor is the allusion in John xx., 25, said to have been made by Thomas, to the "print of the nails," conclusive as to the manner in which Christ was fastened to the cross. John's Gospel is the least credible of the four, and these allusions afford no proof as to what was actually done to Christ, any more than other allusions prove as to the manner in which he was begotten.

The punishment by crucifixion is still practised among the Eastern nations, and recently an account of a crucifixion by the Chinese has appeared in the papers, which occurred in October 1893, at Amoy, China. It was witnessed by Mr. James Jones; and, as it may assist in the investigation, I quote his account as follows:—

"The victim was a well-known thief, whose principal offense was that of stealing young girls and selling them for prostitutes.

"The cross was of the Latin form, the foot being inserted in a stout plank, and the criminal, standing on the board, had nails driven through his feet, his hands stretched and nailed to the crossbeam. His legs were fastened to the cross with an iron chain, and his arms bound with cords; and on the cord around his waist was inserted a piece of wood, on which was written his name and offense; a similar piece on his right arm contained his sentence, viz., to remain on the cross day and night until he died; another on his left arm had the name of the Judge with his titles and offices. The criminal was nailed to the cross inside the Yau-m in the presence of the magistrate, and then carried by four coolies to one of the principal thoroughfares leading from the city, where he was left during the day, but removed at night inside the prison, for fear of his friends attempting to rescue him, and again carried forth at daylight, in charge of two soldiers. He was crucified at noon on Wednesday, and Mr. Jones conversed with him at five in the evening. He complained of pain in the chest, and throat. On Thursday, he slept for some hours, when the cross was laid down within the jail compound. No one was allowed to supply him with food or drink, and during the day there was quite a fair in front of the cross, people being attracted from a distance, and the sweetmeat vendors driving a large trade. On Saturday he was still alive, when the Taoist was appealed to by a foreigner to put an end to the wretch's sufferings, and he immediately gave orders that vinegar should be administered, which he expected would produce immediate death; but the result was otherwise; and at sunset, when the cross was taken within the goal, two soldiers, with stout bamboos, broke both his legs and then strangled him."

The reason for this punishment, in the case of Jesus, seems to have been, that, at that time, the Jews were not an independent nation, but they were in subjection to the Romans. It would seem, from Deut. xxi., 22, that the Jews did, sometimes, after putting a criminal to death, hang him on a tree, where he might be seen as a warning to all passers by and the requirement that a corpse thus exposed should not be permitted to remain over night on the tree, was the reason for removing the body of Christ so soon after he had bowed his head in the swoon, and was supposed, on this account, to be really dead.

The belief has prevailed, that, by crucifixion, Jesus was actually killed upon the cross. And what I propose to do, is to show that the Bible does not authorize this belief. The writers of the New Testament do not affirm the actual death of Jesus on the cross; or, if they do affirm it, the statements they make in respect to his crucifixion, do not prove that he was actually dead when he was laid in the tomb. The first thing necessary, in a trial on a charge of murder, is to prove the actual death of the identical person alleged to have been killed. If you see a man in a fit, or in a swoon, and report him as dead, that is not proof of his death. Persons have fallen in a state of trance, (caused by disease or by fright, it may be,) in which they have remained for many days, and who were supposed to have been actually dead. The case of the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Tennant, is well known. He remained in a state of "unconscious trance," so-called, for three days and nights—longer even than Jesus remained in Joseph's tomb.

I knew a Methodist "convert" in New York, who remained in this state for ten days; and another, a young Methodist lady in Philadelphia, who remained in the trance nine days, and some of her friends thought she was really dead. The remarkable case of Col. Gardner (of the British army) may be referred to as in point here. He acquired the habit of sinking into an unconscious state, resembling death, so much, that his breathing and pulse could not be perceived, and in this death-like state he often remained for a period of twenty-four hours, and finally, in one of these self-induced spells he sunk so low that he never recovered.

Now, it should be known, and constantly borne in mind, that there is an observable idiosyncrasy, a peculiarity of temperament, which renders a particular class of persons more liable than others to swoon, and, also, to become entranced. And, moreover, it is, generally, out of this class of persons that all "mediums," somnambulists, clairvoyants, and "inspirational speakers" are made. We find them among the French prophets, the Methodists, the Mormons, and the "seers," and "visionaries" of all ages. Joanna Southcott, Pope Joan, George Fox, Ann Lee, Joe Smith, some within this category. Jesus himself, and especially the Popish have furnished more or less of these idi-

osyncrasies. And in saying this I mean nothing disrespectful or degrading—for I know that some intelligent, excellent people, (like Mrs. Jacob Redifer of Philadelphia, and Mrs. E. L. Rose, of New York,) are of this temperament, and have been entranced as really as any fanatic ever was in the Popish or in the Protestant Churches.

Quincy, Mass.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.—OUR SOLONS IN COUNCIL.—THE MARRIAGE RELATION.—FETTERING IN NEW ENGLAND.

MONTPELIER, VT., August 30, 1899.

The Woman's Suffrage Amendment having been adopted by the Council of Censors, we may expect to see this State occupied by the advocates of this reform, till the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. I know not how mighty will be the arguments brought forward, against it, but if no stronger than those urged before the Council, nothing but prejudice will lose us the victory. Hon. Mr. Lane said that it was "sometimes urged as a complaint that the business of woman is confined too closely to the domestic arrangements of the household; but this is the wise arrangement of Providence!"

Mr. Colburn, one of our solid men, believed that some of the women, who were influential in this movement, had an object in view: "They are not satisfied with being women, and desire to throw aside the marriage relation and become men." He asserted that "it is possible that with two positive wills, opposed to each other, trouble might be made between husband and wife." To prevent which, the present "wise arrangement of Providence" under which woman has no "positive will," should be continued, and the dreadful possibility avoided. "There must be a head to every thing," he added, and concluded by asserting that, it would be a shame and disgrace for woman to go where he could go—"at the polls, in the midst of the slime and filth which surrounds them." If "slime and filth" are the necessary accompaniments of the ballot, had we not better dispense with it altogether?

Mr. Dewey planted himself on the Bible: "God created man and woman and called them Adam. Mrs. Stone says to her husband: 'You shall be called Mr. Blackwell and I Lucy Stone. The first child shall be Lucy Stone, the second Blackwell, therefore,' etc., etc. The honorable gentleman was evidently determined that God's law should not be de-throned while he had a voice to raise in His defence.

The holy Marriage relation! Therein lies the main point of the contest, though many will not avow it. To touch the question, to even ask, in the language of the lamented Artemus: "Why is this thus?" is to bring down the terrible charge of "free love" on your head. Marriage is a God-ordained relation, legalized by man-made law and sanctified by man-made priests, and who art thou, oh, UNIVERSE! who dares to reveal the corruption and festering sores within, while society is so busily engaged in whitening the outside of the sepulchre? But "Inside Views" are being continually presented, nevertheless, and a cry is beginning to be heard for reform. But how? Shall we abolish the rite, or hedge it around with additional safeguards? How abolition would stem the tide of sinful lust, now preying on the vitals of society, I fail to see.

As long as marriage can be so hastily contracted, and our time-serving gossips stand ready, for a consideration, to bless the union of every John and Nancy, and ask no questions—vice and crime will result from its maintenance, and fetterling will continue its gigantic strides.

A writer in a late Independent asserts that they make a great mistake who speak of the crime being confined to the large cities, and says that there is not a village in our moral New England free from it, and that church-membership constitutes no bar. At the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian churches a resolution was passed, condemning the sin of fornication, and the Observer protested against it as unnecessary action, as they did not believe it so common in the church as to justify such official rebuke. Its incredulity, however, has been shaken by letters received. One physician, in a small village, reports three cases where he had been applied to, to commit the crime of child-murder. One applicant was an Old School Presbyterian clergyman, a second was a lady who had been tempted by an advertisement in a Presbyterian newspaper, and the third was a member of the Methodist church.

Is not the present system of conjugal relation, and the looseness with which it is contracted, equally as well as the subordinate position assigned to woman—who loses all control over her own person—the direct and immediate cause of this gigantic evil. Is it not time that the flood-gates of vice and foul pollution—opened by law and sanctified by the church—should be shut, and the subject openly and fearlessly discussed? Should we not view, with equal abhorrence, lust in the marriage bed and in the brothel, irrespective of the blessing of priest or bishop?

Reform must not consist alone in woman's freedom, though that is imperatively demanded; but a blow must also be struck at the brutal reign of lust, which will not yield without a struggle, unless other influences are brought to bear upon it. D. D. L.

HOW WE EAT!

Few persons ever give a thought to the amount of food which they consume during a lifetime. From an article, recently published we extract the following estimate of what a noted English epicure ate during the seventy years that he lived: 10 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1,200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 150 geese, 400 ducks, 260 pigeons, 1,400 partridges and quail, 600 woodcock, 1,400 snipe, and other small game; besides 500 hares and rabbits, 40 deer, 120 guinea-fowls, 10 peacocks, and 260 wild fowls. In fish, 100 turbot, 140 salmon, 220 cod, 260 trout, 400 mackerel, 400 flounders, 200 eels, 150 haddock, 400 herrings, and 10,000 smelts; also, 20 turtles, 30,000 oysters, 3,500 lobsters and crabs, 300,000 prawns, shrimps, sardines and anchovies. In fruits, 150 pounds grapes, 50 pineapples, 2,000 peaches, 140 apricots, 240 melons, and some 100,000 plums, green-gages, apples and pears, and millions of cherries, strawberries, currants, walnuts, chestnuts, figs, almonds etc. In vegetation of other kinds, 25,475 pounds weight; about 2,334 pounds of butter; 684 pounds of cheese; 21,000 eggs; bread, 14,600 pounds; of salt and pepper, 1,000 pounds; of sugar, 4,500 pounds. In liquids, 49 hogheads of wine, 1,394 gallons of beer, 584 gallons of spirits, 5,394 gallons of coffee, cocoa and tea; 1,364 gallons of milk, and 2,736 gallons of water.

SPIRITUALISTS OF BOONE CO., ILL. SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, AT BELVIDERE.

The Convention assembled on Friday, the 20th, at half past two o'clock, p. m., was called to order by S. Lovett, of Belvidere, and after the election of G. H. Ellis, of Beloit, as President and Miss H. H. Carleton, of Marengo, as Secretary, a conference was held, in which D. Warren, of Darien, spoke of "Religion:—What it Is." Lawyer Shewey, of Indiana, continued to some length upon the same theme. M. J. Peters of Chicago, followed, giving a careful survey of the numerous forms of religion; asserting that, of all forms, Spiritualism is the only one based upon common sense; also, that of all ages the present one is the most irreligious. Brother Shewey corrected this remark by giving the true definition of Religion, showing that in the present age there is less blind devotion, but more of true religion. Mr. Peters accepted the criticism, and remarked that, in the most intelligent nations there is to be found the most crime. Mrs. I. Huntington, of Marengo, corrected brother Peters by referring to ancient history, which proved that the cases of crime in the past ages exceeded those of the present, ten to one. Meeting closed with remarks by the President.—The Evening Session opened with a song by Miss Mary Cool, of Marengo, followed with remarks by Mr. Shewey which were noted for their beauty and strength. Meantime E. V. Wilson, having just arrived, gave an interesting lecture, at the close of which he read several characters and described spirits present, all of which were readily recognized. Meeting closed with song by E. T. Blackmer of Chicago.

Saturday Morning Session: Called to order by the President at half past ten o'clock. Music by E. T. Blackmer. After a conference of one hour, E. V. Wilson addressed the meeting in his usual earnest manner, and produced a marked effect. Meeting closed with good music. Afternoon Session: Song by E. T. Blackmer. Then Conference one hour, in which M. T. Peters, E. V. Wilson and others participated. The time of the regular speaking having arrived, D. Warren spoke nearly two hours; his subject: "Progression,—not Salvation,—the Law of the Universe." Meeting closed with a song by Miss Mary Cool.

Evening Session: Opened with the reading of a few selections from "Spirit Echoes," by E. V. Wilson, and music by E. T. Blackmer, followed by E. V. Wilson with a highly instructive and interesting lecture on "The Law of Spirit Control," at the close of which the speaker described six spirits, all of whom were recognized by their friends. Meeting closed with music by E. T. Blackmer.

Sunday Morning Session: Meeting called to order by the President at half past ten o'clock. Music by the choir. Conference of one hour, closing with a song by E. T. Blackmer, and followed by E. V. Wilson with one of his clear, logical, convincing discourses; subject: "Is Jesus God? If so, did he accomplish his Mission?" Meeting closed with music, by the choir:—"The Silent River."

Afternoon Session: Meeting called to order by the President, at half past one o'clock. Trance-speaking by Samuel Smith, of Rockford; subject: "Whateveride have we of Immortality?" Song by E. T. Blackmer. The time of regular speaking having arrived, D. Warren spoke nearly two hours. Subject: "Does human individualized existence ante-date the present earth-existence?" The speaker took the negative of this question and dealt, we thought, some telling blows against the pre-adamite theory. Meeting closed with music by the choir.

Evening Session: Called to order at half past seven o'clock. Exercises commenced with the recitation of a poem by Miss H. H. Carleton; song by E. T. Blackmer, followed by E. V. Wilson with a lecture on the subject: "Spiritualism; Why Am I a Spiritualist?" which was acknowledged by all to be one of the best lectures they had ever listened to. At the close, the speaker gave several remarkable tests. Mrs. Herring of Beloit recited a fine poem, and was followed by E. T. Blackmer with one of his soul-stirring songs. Thus closed one of the best attended, and most harmonious meetings ever held in Belvidere—having proved that Spiritualism is a reality, a religion, as old as Deity, based upon the eternal sciences, and destined to be the guiding star of all nations.

H. H. CARLETON, Sec'y.

CONTAMINATION OF CHILDREN.

The truth of the maxim that evil communications corrupt good manners, no one denies—and yet to judge by the way that worldly fellowships are conducted, such a maxim might as well have never been heard of. Corruption begins at a sadly early date. The home circle is not always what it should be in regard to fellowships. Parents are not always mindful enough to make themselves companions to their children, and they are thus left to seek fellowships of doubtful benefit, to the exclusion of what, to them, ought to constitute the ascending fellowship. This again is aggravated in the case of a common school, where children meet in greater numbers, and the controlling influence in regard to morals, is removed a step further. So situated, the child is left, of course, to choose his own companions.

Is it any wonder that society at large, growing up at loose ends, like this, should prove to be what it is, a hot-bed of corruption! nay, a sure provision for the perpetuation of all sorts of vice. So hopeless, indeed, is the prospect of amendment as things are, that we wonder that God-fearing parents can be found who are willing to expose their little ones to the certain contamination of the common school. Were the household what it should be, the school perhaps might be otherwise. No amount of mere mental pain would induce us to peril the eternal welfare of our child by committing him to such associations as are more or less the curse of schools as at present constituted. The very first thing I desire for my child is an appreciation of what ever is morally good in another. Get this once implanted in the young breast, and you establish a principle of steady growth which will insure the purification of the whole world. As it now is we all know that the general tendency is to the very opposite course.

Co-operation is quite the fashion these days. Why not co-operate to crush this crying evil? But we must begin at home. It is there that the ascending fellowship must be made attractive. By following that course, the heads of families, if themselves of moral worth, would soon imbue their children with a ready and fearless appreciation of all that is good; and when they came together, whatever the occasion, it would be for the better and not for the worse. Co-operation for such an object, viz., to take proper care of the young,

would speedily stand far ahead of all other co-operative efforts.

If the morals of the young are neglected, what can be expected of the adult? The tree is allowed to grow wild, and we wonder at the quality of the fruit. We find that it is not only evil communications that are injurious, but those even that are not positively edifying. If two persons cannot improve one another by associating together, it is a bad combination, and should be abandoned. This is no mere theory. The principle has been proved to be true, and must be adhered to or the world will never grow better.—R. S. D., in Oneida Circular.

A HOLY DAY IN PARA.

A grand festa was in progress on the day of our arrival. These feasts are numerous in Brazil, and the saints, in whose honor they are nominally held, ought to be gratified by the zeal and vigor with which their festivals are celebrated. They extend over days and even weeks. They are occasions of mirth rather than of penance or worship, and cakes and dainties hold their own with fasting and prayer. The church fronted a wide square and at night was brilliantly lighted with rows of lamps which girdled its broad facades like rosaries. Upon the front facing the square, they were disposed in wavy lines, giving the porch the air of being festooned with strings of jewels. The devotees were mostly women. They were of all colors, and apparently of all conditions in life; but the love of finery, which is characteristic of the tropical races, was evinced in the attire of the humblest as in that of the wealthiest. Some of the Paranees wore gorgeous dresses and costly lace and jewels of price, but these ambitious adornments scarcely outshone the riotous bandanas and blazing scarfs and cheap and tawdry jewelry wherewith the darker and less opulent worshippers invested themselves. There was a choir of boy voices, among them one clear and high, which would have been heard in the choruses of La Scala with applause, or in the chants of St. Peter's with approbation. I wondered which of the white-robed young chorists possessed this marvelous organ, and thought that if his tones could reach across the waters to the Conservatoire, or Gye's, or the Italian academies, emissaries there would be sent to him with tempting gifts.

The men appear to devote the devotional duties upon the women, and give themselves up to the out-of-door ceremonies, which are not quite so pious and perhaps more amusing. The gambling shops were full, and the drinking shops appeared to do a lively business in the way of cachace and schnapps. Every body seemed to be losing money with much ease and celerity. The instruments of gaming are the roulette-wheel, the monte-table, and one or two other abstruse appliances, the exact operation of which I did not ascertain. The bells were small, badly lighted places, and the practitioners of the sinister art were rather dirty and exceedingly vulpine and vulturous of aspect. Money gained of them would, I should imagine, have a strange odor. However, the cash generally went in the other direction.—T. C. Evans, in Harper's Magazine.

HAND SALUTATIONS.

Did it ever occur to you—reader mine—how much may be, and oft times is, expressed by the simple custom of hand-shaking?—You meet an acquaintance on the street, perhaps, and extend your hand to them. One will take it, and drop it as soon as taken,—no heart is in the act, and you feel, perchance, as though your time had been wasted in exchange of salutations—and that the indifference you have ever felt toward that acquaintance has become almost dislike. Then again, you meet one, who will grasp your hand with a will, and shake it till you feel as if soon there may be no hand to shake; but you know your friend is glad to meet you, and knowing this you can excuse his boisterousness. Another will press your hand gently, drop it and pass on quietly;—You feel better for the greeting, and kind thoughts of him, or her, are left behind.

Again, there are hand-clasps, better imagined and experienced than described: they thrill through your whole being as it were, reacting your very heart-strings, and causing them to vibrate joyously. You feel that through this lingering pressure of the hand, the heart is speaking, telling you sweet tales which none but you can understand.—You cannot for the life of you resist an answering pressure; and, although sometimes the hand is retained rather longer than common custom allows, yet, when the lingering touch departs, every thing seems brighter to you than before; you feel you have taken a new lease of life; its petty vexations, which just before seemed so hard to bear, seem lighter to you: the sun shines brighter, the grass looks green, even the common-place people you meet have an interest for you they had not, a moment before. If you should meet a beggar just about then, your hand readily finds its way into your pocket, with a heart full of pity for them, because they have no friends; the music from the hand-organ of the poor, lame soldier, sounds sweet to you then, you pause, and give him all the change you have, for perchance, he, too, may have no friends.—None to love, none to care.

The memory of this hand-clasp haunts you for days, yea, for weeks, perhaps; and if you dreams at night be not sweeter for it, then am I mistaken. FERNIANA.

MORALITY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Does Spiritualism engender and develop social corruption? Never! Angelic thoughts, spiritual illumination, communion with the gone-before, associations with those we purely love, never can make us worse, but infinitely better. If the sunlight attires the floral kingdom in beauty—spirit-light attires humanity in the purities and moral glories of angelic life.

Are Spiritualists thus morally beautiful? We have no piety to boast of—we ought to be no more spiritual, more like the angels with whom we walk. Whatever corruption there is among us is not morally attributable to our religion, but the want of it. One thing is quite noticeable, that, as a general rule, whenever a Spiritualist wallows in the mire of sensualism, his downward tendency is of churchly origin. Often when men and women are held to social decency only by fear, they shock us with excesses when that fear is removed. A lustful heart, though draped in ecclesiastic silks, is no blacker before high heaven when its foul affection comes to the surface.

If spirits have anything at all to do with such hearts, it is to probe them, to burn them

out as a foul house. But sensuality is not spirituality—vice is not virtue—hell is not heaven.

Spiritualism is turning the world inside out. By its force we see what we are in our inner life. But Spiritualism, true Spiritualism, never makes a person worse—never. The world-to-day is as much better for its advent as light is better than darkness.—B., in American Spiritualist.

OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

[The following pronunciamento, issued by THE CHICAGOAN in February last, as its "platform" on the Woman Question, has received emphatic commendation, as indicating the fundamental principles embodied in the present efforts for social reorganization. We have been repeatedly requested to keep it before our readers, as the central ground upon which those aiming to remove social wrongs can gather, and as presenting the true basis on which the new social structure must be reared.]

We are on the threshold of a new era, the introduction of which will be marked with a revolution more radical than has ever before been known in the world's history. Systems which have grown hoary with the centuries, enshrined in the holy garb of ecclesiastical authority and sanction, accepted with unquestioning reverence by the race, and almost inextricably interwoven into the whole social, religious and political fabric, are now being assaulted with fierce, unflinching criticism by thinking and practical men and women of these latter days. These systems are denounced as holding one-half of the race in a bondage more despicable and degrading than that which has characterized any other of the slaveries which man has selfishly maintained since the fabled expulsion from Eden.

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disavowal of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inhere in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the abolishment of numerous usages and fashions that foster and feed man's passions, until they have control of his being, requiring the continuous sacrifice of woman on the altar of lust. It means that the selection of companions in the most sacred relation of the sexes shall not be the exclusive prerogative of man, if, indeed, as physiological laws and comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

Such is the ultimate of the present movement in behalf of Woman, and only to this will it come at last. Whether it will be sooner or later, depends upon the wisdom, the courage, and the strength of its advocates. It is plain that, unassisted, Woman cannot speedily accomplish the work. Repressed and dwarfed by false teachings and worse customs through the ages, it is wonderful that she should have wisdom, courage or strength, even to take a humble part, much more to inaugurate the grand work of instatement in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is untutored in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the extremest tension, and susceptible to the influence of every wind of false doctrine and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive, or at least only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no honied words nor equivocal phrases to win the favor and assistance of men who otherwise would spurn them. By demanding all, they will get more than by asking only for half of that which they know they should have. The sooner the issue is joined and the position of the respective parties in this "irrepressible conflict" is clearly and fully understood, the sooner will the grand triumph be accomplished—for triumph will surely come, though the struggle may be, at the best, bitter and protracted.

On this platform does the *Chicagoan*, [now THE UNIVERSE], advocate the cause of Woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved,—that, in the granting of "woman suffrage,"—to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto,—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system inviolate, as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well-founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its baseness and all its virtues—all its basest and its highest uses—all the diseases, disorders, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

Let agitation come, who fears? We need a flood; the fifth of years Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on! What cannot stand had best be gone!

—It is a great motive for tolerance to reflect that the men who differ from you most in opinion may most resemble you in nature—may be most like you in heart and soul. Many a theologian, in former days, has helped to burn a man who was almost to him a second man, who, differing from him in all the deeper emotions of the soul, did not care to differ from him in matters of religious opinion.

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—Dr. Lot, of Oakland, Mass., recently shot a law-student for being too intimate with his wife.

—At the recent term of the Supreme Court at Montpelier, Vermont, twelve divorces were granted.

—The Russian minister of war lately attempted suicide because his only daughter had eloped with a French actor.

—Michael Prendergrast recently destroyed the life of Patrick Conlin, in Chicago, for abusing his wife, who was Michael's sister.

—A reporter for a Western paper calls a marriage license "a preliminary way bill to be freighted over the seas of life together."

—Holly, Mich., offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest of a miscreant who committed outrages on two married ladies. They caught him.

—A white woman who had been too intimate with a black man, jumped into a well; killing herself and child, at Memphis, Tenn., lately.

—John Kelley, sixty years of age, has been arrested in Burlington, Ind., and bound in \$1,000, on a charge of attempted rape on a child six years of age.

—A Spaniard who has won 300,000 francs by gambling at Spa, is kept in solitary confinement by his wife, to prevent him from spending or gambling it away.

—The father of a deserted wife, of Sioux City, has obtained a judgment against the recent husband for bed and board for the last two years, amounting to \$1,350.50.

—A Parisian family is in despair, because a daughter, one of the reigning belles of Paris, is determined to marry one of the Japanese attendants on the Burlingame embassy.

—Stephen Murphy, of La Salle, Ill., has been murdering his wife by knocking her down a flight of steps, dragging her back again, and committing other cruelties upon her.

—A Chicago woman last week caused the arrest of another woman, for saying "Good morning" to her husband. The charge preferred was disorderly conduct. The case was dismissed.

—A Newburyport, Mass., young man has indefinitely postponed his wedding, because the State constable seized a barrel of beer he had provided for the occasion, and will not let him have it again.

—Out of the \$60,000 awarded by a New York court to Mrs. Forrest as her due from Edwin Forrest, her husband, she is compelled to pay Charles O'Connor, her attorney, \$56,000, leaving her only \$4,000.

—A woman died recently in Trenton, Michigan, giving birth to her thirty-first child. Among the thirty-one were three pairs of twins, and the eldest of them all, if living, would be only twenty-nine years old.

—The wife of a Judge of Odessa, Russia, insulted a coachman, who summoned her before her own husband in his official capacity. The Justice issued a warrant for his wife, investigated the affair, and fined her fifty roubles.

—The mock marriage case at Peoria, Ill., reported several days since as a novel phase. The lady, Annie Lewis, having commenced suit against Day for \$20,000 damages, in a breach of promise, the case was compromised yesterday, by Day paying the lady \$1,000.

—The Captain of a schooner lying in a lumberyard in this city engaged in chastising his wife, one night last week. Some men were attracted by her cries, and attempted to interfere, but were repulsed by the sight of a revolver. A merchant's policeman refused to help, and she was left to her fate.

—A young man applied at a Minnesota land-office for a farm under the homestead law. On inquiry it was found that he was young, age and unmarried, which two facts combined, deprived him of the benefit. He left the office, and in about an hour returned with the necessary evidence that he was a married man.

—Louis Jourdan says, in his *Paris Siecle*, that prostitution had increased at a fearful rate in that city since the coup d'etat—that, while the police reports in 1847 had shown that there were about twenty thousand prostitutes in Paris, there were now upward of one hundred thousand women who were known to live by prostitution.

—A shocking crime was perpetrated near the dividing line of Pendleton and Grant Counties, Ky., the morning of the 25th. Three young men seized two married ladies and a girl of 12 years, and violated their persons, causing the death of the child. This outrage caused a great excitement in the vicinity, and a party with ropes, started in pursuit of the criminals.

—The Buenos Ayres correspondent of the New York Herald, in writing of the war in Paraguay, says the women and children who are met as the allies advance are in a state of starvation, and are found grouped in hundreds under the trees, nearly naked, nearly starving, surrounded by all the diseases that cluster around poverty and filth.

—The young ladies of Dover, Wayne County, Ohio, have formed a society for the redemption of young men whose habits do not suit them—pledging themselves not to receive the attention of any young man who swears, smokes, chews, loaf on the street-corners, or drinks. The amount of "sitting up with the girls" done in that region since the society went into operation is "nothing worth speaking of."

—An association in favor of "suspending the rules" for two evenings a week is expected.

—A crim. case has been brought to light at Fort Wayne. The parties, hailing from Pekin, Ill., are Frederick Hubbler, and wife, a beautiful young lady, and a man named Charles Morse. Morse eloped with Hubbler's wife some time ago, and until recently the husband could find no trace of her. The matter between husband and wife has been compromised, and they returned home together. Morse has been placed under bonds, to answer the charge of adultery. He will be tried at the next term of the criminal court.

—Passengers from Dresden, Tenn., report that, on Tuesday evening last, a negro was seen suspended from a tree, on the line of the railroad, near that place. Under the place where he was hanging, sat his mother, weeping. Attached to the pantaloons of the swinging boy was a card, on which was written in a legible hand, words, cautioning the passer-by, not to touch him, and intimating, in strong terms, that the man who interfered would suffer the same fate. It was understood in the neighborhood that the victim had committed a rape on the daughter of a widow lady living near, and that he was hanged for the crime.

—A stone-orned bridegroom was recently led by his blushing bride to the altar of a Justice of the Peace. That honest and benevolent functionary felt it to be his duty to inform the poor blind man that the chosen of his heart was really one of the ugliest women in the world, and that she had already, to his own knowledge, buried two husbands. To this the bridegroom replied that he had seen the lady a great many years ago, and that, according to the best of his recollection, she was then "a thing of beauty" and "a form of life and light." As the bridegroom insisted upon being married to this dre

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THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

A LETTER TO OLIMENA.

BY EMMA G. TUTTLE.

"Tis a long time since you wrote me;
Then it was with trembling hand,
While you waited at the entrance
Of the blooming Summer Land.
Poor sweet fingers! they could scarcely
Guide your pen along the line!
But it was a precious letter,
With its ending, "Ever Thine."
Since that time, those weary fingers
Have been crossed, like saints' in prayer,
On a bosom pure as Mary's,
And they yet are resting there."
And the slender lips which kissed me
When the Autumn garlands fell,
Moaned, as others do in dying,
To pronounce a last farewell
I have thought so much about you,
For I know your life was sweet,
And that youth, in wreaths of myrtle
Crushed out honey 'neath your feet.
Did you fear the shadowy angel,
With a crown of asphodels?
Did you feel that she would crown you
To the sound of tolling bells?
Dear Olimena! I've a question
For each day since last we parted;
I can ask, but not replying
Leaves me ever hungry-hearted!
But I catch a little comfort,
Thinking that your soul will be
Earthward, for the love you bear us,
And will read these lines from me.
Very little they will tell you,
Only that I love you yet,
And that every day and moment
Thick with memories is set.
Take my love to those dear angels
Whom I know, forgetting never;
Come and see me very often,
And believe me "Thine Forever."

Written for The Universe.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

[Concluded.]

In reference to the phenomena of magnetism, it may be stated that every animal may influence others, or be influenced by the magnetic agent. But, as a general rule, persons of strong constitution, in the vigor of life and health, are capable of exercising the most powerful magnetic influence upon others, while persons of delicate constitution and weak nerves are the most susceptible, — the former being positive, and the latter negative subjects; these principles — the positive and the negative, — holding good in human bodies, as well as in metallic magnets.

There are many methods of conveying the influence; but ordinarily the magnetizer and the subject are seated opposite to each other; the former with each hand lays hold of the opposite hand of the latter, with the balls of the thumbs resting against each other. Thus they sit for five or ten minutes, or until the influence begins to be felt. The magnetizer then withdraws his hands, and makes slow passes, with open hands and outspread fingers, over the patient, from head to foot, turning the hands away while moving them upward; and while making the downward passes, keeping the points of the fingers near the subject's clothing, — it being ascertained that the downward passes are magnetic, while the upward are not. — After making a dozen or two of such passes, the magnetizer resumes his former position. During the whole of this process, he keeps his attention on the patient, and exercises his will, in silent commands, that he shall become somnambulant. The subject should be still, quiet, and resigned.

Some persons can be magnetized within a few minutes; others cannot be affected by trials of an hour daily, for weeks; but after the experiment has once succeeded, it can be more easily repeated. The subject becomes more susceptible, and the magnetizer more powerful, by every successful trial. The patient who could not at first, be thrown into the mesmeric sleep in less than an hour of constant contact with the operator, may at last be magnetized in a few seconds, without contact, by the outstretched hand, the glance or will of the operator. And I have seen a subject, who had been frequently magnetized by a friend, bidding him good night and preparing to leave the room, transfixed by a mere motion of his hand, and put sound asleep in an upright position, where she would remain until he awakened her.

The various stages of the magnetic influence may be classed as follows:

The first stage is that of *waking magnetization*. — The patient feels a singular influence pervading his body, frequently a pricking sensation somewhat like that felt in a limb asleep; sometimes there is an increase of temperature and sweat.

The second stage is that of *drowsiness*. — The pulse becomes faster, the breathing slower; there is a feeling as though warmth were radiating from the stomach; there is a heavy pressure on the eyelids, which close against the will of the patient, and he is unable to open them; — but still he retains his consciousness and sensation.

The third stage is that of *coma*, or senseless sleep, wherein the patient is insensible to the loudest noises; and all the nerves of sensation are as if benumbed.

The fourth stage is that of *magnetic somnambulism*. — The patient awakes from the third stage into a new sphere of existence, and as another person. He has no consciousness, then, of his normal condition. He hears only the voice of his magnetizer or of some person in contact with him. The magnetizer can make his muscles rigid in almost any position, and has the power of governing his physical motions. His own senses of touch, taste and smell appear to be dormant; but he perceives all the impressions produced on those senses in the magnetizer's body.

The fifth stage is that of *clairvoyance*. This is a heightened condition of the fourth stage, and, to the uninitiated in the hidden and occult mysteries of nature, a perfectly incomprehensible wonder. The patient has means of perception unknown to man in his normal state, and so singular, that the assertion of their possession, measured by the general experience of the race, appears to be an impudent falsehood or imposture.

The clairvoyant can see with his eyes closed and bandaged; he can even see what waking

men in his place cannot see with their eyes open. He can read the contents of letters unopened, he can see through clothing, wood, and metal boxes, through walls of brick and stone; he can tell what is going on in the room above or in the room below, or in places hundreds of miles away; he can read books printed in languages, of which, in his normal state, he is entirely ignorant; and clairvoyants have even been known to speak fluently, and perfectly in one, two or three more tongues, of which, when awake, they had no knowledge whatever. There is a well-authenticated case, which occurred in Burlington, Vermont, when an ignorant, uneducated Irish girl, in this somnambulant condition, able to translate with freedom and correctness passages of the Hebrew Bible into English, and this in the presence and under the supervision of several learned professors of languages.

The clairvoyant not only sees things outside of his body, but even in it: His whole physical frame is transparent to him; he looks through and sees all the functions of life, as though they were going on in a glass case; and he can see through the bodies of others, placed in magnetic connection with him, in the same way, and will describe, with the accuracy of high anatomical, physiological and pathological knowledge, the operations of healthy and diseased organs, and will prescribe and apply remedies for disease.

In the clairvoyant state, the clairvoyant always speaks of himself as a person different from himself in the normal state, or rather, speaks of himself as a third person. They also assert that they see the souls of deceased persons, converse with them and obtain their extraordinary knowledge from them. All the mental faculties seem to be unusually acute. Clairvoyants speak with a clearness, intelligence and learning which they never possessed in their waking state, and even speak properly of matters of which they know nothing, when awake.

The sixth stage is that of perfect or independent clairvoyance. This is a more exalted condition of the fifth stage, and is often entered into independent of any mesmeric power, or even of the presence of any magnetizer. The perfect clairvoyant sees what is going on at a distance of hundreds of miles, reads the thoughts of all persons about him, reads the past, and can truly foretell the future. His soul dwells in light and delight; he seems to live, as it were, above the earth and its surroundings, and among the beauties and the glories of the universe. He often regrets that he cannot live in that state forever, and he shudders at the necessity of being brought down again into the dull, tiresome, base world of normal life.

These are some of the alleged phenomena which pertain to this peculiar condition of existence. Whether they are all real or not, we do not take upon ourselves to decide. But that many of these alleged phenomena are real, is the general belief of the public; and that belief, though without the countenance of the majority of physiologists, physicians, and learned men, is yet approved by many persons, of high authority, who have examined the subject in one or more of its various phases, — among whom: Laplace, Cuvier, Agassiz, Hupeland, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Herbert Mayo, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, Prof. Wm. Gregory, Prof. A. De Morgan, Prof. Challis, and Dr. Gully, may be mentioned.

Indeed, the facts of clairvoyance seem to be so well authenticated and of so common occurrence, that it may be said, that it is only the willfully blind who do not see. The reason, why the truths of animal magnetism, as recognized by able and careful physiologists, have not been received with more favor, may be thus briefly stated:

First. Nearly all the mesmeric phenomena of a character contrary to the general experience of the race, and to the ordinary experience of individuals; and *experience* has become, with most of the learned, the measure of possibility; they cling to the dead past with all the tenacity of barnacles to the bottom of a ship. The facts which the people gather, and the truths which the people learn, are not often adopted by the wise ones of earth, until impelled by fear of imputed ignorance, to give them some degree of credit.

Who shall set a limit to the possible developments of the human mind, or to the revelations which God is ever making to man? Whoever says that "there is nothing new under the sun," is a fool or a madman. In the great and wonderful manifestations of the Creator, there is always something new — always something to live for — always something to learn.

Secondly. "If the mesmeric phenomena be received as true, they cannot be explained upon any consistent or plausible theory, or connected regularly with the healthy functions of the body." So says a learned writer on this subject; but in view of the fact that these lines were penned a few years ago, we may excuse his ignorance of the revelations of to-day.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the application of Electro-Magnetism, through the instrumentality of a fine clairvoyant medium, was wholly and remarkably successful in the final and perfect restoration to health of the patient above-mentioned; and that it is no mere temporary relief, is demonstrated by the fact, that for more than two years she has been entirely free from any symptoms of the complaint, having suffered for sixteen long and weary years the worst tortures of a villainous disease. Growing worse and worse each year, under the care of most eminent physicians of the Orthodox School, the patient was finally relieved and cured by the simple process which Jesus practiced more than eighteen hundred years ago.

TO THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

A new and daring experiment is noted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. — The invariable failure which has hitherto attended nautical expeditions to the Arctic regions has induced two Frenchmen, Messieurs Tissandier and de Foulville, to undertake the enterprise of reaching the North Pole in a balloon. The machine, in which the bold adventurers are about to embark on their perilous journey, and which is appropriately named "Le Pole Nord," is now being completed in the Champ de Mars, which the government have placed at their disposal for the purpose.

The monster balloon, beside which even the famous "Géant" would seem a mere toy, will contain over ten thousand cubic metres of gas, and is composed entirely of a cloth manufactured from caoutchouc, which will allow of great expansion in the rarefied strata of the atmosphere. The seams, uniting the different pieces, form a total length of three English miles. The car, a marvel, it is said, of strength and lightness, is constructed to carry ten passengers, four thousand pounds of ballast, and provisions for a month. We can only hope this bold enterprise may be attended with better luck than the aerial flight of the "Géant" in 1863.

RIP VAN WINKLE—ITS IMMORAL TEACHINGS.

BY MRS. MARY F. DAVIS.

This Legendary Drama, which has become so popular under the magic sway of an actor's genius, is nevertheless open, in one direction at least, to serious objection. In Jefferson's acting there is nowhere any failure. From first to last he portrays, with exquisite touches of humor and pathos, a character which is unfortunately too familiar to us in the common walks of life; and succeeds in showing the truly human elements of a tender, loving nature under all the squalor, debasement and wretchedness of a dissipated career. For the actor there can be but feelings of admiration and words of praise. But with the drama we take issue, inasmuch as it subtly confirms the cruel but popular sentiment that a wife should meekly and uncomplainingly submit to all the ghastly ruin wrought by a husband's habitual drunkenness, and thus far it has an immoral tendency.

"Gretchen," the neglected wife, deserted for the whiskey bottle and the reckless, grasping, unprincipled habits of the grogshop, sees goods, lands, the comforts of home, and the blessings of domestic peace sacrificed for rum; and, driven to frenzy, sends her treacherous, aimless, vagabond husband forth into night and oblivion. As a punishment for this act of self-preservation, represented to be shrewdly barbarity, she must needs fall into the hands of a savage legal tyrant, and undergo for years such agony of fear and remorse that she was ready, when he, who had wrought her woe, returned, to crouch like a dog at his feet, and with her own hand offer him the fatal cup, saying, in effect: "Forgive, forgive me! You may get drunk now whenever you want to, my dear."

To the moral sense this *dénouement* is most offensive. After sacrificing the comfort and happiness of a household, subjecting wife and daughter to loneliness and misery, and making himself a byword, by his insatiable passion, the least that the restored husband and father could do was to approach penitently those he had caused to suffer, and "in his right mind," pledge his remaining days to virtue. Should the woman so sinned against fall at his feet and ask forgiveness? Should she humbly place in his placid hand the tempting cup which had been the cause of all his degradation and her despair?

A writer in the *Radical* calls Gretchen, at this signal moment, the "converted wife." To what was she converted? To her husband's vices. To the debasement of his manhood. To the dimmed eye and idiotic leer, the staggering gait and beastly wallowing of drunkenness. To what was she converted? To suffering's thrall. To the endurance of cold, and hunger, and that greater hunger of the heart which comes with lonely days, and sleepless nights, and the agony of hope deferred. To a consent that her sons and daughters should learn to despise a wretched father, or sink like him into a dishonored grave. Heaven grant that, for the sake of humanity, such "conversions" may be rare among the women of the nineteenth century.

On the whole, what does this scenic representation of the wife's self-reproach and the husband's self-satisfaction signify? Simply, that he should have been indulged in his amiable weaknesses; that she should have meekly consented to his midnight revels, and have patiently submitted to the sacrifice of all that made life worth the living — to the destruction of home, the demoralization of children, the degradation of beastly association, and the sure approach of poverty, wretchedness and despair. Not only so, but she should have loved the debauchee through all, and served him with wifely devotion, though he had dragged her and hers with him to swift destruction. This is but an echo of popular sentiment, and woman's concession to it only tends to foster the demon of alcoholic indulgence within the domestic circle and throughout society. It should be the privilege, fully accorded by public opinion, of every woman who finds her life linked with that of an habitual drunkard and becomes satisfied that there is no hope of his reformation, to free herself and her children from the degrading, demoralizing association.

By no means infrequent is the dreadful experience of that hapless wife and mother who, but the other day, in Chicago, was struck down at her toil by the murderous knife of a husband infuriated by drink, and died in the midst of her weeping, terror-stricken little children. Long had that gentle, refined wife and her tender, hapless children suffered by the frequent savage assaults of the rum-crazed husband and father. Was it *her duty* to submit to this? The public press said: "She would not tell of her husband's misdeeds, but, like a true wife and woman, would screen his crimes and endeavor to palliate his faults." The time has come when from the press, the pulpit and the stage should be proclaimed the truth, that it is slavish and ignoble, instead of womanly, to submit to the exactions of sensuality and vice and the inflictions of cruelty; that the true wife and mother will assume her God-given right to save her offspring and herself from the evil she cannot cure, and that the social and civil powers should sustain her in this act of justice.

A sickly sentimentality has prevailed on this subject full long. Terrible have been and are the sufferings of good women and true, thrown by relationship into this death-dealing torrent of intemperance; and now, when it threatens anew to lay waste the homes of our fair land, the only excuse for writing a play in which the hero is a sot, would be its illustration of powerful and redeeming influences for the wrecked soul and the stricken woman heart that beats beside it. Let the lesson of the drama be, that the drunkard's wife should be clothed upon with moral power no less than moral insight, so that, instead of settling down into the hopeless, helpless victim, she will rise up as his redeeming angel, or, failing that, protect herself and her children, and so far save society from the consequences of his vice. — *Banner of Light.*

DOMESTIC LIFE OF HAZLITT.

The essayist married Miss Stoddart, a well-read, elegant, and well educated lady, one of the best letter-writers of her time. With any one but Hazlitt she might have been happy; but authors of a nervous and sensitive nature require peculiar treatment, which Hazlitt did not get. In the autograph MS. of the "Table Talk," in the "Essay on the Fear of Death," he had written a passage, omitted in the printed version, which is a key to his nature and to his unhappiness: "I want an eye to cheer me, a breast to lean on; all of which I shall never have, but shall stagger in to my grave without them, old before my time,

unloved, unlovely, unless — I would have some creature to love me before I die. Oh! for the parting hand to ease the fall!" It is not worth while in this short sketch to pursue the subject further. If the appreciation of the wife commenced the disagreement, the behavior of the husband hastened its catastrophe. Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt were separated and sued for a divorce. But enough of this. Some time before his death he had written, in the midst of much work, trouble and disappointment — too often the lot of literary life — "My public and private hopes have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be re-edified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand to consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready if not willing to depart. I shall then write on my tomb — *Grateful and Contented.*"

"But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain."

But his later years brought better and gentler thoughts. "He died in 1830, with his friend, Charles Lamb, sitting by his bedside, to whom he addressed his last words, 'Well, I've had a happy life.'"

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS OLD AGE.

Mr. G. T. Curtis has elaborately answered Alexander H. Stephens' assertion that Daniel Webster, as he advanced in years, approached the Southern doctrine of State rights. In the course of his reply, he makes the following interesting observations about the old age of Daniel Webster:

"Mr. Stephens speaks of a change that came over Mr. Webster in his 'mature years.' In 1830, when he electrified the country by his reply to Hayne, he was forty-eight years of age. In 1835, when the debate with Calhoun occurred, he was fifty-one. In 1851, when Mr. Stephens thinks him more 'mature,' and the subject had been 'more fully discussed,' he was sixty-nine. He died on the 24th of October, 1852, in his seventy-first year.

"I am not aware that, at any period of his life, Mr. Webster exhibited any material abatement of his intellectual powers. In the judgment of those who saw him most frequently, and observed him most closely, there was less change in him from the age of fifty to the age of seventy than is common in men of intellectual pursuits. He himself was sometimes observed, during the last ten years of his life, when called upon to make some particular and unusual effort, to be a little anxious concerning the comparisons that men might make of him with what he had formerly been. No one, however, would say that the speech of the 7th of March, 1850, exhibits any decay of intellectual strength, or that the famous 'Husman letter' is less vigorous than any of his former productions.

"On the other hand, if we were to look for the period when his powers of all kinds were in their fullest vigor and highest development, we should unhesitatingly place it, in his case as in that of most men, between the ages of forty and sixty. Mr. Stephens makes a great mistake, too, as it seems to me, in supposing that the nature of the government had been more fully discussed after 1833, and before 1851, than it had been down to the time when nullification was encountered. Nothing of any importance had been added to the Southern side of the controversy after 1833, nor has there been anything said or written on that side of the question since Mr. Hayne and Mr. Calhoun left it in their arguments in 1830 and 1833. If Mr. Webster ever thought that he had occasion to revise the subject, he certainly had nothing new to examine after 1833, for Mr. Calhoun had then exhausted his own side of the question, in one of the greatest arguments he ever made, and all that he ever said afterward was but a repetition of himself.

"Moreover, it would be an error to imagine that Mr. Webster, in 1830, came to the discussion of this great question as to something which he had not previously studied. The debate itself of that year sprang up suddenly; but Mr. Webster's preparation for it had been made long before the occasion arose, and he could have made the reply to Hayne just as well as he did make it, at any time during the preceding ten years. To him there was no side of this question, that needed to be examined when he was called upon to encounter the doctrine of nullification; and the proof of this is, that the second speech on Foote's resolution, which contains the development of this doctrine respecting the nature of the government and his reply to the whole of Mr. Hayne's argument, was made from a brief prepared in a single night. This brief covering, but a few pages of ordinary letter paper, is now in my possession."

THE GREED FOR MONEY.

The editor of the New York *Star* has recently indulged in the hazardous and exciting speculations of Wall and Broad streets, with a handsome return for his audacity in thus venturing outside of professional haunts. He, therefore, cannot be accused of envy or disappointment when he gives the following rap at the men of the above named streets. He says:

"Intemperance in drink is not the only excess of which the young men of New York need be afraid. There is an immoderate love of money — a restless desire for suddenly obtained wealth — which is almost as pernicious, and frequently as fatal, as the drunkard's cup. The reckless habits engendered, encouraged and matured by the rush and excitement of the war time, are fastened upon the present generation of business men to an astonishing, a deplorable degree. The old-fashioned slow and sure modes of business are laughed at by the twenty-five-year-old merchant, who could teach his grandfather many things, and reveal to his employer tricks of trade which would make him faint with amazement. Every afternoon scores of couples stand on Wall and Broad streets waiting for custom, and along toward five or six o'clock they roll rapidly up town. It is amusing to look at and in them. Young men, with wild eyes and flushed cheeks, lie back upon the cushioned seats, tired out with excitement — half used up at twenty-five, *blaze* at thirty. The life they lead is full of anxiety, full of turmoil. They are seeking for money, not for business. They do not care to build great houses, whose names shall be honored in the community, but rather to make their pile and cut away from the street. Now-a-days there are no boys, no young men; they are all brakers, merchants, dealers. Look at the Wall street youth of twenty. Good heavens!

how he puffs and fumes about his securities, his stocks and bonds, his customers and speculators. Boys who ought to be in school are sharpening their wits upon each other before they are fifteen, and it's no uncommon matter to find mature brokers of twenty-four or five who have "seen it all," made their cool hundred thousand and lost it, with several more that didn't belong to them. Every man is in the race for money, and so far as outsiders can see, it's a grab game, in which a lout, who knows nothing, is quite as likely to get the prize as the man who carefully studies and ponders the situation, and goes in on a plan."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

— Gold is advancing.
— The Canadians fear another Fenian raid.
— It cost \$453,924 to pave Broadway, N. Y.
— Paris indulges in five duels every morning.
— Paper table napkins are in use in Wittemburg.
— England is sending elephant-plows to India.
— A gun at Fortress Monroe throws a 1,100 pound ball.
— Mowing with a camel is a late New York experiment.
— San Francisco has had thirty-nine cases of suicide in a year.
— The Sandwich Islands are to import \$30,000 worth of Coolies.
— Our fellow beings are now dying at the rate of one per second.
— Cleveland is going to tunnel under Lake Michigan for water.
— Seward thinks the people of Alaska need a territorial government.
— A man in London follows the occupation of "professional introducer."
— A girl nineteen years old owns and works a hundred-acre farm in Iowa.
— Two years more of drilling will complete the tunnel through the Alps.
— The English language is used in over one-half the telegraphy of Europe.
— The new postage stamps don't suit, and orders are issued for new issues.
— An English chemist has discovered a preparation to petrify human bodies.
— San Francisco rogues are robbing Chinamen for their queues, for the hair.
— A "respectable" Mississippian lately killed another about some fried chicken.
— Character, according to Ralph Waldo Emerson, is the incapacity of being upset.
— No more nitro-glycerine shall be used in Sweden, where they first blasted with it.
— A California savant predicts a mighty shaking up of earthly things, in September or October.

— Agassiz says that animals resembling trichine inhabit every kind of meat — fish, flesh and fowl.
— Washington people are becoming indignantly excited about the attempt to remove the capitol.
— In Brussels telegraphic dispatches are put in lamp-post boxes and regularly collected by carriers.
— The aristocratic Clarendon Hotel, Saratoga, has a new piazza "fitted up" expressly for engaged couples.
— A Boston tooth-pick factory has the monopoly of the business, and sells 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 per day.
— The price paid for the Boston *Advertiser*, a few days ago, was \$225,000. Six years ago, the paper sold for \$40,000.

— New Albany, Ind., has a man whose wife twelve years never saw him in his shirt-sleeves. Perhaps he has no shirt.
— The next astronomical sensation announced, is the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which will occur in 1874.
— The name of one creek on the Pacific Railroad — "Man-wounded-in-the-face-woman-killed-by-lightning-creek."
— Mrs. Sarah Boyle and daughter were found in a basement in Thirty-ninth street, New York, last Sunday, starved to death.
— An Indiana editor through whose precincts the new fast train runs, complains that there is a "little too much h—l connected with it."

— There is said to be a young lady in Jeffersonville who can easily swim across the Ohio River and back again, without stopping to rest.
— The Senate has rejected by a vote of 113 to 9, a liberal amendment to the Senatus Consultum. The Emperor was in favor of the measure.
— A wealthy and benevolent citizen of Philadelphia has determined to establish there a free bathing-house for the accommodation of the poor.

— There are in England and Wales 24,000 known thieves and depredators, 36,000 tramps, and 20,000 houses of ill-fame, of which last 2,000 are in London.

— An amusing novelty is a street-reflector, which is attached to the window, enabling persons in the house to watch passers-by without being seen from without.

— A dying soldier a few days since bequeathed his all, \$210, to the State of New Jersey, in gratitude for the kind treatment it had bestowed upon him during his sickness.
— The little Princess Felicia, said to be the smallest girl of her age on the continent, is still the great sensation in Paris. She is only fifty centimetres, or less than two feet, high.

— The number of homicides in Southern Italy, last year, was 19,84 to every 100,000 inhabitants or ten times the proportion in England, and more than a hundred times that in Belgium.

— Lots of things are done by machinery in this progressive age. A workman in New York had his shirt taken off by machinery in a tannery recently, and narrowly escaped being taken off himself.

— Henry Ward Beecher says, on the hair-dyeing question: "If a man will be happier for it, let him do it. If his wife will love him better, or if he will be made happier, in the name of love let him dye."

— A Tennessee editor closes an affecting account of the suicide of his "devil" (by throwing himself off a precipice), and closes with this pathetic statement: "Simultaneously with his disappearance, our shirt disappeared also."

— The engineers of France and England estimate the cost of tunnelling the Straits of Dover at fifty million dollars, and think the amount of travel insufficient to make the enterprise a paying one. Therefore it is practically abandoned.
— One of the most conspicuous four-in-hands seen on Fifth avenue, New York, is owned by an old gentleman who lives in a little room on the fifth floor of an up-town hotel, and eats but two meals a day. This, it occurs to his friends, is rather inconsistent.

— James Collins, a farmer at Lansing, Iowa, requiring the aid of all his family in the wheat-field, put a daughter, Anna, aged sixteen, to do the loading; and she, shaken off by the roughness of the field, was crushed to death under the wheels of the wagon.

— The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says that Mrs. Pierce is making progress with her plan for co-operating housekeeping in Cambridge. About thirty persons have subscribed \$100 each, and a few others have subscribed the smaller sums required for the laundry.

— For a long time there has been a disagreement among scientific men on the difference of level between the Red and the Mediterranean seas. It has been enormously overestimated, but has now been definitely fixed by careful observations, and amounts to 40 centimetres, or a little short of 16 inches.

— Two noted Saratoga belles got into a dispute on the piazza of the Clarendon Hotel, each one about which had the longer to say. It was stoutly claiming to have the longer. The difference settled by measurement, when the difference was found to be just half an inch — the longer being 13 feet 6 1/2 inches.

— A man named Hillard, while engaged in digging a well, three miles above Portsmouth, Ohio, last week, became affected by "damps" in the well and dropped down insensible. No one was present but a Welsh woman, and she, no sooner comprehended the state of affairs, than she saturated a handkerchief with cam-

phor, went down the well, and spread it over his face. She then tied a rope around him, ascended, and drew him out. He was insensible for three hours, but finally recovered.
— A Cretan recently murdered three small children at Marousi, Germany. The children had teased him for some days past. One morning, when he found them alone, he cut their throats. When the unfortunate mother of the little ones returned home and found them weltering in their blood, she went mad.

— Callers in London announce their importance by the number of their knocks. One knock announces the arrival of a messenger, beggar, or servant. Two knocks denote the postman, tax-gatherer, etc. Three knocks indicate the master of the house or a friend of the family, and four denote some aristocrat, or person of noble blood.

— A Chinaman recently delivered a lecture in Troy, in which he defended the Chinese custom of compressing the feet of women. The feet of the Chinese ladies are compressed in much the same manner, he supposed, as the European ladies reduce the size of their waists, and he declared it as his opinion that it is no more painful to compress the feet than it is the waist.

— The other day at Newark, N. J., a man was attempting to get upon a moving sweep, with a pail of butter in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other, and was in danger of losing his life, when the conductor gave him a vigorous kick, which sent him flying with heels in the air, scattering his eggs and butter in promiscuous directions, but preserving him from injury.

— The proprietor of the Grand Hotel at Lisbon, Portugal, is an Englishman, about fifty-five years old; a lady of cheerful and polite manners; a capable business person, who carries on the concerns of the great hotel, for which she has rented one of the palaces of Lisbon; a wealthy woman; and the mother of thirty-two children. Her husband is the book-keeper of the establishment.

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