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Written for The Universe.

UNDER THE MYRTLE TREE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

I.
Oh to be buried, ever so deep,
Under the myrtle tree!
Always and always fast asleep,
As the neriids are in the sea!
With the ghostly stories of earth all told,
And caught to the heart of the matron old,
Veiled in her rustling green and gold,
As only the Dead can be:
Pure and placid, mute and cold,
Always and always free,
As only the Dead can be!

II.
Oh to be lost and lost and lost
To world and star and sun!
To river and forest, flame and frost
To battles wasted or won.
Lost to the throbbing of hearts late,
To the horror of lives accursed of fate,
To the son I love and the face I hate—
Forever and ever undone:
Stilled and lying in awful state,
With a shroud of the white fleece spun—
Forever and ever undone.

III.
Sweetly the neriids rest in the deep;—
Once they were singers proud:
None remember the eyes asleep,
Or the sea-harps rich and loud.
But they sang till the dwellers of isle and town,
Sank in the wild wave, fain to drown;
And they sang till the cruel mermen brown,
Were a weeping, wondering crowd;
And they sang and they sang till the gods came
down
In fire to the singers proud,
And the sea was a crimson cloud!

IV.
Hither, come hither, marvelous Death,
Under the myrtle tree!
With lips that never have breathed a breath,
Drop hush of kisses free:
Till the last, last, terrible story is told,
And I ere p to the heart of the matron old,
Veiled in her rustling green and gold,
Always and always free:
Grand and griefless, calm and cold,
As only the Dead can be—
And the neriids under the sea.

V.
Buried—and never a bell will toll,
However the winds may sweep:
But always the world will roll and roll,
And the tides around her creep.
And never a dweller of isle or town
Will mourn because of her lost renown;
And never a murmuring merman brown
Will sorrow under the deep;
Nor sigh—no, not if the gods come down
For a songless world to weep!—
And we shall be fast asleep.

Written for The Universe.

MARRIED;

A Woman's Deception.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE IN THE WIND.

[Continued.]

Eloise had sunk into a kind of stupor, which was the product jointly of weakness and despair. The sound of her cousin's well-remembered voice roused her with a shock which was almost too great for her prostrated mental powers. She raised her head for a moment from the pillow, with a wild glance and a cry of recognition, and then sank down again.

Proctor seated himself by her bedside, and taking her hand in his, said gently: "Eloise, are you not glad to see me?" "Oh! so glad, Proctor, how can I tell you? You at least, I can hope, have not forgotten to love me."

"No, indeed, dear child, and I bear the love of others too. They all at home sent love, and want to see you."

She looked up into his face unbelievably. "It is true," he said. "My mother asks you to come home with me, and the Doctor is so much better that all his professional skill will be at your service. So you have only to get strength enough for the journey." Eloise's face flushed crimson.

"You know all about it?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes; and understand all about it much better than most people. But I am not going to talk about other people's claims to your favor. I am going to push my own. You haven't kissed me yet, Eloise. You might do so much for the sake of the olden time."

"My dear, good cousin Proctor," she said, and raised her face for the caress.

He bent over and kissed her brow and cheek and lips, and the sense of the affection which was tender and true and pure, thrilled her veins with the warmth of returning life.

He sat by her ten minutes longer, till his presence and tender ministry had grown from seeming to be a taunting myth, a delusive invention of her imagination, to a warm and comfortable and life-giving reality.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are actually giving me an appetite. I haven't eaten a crumb for two days, and now I really think I could devour an oyster!"

"I go at once to capture the oyster," he replied. "And when I come back, beware how you belie your promise."

He returned with a tray of dainty delicacies, and, sitting beside her, fed her as one feeds an infant.

It was two days before she could be removed to Brockendale, but at the end of that time she bore the journey well, and before the end of the week was able to be dressed and make one of the circle around the cheerful evening fire.

It was matter of gossip for the *quid nuncs*, whether or not the Doctor would attend her. Mrs. Vaughan solved the question by putting it to Eloise in her usual straightforward manner.

"Eloise, would you like to see the Doctor professionally?"

"I do not think I need medicine," was the quiet reply, "so much as repose. Still I trust the Doctor is not to be prohibited from coming here on my account, and if I see him, there are one or two points about which I should like his advice. I think I need a sedative for my nerves, and possible some slight stimulant."

Mrs. Vaughan said no more, but sent word to the Doctor to call that evening. He did so, remaining an hour in Eloise's room with Proctor and Mrs. Vaughan, and leaving at last a prescription. After that he came and went whenever he chose, discussing with Eloise all topics of literature, of art, and of general interest, but with never a word which the whole world might not hear.

But the simple facts of the case began to weigh heavily upon Mrs. Vaughan's mind. Here were two people who evidently did not love each other, occupying the position toward each other of people who did—and two people who did love each other with a purity and intensity and devotion which was of itself, in the face of life and death, an indissoluble bond, separated by the positive legal barrier. Moreover, by Proctor's help, she began to see that as the Bible makes adultery to consist in the gratification of lust—"he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart,"—a marriage without love is its own scriptural season for divorce. Yet still, there was the law and public prejudice, and the question of the child's condition and welfare to be overcome.

Mrs. Vaughan began to feel as she had never done before, that it is not easy always to solve the problem of good and evil in this world, or judge of other people's conduct, whether it be right or whether it be wrong. She remarked as much to Eloise one day.

"But one thing we ought always to be able to do," replied Eloise, "though it is often not easy; and that is, when the way is doubtful, to wait till God makes it plain; and then if we can have strength to walk in whatever path he does open to us, we may be sure that the end will be in an open place."

The old tenderness and faith were coming back to these two, and Mrs. Vaughan was the happier for having learned that it is possible to love those from whom you yet may differ in opinion, so that there be at the bottom sincerity and truthfulness of heart. Better still, the eyes of her spirit were opened, and she began to see that these two tried and steadfast souls were of that noble guild whose storm-tossed lives inspired the poet to write:—

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the money in his hands;
And the hooting mobs of yesterday, in silent awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes, into History's golden urn.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

The Christmas holidays came and went before Eloise found herself able to return to Philadelphia. Proctor, in the meantime, had talked over with her, at length, the circumstances concerning his father's will, and had begged her to allow him to carry out what was well known had been that gentleman's lifelong intention, and bestow upon her the sum of ten thousand dollars.

"There will still remain," Proctor had said, "of my own share of the estate, more than a hundred thousand dollars, with as much more of my mother's that will pretty surely come to me. You cannot, therefore, have any scruples about allowing me to do justice to my father's memory in this matter."

But Eloise had replied: "The matter is quite right as it stands, and I cannot possibly accept your kindness. I do not covet money. I do not think the possession of it in large sums a blessing. I suppose if uncle had really left me ten thousand dollars, I might have kept it and used it for my own purposes, more or less. But if I had done so, I should no doubt, have grown materialized thereby, since there is nothing truer than that material possessions of any kind do almost necessarily engross some part of that force and energy which might be expended in spiritual growth. You know me too well to think that I make the remark in any unkind spirit. I see perfectly that at this stage of the world's progress, there is need of money in great fortunes, to bring about great material results; but while pecuniary considerations are made the basis of so many marriages, to the entire pollution of so many otherwise virtuous souls, I see also that there is need that some women should show by their example that there is a plane of life above the material, whereupon human beings may live happily and purely, by means of their own individual efforts. So, while I love you dearly, cousin Proctor, and feel the tenderest gratitude for your goodness in this and a thousand other ways, I must still reject your offer."

Proctor knew too well the simple truthfulness and integrity of her soul, to urge her farther. She left Brockendale, and went about her work in the world with a strong and cheerful spirit, bearing about, indeed, with her the consciousness of a heart unsatisfied, a deep need unfulfilled, but feeling within her, a steady triumphant faith—that in God's own good way and time—if not in this world, then in some other, this strong desire of her soul would be gratified.

Towards spring, an event occurred which, though of apparently little consequence, exercised at last a marked influence upon the lives of all with whom this story chiefly deals.

Ever since the autumn, Richard had noted with deep interest the growing influence of Father Dunne over Eloise. It was not only that the priest directed all her reading, that, by his apparent direction, her devotional exercises were greatly multiplied, and her penitential conferences with him longer and frequent; but that when he was at the house, as he now generally was as often as once or twice a week, there seemed a certain deeper, more intimate, more absorbing relation between them, than he had ever noticed before.

This relation was not of a nature to be suspected as criminal, but, nevertheless, it was one which might reasonably have rendered any husband uneasy, and it certainly did cause Richard a great many hours of troubled sur-

mise and conjecture. He had confidence in Father Dunne's general character, and he did not believe Eloise a woman to be easily swayed from the course of propriety; still he could not be blind to the circumstance that, his influence over her was absorbing, his will imperative; in short, it seemed to Richard that exactly the relations existed between them, that exist between the mesmerizer and his subject. Still Richard felt that under the circumstances he had not the slightest right to interfere, and so the matter took its own course.

But on the occasion alluded to it happened—or else the priest had so willed—that Mrs. Vaughan and Proctor were invited to take tea at the Doctor's, to meet Father Dunne. It was a quiet and genial evening. Eloise had evidently exerted herself to entertain her guests in the very best manner, and as usual when she attempted anything in the house-keeping line, she succeeded to a marvel.

During the evening's conversation, the subject of celibacy came up. Mrs. Vaughan, of course, expressed the usual Protestant horror of that course of life. Father Dunne, on the other hand, in the ablest manner, with the softest accent, and the most finished diction, set forth its merits. Mrs. Vaughan at the end of the discussion declared herself deeply impressed by what he had said, without suspecting the priest of any ulterior motive. Proctor, however, who like Richard, had noticed the growing influence of Father Dunne over Eloise, did not fail on this occasion to notice that there was an understanding between these two; and whenever the priest made a good point, the lady silently applauded; nay, more, that she seconded his efforts with now and then a pertinent observation that produced a telling effect on Mrs. Vaughan. Proctor reasoned that so visible an effort was not put forth without a purpose. Not even a Catholic priest could be so F.ther Dunne could expect to make a nun of Mrs. Vaughan, but might he not be suspected of designs upon Eloise, the way to the fulfillment of which this discussion might be expected to smooth?

Proctor thought the matter over during several hours that night. The result was that the next morning he deliberately re-opened the conversation concerning celibacy with his mother, by a remark which elicited this reply: "Why, Proctor, I hope you don't think of turning monk?"

"Not exactly," replied Proctor, with a smile, "but this seems to me very evident. You will pardon me, at my age, for knowing more about the wickedness of the world than any lady of your position and circumstances possibly can, and allow me to assure you that society every here groans under a weight of abstinence and infirmities which grow directly out of the inordinate self-indulgence of men and women, particularly in the sexual relation. Now I truly believe that the virtue most called for by the present state of society is that of abstinence, self-sacrifice. To most women of Eloise's age and circumstances, for instance, it would be a far smaller cross to give up the world and its pleasures, than to most men, and while I think the virtue of it far greater to be in the world, yet not of it—that is to live a life of abstinence and self-reliance without taking conventional vows, still I have not the horror of a convent which many have."

Mrs. Vaughan considered for a few moments in silence. "Proctor," she said at length, "do you think Eloise intends to go into a convent?" "I cannot say; but I have an idea that Father Dunne intends she shall."

"That would be horrible. Richard is no better; even because of the freedom it would give him he would let her go."

"Mother, I think that you get on too fast, and look at things too much in the light of old teachings. Richard has borne a great deal, and borne it bravely. I do not think Eloise could ever suffer so much in a convent cell as he has suffered bearing the burdens of his life. I do not approve the vows; but I do think after all that in God's Providence has come to pass, a life of abstinence and spiritual aspiration is the very best that is left to her. If Eloise were in her place, think what an example of purity and sweetness and self-renunciation she would exhibit to the world. If Eloise cannot be all this and still retain her place in the active world, I for one have no objection to her going into a convent. There are circumstances of far deeper trial and greater suffering than that, all over the world."

That was the beginning. When the thing dawned upon Richard's perception, his feeling was one of gladness that it did not devolve upon him to decide the matter one way or the other. But in this was mistaken. His enlightenment came about in this way. Proctor, going into the Doctor's house for a call, one day, met at the door Father Dunne. Entering, he found Eloise in tears.

"What is it, cousin Eloise," he exclaimed, "has the reverend father been scolding you?"

"Oh! Proctor," she exclaimed, "you must not talk to me in that way. The cause of my grief is indeed one which concerns the interest of my soul, and therefore I dare not just about it. Neither has Father Dunne any hand in bringing it about, on the contrary, he would very gladly help me if he could."

"Well, since you have told me so much, suppose you go on and give me a full statement of the case. If it is anything which common sense or the good-will of a friend may remedy, I think I can aid you."

"It is just this," said Eloise, apparently glad of the relief of confession. "Since my life has grown so hard and complicated, so different from the life every married woman looks forward to, I have grown more and more sick of the world, and long to leave it and take upon myself religious vows. Father Dunne himself thinks it would be the best thing I could do, if only I were not married; but the church will not allow any person to dissolve their marriage connection even for the sake of entering a religious house. Oh, cousin Proctor I am so miserable about it."

[To be continued next week.]

—The stars that flake the dark blue sky above; the rain that pours from the gloom; the thunder that rends the amphitheater of the heavens; all proclaim to us that there is a sphere outside what we now feel

Written for The Universe.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS;

OR

THINGS YOU SEE, AND THINGS YOU DON'T SEE.

BY MRS. JENNIE T. HAZEN.

You see the outside of a fair and stately edifice, but you don't see the inside of it. You doubtless think you do, but I'll convince you that you don't. You see fine grounds, and well-cultivated gardens, but you don't see the feeble cadaverous men who are sometimes compelled to work there,—or be locked up in a solitary dark cell,—upon the simple statement of a brutal, ignorant attendant, that they are not sick, only sullen.

You see the admirable arrangements for warming the building, but you do not see the shivering inmates, huddled together on hard benches, or crouching in corners, on the cold rainy days we sometimes have in August and September; you do not see that no artificial warmth is supplied, or allowed, until a certain day of the month, even if frost gleams and snow falls.

You see ranges and ovens, and bright tinware and clean floors in the kitchen, and all the modern inventions for cooking food in a wholesome, cleanly manner, but you don't see the miserable slop misnamed soup, the soggy vegetables, the muddy coffee, which are served up to patients—patients indeed they are, or they would rise in fury, and rend their keepers.

You see the food served, in a scrupulously scoured dining-room, on a moderately clean table-cloth, with cracked dishes, and polished knives, but you do not see the delicate patient sit down to a table where there is not a mouthful she can eat; yet eat she must, or she is sullen, and must have the nauseous food poured down her throat, by the keepers.

You see, as you walk through the long, cool, upper corridors, floors of immaculate whiteness, and walls hung with pictures; but you do not see a woman lying upon one of the beds, who is dying of consumption, and whose poor, swollen legs are so sore that she winces if one but looks at them; you do not see the attendant, when she is bathing her, push her legs from side to side, while the wretched patient writhes in an agony she dare not express.

Men and women are not regarded as men and women. Now I truly believe that the virtue most called for by the present state of society is that of abstinence, self-sacrifice. To most women of Eloise's age and circumstances, for instance, it would be a far smaller cross to give up the world and its pleasures, than to most men, and while I think the virtue of it far greater to be in the world, yet not of it—that is to live a life of abstinence and self-reliance without taking conventional vows, still I have not the horror of a convent which many have."

Walking through the lower ward, you see everything as clean as the wards above are; you see beds made up with white spreads, but you do not see that some of the beds lack a sheet—sometimes two,—and there is no other covering in summer, although we all know there come often in this northern clime, nights when we need more.

You can see into a room, and everything is fair; but you cannot see into a room just opposite, where a woman crouches in a corner, with no other covering—not a rag of clothing other than a rubber-cloth blanket. The wretched creature has plucked from her head a hair at a time, all the hair save a scalplock. She either crouches in her corner all night, wallowing in filth, or crawls upon a horrible straw bed, and sleeps or howls, like a wild beast, just as the fit takes her. She is free! There is no restraint upon her. Her food is carried to her upon a tin plate; she may eat it like swine, or with her crooked fingers, which resemble claws. Sometimes the old straw-bed is taken out and burned, and the cell cleaned.

The attendant—but oftener one of the more same patients—goes in with a bucket of water and a broom. She scrubs one corner, and drives the woman into it with her broom. The woman grovels and crawls through the wet. Sometimes she plunges her head into the bucket, and quenches her raging thirst like a beast. This woman has been here for years; no one comes to ask for her—she has no friends.

You do not see, in another cell, a woman who has gone mad because her baby died, and who constantly stuffs the bosom of her dress with wet rags, perhaps to cool the burning pain gnawing her breast; and who tears her own garments to make clothes for her babe, and shut up in a cell, naked, with a bundle of straw for a bed, and who shrieks in vain for the door shuts with a spring lock, and the one window has a wooden shutter, so that no shrieks and cries may grate harshly upon the ears of friends or visitors.

You see a bath-room with hot and cold water, and soap, and towels, where all are required to take a bath every Saturday, and change their soiled clothes, for fresh ones; but you do not see how the sensitive ones—who are the delicate and refined—shrink from that ordeal of bathing, with half a dozen others in the room at the same time.

You do not see those who refuse to bathe themselves, dragged by main force, and scrubbed with chemical soap and a coarse crash towel that rasps like a file. You do not see that three or four are often bathed in the same water, and half-dried with the same towel.

You do not see the feeble ones coming from their ablutions all shivering and blue, insufficiently clad, and no fire from which to borrow heat when the bath has wasted, and which their emaciated bodies cannot supply.

You see a sleek, comfortable, well-paid doctor who goes through each ward every day, at a certain hour; but you do not see that it is a mere matter of form, and that the doctor knows no more of some of his patients personally, than he does of the king of the Cannibals. You do not see that he inspects the dining-room and hall more closely, than he does the people who occupy them.

You do not see that he makes clean the "outside of the platter," while "the inside is all manner of uncleanness."

You do not see how the friendless, unclaimed dead are hustled into rough coffins and bur-

ied stealthily at the dead of night, in a remote part of the spacious grounds.

You see a stately edifice,—a benevolent institution, a safe and friendly asylum for the brain-sick and unfortunate ones; but you do not see what a convenient place it is to confine troublesome ones, who have property for heirs, or those who have none for themselves or heirs.

You see a quiet and serene retreat, where one may be cured of madness; but you do not hear the sounds, and see the sights, that would drive a conscientious and sensitive one mad.

You do not see a place, from which I shrink with shuddering horror; a place from which I would remove a friend of mine and bury him alive, sooner than trust him to the tendermercies of a Lunatic Asylum.

Written for The Universe.

A PLEA FOR THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

Why is it, that the "world at large" (which means Chicago, and the insignificant rest of the continent included,) has suddenly taken itself to growling at, and over, the poor, one-armed, and one-legged remnants of humanity, who patiently, "from morn to dewy eve," grind out a meager living, on our street corners? Is it because there is a dearth of real nuisances in the city, and elsewhere, that they settle, like a flock of ravens, on the poor defenceless grinders? To me there is something touchingly pitiable, in the sight of the poor, thin faces, "the coat of army blue" with one half the sleeve empty, often pinned up over the poor stump. I always think, when feeling for my loose change, of the probable cause of the empty sleeve, that appeals, with such mute beseeching, to our sympathies; and fancy grows sadly busy, as it goes back to the years of our country's trial-time, and pictures the then robust form, with the missing member strong, and arming for the conflict. Afterward, when the saber-stroke clashed or the burning bullet pierced, how the shattered arm fell, helpless, and forever useless, by his side!

Then came the scene in hospital. The prayer that it might be saved—the negative answer, and finally the manful resignation, as it was severed. He (I speak in the singular for convenience) was doubtless, only "one of the men," and the loss of his arm, though as brave an one, perhaps, as ever bore funeral, and ir-reparable to him, "did not count in the news of the battle," and, when the peace-time came, and work was indeed plenty, for men with two hands, he was cast upon the mighty sea of activity, where only he who was strong, and has wherewithal to strive, wins; when he found himself helpless, as a child, what wonder, when the easy employment, which only promised to eke him out a meager subsistence, at the best, presented itself, he thankfully accepted it?

Considering all this, why not let them, unmolested, grind on, even though you be weary of the monotonous airs issuing, perhaps, from as unmusical a box, as ever distracted the sensitive ears of mankind? "Oh,"—but you reply—"they are a miserable set of impostors, half of them, and their blue coats are cast-offs from some real soldier, which they have donned, in order to attract sympathy. Then, they will doubtless take what they earn through the day, and spend it in drink and rioting, at night."

No matter. The blue coats may be borrowed plumes, but for the sake of the one-half that are genuine supplicants of our charity, drop your penny in the little box, as readily as if you knew the one-armed grinder was one of the many, who saved your country for you, leaving as a proof, the severed member on some far-away battle field. As for the blue coat. "We all wear cloaks," you know—perhaps you do, but not so easily penetrated an one, perhaps—and remember the saying of "entertaining angels unaware." Then, as to how they spend their earnings, it is of no manner of consequence to you. Keep your own door-step inviolate, and that is, perhaps, as much as your energies will permit. You allow no one to question your right to spend your money when you choose, or as to how you spend it. To your presumption, that they spend their horde of pennies, which could only buy a small portion of sin, at the best, in an unworthy way, I can assume perhaps they do not?—and my idea of it, I maintain, is as valid, and with as good foundation, as yours—for both are surmises.

Did them not "move on," O ye guards of our public safety! For I deem them really public benefactors. Not to you, moneyed brother, who can afford to listen critically, to the "sweet accord" of jeweled warblers, who bow in regal grace behind the brilliant footlights; not to you who can afford to listen with lulled senses, leaning back in your luxuriously cushioned pew, on Sunday, to the grand tones of that other organ, as they fill the splendid edifice with strains which seem to be let loose from Paradise; but to those, who early and late, tread our streets with rough, sun-browned faces, and hard hands, who belong to the class of "the great unwashed," but upon whose brows the honest sweat of labor stands; not as a curse, despite sapient theological reasoning, but the effect of efforts, whose results are blessings to mankind, hence cannot have been the production of a curse. (But this is a digression.) Mark them, the laborers, as they move homeward, after their day's work. On the corner sits one of the, to-you, nuisances, patiently turning out some familiar tune. The crowd draws near, and stops to listen, and as the music goes on, the tired, dull look leaves their faces, and is supplanted by an interested gratification. There is a stout son of Erin, and perhaps, the organ sends forth "St. Patrick's Day," or "Wearing of the Green," which are to him as dear as any National anthem to the ear of some patriotic conscript. Perhaps a burly Teuton is there, and a gay waltz or familiar air, takes him back in heart, to the vine-clad hills of

the "Faderland." Their eyes brighten, and perhaps they drop a few pennies into the little box on top of the organ, and pass on lighter-hearted, whistling the tunes; and home they go, carrying it all with them,—perhaps imparting a portion of their light-heartedness to Biddie or Gretchen, weary and tired, at home. And so the organ has a mission, too, you see. Did ever the grandest Te Deum, rolled from the ponderous pipes of your organ, in the sanctuary, do more good to your soul?

Monied Brother, enjoy your Parepa Rosas, your Richings-Benards, your Kelloggs,—and pay for them,—but do not rob your poor brother of his poor pleasure, because, forsooth, your delicately cultivated ear is grated upon, and outraged. Why, he will take your airs, second hand, from a hand-organ, and be more satisfied and grateful, than you, who receive them at the fountain's head.

Then the children! What music is sweeter, more fascinating, to them? How gladly they bestow their treasured pennies on the organ-man. No matter how wheezy, how complaining, the tone of the machine, to them—the truly democratic—there is a charm about it, a mystery, perfectly delightful. Rich and poor, the little ones all are pleased alike. To the latter it is doubly a source of pleasure and benefit. How many little hearts it lets the sunlight into, until it permeates the whole little form, while every pulse beats time, and sets the dirty, pattering feet twinkling. Indeed the "organs" are the music of the poor, and the itinerants who diffuse it are their missionaries. Then let them grind on! Editors, seeking something "more worthy your steel" pens, forbear from pen-prickling, monied Brothers from grumbling, and the "world at large" from casting stones of nervous spite, at the quiet individuals of the Crank!

ADA.

"THE BABY WALKS."

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

As we entered the house of one of our patients, a young mother, whose child, a bright-eyed boy of thirteen months, was playing around,—the first salutation was; "The baby walks." The joy in that mother's eyes may never be expressed in language. What a wonderful journey is human life! Beginning in helplessness, and learning, year after year, through all eternity, to walk in some new fields of experience! How often do earth's children, great and small, stumble and fall in our efforts to learn to walk alone, on the physical plane! and will it not be so on all planes, and through all eternity? How beautiful and earnest is the motherly feeling which ever hopes that her babe shall walk in paths of pleasantness and peace. The novelty of the walk may wear away as the centuries roll over us, and step after step on the ladder of eternity is mounted; still the same feelings will continue, and we are ever to be learning to walk. How carefully does the mother, guard the babe in its first walks that it may not fall or be hurt. So all through this life, and the life in the spheres, as we are learning to walk we shall need more or less of this care, that we may not stumble and hurt ourselves.

How often, in society to-day, do we see persons attempting to walk in some pathway of danger, and we should be glad to say that no one has looked on with indifference, or even worse, has thwarted the efforts of these to walk uprightly. As these weak ones, who may have fallen, are putting forth their efforts and striving to get up again, how needful it is that they receive sympathy, kindness and encouragement,—the hand of help, to keep them from falling or assist them in rising!

All along life's pathway we see children of sorrow, who are tottering and feeble, unable to walk; and well it is for them and for humanity when the true motherly feeling is abroad in the world,—the feeling that always rejoices when the baby walks, and weeps when it falls, especially if it be hurt. Every new experience in life requires that we should learn to walk alone; and in all these how essential it is, that there be kindness and sympathy to help us onward. It is possible that there may be too much care, and we may not be induced to make the proper efforts to walk; but, the world is suffering much more from the other extreme.

The angel world bends low over this, and is ever seeking to encourage those feelings in the human soul that would strengthen the weak and bind up the broken-hearted. Whenever we see a brother or sister in danger of falling, if we would pause and ask ourselves: What would the mother of these do for them? What would the angels do for them?—we should certainly find that these were desirous of lending a helping hand; and should feel that it was our duty and our privilege to go and do likewise; and as our higher natures are thus called into activity, we shall not only be better prepared to see these children, old, and young, in their efforts to learn to walk in new directions, but with the true feeling of motherly kindness we shall help them, and rejoice when "the baby walks" and bid it good speed in all its efforts.

Philadelphia, 634 Race St.

"Something for women better than the ballot," was the title of a paper read by Miss Catherine E. Beecher, before the teachers and delegates in attendance at the National Educational Convention at Trenton, N. J., this week. Her plan is, in brief, to have women trained by their own sex for the practical duties of the family, and to some business that will secure to them an independent home and income, in case they should not be married. This training is to be done in institutions, which rich women are expected to endow, instead of giving all their money to colleges and theological institutions for men alone, and where highly educated women are to be supported as teachers by endowments.

THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1869.

LITTLE FLOY--IN HEAVEN.

BY MIGNONETTE.

Oh, darling, darling, five years old in Heaven!
To bridge the rift has yearning love no way,
That I may feel about my neck your clinging,
Or hear one little silver word to-day?

The summer sleeps and dreams on mount and meadow,
The vines are sweet with fullest blossoming,
The sunlight through the cherry's heart is thrilling,
The robins, that you loved so, sing and sing.

The world is all as full of light and beauty;
Oh, "run away" sweet darling, out of Heaven!
And smile and speak, though with the sudden glory
My eyes be blinded and my wild heart riven.

Burst through the unseen walls that hide you from me,
And let me see the same bright beaming face—
The same short sun-tint curls—the cheeks like roses—
The same fair dimpled form of restless grace.

Shed round me perfume of your lovely Heaven,
And, though you flit away the instant seen,
There will be breath of jasmine and of lily
Where your bright glancing spirit steps have been.

Five years in Heaven!—and older, larger, taller—
The little curls must touch the shoulder now,
And wisest thought and deeper beauty lighten
The laughing eye and rounded baby-brow.

Yet looking back across your brief, bright summer
Is the earth-life, the earth-pain all forgot?
Kind angel, ever near—oh my darling,
Is earth and mother-love remembered not?

One little silver word from out the silence—
One flash of shining hand to still my fear—
One breath of perfume, faint and sweet and holy,
To tell me, angel one, that you are near!

There is a sound, 'tis the robin calling;
There is a light—a sunbeam's golden play;
There is a breath—from summer roses lifting
The chance of their red petals to the day.

There is a breath—of it is jasmine, lily,
Or strange sweet odor from beyond the sea;
And light as air a footstep comes and passes—
Oh, darling, darling, you have been with me!

TOO LATE.

"What do you want?"

"I did want to see my husband. But I beg pardon, for I perceive he is not here."

The question was curt, rude, rough even; the reply impetuous, cutting, sarcastic, and with a hot dash of anger in its tones. You would never have thought that Maxwell Maillard—gentleman as he called himself, and the world called him—could have spoken so to his sweet young wife, just as any coarse, fiery man might, in an imperious mood, to an intrusive servant or an annoying beggar. Nor would you have thought, either, that Alice Maillard could have grown so flushed and disturbed, and vented such a reply to the husband she loved better than life itself, and then turned and walked away with such a queenly step from his presence.

It certainly was an unpleasant and unfortunate mood the merchant was in that evening. The close of the year was near at hand, and all day long he had been perplexed by a thousand cares incident to his large business; besides, he had discovered a gross error in the books—result of an incompetent book-keeper's blunder—and had taken them home with him that evening to endeavor to trace its source and rectify it.

It was in this mood, his brows knitted with perplexity, that his girl-wife came upon him in the quiet little library which he had retired after dinner, and stealing softly up behind him, had playfully blinded his eyes with one of her soft hands, at the same time pushing away the thick ledger over the green baize-covered table.

In an instant the quick, rough question, that spoke of annoyance, burst from his lips, and in an instant more the white hand was snatched away, the little graceful head tossed high, a red spot leaped to both cheeks, and the cutting, sarcastic answer was flung back. And in a few moments more the merchant was left alone, his handsomely-shaped head, covered with thick iron gray locks, bent again over his books, but with a compression of his lips and a glitter in his eye one seldom saw there; while the girl-wife was sitting in the parlor, quiet as a statue, but with that same color and excited mien which she had left the library.

For some minutes Alice Maillard sat thus, perfectly motionless, looking straight before her; then her mien softened—a grief-stricken, wounded look crept into her eyes, her shut lips relaxed and quivered with feeling, and she burst into tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break. The sobs swelled tempestuously, and the tears rolled over her cheeks, now pale with emotion; but after a time she grew calmer.

"I am sorry I spoke so," she said, confessing her fault to herself with as much earnestness as though her husband was a listener. "I am sorry. If Max was rough" (here the lips swelled again), "I was hasty. I suppose those tiresome books troubled him; I will go and apologize."

And, rising, she left the room, and walked along the hall to the rear of the house, where the little library was situated. But, laying her hand on the knob of the door, she was surprised to find it fastened. The lock was turned.

"Unkind!" she said, now, the red spot deepening again on the cheek; and noiselessly as she had come, she returned to the parlor.

Two, three hours crept away; loneliness enough felt the solitary Alice, striving to pass the time with her sewing, upon which, now and then, a tear dropped silently. All that time, however, her thoughts were busy, and she clung to her first resolve not to sleep until she had made peace with her husband. For it was a new thing, for this young creature—the pet of her girlhood home, and the bride of less than a year—to hear a harsh word, or utter an unkind one; and all that long evening, while she sat there in tears, seemed an age to her. Ah, little Alice, can such exquisitely keen suffering ever, ever, come again?

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck, and then she heard the library door open, and her husband's footsteps along the hall. But they did not pause at the parlor, though the door was partially ajar; they passed on, and he accented the entrance to his chamber. This was too much! Hot tears swelled in the large sensitive eyes, and womanly indignation prompted her to remain below until she was calm; and, when she went to her room, her husband was, or pretended to be, fast-locked in sleep.

Next morning, at breakfast, the young wife was quite prepared to expect the way might be easier for the establishment of peace between them, but there was a reserve and fineness in Mr. Maillard's manner which quite frustrated this intention. He hurried through his meal, went to the library for the books, looked into the breakfast-room again for a courteous "good-morning," but did not unbend to bestow the customary parting kiss.

Alice felt more than ever grieved, thus thrown back upon herself. All day long she was most unhappy, and could not settle herself about her usual employments. The feelings she suffered were so new to her; it was something she never thought could happen—to speak a quick, angry word to one who was all the world to her, and no matter though she had been betrayed into the utterance, she could never be happy again till it had been explained and forgiven. She would speak to her husband before sleep again sealed her eyelids, though very sound, indeed, had not been the slumber that had visited her last night.

When evening arrived, and Mr. Maillard came up to dinner; Alice met him as usual with an affectionate greeting, and put up her lips for the customary kiss; but very icy was the salutation, and such a tone of restraint pervaded his manner that she found herself deterred from uttering a word. At table Mr. Maillard was politely attentive, and led the conversation to subjects of general interest, keeping it up so skillfully that not an opening appeared for the introduction of any reference to the particular subject that engrossed his wife's mind, and when he rose, he said: "I have an engagement at the club to-night, Mrs. Maillard, and it will probably be late when I return," and went out.

"Why did I not speak? I won't let it pass so. He is cold as an iceberg. I will have an explanation before I sleep to-night," said Alice, passionately. "He shan't treat me like a child any longer."

It was late when Mr. Maillard returned, and he did not expect to find the watcher who sat in the parlor, and a little surprise was in his glance when he entered, but he made no comment.

"It is after twelve, I know, Maxwell, but I sat up for you. The truth is, I wanted to speak to you about—about—" but here she paused.

"Well?"

There was but little encouragement in the cool monosyllable that Mr. Maillard uttered; and the eyes upon which his wife's were turned appealingly held no glance of tenderness to lure her on in the step that was now growing painful to her, although he very well knew what was going on in her mind. Was this man a hardened boor?

Society, as I said, called him a gentleman. He had many excellent traits; and he had not really felt comfortable himself since that affair in the library; but he had a strong, passionate nature, and an iron will that had never been subdued; and, like many of his proud and imperious type, he would neither bend to acknowledgments himself, nor seem to encourage, by any tenderness of manner his wife's. So he sat stately and frigid in the seat he had taken by the fireside.

Meantime, Alice—affectionate and sensitive, with her whole heart in her eyes, and those eyes eagerly beseeching his—stood near him, where she had advanced as she spoke. At first it had been easy for her to utter those words; but that one unimpassioned monosyllable checked further utterance and froze her lips. But at length she burst out passionately:

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For an instant the ice-floe, driven into the gulf stream of feeling, checked its tropic current; then it swept on again, but not so warm as before.

"I am unhappy because I have suffered—I am suffering; and I want a reconciliation. You know, Maxwell—those words spoken in the library the other night. I was sorry the very minute afterward."

"And I was sorry also, Mrs. Maillard. Any exhibition of impetuosity—temper, I might say—disgusts me. I think my wife ought to know that, and avoid such occasion. But I forgive you."

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Maxwell Maillard sat for perhaps a half hour ere he left the parlor, buried in a reverie. But his thoughts were not of a softened character. One could have seen that by the lips that were still closely shut, and the expression of triumph that rested in his bright blue eyes. Had this man a heart, and did it hold a throb of love for his wife?

Yes, he thought so. He had been a most ardent wooer; he unbent to enslave, and subdue, and win, and no younger years ever could have so completely overpowered the sensitive, impulsive, beautiful Alice Annable, as this stately, handsome, middle-aged gentleman. Yes, he loved her with a strong, imperious love, such as men of his type feel—a selfish love, in that she ministered to his pride of possession, but he loved himself more. And, as he sat there after she had left him, the expression of his eyes interpreted this thought—"I intended to let her suffer. And I intend that she shall suffer more. It is not a man's place to yield. A wife's spirit should be broken to her husband's. When I think she is sufficiently punished, I shall take her back to my heart again."

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The truth was, his imperious will, pampered by that first entire submission on the part of his wife, had grown with what it fed upon, until it overshadowed his whole nature. Had Alice been a different woman—less submissive, less impulsive, more persistent of her rights—even had she, in acknowledging her error, thrown a portion of it where it justly belonged, on his head, angry though he might have been, he would eventually have found a will that matched his own; but she was not of that class. High-spirited she certainly was, but most affectionate, and with the greatest sense of honor and delicacy for the feeling of others, and it was often a marvel to herself how she had been betrayed into that reply.

Situated as she now was, Alice grew daily more unhappy. Week after week, month after month went by, and she hungered after the word of love that never came. Sometimes, grieved almost to agony by this slow torture, she grew capricious; but the cool eyes, the lofty manner, and that steady negative course of her husband—neither repellent nor inviting—only added to her sorrow. "Her spirit is not broken yet," Mr. Maillard said to himself; and so he kept up his system of wisely waiting.

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At the close of one of those perfect days, when the last red sunset rays slanted through the windows, the end came; the earth-life lapsed into the better, and the meek eyes, closing here with maternal love lingering last in their gaze, opened again to look upon the glories of the beautiful land where illness never comes, nor Death's dark pinion droops.

husband was, or pretended to be, fast-locked in sleep.

Next morning, at breakfast, the young wife was quite prepared to expect the way might be easier for the establishment of peace between them, but there was a reserve and fineness in Mr. Maillard's manner which quite frustrated this intention. He hurried through his meal, went to the library for the books, looked into the breakfast-room again for a courteous "good-morning," but did not unbend to bestow the customary parting kiss.

Alice felt more than ever grieved, thus thrown back upon herself. All day long she was most unhappy, and could not settle herself about her usual employments. The feelings she suffered were so new to her; it was something she never thought could happen—to speak a quick, angry word to one who was all the world to her, and no matter though she had been betrayed into the utterance, she could never be happy again till it had been explained and forgiven. She would speak to her husband before sleep again sealed her eyelids, though very sound, indeed, had not been the slumber that had visited her last night.

When evening arrived, and Mr. Maillard came up to dinner; Alice met him as usual with an affectionate greeting, and put up her lips for the customary kiss; but very icy was the salutation, and such a tone of restraint pervaded his manner that she found herself deterred from uttering a word. At table Mr. Maillard was politely attentive, and led the conversation to subjects of general interest, keeping it up so skillfully that not an opening appeared for the introduction of any reference to the particular subject that engrossed his wife's mind, and when he rose, he said: "I have an engagement at the club to-night, Mrs. Maillard, and it will probably be late when I return," and went out.

"Why did I not speak? I won't let it pass so. He is cold as an iceberg. I will have an explanation before I sleep to-night," said Alice, passionately. "He shan't treat me like a child any longer."

It was late when Mr. Maillard returned, and he did not expect to find the watcher who sat in the parlor, and a little surprise was in his glance when he entered, but he made no comment.

"It is after twelve, I know, Maxwell, but I sat up for you. The truth is, I wanted to speak to you about—about—" but here she paused.

"Well?"

There was but little encouragement in the cool monosyllable that Mr. Maillard uttered; and the eyes upon which his wife's were turned appealingly held no glance of tenderness to lure her on in the step that was now growing painful to her, although he very well knew what was going on in her mind. Was this man a hardened boor?

Society, as I said, called him a gentleman. He had many excellent traits; and he had not really felt comfortable himself since that affair in the library; but he had a strong, passionate nature, and an iron will that had never been subdued; and, like many of his proud and imperious type, he would neither bend to acknowledgments himself, nor seem to encourage, by any tenderness of manner his wife's. So he sat stately and frigid in the seat he had taken by the fireside.

Meantime, Alice—affectionate and sensitive, with her whole heart in her eyes, and those eyes eagerly beseeching his—stood near him, where she had advanced as she spoke. At first it had been easy for her to utter those words; but that one unimpassioned monosyllable checked further utterance and froze her lips. But at length she burst out passionately:

"I will speak! Maxwell, you know what I want to say. I am very unhappy!" and the hot tears thickened her voice.

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

Yes, that man actually asked this question—he who knew just how the sensitive, affectionate girl was suffering. Not an embrace—no opening of his arms to draw her to his breast—no kiss on her quivering mouth, no tremor in his own tones; but instead, that impassive question:

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

For an instant the ice-floe, driven into the gulf stream of feeling, checked its tropic current; then it swept on again

THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1898.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY J. B. HOAG, M. D.

The nineteenth century is marked with progressive strides of improvements and unparalleled efforts to reform the existing evils that have come to us, entailed from the ages of antiquity. Many of the dark relics of barbarism which have long disgraced humanity, are disappearing before the light of intellectual investigation. This is the glory of the age in which we live, that it is essentially reformatory.

One grand difference between civilized and barbarous nations, is, that in the latter, females are treated as inferiors, slaves; in the former, as equals. While this is true, it is also true that, by nature, the two sexes are fitted for different duties, and qualified for different spheres in life. The onerous duties that devolve upon the male sex, require the development of strong physical powers. For these duties, they are by nature fitted. Not so with the other sex. Nature has fitted them for a different class of duties. Less strong, less capable of endurance, more ardent and affectionate, they are better qualified for less toilsome, less fatiguing, but no less important duties. Nature has evidently designed, and me think wisely, each sex for its appropriate duties. The gentler sex are not, by nature, physically qualified to perform the labors, the toils, and endure the exposures and fatigues that the sterner sex are compelled to, and enabled by their stronger and coarser organization, to encounter.

In the prosecution of his legitimate duties, man has to encounter storms, the wind, rain, snow and hail, sunshine and shades, which the more delicate female would sink under. On the other hand, woman is more highly gifted with those faculties that give her an influence far superior to that possessed by the proud lord of creation. There are duties that devolve on her, which she alone is capable of fulfilling. On her devolves the care of infancy and early childhood. It is hers to form the character of our future statesmen and future rulers. For this, by her larger share of patience and forbearance, she is peculiarly fitted.

As matters now stand, in this country particularly, woman rules. Her influence is potent, either for good or for evil. The question is, ought woman to have the right of suffrage? Were she to have this right, throughout all our land, we would have no fears that she would injure the integrity of the ballot box. So far as this matter is concerned, we believe that the interests of the government would be perfectly safe, if committed to the hands of the gentler sex.

But the question is, would the women of our country consent to assume the duties that would necessarily devolve on them by their enjoying the right of suffrage? This right implies more, a great deal more, than simply the right of voting. They cannot have this privilege alone, and have no duties to discharge as the necessary consequence of this privilege. If they vote, they are liable to hold office, those offices that are the most laborious and dangerous, without distinction. They must be ready at all times to aid in arresting prisoners, suppressing riots, performing the duties, and undergoing the hardships of the camp and battle-field, shoulder the musket in defence of their country, breast the storm, and endure the fatigues of marches, work the highways; in short, perform all the duties that now devolve exclusively on the stronger sex.

In this view of the case, with these conditions, (and these are the only conditions on which they can properly have the right of suffrage), were the question submitted to them, we do not believe one woman in a hundred would accept of the privilege of the right to vote.

Influence is woman's power; we candidly believe that ninety-nine hundredths of the men vote as their wives and mothers wish; and we ask the fair advocates of woman's right, if in changing their position and voting in person, instead of as now, by proxy, with the onerous duties and hazardous liabilities attached to the former, would they not pay too dearly for the privilege. The family circle is woman's sphere;—there she can wield an influence that will tell on the destinies of the far future. By the couch of the sick, suffering and dying, she comes like an angel of mercy, and in those appropriate callings she dispenses blessings which could scarcely be expected to be within her grasp, should she step beyond these into the domain of the sterner sex.

We submit these suggestions to the advocates of "Woman's Rights," and ask them whether these conditions are unreasonable, and whether they are willing to comply with them for the privilege of suffrage. We wish it to be understood, that we are not afraid to submit the reins of government to the hands of our fair friends, but think we should, in doing so, impose more burdens than we should confer privileges. We should be happy to have replies from the "sharp pens" of the strong-minded, in order that we may know how they would dispose of the difficulties that in this view of the case present themselves.

Knox, Stark Co., Ind.

THE MARRIAGE SWINDLE.

BY ISAAC F. LLOYD.

Thank God, that "whited sepulcher" is to be explored! From its dark vaults, where reigns the hush of eternal night, shall be exhumed "all manner of corruption and dead men's bones." There shall be seen the ashes of human hearts, betrayed, crushed,—still throbbing,—even in dust. There shall be unearthed the fossil remains of the countless millions of infants sacrificed on the altar of the Moloch of Lust, and the wrecks of men and women that fall and perish all along the desolate path-way of married life, from the bridal day to the hour of the great divorce.

The thousand million accidents baptized into the name of Humanity, and the blood of the martyrs that lie buried there, shall cry from the ground, and shall speak words that shall burn and consume like fire. It shall tell a tale of woe—deep, silent, unutterable. It shall speak of hopes blasted—of joys vanished—of days of sorrow, and of nights of terror. It shall tell of the beautiful, the lovely, the confiding, who were wooed, caressed, adored—and, at the final "happy hour," betrayed with a kiss; who prayed with all the energy of despair, "My husband and Lord, if it be possible, let this cup pass; nevertheless, not my will, but

thine, be done in everything;" meekly submitting to their fate: wearing the thorns, carrying the cross, and yielding up the tortured soul at the noon of life.

And the Ghost of this cloud of witnesses shall rise up and bid us follow. It shall lead us through the asylums, and prisons, dotting the face of every land. It shall point us to the idiot, whose soul was still-born; to the maniac, whose spirit continually bewails its incarceration in its prison-house of clay; to the suicide, who lives in perpetual dread of some impending calamity, and rushes eagerly into the arms of death as a place of refuge from the ferocious demons of imagination that confront him at every turn of life, clothed in all the hideous deformity of his own soul.

It shall point to the liar, the traitor, the seducer, the murderer; to the horde of vampires that scourge the land; to the bloated beasts of lust that riot and rot in our dens of infamy; it shall point to these, arrayed in vision before us, and shall say: "Behold the children of lawful rape; the depraved offspring of 'ordrly' society, legitimate children—for, though conceived in unutterable loathing, they were born within the sacred pale of lawful wedlock; grievously wronged, terribly outraged mortals, whose embryo lives were never illuminated by the glorious sunlight of a mother's love; whose ante-natal homes were nightly invaded by the demon of lust in the person of the husband, and in the shade of the law."

Thank God, this culminated barbarism of a hundred generations of masculine rule, this crowning villainy of all the ages, stands arraigned before the bar of this, the crowning age.

Hannah, Ind.

PRACTICAL IDEAS.

As every one is a part of the vast and checkered universe, so also, should its representative be a part of every one—of every one's library! Verily, THE UNIVERSE should unfold its natural, celestial, supernal beauties to the reading mind of every intelligent, liberal person embraced within its limits!

While our angel friends—spirit-guides—are encountering many obstacles, in their efforts to reach us for our own good, shall we do nothing toward removing the obstructions from the only rational highway, intervening them and us? The pseudo-theology of the age must be dissipated!—its dismal shadows—its pernicious, God-degrading dogmas—its blasting, baneful prejudices must be dissipated, annihilated by the light of truth, illuminating the altar of reason!

THE UNIVERSE shall be one of the matches that shall produce or superinduce this essential light. The elements of this match shall be, what they must be, the funds—cash—of its subscribers, its readers! My little (mite) element is \$5. now; it must be more ere long! Not rich in the wealth of this life, but rather, in the invaluable unfoldments of supernal treasures.—Brothers and Sisters, Spiritualists,—let my small example prompt you to go and do likewise!

If mine is as the widow's mite, you should each contribute according to your means! One tenth of my small income shall ever be cheerfully appropriated for the support of the Spiritual press!

Doing this, is but discharging a merited duty. I anticipate that, when I shall have entered upon the discharge of service pertaining to a higher and more active plane, a better phase of life—this contributing my mite for the benefit of spirit friends, will prove a stepping-stone to this higher order of qualification!

Brothers Lewis and Peebles, etc., are toiling for our good,—for the amelioration of our human race. Let us do our part toward perpetuating their efforts, promptly, cheerfully!

Let us make THE UNIVERSE a SUCCESS! Let us perpetuate it, that its light may illumine our passage over the dark river that intervenes this and the supernal Summer-land, thereafter psychologically reading its enriching, elevating contents.

Fraternally, R. T. Lockwood.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—Deed, Ind.

Now I wish to learn from politician, statesman or any other man, (or woman,) if we hold these same truths now, and in the same way? Do our modern democrats have any respect for the principles of the Declaration of Independence? Do they believe that "all men" means all mankind, and includes women? Is it true that all are created with equal right to liberty to pursue happiness? In the name of common sense, what does "right" mean, as here used? Does it mean liberty and happiness—that we are all God's creatures and consequently all brethren?—and that this is true democracy, and that equal rights is the foundation principle of our republican government?

But does God make man now-a-days? We are told, by a Baptist preacher, that we are all children of the devil, until we are adopted into God's family. I suppose there is scripture for it, but I do not believe the doctrine.

Bates, Ill., November 21, 1898.

WHY WOMEN WOULD MAKE GOOD PREACHERS.

A woman writes to the Nation in favor of women becoming preachers of the Gospel. She enforces her proposition by an argument so original that we can hardly believe it was not suggested by some witty man. Referring to the well-known fact that among Protestants more women are members of the church than men, she points out that the preachers are men, and in consequence have more influence with the opposite sex than with their own. Hence, she concludes, if women did the preaching, they would be equally successful in converting men as men are in converting women, and therefore they ought to be employed. This reminds us of the defence a pretty Connecticut girl once made of herself for having a numerous array of beaux, attentive to her all at once: "You see I take them all to church on Sunday, and they would not go if it were not for me!" No doubt if a lot of feminine preachers were to be selected with reference to their good looks and general attractiveness, they would draw as well as their sisters on the stage; but whether that would convert many souls is another question.—N. Y. Sun.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

ADOPTED AND REVISED AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING, HELD AT BUFFALO, N. Y., AUGUST 31ST TO SEPT. 2D, 1898.

The undersigned, feeling the necessity of a religious organization free from the trammels of sect or dogma, and more in accordance with the spirit of American institutions as manifested to the world by the Declaration of Independence, than any religious organization now existing, believe that the time has come for concentrated action. While we seek after all truth, and believe in united and associative action, under proper system and order, these objects can be most successfully reached; we hereby unite ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I.—NAME. This Association shall be known as the "American Association of Spiritualists."

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS. SECTION 1. Its objects shall be to co-operate with State and local organizations, in the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy and its teachings; aid in the organization of local and State societies; Children's Progressive Lyceums; encourage the establishment of a liberal system of education for persons of both sexes, on terms of perfect equality; and also the establishment of an American University on a plan similar to the ancient Alexandrian University. And further that the Trustees may have power to furnish aid to the destitute, employment and homes to the poor and friendless, free instruction to the ignorant and incentives to reformation for the vicious and degraded.

SEC. 2. Any University which may be established by this Association shall be under the control of a Board of Regents, consisting of nine members, to be chosen in classes of three each, whose terms of office shall be three years; and who shall be elected by the Association in the same manner as is provided herein for the election of the Board of Trustees.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP. Any person may become a member by signing the Articles of Association, or causing the same to be done, and paying any sum not less than one dollar, which amount shall be paid annually thereafter, and any member may withdraw at any time without being required to give reasons therefor. The payment of the sum of fifty dollars in one year shall constitute a person a life member of the Association.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

The Officers of the Association shall be a President, and as many Vice Presidents as there are organized State, District, Territorial or Provincial Associations, the Presidents of such being ex-officio Vice Presidents of this Association, and authorized to act as such after signing these articles and paying as above; one Secretary, one Treasurer, and a Board of six Trustees, not more than two of whom shall be from any one State, who shall serve three years. After the first election, two of them shall serve one, two, or three years, and two Trustees shall be thereafter elected annually, who shall serve three years. The Officers shall be elected by ballot, and serve until their successors are elected. The Treasurer shall give bonds in such amount as the Board of Trustees shall order. The President, Secretary and Treasurer, shall be elected annually, whose term of office shall expire at the close of the Convention at which their successors shall be ex-officio members of the Board of Trustees. The duties of officers shall be such as pertain usually to officers of like character in regularly organized bodies.

ARTICLE V.—TRUSTEES.

SEC. 1. The Board of Trustees shall have control of all business matters of the Association; they shall meet quarterly for the transaction of business, at such places as may be determined from time to time. Five members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, provided that no business shall be undertaken by the Trustees involving the expenditure of money unless the Association has previously approved the purpose thereof to be legitimate.

SEC. 2. The actual traveling expense of the Trustees in attending the business meeting of the Board, may be paid from the funds of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.—THE DUTIES OF TRUSTEES.

SEC. 1. The Trustees are hereby constituted a Missionary Board, and it shall be their duty to employ as many missionaries as the funds in the treasury will permit; to assign them to the fields of labor, and require from them written monthly reports of all collections, all societies organized, with the names of officers, and such other duties as a majority of the Board may deem necessary to effect the objects of the Association, as provided for in Article II.

ARTICLE VII.—ANNUAL CONVENTIONS.

SEC. 1. All Business Conventions of this Association shall be conducted by the Board of Trustees and Delegates from the several State, Territorial and Provincial Organizations of active existence.

ARTICLE VIII.—AMENDMENTS.

SEC. 1. This Constitution may be amended at any annual meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members present; provided, that Article III, as to membership shall never be amended so as to prescribe any articles of faith or belief as a test of membership.

ARTICLE IX.—ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The Annual Meetings of this Association will be held, commencing the last Tuesday in September, in each and every year, at such places as the Trustees may appoint.

HON. JOHN G. WAIT, President, Sturgis, Michigan; HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., Secretary, 634 Race Street, Philadelphia; LEVI WEAVER, Treasurer, 22 1-2 South Charles St. Baltimore.

BOARDS.

ROBERT T. HALLOCK, New York; DORUS M. FOX, Kalamazoo, Michigan; HANNAH F. M. BROWN, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Illinois; ALMON B. FRENCH, Clyde, Ohio; GEORGE A. BACON, Royleston Market, Boston, Mass. JAMES S. LOVELAND, Monmouth, Ill.

"TALE OF A PHYSICIAN," BY A. J. DAVIS.

BY JOSEPH SINGER.

Buckle awarded the highest praise possible to J. S. Mill, when he said that he (Mill) excelled in both extremes of thought, from the highest speculative ability to the most detailed practical observation. To Davis can be awarded the great honor of having written well upon profound subjects; and now he has delighted us with an equally creditable performance, in the shape of a novel. I would hardly call it a novel, so different is it from the usual matter presented to us under that name. It is the actual experiences of life woven together into a romantic whole, and embodying some important psychological theories and experiences. The power of romances in effecting moral revolutions, is hardly yet appreciated, equally with the drama; for these reach an immense class of minds which are scarce approachable any other way than through their sympathies; and when such productions are healthfully interspersed with scientific views, plainly stated to reach the popular mind, the amount of good, thus attainable, is scarcely to be estimated. As Davis has written this book with the predetermined motive of accomplishing this purpose, we cheerfully acknowledge this intention, and credit its profound author with that goodness which has hitherto prompted him to do all in his power to enlighten and ameliorate the condition of all whom it was in his power to assist. We can only express our sincere hope that Mr. Davis will continue in the path thus chosen, and present us with other like efforts; for with all due respect to Mr. Davis' power as a thinker, the amount of good accomplished, will amply repay the time thus spent in continuing the composition of like romances.

A work of art is meritorious when it thoroughly embodies a definite idea, around which all accessories cluster, to elucidate and to utilize. An art-piece, intended to accomplish a moral result, must also possess a central motive, which must run throughout the work, as a stream through a picturesque scene; meandering here and there; now hidden, now exposed; flashing strongly in the sunlight, then again secluded in the shadows of interest. The great idea that Davis intends to impress upon his reader, is that wonderful power of the human mind, which is so much to be done in shaping the personality of the individual; to show that the formation of character is not left in the realms of chance, but obeys as definite and imperative laws, as those governing the simplest and best understood occurrence. When we consider that the weal or woe of our offspring depend upon the knowledge or ignorance of these mental laws, then the wisdom of choosing such a subject to bring before the mass is evident. It must not be supposed that laws are laid down in this book as scientific formulae. If that were possible this would not be the place or time to do it; and we are far from having even an approximative conception of the intricacy and profundity of these physical laws. But in the carrying on of the plot, we gain glimpses of the manner in which these pre-natal causes develop themselves; besides, the occasional bits of philosophy which our author lists his "doctor" indulge in, intends to elucidate this question.

I rather think the picture of the "h-roine" of the story would be at all pleasurable to many of the hard-hearted believers. To contend that there can be a *chaste courtesan*, is beyond the feeble comprehension of many a theological brother or other person; and to affirm that a man, nurtured in the cradle of vice and having passed through the round of crime, may yet possess a glorious redeeming trait in the way of some hereditary gift or tendency, by the expansion of which he may yet climb to the sun of goodness; this may be a difficult morsel to masticate for our charitable believers in the total-depravity doctrine. Yet that these paradoxical characters do exist, needs but a thorough experience in human nature. When we sufficiently examine into the complex state of circumstances that surround a human being in certain conditions, we cannot wonder that a character, like that of our heroine, turns man-hater and lives closely in a house of corruption. Though a philosopher turns epicure, it is a different kind of epicureanism from that of the man-brute. We have an example, in Greece, of Aspasia, a renowned courtesan, whom the greatest moralist of Greece, Socrates, visited with other great philosophers, on account of her brilliant talents and beauty.

The horrors of a New York association of "hell-birds" is strikingly depicted. No greater shock can be given to the fine sensibilities, than the account of the operations of these out-throats; yet as a life-picture of villain work and existence, its fidelity can best be appreciated by those more conversant with the facts.

I can only add that this book should not fail to be in the hands of all parents and prospective parents. Nor is it waste of time to read it twice through. It is a book that ought to have an extended circulation; for the lucid style of language in which it is couched, makes it comprehensible to many, with whom a rigid scientific work would be fruitless of effect. As a straw thrown to the wind, shows the way it blows, so this "idea," crystallized in a book, thrown on the tide of life, will guide many a seeker to a better harbor.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The following is the report of the Committee on Resolutions, of the American Association of Spiritualists, recently held at Buffalo. The last resolution was amended by the Convention so as to include the Spiritualist Society of Buffalo.

Resolved, That the rights of minorities are in no wise compromised by the acts of majorities, and therefore all resolutions of this convention, embodying a declaration of principles or purposes, are to be interpreted as the responsible opinions of those only who vote in the affirmative.

Resolved, That we recognize the necessity of the entire separation of religious creeds from political organizations, and that we will not support any organization, and our votes the engrafted upon the Constitution of any particular God, Bible or Savior, and that all attempts to do this by any convention or ecclesiastical combination, should be denounced by every lover of religious liberty.

Resolved, That all legislative enactments by any government for enforcing the observance of any day as a Sabbath or sacred day, are a palpable violation of the United States' Constitution and the rights of man, and should be expunged from our statute books.

Resolved, That Spiritualism is a religious eclecticism, embracing universal truth; that it includes all the facts and phenomena of nature, and interprets them to human consciousness; that as a demonstration it takes away the fear of death, adds new significance to this present life, and presents to the world the only system of religion compatible with the facts of human history and the principles of science.

Resolved, That all punishment for crime which does not aim at the security of society, reparation for the injury done, and the reformation of the criminal, is wrong in principle and pernicious in practice; hence the death penalty, being destructive of each of these ends, should be abolished, and houses of correction and hospitals, instead of prisons, should be established for those unable to govern themselves.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the new labor movement, and that we will heartily co-operate with those who are striving to lessen the burdens of the working men and women of the country, and to adjust properly the relation between labor and capital.

Resolved, That we deplore the universal spirit of war, the alarming increase of intemperance, including the use of tobacco, intoxicating drinks and the practical disregard of the laws of life and health, and that we will co-operate with any and all movements to promote temperance, purity, peace and universal charity and love.

Resolved, That the age demands the individualization of woman, politically, religiously and socially; and therefore demands her thorough practical enfranchisement.

Resolved, That the property owned by all ecclesiastical, and other associations, should be taxed the same as that of individuals—to prevent the establishment of an untaxed monopoly, which may hereafter overthrow the best institutions of the country, and prove, as in times past, destructive to civil and religious freedom.

Resolved, That, realizing the difficulties connected with Indian affairs of the United States government, we heartily approve of the selection of men for agents, whose avowed peace principles are significant of the purpose of the administration to secure protection to the whites and justice to the Indians, without the exercise of a barbarity equal to that of the savages we seek to civilize. And that we deem it the duty of the government, while restricting the Indians to their reservations, to furnish them facilities for such agricultural and other pursuits of civilized life, as may be adapted to their condition—thus developing these hostile red men into peaceable tax-paying citizens.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the Pennsylvania railroad from Philadelphia, the Northern Central from Baltimore and the Philadelphia and Erie, for having given free return passes to such delegates as have paid full fare coming to the convention; to those hospitable citizens of Buffalo who have generously entertained as many delegates as their circumstances would admit; to the representatives of the daily press of this city for their fair and many reports of our proceedings; to the choir for their sweet music; to Doctor H. T. Child and George A. Bacon for the faithful discharge of their duties as secretaries; and to our retiring President, Col. Dorus M. Fox for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided over our deliberations.

GIRL-FAIRS IN ROUMANIA.

Girl-shows, for matrimonial purposes, are not yet out of date in Roumania. Such a fair took place on the eleventh and twelfth of last month, according to the immemorial custom. As the time for the fair approaches, the fathers, whose children are marriageable, collect what they can afford as a dowry. Whatever this consists of, it is packed, if possible, into a cart or carriage, and on the appointed day, they all—fathers, children, and chattels—start for some trying place, generally chosen among the western mountains of Transylvania. When the fair is opened, the fathers climb to the top of their carriages, and shout, with the whole power of their lungs:—"I have a daughter to marry. Who wants a wife?" The call is answered by some other parent, who has a son he is anxious to pair off. The two parents compare notes, and, if the marriage portion is satisfactory, the treaty is there and then concluded. The young man takes possession of his wife, with all her goods and chattels, and drives off merrily. If, on the other hand, the match is not equal, or for some reason unsatisfactory, then the parents begin to cry their live merchandise once more.

DRESS FOR WOMAN.

Mrs. E. C. Stanton notices in the *Revolution* Dr. Jackson's letter on dress, addressed to her and published in the June number of the *Laws of Life*, and favors the adoption by women of a dress similar to that which men wear. She says:—"The true idea is for the sexes to dress as nearly alike as possible."

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—The saloon meetings are still kept up in Richmond, Ind., and considerable interest is manifested.

—It is thought by some that the progressive Jews will soon merge themselves, to all intent and purpose, into Christianity.

—A Cincinnati congregation has presented their pastor, who is about to leave them, a five-thousand-dollar paid-up policy of insurance on his life.

—The New York *Observer* publishes a list of eight clergymen lately deposed from the Episcopal Church. Some of them have entered the ministry of other Protestant churches.

—Henry Ward Beecher compares the different religious denominations to the different pockets in a suit of clothes, and says it is of little consequence whether one goes to heaven in an inside or outside pocket.

—The Baptist churches are appealed to by the Baptist Home Mission Board to subscribe \$75,000 toward fitting young colored men for ministers and teachers to go among the people of their race in the South.

—The Jews of the stricter sect, are considerably disturbed at the innovations of the progressive party. They object, with a departure from the time-honored and sacred customs of the Tabernacle and Temple.

—It is stated that the rector of St. Alban's, the New York exponent of advanced Ritualism, in the Episcopal Church, is in England, seeking from the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie and others, among the most progressive men of his school, the latest "modern improvements."

—It is said that Mr. Spurgeon was once asked by a stranger how he managed to get the material for so many sermons, and how he had arrived at so great a knowledge of the spiritual needs of the people. He replied, "Why, sir, I will get a sermon out of you before we part."

—A lady, who was desperately addicted to play, was confessing herself. The priest, among other arguments to dissuade her from gaming, said "who ought to consider the loss of time?"

"Ah, father," said she, "that is what always vexes me, so much time is lost in shuffling."

—A poetic editor, speaking of the closing of churches in summer, rhymed thus:

"O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And close their churches so that public
worship in summer comes to an end?"

—Said Mrs. Potts: "Our minister is such a sweet, good preacher—so soothing and all that, you know." "By all means he is," replied Mr. Doubledge, "very, very soothing—gets half his congregation asleep every sermon." Mrs. Potts, disgusted with the jerking rejoinder, "Unappreciative monster!"

—A correspondent of the *Church News* writes that he attended three London churches in connection on the morning of Sunday, August 15. In one of them he found an old woman and the charity children; in another there was no service at all, and at the third, up to the time at which he left it, no clergyman had arrived.

—A contribution was recently taken in one of the churches in Northampton, Mass., and on the day following a man who is a capitalist and counts his property by hundreds of thousands, called on one of the powers that be, and said: "I made a mistake, and put into the box yesterday, 10 cents, when I meant to put in five cents!"

—A child, on being shown a picture of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," was affected to tears. "Don't grieve, pet," said the mother; "he was not there; he was in the lion's den." "But do you see the little lion in the corner, mamma? Well, I'm afraid he won't get any, for Daniel is so small he won't go around."

—At a season of peculiar interest, in the late National Methodist Camp-Meeting, while the vast congregation were singing a familiar hymn, Rev. J. S. Inskip, an eminent Baltimorean, with uplifted hands, invoked the spirits of Wesley, Fletcher, and all the redeemed in heaven to "help them accept the truth in all its length and breadth."

—At Richmond, Washington County, Iowa, on Wednesday night, Aug. 1st, an attempt was made to assassinate the Rev. Mr. Fendrick, a Catholic priest. Two shots were fired, through a window, into his bedroom. A similar attempt was made a few months ago. The crime is supposed to be a result of a difficulty in the Catholic Church at that point.

—At a church in Essex, England, lately, the clerk, feeling unwell, asked his friend, the rector, to portier to take his place for a Sunday. He did so, but, being worn out with night work, fell asleep. When the hymn was announced, a neighbor gave him a nudge, upon which he started up, rubbing his eyes, and called out, "Change here for Elmswell, Thurston, and Bury!"

—A "personal" advertisement in a new York paper reads as follows: "St. Alban's, thirty-seventh street, Sunday afternoon, green jockey hat, large black eyes, delightfully devout, though occasionally wicked enough to withdraw her glances from the abode of angels to bestow them on a mortal over her right shoulder. When can we meet outside the sanctuary? Address E. J. F., Herald office."

—The celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Huss commenced at Prague, Sept. 4. The city was crowded with strangers. Many English and French visitors were there, and a large number of Russian Slaves arrived to take part in the festivities. The character of the celebration was rather political than religious, and seemed to have an anti-German tendency.

—Bishop Kinsley, writing from Salt Lake City, says the Mormon preachers take no toll, but preach about keeping up fences, the cultivation of the soil, the kind of houses to live in, the best way to get along independent of the Gentiles, and on political and secular subjects in general. The city is divided into twenty wards, each ward having a separate church, and a majority of the wards a resident Bishop.

—It is stated that not less than ninety-five Protestant Churches are to be erected on the island of Madagascar, this year, several of them large enough to accommodate a thousand worshippers. The progress of Christianity in that island during the last year is without a parallel among any people in modern times. The missionary reports show the conversion of no less than twenty thousand of that idolatrous people.

—Said a worthy class-leader to his brethren and sisters: "Let every one of you tell his or her experience fully, let it way back." One young disciple arose and remarked thus: "My Christian friends, when I was a youth of about fourteen summers I went to school; one day I had a disturbance with one of the boys; after a hard struggle I came off victorious. Brothers and sisters pray for me that I may always come off victorious."

—The Belgian papers say that the programme of the journey of the Empress Eugenie to the East contains a great many curious details. Among other things, it is said that the Empress intended to remain, on the day of her arrival in Jerusalem, all night long on her knees in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and that a French man-of-war should take on board at Jaffa two hundred barrels, which the Empress would cause to be filled with Jordan water, and which she intended to present to churches in France for baptismal purposes.

—Miss Eliza Snow is the name of Brigham Young's hymnist. She has her board and clothes, and pays for them in hymns. Appended is an extract from one of them:

An angel came down from the mansions of glory,
And told that a record was hid in Comorah,
Containing the fullness of Jesus' gospel,
And also the covenant to gather his people.

A heavenly treasure, a book full of merit,
Is spoken from the dust by the voice of the spirit,
A voice from the Savior that Saints can rely on,
To watch for the day when he brings again Zion.

—The question, is a Jewish priest a minister of the Gospel? came up in Hastings Court, Richmond, Va. The civil code of Virginia requires that before a minister of the Gospel can solemnize marriages, he must produce the court proof of his ordination, as such minister. The pastor of the Jewish Congregation came into court, declaring that he was not a minister of the Gospel, and could not comply with the law, which his counsel declared to be proscriptive, libelous and intolerant. The court held that there was no difficulty in the Rabbi's case, as the statute was general, and intended to include every faith and form of religion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ANTHROPOS."—Robert Burns was probably unaware of "that which was in him," until, to defray the expenses of a journey to the West Indies, where he hoped to make his fortune by other means than his pen, he published a collection of his poems, which had long enjoyed considerable local popularity. They were received with a perfect tempest of delight and enthusiasm, and he immediately became the idol of the fashionable and literary world. It is needless to say, that he up the premeditated journey.

"C. M. ANSBETH."—"If a young man graduates at the age of twenty-two, in one of the best colleges in the country," he is by no means too old to study law, provided he has improved his opportunities.—Longfellow is the true author of "Hiawatha," just as Shakespeare was the author of "Hamlet," "Othello," etc., etc. He was indebted for his plot to an old legend. The poetry is unquestionably his own.—You will see the answer to your third question, in the "Personal" column of this issue.

"JOHN SMITH."—The only means we can suggest to you, to get out of the Smith family, is to petition your state legislature to change your name. If you were a woman, you might marry out of it, or if you had married into it, you might get divorced from it. But we think the best thing for you to do, is to try your best to have it said, after you are dead, "That John Smith was none of your ordinary John Smiths; he was an ornament to the Johns, and a glory to the Smiths!"

"DOBSON."—Here is a boy whose "middle name" is Dobinson, and people nick-name him "Dobbin," "which," he says, "suggests a horse." He asks for advice under such lamentable circumstances. It is a distressing case, and the only suggestion we can make, is this: Conduct yourself so well, and make yourself so useful, that the name "Dobbin" shall, to your friends, suggest a first-class boy.

"A. E."—Noah Webster was born on the 16th of October, 1758, in Hartford, Conn.—The original meaning of the word "notorious," is, "generally known; universally believed; manifest, evident," etc.; but it has come to be used generally to signify "known to disadvantage." Your illustration, "She is notorious for her deeds of charity and mercy," would be literally correct, but seldom or never used.

"BENTON."—Poetry, like many other terms, has a general and a technical meaning. The former refers to ideas; the latter both to the idea, and the form of expression. There is a good deal of poetry in prose, according to the former acceptance of the term; and according to the latter, a good deal of very "thin" prose in that which is called poetry.

"RANDOLPH."—No doubt when the world can look upon Andrew Johnson without the personal and political prejudice that somewhat impairs its judgment to-day, it will see some virtues among his faults. After all, there are probably worse men, and, we hope, a great many better.

"GUY ANGELLO."—Harper & Bros. publish Livingston's "South Africa" at \$4.50, and "Voyage up the Zambesi," etc., at \$5.00.—"Union" type-setters receive forty-five cents per thousand ems, in Chicago; others thirty-five.—We will answer your second question, soon.

"BREAKEY."—You have no right to put any writing, marks, or signs, upon the cover or wrapper of a newspaper, or other printed matter, other than the name and address of the person to whom it is sent, and, if you are a publisher, the date when subscription expires.

"FATHER."—Suppose you lay aside the rod of correction for a couple of weeks, and try a little common sense and kindness upon "Natie." Some natures evince a decided determination not to be driven any farther than they can see clear, even when very young.

"S. S. S."—"The Ancient Mariner" is the production of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is a wild, mystical narrative, in the old English ballad measure. Its charm is in the unearthly interest of the plot, and the marvelous harmony of the sound with the sense.

"J. D. SEVERANCE."—It is one thing to plan; another to perform. Campaigns look well on paper, or mapped out on a sanguine mind; but a vigorous and successful campaign in any department of life, requires a stern, uncompromising, persistent will.

"HARRY."—It is not what might be called "a crime" to "chew tobacco," but it is a most consummate piece of foolishness ever to begin it. Ninety nine and a half one hundredths of the tobacco-chewers of the world will tell you that.

"DRAMATIST."—Women were first brought upon the public stage in England in 1629. The practice had long prevailed in France and Italy, but in England it was at first looked upon as "an outrage upon decency."

"GUSTAVUS."—When you find a situation in business that suits you exactly, please you continually, and has nothing to disturb you or cause you trouble, write and tell us—if you can keep awake long enough.

"A. HARRINGTON."—A Post-master has the right to demand that persons calling for letters other than their own, shall present a written order for them.

"JERRY P."—No definite standard can be laid down, on the subject you mention. There is a general limit, however, outside which no one should go.

"RED CLOUD."—The real name of the celebrated humorist, Mark Twain, is S. S. Clemens. He is now connected with the Buffalo, N. Y., Express.

"H. BELL."—You seem to labor under the delusion that self-cultivation is a four-years' work. It should be a life-time task.

"JACKSON."—The best of men make mistakes, but the most successful men are careful not to make the same mistake twice.

"NETTIE M."—Your Poem is respectfully declined.

"BERRY."—You can have your choice of the premiums.

"EVERETT."—Edward Everett was a thorough classical student.

"PHILIP."—"Our New York Letter" will appear regularly.

"AMATEUR."—Shakespeare erected his theater in London, in 1603.

"D."—"Delictive Bucket" is a character in Dickens' "Bleak House."

"X. Y. Z."—J. S. Loveland is about 45 years of age. He resides at Monmouth, Ill.

"TRUSTON."—"Turner" societies now exist in nearly every large city in the Union.

"J. DRAKE."—Pennies are currency, and are legal tender to the amount of \$5.00 and over.

"B."—You must not send manuscript as printed matter. You must pay letter postage.

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

THE UNIVERSE.

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

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18, 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.

"OBSCENE."

It is amazing that those who charge THE UNIVERSE with obscenity in its revealing of the outrageous conduct of married lechers, whose acts are performed under the shelter of law, with the additional sanction of religion, can make such charges, and in the face of this not only tolerate, but regard with veneration and awe, a book pretty closely filled with detailed accounts of the salacious and obscene transactions of human beings in past centuries, narrated not by way of teaching better morals, but as similar things are told in the French novels, the sale of which is by law forbidden. The volume referred to is not only thus venerated, but it is taken as the textbook of morals, and tens of thousands of priests give their talents to the exposition of its teachings, as affording the only glimpses of the wishes of God concerning poor human beings.

Here is an extract:—"And Lot went up out of Zoar, and dwelt in the mountain, and his two daughters with him; for he feared to dwell in Zoar; and he dwelt in a cave, he and his two daughters. And the first born said unto the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come in unto us after the manner of all the earth. Come, let us make our father drink wine, and we will."

The remainder of this narrative is unfit for publication in THE UNIVERSE, but appears in all its delectable grossness in the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Genesis. The same chapter gives, previous to the above, the dreadful account of Lot's offer of his two virgin daughters to the embraces of the men of Sodom, as substitutes for the young men, strangers, to whom he was giving hospitality, and whom they demanded, that they might "know" them after the manner of that day.

This "Word of God" contains a great number of accounts of obscene doings, varying in character, among all degrees of wickedness and nastiness. They are familiar to all the biblical students. We subjoin a few references:

The ravishing of Dinah, etc.—Gen. xxxv.

22. Potiphar's wife and Joseph.—Gen. xxxix.

7-18. Onan, Judah and Tamar.—Gen. xxxviii.

8-30. Cases of uncleanness.—Lev. xv. 15-33.

Prohibition of sexual intercourse.—Lev.

xviii. 1-30. Bestiality.—Lev. xx. 1-37.

Whoredom of the Israelites.—Num. xxv.

1-8. Female captives, cruelty toward them.—

Num. xxxi. 17-35. Tokens of virginity.—Deut. xxii. 13-30.

Assault by a woman.—xxv. 2.

Circumcision.—Joshua v. 1-8.

Sodomy and lust.—Judges xix. 22-29.

Ravishment.—Judges xxi. 1-25.

Adultery and murder.—Abigail and Nabal.

1 Sam. xxi. 1-44.

David, Bathsheba and Uriah.—2 Sam. xi.

Amnon and Tamar.—2 Sam. xiii. 10-15.

Absalom with David's concubines.—1

Kings, xvi. 22.

Solomon's 700 wives and 300 concubines.—

1 Kings, xi. 3.

A bad one.—2 Kings ix. 8; Job xxxi.

9, 10.

The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.—

1 to viii. throughout. Immorality.—Isaiah iii. 17; xlv. 1-3.

Nastiness.—Ezekiel iv. 13. The same, very bad.—Ezekiel xvi. throughout.

The same.—Ezekiel, xxii. throughout.

The same, bad.—Ezekiel xxxiii. throughout.

The same.—Hosea i. 1-6.

The same.—Hosea iii. 1-3.

The references may be extended indefinitely.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—III

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LIVERPOOL.—"MINE HOST THE BARRISTER—SPIRITUALISM IN THE CITY—SUNDAY AT CHURCH—CHURCH AND ITS RUINS."

BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND, Aug. 15th, 1869.

Landing at Liverpool in a gale, the tide high and the winds furious, the earth never before felt so solid or inviting. Even the dingy Custom House—terror of travelers—seemed pleasant, when compared with the ill-aired staterooms of a steamer.

The soul of a journey is freedom. Few embarrasances and plenty of elbow-room are among the joys of a pilgrim life. Conscious that humanity constitutes but one brotherhood, we shall forget, so far as possible, while journeying in foreign lands, that we are a New-England or an American even, and describe fields and cities, improvements and ruins, men and their institutions, precisely as we see them. Prejudice implies only narrowness and ignorance.

Glancing at Liverpool from the parlor, our first impression was—built to keep. The docks, constructed of solid masonry, six miles in length, with continuous locks and gateways for the passage of vessels, exhibit master mechanism. The public buildings—the magnificence of St. George's Hall, the tall churches as grim with smoke as high in architecture, the vistas of stone arches and antique buildings, were to our eyes as strange as fascinating.

Liverpool, though numbering some 500,000 inhabitants, is only a town. This will strike western men with surprise. In order to secure a charter constituting it a city, there must be a Bishop; and if a Bishop, as a natural sequence, a Cathedral for his church-services. This would involve great expense, and perhaps little spiritual good—therefore, Liverpool, with its immense trade and influence, remains a town.

English stores, called shops, seem to thrust their whole assortment of goods into the large window-casements. The prices are quite uniformly attached to the goods. This saves shopkeepers the trouble of answering questions. The streets, exceedingly neat, are kept perfectly orderly. The numerous hackmen, with heavy brass badges on their arms, are very quiet and respectful. Licensed, they have one price, and no teasing for patronage. Rough bawling "bussmen" of New York, Chicago, and other cities, would do well to take lessons of their transatlantic ancestors.

"MINE HOST"—THE BARRISTER.

Regretting to learn of Mr. Leigh's absence from the city in France, we were privileged, after a few days, of making the valuable acquaintance of James Mason, Esq., a barrister doing business both in Birkenhead and Liverpool. Birkenhead across the Mersey, famous for its magnificent park planned by the celebrated Sir Joseph Paxton, in early life an errand boy; is to Liverpool very much what Brooklyn is to New York. Mr. Mason, a firm Spiritualist and a true gentleman, is registrar of the county court, and in cases of bankruptcy presides as judge. Through his kindness a seat was secured in the civil and criminal courts—St. George's Hall—where sat the judge arrayed in ermine, and barristers wearing gowns, wigs and bands. The appearance of a Spiritualist in a court, especially in a warm weather, vitiating the genius of the age, the custom of silk-gown and wig-wearing in courts will soon become obsolete.

The fine residence of friend Mason is directly opposite the lawn and gardens of Mr. Laird, who fitted out the piratical Alabama. He employs in his ship-yard over three thousand workmen. Yesterday, from his shipping and the wilderness of masts in the harbor, floated the flags of all nations in honor of the arrival and departure of Prince Arthur in the steamer "City of Paris" for the Canadas.

SPIRITUALISM IN LIVERPOOL.

There is no organization of Spiritualists under the name and auspices of Spiritualism, in this commercial city. Only a few are sufficiently interested to even investigate the phenomena of the manifestations. Certain citizens of Liverpool treated the Davenport Brothers not alone shabbily, but absolutely brutally. They actually rushed upon the platform, and smashed the "cabinet," jabbering and blowing the while like so many uncultivated Bushmen of Africa. Several have asked—"Do you consider your countrymen the Davenports genuine mediums?" Our prompt reply, has been unhesitatingly in the affirmative. Not only do we believe—but from having repeatedly attended their private and public seances, and from having slept in the same apartment with them when Spiritual manifestations were sufficiently powerful to cause the very build to tremble, we know they are genuine media. Further, deep is the debt of gratitude we owe them and Sir Henry Morgan, their controlling intelligence, for the spiritual demonstrations received at that peculiar crisis in our religious career, when we "sought a sign;" or rather, when we demanded tangible proofs of a future existence.

There is in Liverpool a "Psychological Society"—for the investigation of Spiritualism and kindred subjects. At present the organization holds no meetings. The people are quite as intent on money-making as Americans. Gold is the god of this age and wealth is king. Swedenborg's Halls are crowded with the selfish rich. They remember now the parable—"Lazarus is comforted and thou art tormented."

SUNDAY AT CHURCH.

After enumerating the Russian Greek church constructed in the Saracenic style, the English, the Unitarian and others—"Where will you go?"—said our kind-hearted "host and guide," Mr. Mason.

To the church of the "twelve apostles" was the reply. This, formerly Irvingite and liberal, is now decidedly ritualistic. Pompous ceremonies ever seemed to us non-apostolic. It was perhaps owing to an unregenerated heart that this church-service was so tedious. The only relief was the architecture and music. The smoke of the incense caused our infidel head to ache. The costly robes of the priests reminded us of the barefooted beggars in the streets; while the bending and bowing to the East when intoning "Jesus Christ, our Lord," only served to reassure us that all civilization and religious progress tends westward.

Administering the eucharist, the Bishop prayed God to "send down the Holy Spirit, and make it bread upon the altar the body of the Son of God, and the wine his blood. If God answered this prayer, making the

bread the real body, then the partakers became cannibals. One of the hymns sung contained these lines:

Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you out-poured.
This is Christianity in the nineteenth Century!

CHESTER AND ITS RUINS.

"Doing the Lions of Liverpool," Friend Mason with the cleverness of a genial English gentleman said—"You should see Chester now—less than two hours' ride by rail-coach—an old walled city with the remains of a Roman altar found while deepening the Dee, and the ruins of St. John's Cathedral, built over a thousand years since."

Certainly—nothing could delight us more—as we have an ardent love for antiquity.—"Would you like to have me accompany you, to point out places of peculiar interest?" "Most assuredly—it is kind, very kind in you to tender the offer."

Never shall we forget the afternoon in Chester—from the Latin Castrum—a city originally built in the form of a cross with remaining Roman fortifications and a votive altar to Jupiter Tanarus, raised by an officer of the 20th Roman Legion, and dug up from the river Dee in 1153. The oldest part of the city is encircled by a wall, worn by the storms of weary centuries, and in part covered with moss and English ivy. It is about two miles in length, built of the new red-stone. We walked entirely around it, gazing at the crumbling sentinel-posts and the old out-standing flanking watch-towers, so necessary in the bow-and-arrow age. On one of these towers, King Charles II. personally witnessed the defeat of his army on Rowton Heath.

This wall, the foundations of which were laid in the time of Julius Caesar, and the rows, are among the most striking objects to a stranger in this old city. The rows are a species of a wide foot-path, raised above the level of the street, at the height of the first story of a house, and covered over-head by the third story of the house. This mode of construction is supposed to have existed from the times of the Romans.

Nothing so kindled our enthusiasm as the half-standing, half-fallen walls of the Cathedral, with the old arches, trophies, and relics. This grand pile of ruins, time-worn and heavy, impressed us as never before with the mighty past behind us. Think of it—long centuries before Columbus discovered America, probably a thousand—certainly nine hundred years ago, here stood the walls of a Christian temple, here chimed merrily rung out the days and years of departing centuries, here the very stones we tread, had been trodden by the feet of sincere worshippers, while vaulted arches above had resounded to their matins and vespers, their chants and their praises.

From under these church ruins, trees have sprung up and are growing in rich luxuriance, deriving much of their nourishment from the bodies of the saints. One of these trees is full two feet in diameter. A yew-tree standing near it is not so large, but very thrifty. The mold and gloom of the cloisters and crypts thoroughly converted us to a desire for burning, Brahman-like, in preference to burying, human bodies. In the present Chester Cathedral, among other objects of interest is a magnificent sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of Henry the IV. of Germany.

The country from Liverpool to Chester is fine, exhibiting a high state of cultivation. The fields are divided by hedge-rows. Women were at work in the harvest-fields. The lands are either grassed or planted to the very edge of the rail-track, and the grounds are beautifully ornamented in the vicinity of the depots.

SOCIAL CRIMES—MORE PLAIN TALK.

BY ELVIRA WHELOCK RUGGLES.

Again I am impelled to speak some practical words upon a subject concerning which there has already been much said and written, but, in my opinion, very little that has been justly said, or to the point. There is, probably, scarcely a paper in the land nor, perhaps, a preacher in the pulpit, who has not given some sort of expression denouncing the crime of child-murder, so fearfully practiced in this day of Christian civilization! and in doing this, always, with one or two exceptions, attach all the sin to women, when could the facts be known, it would be found that multitudes of men (I do not implicate all men) are equally guilty—often being women's instigators to this very crime. Men—having either forced or, to say the least, thoughtlessly subjected her to a condition she is neither able nor willing to accept—encourage and assist her in the performance of an act that is in direct violation of the laws of physical and moral health.

The truth is, men do not desire large families any more than women, and are even more unscrupulous in the methods practiced to prevent such a result, and that from motives much more selfish, and yet—paradoxical as it may seem—it is from men we hear so much said about women's unwillingness to bear children and of the crime that is now so universally charged to her. I wonder if these men who moralize upon this theme so fluently, ever feel it obligatory upon themselves to preach to their own sex upon the necessity of a proper control of their passions, and a regulation of conduct in compliance with the laws of their higher being. No, not at all! Judging from their words it is only woman's life that needs to be controlled and regulated, and that, according to their wish and understanding!

Nearly all said upon the enormity of the crime mentioned, is against the effect instead of the cause, and this warfare, will avail just nothing toward the removal of the evil. To effect this, the root must be eradicated, which as yet remains untouched. The mistake of the world has ever been, and is to-day, that people are always at war with effects instead of laboring to find, and then to remove, causes. And I repeat that women will continue to rebel against undesired maternity, and to murder their unborn babes, just so long as it is not granted them to decide when and how often they are to bear the burden of maternity. They will continue to do this just so long as men, by force or otherwise, subject them to the pains and perils of child-bearing, without one consenting voice from their own souls, though the tongue of men and angels speak in words of fire against it. I protest against this universal denunciation of woman for the practice of this crime. I would have a share of the blame laid at the door of man's soul, where it properly belongs.

Far be it from my motive to encourage woman in the commission of any act that will prove an injury to the integrity of her physi-

cal or moral nature; but I am compelled to speak in her defense and against the wrong of imposing upon her the burden of maternity when her whole nature repels the thought.

Ah! it is an easy thing for men to talk about woman's sphere, woman's duty and the glory of her mission as the mother of the race; but, in all earnestness I say, as does every woman who has suffered the unspeakable agony of giving birth to a child, that it is no right of man's to decide for her when, nor how often she shall become a mother, and, did he suffer as she suffers during the period of gestation, at the birth-hour, and afterward from the fatigue arising from the care and watchfulness required during the years of infancy, he would forever keep silent about woman's duty to bear and rear children, but would reverently bless her that she is willing to become a mother oftener than once in a lifetime. It is very charming, very refreshing to the father of our babes to caress, fondle and play with the dear innocent, whenever it may please, between their hours of study, toil or pleasure.—But when it comes to constant, unceasing care through sickness, suffering and child-weariness, where will you find the father who will patiently and uncomplainingly attend to the wants of the little-ones through all the hours of morning, noon-time and night-time, getting rest neither by night nor day—severely and constantly taxing body and mind, and in addition to this having a multiplicity of household and other cares pressing heavily upon them? I have yet to know the father, however tender and loving he may be (and I have known many most kind and devoted fathers—God and woman bless them!) who will begin to do, to bear and to suffer what the mother of these little ones will, without one word of murmuring. But oh! the toil, the care, the weariness, the depression, the unsatisfied needs and unanswered longings of these over-worked and overtaxed mothers, who bear these manifold cares and burdens of domestic life!—It is no wonder women fade too soon, and that children die young; no wonder the roses drop early from the cheeks of beautiful young mothers on the graves of their little babes, that sweetly rest beneath the summer's grass and winter's snow, their free, enfranchised spirits blooming in the lands of Paradise. None but angels and woman herself can truly appreciate the value and preciousness of human life, because only they and she can know the cost of it.

Yet, notwithstanding all this burden, care and pain of maternity, and its accompanying duties, men and the world need never fear loss of the sacredness of motherhood; for nature has enshrined it in the heart of woman, to live there forever—a divine inheritance—and soon or late the time will come to every woman when the dearest, sweetest longing of her life will be to fill to her heart a tender beautiful babe; and it should be the holiest care of man to wait this call of nature to wait this sacred moment, when woman's asking soul reaches out to him for sweet fulfillment. Maternity is holy, and a blessing only when it comes from choice, and through the consecrated power of love. Anything less is a desecration of the name and the reality. Let men think of this, and women too. And, besides the mother's claims, every child has the right to exact of its parents the rich inheritance of a healthy physical and moral nature—as also the rights to a welcome into existence by the authors of its being;—and any woman who cannot give this inheritance of health and this welcome to her child, has no divine right to become a mother—for she has not been called to that holy office, by divine appointment.

The constant reference that is made to our grandmothers who, without reproach or complaint, have borne twelve or fifteen children, is only adding insult to injury; for I firmly believe, that if those dead tongues could be made to speak, there would be such a revelation of suffering and sacrifice, as only women can conceive of. That our grandmothers or great-grandmothers, cheerfully, and with hearty good will welcomed the new babes that were born to them every other year I do not, and cannot be made to believe. That there was silent rebellion and an inward protest, all intelligent women believe. That they were taught by minister, and men that such was their duty, and that they were estimated in proportion to their full compliance and practice in that respect, is true; hence, they silently but not cheerfully accepted the burden, as often as it was imposed upon them. But to-day, women do not believe in "Wives, obey your husbands!" or, "Wives, submit to your husbands!" nor in any other assumptive proclamation of masculine superiority, in whatever book or bible it may be found. Neither do they believe in the absurd and foolish talk, that wifehood and maternity make the sum of womanhood, and that to these ends alone, woman was created; but they do believe she is destined to ascend intellectual heights, as grand and imposing as men—to prove herself the artist as well, and to acquire eminence and distinction in all departments of study, and scientific research.

There are many and varied causes why the conditions, so much deplored, exist, and for which women are no more accountable than men, which we cannot even touch upon in the brief space allotted us.—But would it not be well for those who talk so much, to analyze and examine into the nature of these causes, rather than continue to deplore the conditions that are as the natural outgrowth of these underlying causes? To do this it is necessary to thoroughly dissect the social system from base to summit, not only of this age, but of ages past. Thus only can we hope to find a remedy for the evil, if evil it is and remedy is to be found.

May it not, however, be in the nature of advancing civilization to reduce the number of births among the higher orders of life, and thus give more time and study to the improvement and perfection of the quality of the species?—It seems to me rational to conclude that such may be the case, and from what seems to our limited conceptions the greatest evil, may spring the higher, more universal good. However this may be, one thing is clear, that this continued blaming and scolding women, for these conditions is not only unfair, unjust and positively abusive; but will prove totally inadequate to produce the effect, perhaps honestly desired and intended by our masculine law-givers and law-makers. Hence the necessity for a protest from woman, in order to turn the channel of thought and investigation from effect to the causes immediate, and remote, and thus do the world real service in a more just and fitting way, than in this continual abuse of women, for that, for which man is equally responsible to say the least.

With this end in view the foregoing has been written, in no bitter or vindictive spirit as may seem; but to represent with force and feeling the true condition of things, and to suggest the possible means through, or by which the remedy may be discovered, and speedily applied.

The terms of a 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.

"HELP, CASSIUS, OR WE SINK!"

To the Editor of The Universe.

For a week or two my mind has been much exercised on the subject of "Fallen Women." I always have, for a number of years, bestowed some thought on the subject, but now the matter forces itself in such a shape that I think I must say something. But who will bear my thought to the world? I know of a hundred papers that will not—papers, too, that claim to be open to a discussion of all sides of all questions; will you do it? I will venture, at least.

Two weeks ago, when I came into the city of Saginaw, Mich., I picked up a morning paper, and read that, the evening before, somebody was heard to jump off the dock into the river; but a captain near by in a skiff, rescued her, and discovered it to be a young lady attached to a house of ill-fame of the city.

It was only two days after this occurrence, when I picked up a daily again, and read of another courtesan, who had tried to destroy herself with arsenic. In her first attempt, she unfortunately (unfortunately, I say, and I mean it) took too much. In the second attempt, the inmates were on the alert, and when they found she had taken it, they had a doctor at hand to cure her with a life which to her was loathsome.

"Why is this?" I asked. "There is some cause for this. Do we not have an evidence that these young and beautiful girls are following a compulsory occupation—a living death—from which there is only one road of escape?"

"I will tell you," says a friend, "woman has no position in society—no support—only as she gets it from man. She naturally leans upon man and makes a confidant of him. He assumes to be her protector. But in the course of time she discovers her character is gone, and she is forsaken by him who caused her ruin. What, then, is she to do? Doors are shut against her, and society drives her away with what poor wardrobe she may have with her at the time. Meanwhile, her lordly seducer walks the streets just as respectable as ever; you can't hurt his character; he is admitted with your daughters into your drawing rooms and parlors. He has nothing at stake and can lose nothing, though he may boast of his thousand victims."

But what is the poor young lady to do as she shivers on the streets on some dark, rainy night of the Fall season, fleeing from every object that comes near her? No door is opened but that of some house of ill-fame; no position is offered in which she may sustain her dear life, but the horrid occupation of the inmates of her new home. Rejected and execrated by society, flattered and encouraged by the visitors to her repulsive home, is it strange that she should be what she is driven to be?

"Oh," thought I

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

CRAMPED IDEAS OF THE OLD THEOLOGY — A STUNNER FOR THE MISSIONARIES — METHODIST WHITE-CHOKERS — SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS — THE PHILISTINES OF THE PRESS — MRS. STOWE — PEEBLES, OWEN, AND THE UNIVERSE.

NEW YORK, September 11, 1869.

The Old Theology and the Churches have made this world of ours the County Kerry of the universe; and have attempted to render it as unacceptable to the Great Father, as that disturbed Irish locality is to the sovereign lady who sways the destinies of that Empire upon which, it is grandiloquently asserted, "The sun never sets." Had Moses and the early creed-makers been educated persons, and thoroughly versed in the natural science, we should never have had such absurd and sapless religious dogmas thrust upon us, as we are asked to swallow to-day. The grand, original mistake, in this connection, lay in the fact, that those necessarily ignorant dictators believed, implicitly, that this earth was the center of all physical being, and of all intelligence appertaining to such, and that the sun, moon and stars were neither more nor less than attendants upon it, with no other mission than that of giving it light and heat, and otherwise contributing to its development and convenience. Had they, for a single moment, entertained the stupendous idea, that all those glittering points that stud the purple vault of night, were countless billions of worlds peopled like our own, and that untold myriads of them transcended it in magnitude ten thousand fold, they would have paused before they made a planet so insignificant, the theatre upon which the august and incomprehensible creator of the whole was to appear and suffer, with a view to remedying some fancied incongruities in his works; or would have fallen back, appalled at the mere idea of presuming, that a being so infinite in power and glory, could be expected to step bodily within the narrow circle of their comprehension, and take up the trade of a carpenter in an obscure village among a blood-thirsty and unprogressive people. Had they been aware, even, of the superb dimensions of Jupiter or Saturn, when compared with that orb which they themselves then trod, they would have found the supreme One more difficult of approach, and not have spoken so often "face to face" with him; but as they considered the inhabitants of this earth, the only created intelligences outside the confines of heaven, and the earth, itself, the only world in existence, they dwarfed the attributes of the Deity into dimensions commensurate with this one single expression of His power; believing it to be the result of his grandest effort, or the sublimest manifestation of his omnipotence. Hence, their cramped conceptions of the Almighty Ruler and Maker of all things, and the familiarity with which they dragged him into their irreparable rags, absurd ceremonies, and ridiculous beliefs.

The *New York Herald*, of the 1st instant, has some excellent observations on the subject of Christian missionaries to foreign lands, and the intolerance with which they attempt to thrust their civilized superstition down the throats of "the benighted heathen." "The champion of the Cross," observes the *Herald*, "rushes forward to overthrow temples, to burn idols, and to degrade priests who have as strong a hold upon the people subject to their influences as he has upon his home circle — perhaps just a little stronger, since this hold depends mainly upon the ignorance of those who are held. He consequently gets himself chopped up. But he also does something that the world has greater reason to regret. He retards the progress of true enlightenment, delays and prevents the opening of free intercourse between nations of different civilization, and furnishes the ready pretext for the indiscriminate use of power against a people of different faith."

Pretty plain language, and from rather an influential source. And what wonder that it should be used? Only fancy an illiterate, long-faced Methodist parson, who has no intermediate stopping place between the pulpit and the shovel of a day laborer, going out to teach the atonement, the divinity, and the immaculate conception of Jesus, to a disciple of Confucius, who has been taught to discipline himself in virtue, and to rely upon the divine promptings of his own nature for all the guidance necessary to his happiness both here and hereafter. — Just imagine, if you will, one of these lugubrious white-chokers in forming a Chinese or Japanese artisan who had just turned out a mysterious, ill-odored cabinet of the most miraculous workmanship, that he would be damned to all eternity, if he did not believe that "the maker of heaven and earth and all that in them is," drove a jack plane from morning till night in a carpenter's shop at Bethany — was begotten without a father — associated with liars, traitors and women of ill-fame, was crucified as a malefactor, and afterwards raised from the dead; and all for the purpose of remedying "a hole in the ballad" of creation — just imagine all this, I say, and picture to yourself the surprise and disgust of even the most obtuse pagan, at such blasphemous drivelling, and the supreme contempt which he could not fail to entertain for the intelligence that could indulge in it.

Moses Hull is with us, and is doing good work. He is a very sleuth hound on the track of a sophism, and so reasons down your religious prejudices and misconceptions that you wonder of ever having entertained them. He is earnest, able and eloquent. His knowledge and retention of the scriptures are striking to intensity. In addition, he is fearless in expression of his belief, and ever ready to account for the faith that is within him. He publishes his unqualified admiration of *THE UNIVERSE*; and expressed on Sunday morning, as I learn, a desire to make the acquaintance of your correspondent, who was not present at the forenoon services in the Everett Rooms. Joseph G. Fish — another eminent Spiritual lecturer — was here recently, on his way to debate the subject of the modern intercourse of men and angels, with some very clever Presbyterian gentleman in Putnam, Connecticut. Mr. Fish is, in my opinion, one of the ablest men in our ranks; and it is to be hoped, that our Committee of Management here, will give us an opportunity of listening to him for a month or so, when the engagement of Mr. Hull has terminated.

So the Philistines of the press are upon you. Well, I am glad that they found you bound with wiles only, and not shorn of your locks. As one of the sturdy champions of a great and radical movement that is destined to overthrow the thrones and empires of hoary and powerful prejudices, you must expect rough treatment at the hands of the high priests of

the Old Theology: for rely upon it, it is these alone who are prompting whatever opposition you meet in your glorious undertaking. Except in rare instances, the members of the fourth estate are not diametrically opposed to Spiritualism. Moved by the vast array of respectability and talent which has espoused that divine philosophy, they are, as a general thing, becoming anxious enquirers regarding its truth. To be sure, you will occasionally meet some "local" who expires in a badly written paragraph of ten or twelve lines, nibbling at you in a peculiarly unmeaning way; but this should rather excite your pity than arouse your anger. To fair, square and logical opposition there can be no objection whatever; but of this you will have but little.

The weather's very pleasant with us at present. The coolness prevailing at the neighboring watering places has induced many of our wealthy citizens to return to their homes. It is thought that the Fall trade will be brisk with us, in consequence of the bounteous harvest which is said to gladden the land.

While Autumn, like some milk-white ox of old, is treading out her heavy sheaves of gold, Shall we not about a song of praise to Him Who fills His children's store-house to the brim?

Mrs. Stowe, as you will have perceived, is being roughly handled here, and indeed everywhere, by the press. She should, I think, have permitted poor Childie Harold to have slept in peace, and ought not to have broken the wings of his beautiful sister. She, above most women, ought to know that the lovely, only, are tempted, and that the virtue of some of her sex, at least, may consequently be of a very negative character.

People whose experiences of the supernatural had been previously looked up in their own bosoms amongst us, are now beginning to compare notes. The dread of ridicule is passing away from them; and much, therefore, is being brought to light, which tends to place Spiritualism on an eminence the most exalted and impugnable.

I was very much amused and gratified with the first instalment of Mr. Peebles' Ocean Journal. It foreshadows "good things to come." — The calm and dispassionate reasoning of the articles of Robert Dale Owen, and their inexorable logic, when taken in connection with the social status of the man, cannot fail to advance the interests of the cause. He has a peculiar way of "putting things," which is, to my mind, most effective and convincing. — I am glad to hear such excellent reports of your journal from so many reliable sources, and have not the slightest doubt that it is destined to become a great power in the land. Logos.

WHAT AM I DOING?

To The Editor of The Universe:

In a late number of your valuable paper, I saw a very conspicuous advertisement and handsome notice of a new work, "Exeter Hall." I have just perused the work, and must say, I have never read such a book. The author must be a person of great genius, and a true philanthropist. The book ought to be in the hands of every school-teacher and clergyman in the country, for it is calculated to wake up the sleeping millions, and prompts the question, "What am I doing?" I feel proud that we have a person in our ranks who has the ability and courage to write such a book.

Toronto, Ontario, Sep. 9, 1869.

NEW BOOKS.

THE VOICES. By Warren Sumner Barlow. Second Edition. Boston: William White & Co., Chicago: National Book and News Co. This volume of poetry is dedicated "to those who have ears to hear." It is divided into three parts: "The Voice of Superstition," "The Voice of Nature," and "The Voice of a Pebble." The first part "presents the conflict that many suppose exists between their Maker and an imaginary evil being." The story told by the Old Testament is rehearsed, and an interlude occasionally present, with timely questions and remarks. Thus, the Author inquires, respecting the forbidden fruit that Eve and Adam ate, once upon a time:

If God designed that man should not rebel, Nor eat forbidden fruit and go to hell, Why did He not defend the fatal tree, And thus protect the race eternally? But no! the record hath most plainly told; The fruit was good, and pleasant to behold; And let us all desire to make our choice. With Satan left to counsel and advise, With access free from every side around, Within their reach the charming fruit was found; Its fragrant odor mingled with their breath, While all conspired to urge them on to death. Oh, why was man in this dread hour neglected, And left alone with Satan, unprotected, To bring a damning curse upon his head, And sound the awful dirge — "THE RACE IS DEAD!"

Or did God choose that Adam and his wife Should eat of this, but not the tree of life? The record this opinion justifies, And let us who are blind, deny, and die; For all conspired with charming fruit so sweet To urge them to the fatal tree and eat; While flaming swords repelled the fated pair, Forever from the tree of life so fair.

In the latter part of this division the author introduces the following little morsel of logic: — every creed declares all hope is vain, If Christ the son of God had not been slain; And yet I think no creed will dare deny That Satan caused the Lord their God to die; Thus it would seem that all that rest in peace, May thank the Devil for their kind release!

We would advise all our Orthodox friends, who are not afraid to subject their minds to the baneful influences of heretical doctrine, to read and consider this work.

PLANCHETTE'S BIOGRAPHY: A Complete History of its Origin, with a Statement of the Various Theories respecting it. Compiled from many Authors. By Mrs. M. D. Wellcome. Yarmouth, Me.: Published for the Benefit of the "Select School Library."

This little work will be valuable to those who are interested in the "little plank." The author professes to have gathered up every available fact tending to throw light on the subject. She does not pretend to say, however, when or where "Planchette" originated. She mentions that some say the idea was suggested by the old German custom practised by beldames, of placing a pencil between the blades of scissors, tightly, watching what chances to be traced upon paper placed under the pencil, and accepting its dictums as oracular.

We learn from this work that Mr. Robert Dale Owen was the first to bring Planchette to America, having had one made for him in France, a dozen years ago. It has since then had an enormous run throughout the United States. One man is said to have sold over 200,000, and thousands have been made and sold by others.

— Sir W. Thomson, a distinguished English scientist, holds that the sun has illuminated the earth at least a hundred millions of years, but earth is five hundred millions; that there are not enough meteors circulating around the sun — which are its only fuel — to supply it more than a few thousand years longer; and that, as there seems to be no continual supply for the sun's heat, it must be losing energy.

PERSONAL.

— Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, is dead.
— Queen Victoria runs a sewing machine.
— The widow of Lord Palmerston is dead.
— Prince Napoleon is forty-seven years old.
— Thurlow Weed is in New York, and better.
— The Emperor of France is able to walk out.
— Gen. Sherman is Secretary of War, *ad interim*.
— John C. Breckinridge was lately judge at a horse-race.
— Senator Sprague is going into Red River real-estate.
— Sir Isaac Newton's gravitating apple has been mythed.
— George Francis Train lectured at Salt Lake City, Aug. 31.
— General Banks' friends think he'll do for the Chinese mission.

— Mrs. Gen. Rawling has gone to New York, in very feeble health.
— Kate Field is going to lecture about "Women," and the "Woods."
— Louisa Mulbach was wooed over a chess-board. She won the game.

— The wickedest man in New York here, is now keeping a temperance grocery.
— Gen. McClellan has received an ovation from the inhabitants of Portland, Maine.
— Sojourner Truth, the colored orator, is about "to leave her breath behind her," at last.

— Wm. Pitt Fessenden, U. S. Senator from Maine, died Sept. 8, aged sixty-three years.

— Charles H. Wright, City Editor of the *Chicago Times*, died suddenly, Friday morning, September tenth.

— Hinton Rowan Helper, author of "The Impending Crisis," is lecturing in Connecticut, with small audiences.

— Prof. Frieze has been elected temporary President of the Michigan State University at Ann Arbor, Mich.

— Ismail Pacha, of Egypt, owns and works 200 steam plows on the Nile, and plants 200,000 acres of grain every year.

— Ex-Secretary Stanton, late Secretary of War, is a favorite of the young ladies in Massachusetts, "in these piping times of peace."

— Ben. De Bar is the oldest theatrical manager in experience in the country. He has been actively engaged over thirty-one years.

— Ristori has been singularly successful in South America. In Rio Janeiro, tickets for her performances sold for twenty dollars each.

— Fred Winslow, of Boston, an eighteen- and a-half-year-old, has received the highest honors of the Germany University of Heidelberg.

— Mr. J. L. McCrory, of Dubuque, Iowa, a contractor for the U. S. Army, delivered a poem at the Editorial Convention held at Keokuk, Sept. 15.

— Right upon the heels of the Byron scandal, comes the startling disclosure that old Treasurer Spinner used to be Thurlow Weed's love-letter carrier.

— Schneider confesses the premeditated and rehearsed burning of her dress-apology a little while since, in order to create a sensation, and revive a drooping season.

— Miss Odella Blinn, M. D., a graduate from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, has opened an office at the northwest corner of State and Monroe streets, Chicago, for the treatment of women and children.

— Mrs. Belle A. Mansfield, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, has been admitted to the bar, and authorized to practice in the courts of the State. She is about twenty-four years of age, and is the first to receive that honor in Iowa.

— The Californians are angry at "Ned Bantline," because he is reported to have said, at the late Chicago Temperance Convention, that seven-tenths of the male population of California go to their graves through drink.

— Joe Jefferson has about forty workmen engaged on the grounds of his villa, twenty-five miles out of New York. No rehearsals, a trip to his home every day, \$500 a night, and half the receipts of his matinees, are among his blessings.

— Henry Crabb Robinson's lately-published Diary, says that Goethe was a man of terrific dignity, with a penetrating and insupportable eye, an aquiline nose, expressive lips, a firm step, corpulent body, easy gestures, and free and unkindled air.

— It is getting quite fashionable to smash the reputation of dead people. Lewis Tappan, the *Advocate*, says that John Hancock "was vain and unscrupulous, everybody with whom he traded was obliged to sue him," and "he pastured his cows on the Boston Common."

LITERARY NEWS.

— Washington has a new *Morning News*.
— Gen. Butler has entered the Stowe-Byron controversy.

— Mrs. Stowe writes for the *Heath and Home* for \$6,000 a year.
— Bryant has finished the translation of 17 books of the *Iliad*.

— A Chinese newspaper called the *Flying Dragon*, is published in San Francisco.
— Boston has a new daily called the *Evening Times*, resembling somewhat the *New York Sun*.

— *Once a Week* has changed hands, given up its illustrations, and dropped its editor, Mr. Dallas.

— Hugo forbids the dramatization of "The Man Who Laughs," but some American means to do it.

— Since Mrs. Stowe's Byron article, Mr. Henry C. Bowen has forbidden the *Atlantic Monthly* in his family.

— Dr. Shelton Mackenzie says that Byron's autobiography, which Moore burned, "will yet see the light."

— The *State Advance*, published at St. Louis, Mich., has been enlarged from thirty-two to forty columns.

— Messrs. MacMillan, the London publishers, announce a new weekly journal of science, to be entitled *Nature*.

— The first newspaper published in Virginia was issued weekly in 1780, at the annual subscription of fifty dollars.

— Garibaldi expected to receive \$100,000 for the copyright of his new novel; but his publishers offer him only \$10,000.

— Ristori publishes, in Paris, "Mes Souvenirs Transatlantiques," which is her story of what she saw and heard in America.

— Walter Ogilvie, a novel, by Mrs. J. H. Kinzie, of Chicago, is in press, and will be issued by the Appletons, within a short time.

— M. Guizot is engaged upon the proof-sheets of the fourth volume of his "Meditations Religieuses," which will not be published, until after his death.

— A new Enoch Arden (dramatization) is to be brought out by Arthur Matheson, to be produced at Booth's, where the other version was so very successful.

— The original manuscript of Edgar A. Poe's story, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," is in the possession of Lieutenant James M. Johnston, of Lancaster, Pa.

— The Jews in Vienna have issued proposals for a prize essay, to be written either in German, French or Hebrew, on the Jewish Dietary Laws. The prizes are 1,000 and 500 francs.

— The *Republic*, a new evening paper, owned by Halleck, junior, and others, and edited by St. Clair McKelway, late of the *World*, made its appearance in New York on Thursday.

— The Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn, is out in a pamphlet in support of the American doctrine that a man has a right to denationalize himself at pleasure.

— It is said that by moistening the surface of old manuscripts with water acidulated with hydrochloric acid, a press copy may be taken by ordinary process which will be perfectly legible.

— Marshall Neil left manuscript histories of the Crimean war, the Italian campaign of 1850, and the organization of the French army, from the days of Conde and Turenne, down to our own times.

— A Miss Lucy Lee advertises in a Mississippi paper that she "is of good birth and education, and is willing to marry an editor, believing herself able to support one." She has probably been behind the scenes, and knows how little it takes.

— Longfellow is the most popular poet in the

English language, in Germany; three volumes of his poems are sold to one of Tennyson's. The most celebrated poets of Germany, among them Ferdinand Freiligrath, have translated his works.

— A writer in the *London Daily News* says of Mrs. Stowe's article on Lord Byron: "In no instance in history has any one told a more unpalatable truth. Mrs. Stowe has unveiled a secret carefully guarded by a few, and restored virtue and vice to their proper places."

— The first chapter of a western novel contains the following: "All of a sudden, the fair girl continued to sit on the sands gazing upon the briny deep, upon whose bosom the tall ships went by brightened — ah! who could tell with how much joy and sorrow, and pine lumber and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish."

— A book second only to Mr. Mills in its ability and influence has lately been published on the Woman Question in London. It is a collection of essays by Miss F. P. Cobbe, Miss Sophia Jex Blake, Rev. G. Butler, Mr. Charles H. Pearson, etc., with an introductory essay by the editor, Mrs. Josephine E. Butler.

— Alexander Dumas is said to be engaged to a young lady of great beauty, wealth, and accomplishments. The lady is but seventeen, while the author of the "Three Guardsmen" and the "Count of Monte Christo" is sixty-six. She wrote him a fragrant perfume letter, addressed "To Our Great Novelist, Alexander Dumas," which did the business.

— The *London Athenaeum* states that Lord Palmerston's diary, which had been found among his papers since his death, is written in a hand only a little less firm and graceful than Walpole's, but it is quite as legible. It is not a mere record of facts, but a gallery of pictures and sketches, of which are clearly to be seen the style of an accomplished master.

— An antiquary of the Rue Cabanis has sent to the Empress Eugenie a prayer book which Marie Antoinette used, in 1773, while she was Dauphin of France. It is in elegant but plain binding, and bears the name of the Queen in the handwriting of the Emperor Joseph the Second, the brother of Marie Antoinette, who probably gave it to his sister as a present.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

McVICKER'S THEATRE. — John Brougham has been playing this week in "The Red Light, or, The Signal of Danger," a play written by himself, with large and appreciative audiences. The support, as usual, was good.

WOOD'S MUSIUM. — "The Mariner's Compass" has been presented with good success during the past week. Next week will be presented Boucault's new play "Formosa."

DEARBORN THEATRE. — The Emerson and Manning Minstrels are nightly delighting their audiences with a rich programme.

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 Buffalo, New York Central and Hudson River railroads, and is one of the most pleasant and easy between the metropolises of the East and that of the West. Berths may be secured and all necessary information obtained from E. F. 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 10½ o'clock, in the hall of the Scientific and Free Religious Association, 214 Washburn Avenue, and will in the evening at 7½ 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 Spiritualists Association. Good speakers will be present. Provision will be made for entertaining all who may come. Let us have a grand rally to this "feast of reason and love of soul."

Meeting at Roscoe, Ill.

The Spiritualists of Winnebago Co., Ill., will hold a two days' 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.

Sunday Conversations and Lectures.

The Scientific and Free-Religious Association meets every Sunday morning at 10½, and on Sunday evenings at 7-12 o'clock. Conversational discussions at the morning session. On Sunday evening, Sept. 19, Mr. Wald, formerly a Unitarian minister, will deliver an address on "Liberty, Education, and Progress." All are cordially invited.

Advertising and Job Printing.

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

— Mrs. J. A. Waterman, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometer and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, etc. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular.

Crosby's Music Hall.

Rev. A. J. Fishback speaks for the Progressive Lyceum Society on Sunday, Sept. 19th, morning and evening. Lyceum meets at 12 noon.

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Premium-List

THE UNIVERSE.

OPEN TO JANUARY 1, 1869!

We feel that those who assist in extending the circulation of *THE UNIVERSE*, are doing a noble work, the consciousness of which is a measurable return for the labor; but we desire also to give liberal material recompense to those who will procure and forward subscribers. We offer the Premiums named in the following list, which articles are all of substantial and permanent value, — no "flash goods" — for the number of subscribers named opposite each, paid for at the regular subscription price, \$2.50 per year.

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Triple Plated Tea Set (six pieces)	60 30
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THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THE CRUCIFIXION.—NO. 4.

BY LAROX SUNDERSLAND.

Let us now consider the use which science and philosophy are to make of the idiosyncrasies of that class of people who, as we suppose Jesus did upon the cross. We are told that they are entranced—they "see the heavens opened." Jesus is reported to have declared (Luke x. 18), that he himself had seen the Devil fall like lightning from heaven! Now, it cannot be a matter of any doubt at all, what a man's idiosyncrasy is, when we hear him talking in this style. And it is manifest enough from the New Testament, what the temperament must have been which saw the Devil descending from the clouds, and the similar visions described in the Bible.

When we consider how ignorant Jesus and his Apostles were, unquestionably, of psychology and the nature of the nervous system—and, further, that they lived in an age of comparative darkness, and were connected with a superstitious race, it becomes obvious as to what we might expect should happen in the experiences of this class of men. Thus:—

1st. Their marvelousness was easily excited; and they not only saw miracles, or wonders, in electrical or common phenomena, but they magnified and exaggerated their accounts of all such phenomena which they attempted to describe. In all the Jewish writings, this diathesis is a characteristic of the race. Thus, when they wish to give us an idea of a very bad man, like Pharaoh, they tell us, that "God hardened his heart,"—that is, no man could, himself, become so wicked—hence, they say, God did it.—When they attempt to give us an idea of something done by David, that was exceedingly wicked, they inform us that "God tempted" him; and, also, in another place, the Bible tells us that David was "tempted by the Devil."

When a Jew wishes to give an exalted idea of hills, he calls them "The mountains of God." When he would describe a hurricane, he tells us that there was a "terrible shaking of God in the trees." When a Jew would give us his conceptions of God, he speaks of his anger that "burns to the lowest hell." Indeed, the Jewish descriptions of the Jewish God will compare favorably with those given by Homer and other heathen writers, who describe to us the wrath and the vindictive disposition of Jove and the other Gods, who instigated and carried on the Trojan war.

It is instructive to notice the anthropological characteristics in all the Jewish writings about God. Thus they speak of God's eyes, of his hands, of his feet, and of his "back parts!"—And when they wish to intensify their highest estimation of a very remarkable person like Jesus, they tell us he had no man for his father—that he was begotten by the infinite God! Hence it is we find this class of people are always excited in the organs of wonder; they live in an atmosphere of wonder, and magnify all the stories they tell. They take things for granted without proof; they report the creations of their own excited marvelousness, for facts.

And now, when to all these things we add the consideration that the Bible accounts of the crucifixion, which have come down to us, were none of them written in less than thirty years after that event took place, it becomes manifest how liable those writers must have been to err in their statements. We are now living in a period of "manifestations" alleged to be as wonderful as any recorded in the Bible, not excepting that "spiritual knocking" described Matthew 1. 18. The "medium" in Boston, whose husband was then editor of the paper called the *New England Spiritualist*, assured me, that she had become a mother solely by copulation with a disembodied spirit. I refer to these marvelous exaggerations, with which we are contemporaneous, and which are now so well known. But now suppose that no account of these things should be written until thirty years hence, long after most of the persons who witnessed them, were dead? Surely these marvels would not, on this account, have any better claim upon human credulity. And so of the crucifixion—the facts are not given in a manner which should command our faith. There is no proof that Jesus was really dead when removed from the cross. As the details are contradictory, and all of them were written so long after the events took place, and written, as they all were, by ignorant and superstitious men, it follows that the death of Jesus cannot be proved, as a result of the crucifixion. This has been assumed, and taken for granted—it was never proved, and never can be. And but for its association in the minds of men with the hope, the fear, and the credulity, which combine to make up the religious element, it would never have been believed; at least nothing more would have been thought of it, than of the crucifixion of any other good man.

I now proceed to show that, while Jesus had never had any anticipation of his crucifixion, he was overwhelmed with sorrow when he began to see that calamity about to overtake him.—And, moreover, when he found himself upon the cross, where he was likely to remain for a number of days in the process of dying, at that kind of death he was horribly frightened, so much so, that he imagined himself actually forsaken of God!

As Jesus began to realize the punishment to which he was about to be subjected, he was worried, and depressed with fear. Matthew says:—

"He took with him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. Tarry ye here and watch with me. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying—O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. He went away the second time, and prayed, saying—O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done. And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words."

A similar account is given by Mark, (who, by the way, is a mere copyist of Matthew.) And Luke says:—

"And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done. And there appeared an angel from heaven strengthening him. And being in agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down on the ground."

takable, in its significance, as to the state of Jesus' mind, in view of death by crucifixion. He was frightened, distressed, as any other human being would be likely to be. He was so thoroughly subdued and overcome, that he fell upon the ground, and was thrown into a profuse perspiration, never to be explained, or satisfactorily accounted for, except upon the theory here contended for, viz., that Jesus was a man—nothing more, nothing less, than a human being. He was begotten and born, like all other human beings. He dreaded death, and suffered in his mind from the fear of death, precisely as any other good man would have done under similar circumstances. Nor can I conceive of an idea more monstrously absurd than that which asserts the Godhead of a man who acted as Jesus did in view of his crucifixion.

And so of his conduct upon the cross, Matthew says:—

"And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

"Jesus, who had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost."

Now, if there be any meaning in this language, what I contend for in this investigation is here proved. From the moment that Jesus saw he was likely to be crucified, he was frightened, distressed with fear, and overcome with sorrow. He prayed, and, contrary to his own teachings in respect to "vain repetitions," (see Matthew vi. 7,) he repeated his prayer, over and over again, evidently caused by his confusion and utter dismay, in view of his peril. And thus, finally, upon the cross, he cries out with a loud voice, and repeats his exclamations, indicating his distress in view of the lingering death by crucifixion. Nor does language itself afford the terms in which it is possible for humanity to assert its own weakness in view of death, if this be not done in the pitiful complaint made by Jesus when he imagined himself forsaken by his God! Thus, up to the last moment, when he swooned upon the cross, he wept, he cried out with a loud voice, he prayed, he sweat in his agony, and his cries were only stopped by the swoon, in which his head was bowed, of course.—Nor is it now a wonder that his ignorant, credulous, and excited followers should have so easily taken it for granted that their teacher was really dead, when some thirty years afterwards, they attempt to put on record the stories which had been reported concerning that event.

If the Bible account is to be relied upon, it follows that Jesus certainly manifested, in all his conduct, the utmost horror, in view of death. He feared it, dreaded it, begged and prayed to be delivered from it, and even gave up in despair when he concluded, upon the cross, that God had forsaken him. Adam Clarke, the Methodist, and other commentators, writing on these accounts of Jesus' sorrow in view of death, take it upon themselves to contradict the plain expressions of the Bible, when these sectarians affirm that Christ never manifested any fear of death! No dread of death, say these theologians—his great sufferings "were caused, wholly, by his bearing the punishment due to sinners!" But this conclusion is on a par with that formed by the Sandwich Islanders, during an eclipse of the moon, when they made a clatter, for the purpose, they said, of driving away a huge cod-fish, which was attempting to swallow that luminary.—The notion, in respect to the sufferings of Christ having been caused by the sins of the world, is, an absurdity, unsupported by any principle in the nature and constitution of things. And, when professedly learned men make such unfounded and silly assumptions, which never were and never can be proved, it only shows to what extremes human credulity may be carried, when the mind is not governed by sound philosophy and enlightened reason.

Quincy, Mass.

ABSOLUTE TRUTH.

It is a divine wonder, increasing with every age, that the Bible has never been convicted of error. If it could have been, it would have been by this time, considering the multiplicity of tests and crucibles with which it has been smelted, and exhausting experiments both by friends and enemies that have been tried upon it.—Rev. George B. Cheever, in *N. Y. Independent*.

If there is one thing more remarkable than another, in connection with Christian Theology, it is the unblinking impudence of its D. D.'s and other magnates. The Bible never convicted of error? Tail of the whale that swallowed Jonah! Feathers of the quails that lay about the camp of Israel, six feet deep and a day's journey each way, Num. XI. 31, what a whoopper! "Never in error!" With coolness unanswerable, with the authenticity of the Gospels disproved, and the Bible Society refusing to publish a new translation, for fear of making known the mistakes it has circulated already! "Never in error!" While not a schoolboy believes the astronomy of Genesis, or the mathematics of Numbers! While scores of sects quarrel over its Theology, and countless hosts of thinkers and scholars, as competent as any Cheever, discard in toto its every claim thus made.

In the early history of the Christian Church, the D. D.'s and prelates of the day, all agreed that it was laudable to lie for the service of the sect. Do Reverend gentlemen now suppose "A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth?" It might be inferred from their arrogance. Just such assumptions as this intensify the disgust of free-thinkers, and inspire to renewed effort in the cause of human enlightenment, until even the Doctors of an abused Theology shall confess its mortal sickness, mankind rejoice in its death, and Angels celebrate its joyous obsequies.—*American Spiritualist*.

FOR CHOLERA, DIARRHEA, ETC.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republic*, who signs himself Benj. Ames, gives the following information:—"A weak lye made from good wood-ashes, about as strong as common tea, put in bottles. Drink after each meal about half a wine-glass full of the above water, which I will guarantee to be a complete preventive against cholera, cholera morbus or dyspepsia. This can be given to an infant without injury. Whenever the bowels become changed, lye-water should be used freely."

"In the year 1849 I passed up the river on the steamer Robert Campbell, William Eads, Captain. Two men died out of the cabin from 4 o'clock in the afternoon to 10 o'clock next morning. I consulted with Captain Eads, and advised that he should put wood ashes in the drinking water, so that all the passengers should have to drink from it. He did so. This happened at Wapakaw Prairie, on the Missouri river. He had not another sick or complaining passenger from there to Council Bluffs, and I have conversed with him frequently since, and he told me that he had always adopted that plan, and never had

any sickness on his boat during the California emigration.

"This simple medicine is within the reach of everybody. When made and put in bottles, it will last good a year. For the sake of humanity, I beg all the papers (both English and German) to copy this. Cut this out and put it where you can see it."

THE JOURNIES OF CAIN AND ABEL.

The following story was evidently fabricated by some one who wished to throw ridicule upon the old Jewish reverence for the Sabbath—as a day set apart by God to be observed with the utmost rigor, from sunset to sunset, every Seventh day. Its style betrays its Oriental origin, but its author was evidently further advanced in the knowledge of astronomical science than were most of the writers of the fanciful and frequently absurd stories in the Talmud, and other ancient collections:

After Adam was driven from the garden, he journeyed to the eastward, and dwelt in a plain between the far-off mountains. And he built for himself and the woman a tabernacle of palm-leaves, and she bare unto him Cain and Abel, who were the first-born of men, and grew up together in their father's presence.

And behold, in many years, the woman grew great with another child; and her soul was oppressed with longings, after the manner of women, for things which are high and difficult, and which minister not unto the wants of the body, but are of the tissue of vanity. And she looked unto the east in the morning, and unto the west in the evening, and beheld the plumed curtains about the chamber of the Sun, as he issued forth in the morning, and sank into his couch in the evening, beyond the mountain tops. And she besought Adam, saying: "Get me, I pray thee, a crimson plume from the morning, and a golden plume from the evening, so that my couch may be as the couch of the great ruler of the day, and my adornments may put to shame the queen of the night; so that her face will pale before them."

And Adam, forgetting how he had been before beguiled into his sorrow, called to him his two sons, Cain and Abel, on the morning of the first day of the week; and he commanded them, saying: "Go ye, the first born unto the west and the younger unto the east, and bring with ye from thence a crimson and a golden plume, so that our tabernacle may be adorned, and the woman and the child be glorified in the eyes of the hosts of Heaven."

And when the Sun was risen, they departed upon their way: Cain unto the west, for the golden plume, and Abel unto the east, for the crimson. And their journey prospered, for their feet were up-borne above the waters, and like a cloud did they pass beyond the mountains.

And behold, the Seventh day came, and they returned not. And Adam marvelled at their absence, and his rest upon the day was broken by fear of their journeying, so that when evening came, he stood gazing from the door of his tent which looked to the eastward; and as the twilight approached, behold he saw Cain coming toward him, with a countenance of doubt and astonishment, as of one who knew not his ways.

And when he came to the speech of Adam, he heard his voice chiding, and saying unto him, "O thou eldest of mortal birth, why art thou returning upon a way in which thou departedst not, and where is thy brother Abel? and why hast thou followed upon his path, and returned unto me alone?" And now thou hast risen up against him from behind the mountains, and the curse of death is first fulfilled at thy hands, and the holy day on which the Lord God rested from his labors, thou defilest with thy labors, even by thy journeying; and thus addest tenfold to the wrath which will pursue thee from Him who rested, and hast commanded us to do likewise, upon that day." And Cain bowed himself before him, and said, "Behold, I am as one that dreameth! If thou art my father, and this is the tabernacle, how comest thou to this far-off country? For I have followed after the golden plume of the sunset, now for six days journey, and though it hath lingered at my approach upon each evening, still it hath eluded my grasp, and now I am come to a region of enchantment where even the hills and the mountains, as well as thyself and thy dwelling, are the same as were those which mine eyes rested upon in the morning of the first day. Behold, I will tarry here till the morning, which is the Sabbath, be past; and thou shalt tell me from whence thou comest, or if the Lord hath removed thee hither, and thou art the Adam which he drove from the garden, and art my father and not another; then will I seek to know of thy pathway, and will make thee acquainted with my goings forth upon each of the six days in which my path has been like that of the eagle, toward the golden plumes of the evening. As for my brother Abel, his course was toward the morning, and his path is to me as secret as the flavor of the golden apples upon the Tree of Life."

As he thus answered, Adam turned his back to him, and said, "Woe is me for the jealousy which is between my children! and now the Serpent hath announced by tongue with lies and thou addest to thy transgression by the deceit which is upon thy lips. Depart from me! for the Sabbath is now past, and thou mayest journey even now! by face I desire not to behold when the morning again cometh."

And as he spoke, his eyes were lifted up and he cried out: "Behold, I see a man approaching from the west, and my son Abel is all of the children of men not here present, but the darkness obscureth his visage, and he knoweth not that I am here. And he raised his voice aloud, and called to him, saying—'If thou be Abel, whence comest thou, and why art thou returning upon the path of thy brother?' Then Abel (for it was he) approached, and answered: "Who art thou, that callest me by name? for I do not see thy countenance, and thy voice is like the voice of my father Adam, and not like that of the Lord who calleth from above, downward; but for seven days have I journeyed from his tabernacle, and for one day which was the Lord's day, did I rest upon an island in the midst of the waters that stretch eastward from the great void of waters over which I have passed; and my father looked for my return many eagle flights from hence, in a land far to the west, which he has chosen for his resting-place."

Then said Adam unto him, "I am Adam, and there is none other; and here is thy brother Cain; but it grieveth me, in the midst of my rejoicing at thy safe return, even without the object of thy journeyings being accomplished, to find that both of you have broken the command of the Lord our God by laboring in your paths upon his day of rest. Behold, a judgment will follow; for is not the transgression a thousand fold more than the

eating of an apple plucked from a tree upon which were hanging millions which are yet ripening, and of which man will eat till the latest day? and behold the woman is still the cause?—But now come ye in and rest till we see what the Lord will do unto you."

Then said Abel, "No judgment will follow for my transgression; for I have obeyed the command, by resting upon the island as I have said; and more so even, for the day so consecrated was lengthened far beyond the other seven which have passed over my head since I journeyed; for on the five days before that day, and the one day since that day, the sun retreated and hid himself as was not his wont before; but upon that day wherein I rested, his time was lengthened so that he rested not in his course till the before-time hour of his retiring, thereby showing that he hath respect unto that day as heretofore."

But Cain, who had listened to the story of his goings, now approached him, and said:

"Hearken ye not, O our father, to the tongue of the liar; for of a surety but six days have passed since we went forth; and these days have been lengthened, and not shortened as he saith; and as for the Sabbath, which he saith was upon the island, surely that is even now upon us, and will last till the going down of the Sun on the morrow."

But Abel answered: "A liar am I not, but my brother has been sleeping, and a day has passed over his couch without his knowledge. I do know the times which have passed over my head, but how my journeying has brought me hither, know I not. Nevertheless I know that to-morrow, instead of being the Sabbath, will be the second day of the week; and he that observeth the times that are set and passeth over the times which are set without observing, will the Lord cast forth from his presence."

Then Adam waxed wrath, and his anger was kindled against both his sons, for the deceit which he knew was within their hearts; or again, his heart was filled with sorrow for the darkness which obscured their minds, he knew not which, for the contention continued between them, and he knew that neither of them were right, and he knew not the cause of their difference; neither could he explain it unto them.

But the Serpent, who was wiser even than the sons of men in that day, had been listening in a thicket hard by to the strife, and he was pleased thereat, and he laughed aloud, even in their hearing, and cried unto them from out the darkness: "See, oh ye sons of men, how the Lord has set a snare for you! and now ye are caught therein, because ye were afraid to eat more of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but went and hid yourself for fear of Him."

And when the morning was come, Cain rested throughout the day until the evening but Adam and Abel rested not; and thereafter Cain and Abel jeered one another till the time when Cain rose up against his brother, and slew him, and was driven forth from the face of men.

And it has come to pass, even in this day, that some of the people who have regard unto the day, observe it after the manner of Adam, and some after the manner of Cain, and dispute with each other, to the great delight of the Serpent, who yet laugheth at their folly in calling sacred one succession of hours more than the rest, but think not that all hours are sacred, and that their duty is to observe the works of the Lord, and to obey his laws, at one time as perfectly as at another.

CHRIST AMONG THE COMMON PEOPLE.

Rev. H. W. Beecher, in one of his sermons, says: "If you look at Christ's manners and social traits, you will observe that, while he was never less than the greatest, the light, serene and transcendent, that his words and deeds shed, was never so pure and white as when he was in conversation with the most eminent men of his time. When, however, he was left to himself, it was not their society that he sought. He liked to go among the common people; and, notice the effect which resulted: First, it was declared that it was a cause of offense. The charge against him was that he ate with publicans and sinners and that he sat down with them. There is a great difference, you know, between preaching to people and going with people. He might have preached to publicans at appointed times and places, and he would not have small audiences; but he went where the publicans and sinners were; and he sat down with them and ate with them, and they found him an agreeable companion; and he was pure enough and noble enough to bear the test to which he was subjected in so doing; and when he was charged with it, as an offense contrary to the Jewish custom, he declared, 'I do it as a physician goes among the sick. They need me; and I go to them because they need me, not because I need them.' But this was very offensive to the Pharisees.

More than this, he taught the common people, not in rabbinical phrase, but in the vernacular. You will take notice that a minister who joins himself to a sect, and avows that it is his purpose to exalt that sect, is permitted by that sect to speak in any way he pleases, so that all the benefit inures to it. But let a man refuse to belong to any sect, let him claim brotherhood with all sects so far as they are Christ's, and let him teach in any other way than that of the catechism and the pulpit, let him preach the great truths of religion so that the common people will hear him gladly, and what is the impression produced but this? that the man is seeking vulgar applause and popularity, or else that he is going out of the way, and he is a dangerous man! The established sects do not like to have the gospel preached to men except in the language that they are accustomed to use.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS IN ENGLAND.

The following are the special questions to be discussed at the forthcoming Congress of the Social Science Association, to be held at Bristol from the 29th of September to the 6th of October next:

Municipal Law Section.—1. What ought to be the legal and constitutional relations between England and the colonies? 2. What is the most expedient mode of introducing into England a system of public prosecution? 3. What limits ought to be placed by law to charitable endowments?

Reformatory Section.—1. Can infanticide be diminished by legislative enactment? 2. What have been the results of the Industrial and Reformatory Acts of 1866? 3. Limited number.

Education Department.—1. Is an unsectarian scheme of education inconsistent with religious teaching? 2. How may the state

best promote the education of the destitute and neglected portion of the population? 3. In what way can the Endowed Schools Act be worked so as to bring the educational endowments within reach of all?

Health Department.—1. Can government beneficially further interfere to limit the spread of infectious diseases? 2. What legislative measures might be proposed to deal with cases of uncontrollable drunkenness? 3. Should the Contagious Disease Act be extended to the civil population?

Economy Department.—1. Is it desirable that State aid should be given to emigration, and if so, in what form? 2. In what respects may the administration of the Poor Law be improved? 3. How may the condition of the agricultural laborer be improved? Voluntary papers on other subjects connected with the departments will also be taken.

OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

[The following pronouncement, 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 assailed 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 severance 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 abolition 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 comparisons 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 an 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 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 deformities and all its virtues—all its basest and its highest uses—all its diseases, disorders, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inextinguishable flames to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

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

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—There are ten divorce suits pending in the Circuit Court at St. Joseph, Mo.

—A Pennsylvania girl shot her lover when she found him dallying with a waiter girl.

—A Maine man has sued the husband of his daughter for ten, cake, and candles consumed during the courtship.

—Carrie Ketchum is a New Orleans girl who has gone to prison rather than testify against her lover who tried to kill her.

—Lydia Gage, a young woman of St. Charles, Winona county, disappointed in love, ended her life, last week, with five cents' worth of strychnine.

—A man named Diamond, at Turnbridge, Vt., who had fifteen children, married a widow with fourteen children. His wife has just presented him with another.

—Brigham Young's last proposition is a legislative "stunner." He proposes to confine himself to one woman, if every member of Congress will do the same.

—Since life insurances have become so prevalent on the European Continent, the murder of men by their wives, and vice versa, have increased at a fearful rate.

—A West Point cadet confidentially said that "none of us think anything of being engaged to four or five girls at the same time. That's the fun of it, you know."

—Young Carr, who killed Miss Fox, in Belmont county, West Virginia, some months since, because her parents opposed his marrying her, has been sentenced to be hung.

—A negro was recently taken from the jail of Callaway county, Missouri, and hung, by a mob, on suspicion of rape. An Irishman is in jail in the same county, for outraging a black woman.

—Near Jacksonville, Oregon, on the 11th instant, James Brown shot and killed John Adney. Jealousy on the part of Brown, on account of supposed attentions paid to his wife by Adney, was the cause.

—The elopement of Miss Lena Warren Brown, a pretty girl fifteen years of age, with one Lewis Cole, who is about twenty-three years old, and a negro minstrel by profession, is creating some excitement in Boston.

—A fellow in Chicago was recently arrested for threatening to kill his wife. He had on hand, or rather on the bed, two guns, a revolver, and several heavy iron bars. He said he had three other guns in his trunk. He claims that his wife is false to him.

—The ladies of Rochester, N. Y., have "Resolved," that we adopt a course of conduct toward the libertine that will show him decidedly our abhorrence and detestation of his character, placing him on a par with his weaker but less guilty partner in crime."

—A few nights ago the pastor of one of the leading churches of Nashville, Tenn., brutally beat his daughter, a young lady grown, with a cowhide, and was caused to desist by a couple of gentlemen who were attracted to the house by her screams.

—William Pipkin, of Springfield, Mo., killed himself at the Western Hotel, St. Louis, Sept. 4, by taking opium. His death was caused by the conduct of his wife, who had led a loose and reckless life for some time, and from which he could not reclaim her.

—A man named McGuire killed his wife in Hartford, Conn., Aug. 22. There had been some ill-feeling and trouble between husband and wife concerning a deposit of money in a savings bank in Mrs. McGuire's name, which money he wanted to use to buy some lots.

—The Appleton, Wis., Post says they have just heard of a brutal father in the suburbs of that city, who turned his child, a girl of twelve years of age, out of doors to forage for herself. The poor girl was so starved that she was seen actually eating the pickings found in a neighbor's back yard.

—Barnard, the injunctionist, has been trying his hand as a divorcee, and with such success that the Countess Alexandra d'Angoulême, whom he divorced on Saturday from the Count, turned up before noon as the wife of Count Alexander Nateradowski, making two Counts within two hours.

—One of Brigham Young's wives, who was formerly "the wife of a well-known Boston merchant, by the name of Cobb," has arrived in San Francisco. Her daughter, Charlotte Cobb, has just had a "revelation" to marry a rich Mormon merchant with three other wives, and goes to San Francisco on a bridal trip.

—A French peasant woman, at Limoges, prosecuted her husband for having repeatedly attempted to poison her. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. When the President had passed sentence upon him, his wife asked the President naively, "Mr. President, must I take him back when his sentence has expired?"

—A bill is before the Canadian Parliament, respecting seduction. It provides that the seducer, under promise of marriage, of an unmarried female of previous chaste character, shall be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both, at the option of the court, but shall not be condemned on the sole evidence of the female.

—A German lady of Davenport, Iowa, induced her husband to go bail for an abandoned and depraved young girl whom she found at the police court. She took her home, guarded and cared for her many weeks, and recently had the pleasure of returning her, reformed and grateful to her parents, who reside in another county.

—Mrs. McAdam, a young married lady residing near Granville, Ill., was brutally murdered on the 5th, by an unknown ruffian, who sought to avenge her husband's absence. She made a heroic stand, but the villain finally inflicted fatal wounds with a dirk-knife. He fled to the woods and has not yet been captured.

—Patrick Murray, who came from Halifax in search of his wife, found her at Bradley's Hotel, Portland, Me., and tried to force her to the door. Alexander Shay, clerk of the hotel, and James Murray, proprietor, went to her assistance, and threw Murray down two flights of stairs, fracturing his skull, from the effects of which he died.

—When Dr. Johnston courted Mrs. Porter, whom he afterward married, he told her that he was of mean extraction, had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing her to an equality with the Doctor, replied that she had no more than that himself, and that, though she had not a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging.

—The Warrensburg, Mo., Journal tells of a couple who met in that city last Friday, for the first time in their lives. Their first audience was about

THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1889.

FROM THE WESTERN RURAL.
ANOTHER SCENE OF THE FOWL REBELLION.

[Written after reading the poem entitled "A Fowl Rebellion, or Woman's Rights in the Fowl Yard," by Mrs. Jennie T. Hazen.]

BY MRS. JENNIE T. HAZEN.

Mrs. Hen strutted off in quite roosterly style,
Little chick followed on, feeling grand all the while;
Mrs. Hen she kept singing "I'm free oh! I'm free,"
Little chick felt as happy as happy could be.
Quite a stir was created in hennery that day,
And the farmer tried hard to learn what was to pay;
But he couldn't find out for full many a week,
So again to his wife he determined to speak.

"My dear, what does all our hens, all this while?"
"Why, 'Hen's Right's Society,'" she said, with a smile.

"You said you expected they too, soon would learn
Like women, their quiet home duties to perform;
And determined to be 'independent and free.'
For my part no other good reason I see
Why nearly all act so, and make such a show,
In trying so hard like the roosters to crow."

"We find scarce an egg, though our Johnny hunts well,
And no chickens we've had, now for quite a long spell.
Our Biddy she seems the 'Society's' head;
For my part I care not how soon she is dead,
And her little chick too, that goes strutting around,
As if almost too nice to tread over the ground.
Such pains we have taken with poultry this year!
No returns we shall get, I'm beginning to fear."

"Wife, you're right!" said the farmer. "Put over the pot,
And those pots you shall have 'fore the water is hot.
An example I'll make, and think we'll see then,
If the rest can discern 'twixt a rooster and hen."

Again a great stirring in hennery was heard,
And every one talked of what had occurred,
That "Society" met, and all finally said—
That as Biddy, their former dear leader, was dead,
They'd disband the Society—live their old lives,
Contented with being hen mothers and wives.
Benton, Mich.

END OF THE FOWL REBELLION.

[Sequel to the Chapter furnished by Mrs. Rutha Matson.]

BY MRS. JENNIE T. HAZEN.

But when put in the pot, Biddy dopped in her place,
And spattered and scalded the good woman's face,
And when dinner was three quarters over, or so,
From the old farmer's stomach resounded a crow.

So you see, though beleagued, she wouldn't stay down,
But followed the steps of illustrious John Brown,
Who, though he was murdered, the victory has won,
And whose soul, says the poet, is still "marching on!"

It has ever been thus, in the wars of the world,
Hard words, and sharp steel at reformers are hurled;
If he need not such warning, they take off his head
Believing that he—'Men can't talk when they're dead'—

But that dead men tell tales, we some of us know,
And thousands of witnesses say it is so.

We know it is so, in the case of John Brown,
Though locked in Earth's bosom he will not stay down,
But with knapsack still strapped, and sword buckled on,
He's marching forever, still onward and on.

All glory to him who defied the proud foe,
And glory to her, who, when man laid her low,
Sent up his stomach a jubilant crow!

There is hope for us yet, irrefragable hen!
Hens and women together—three cheers, and Amen!

SUMMER TRAVEL.

FROM BOSTON TO WESTFIELD—UP CONNECTICUT RIVER TO VERMONT—GREEN RIVER—SUMMER SHODDY—DUDLEY BUCK'S NEW ORGAN—MRS. W. A. JOHNSON, THE ARTIST—THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME—WOMAN, AS ARTIST, WIFE AND MOTHER, ETC., ETC.

HOMESTEAD, VERMONT, Sept. 1, 1889.
Bidding a reluctant adieu to old Boston, and many kind friends, we started for Westfield, Mass. The cars were crowded with good Bostonians, fleeing from the heated city to the green fields of the country. To one wishing to study human nature, I recommend a short trip, in most any direction, East or West—as they will be sure to meet a variety of temperaments, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

SHODDY.
Shoddy reigns supreme along the line of Summer travel. Seated nearly opposite me in the cars, was a city family consisting of father, mother, two little boys and a daughter.

Somewhat in the rear, was their nursery-maid, who, as the boys were large, was not especially needed. But, as the cars filled up, she was obliged to leave her place, and take a vacant seat with the family, but they rudely ordered her off! She then endeavored to get a seat with a stranger, but failing, she finally obtained a place near the door.

Looking at her a few moments after, I saw she was crying bitterly.
Poor child! with her warm Irish heart, her servitude in that family must have been one of constant misery; treated as an intruder, and all her tender sensitive feelings constantly crushed! No wonder the cry of "Servantism" goes up all over the land! How can ladies expect girls to render the service that comes so easy of love, but is so gallingly accompanied by cold looks, and domineering commands! I longed to go to the lonely girl and whisper a sympathizing word into her ear; to tell her to cheer up; that all the world was not so cold as this cruel purse-proud set, whose hearts may some time bleed as hers has done, and long for the balm of a kind look, or loving word.

There they sat and chatted, happy and gay, in their own charmed circle, while poor Kate, the child of a common parent, sat apart, weeping, sad and forlorn.
But it was reserved for the Shoddy Pa., a great lubberly six-footer to cap the climax of meanness, as, on leaving the cars at Ashland, and sundry parcels remaining on the seat, he coolly called out—"Kate, you take care of the luggage!"

WESTFIELD, AND DUDLEY BUCK'S NEW ORGAN.
Arriving at Westfield, we visited the Organ Factor of W. A. Johnson, and inspected the Pipe Organ, now in process of construction for the distinguished musician and citizen of Chicago, Dudley Buck, Esq. This fine instrument was ordered by Mr. Buck for his own private use, and he is having a music-room attached to his mansion for its accommodation. That a private citizen, in this utilitarian age, should thus adorn his home, and expend so large an amount of money, to gratify his

cultivated tastes, and promote the cause of music, is a proof of the great advancement and appreciation of musical art in Chicago. We hope his example will be followed by men of means, and we are sure we all owe thanks to Mr. B. for so good a work.

Our readers are well aware of the fame of this great Organist;—standing at the head of his profession, he has already won a fortune, by the exercise of his talents.
Mrs. Buck is also a fine musician, with a clear, full, rich voice; and a cultivated and elegant woman.

The grand Organ has three sets of manuals, and thirty pedals with twenty-five stops, besides the mechanical movement, which is of uncommon variety.

The case, which is of black-walnut, of a tasteful design, only rises high enough to furnish pedestal for the pipe work, of which the front above this part of the work is entirely composed. The central section of the case is surmounted by an arch, from the centre of which, and forming a key to the arch, projects a pedestal, on which stands a Bust of Beethoven under the pedestal is an elaborately carved pendant of beautiful design, and exquisite workmanship. This is immediately over the keys of the Organ.

Above this arch, are displayed the pipes of the open diapason, belonging to the great Organ, a portion of the "Gambas," and in the centre, the trumpets form a divergent figure, crowning the whole central section—showing four ranks of pipes, and receding as they rise.

The pipes are of what is styled "spotted metal," and are left to show their natural color. The two side sections are fitted with large pipes of zinc. These are decorated with gold and colors, and appear to be secured in their places by ornamental bands of color, making a very unique and tasteful design for the superstructure.

Mr. Johnson intends this Organ to be the best instrument of its size in the country; and as Mr. J. is known to be one of the best organ builders in the states, we have no doubt it will be a grand success.

Would that more men of wealth would follow the example of Dudley Buck, and thus make their homes fitting shrines of the beautiful and consecrators of music and art.

From the organ-factory to the residence of Mr. Johnson is but a short distance, where I had the pleasure of meeting his gifted wife, well known to many art-loving citizens of Chicago.

I have just seen a perfect house-hold, my beau-ideal of what a home should be, with the wife and mother, wise, provident and affectionate; an independent woman, following out the bent of her genius heaven-ordained for the great work of regenerating mankind through the ministry of beauty and art.

A pleasant country home, under the clustering elms, filled with paintings and rare artistic adornments—all the creations of the woman's brain and hand—a perfect palace, no money merely could obtain; for without the taste to plan, and the genius to execute, it would lack its chiefest charm.

I found the artist busy putting the finishing touches to a pair of portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Loomis, of Chicago. They were remarkably clear, lifelike pictures, well worthy her high reputation.

Many of her best works are in Chicago, and universally admired. She had just completed a portrait of Gov. Harriman, to be placed in the Council Chamber at Concord, N. H.

Mrs. Johnson's artist-home was particularly attractive to me, for it gave me a glimpse of Woman in the Future.

In the glorious golden age, the age shortly to come, when woman shall vote, hold office, and be free to those professions as her taste shall suggest, it will then be found that the exercise of her talents, will in no wise unsex, or interfere with the proper management of household; but that a greater degree of beauty and symmetry, will be evolved from her new relation, as Artist, Wife, and Mother. Mrs. Johnson's home, was a perpetual rebuke to those wise-acres, who imagine a woman unsexing herself, by choosing a profession.

Passing the several suites of apartments on my way to the studio, all exquisitely and neatly kept, I saw no evidence that this woman had stepped out of her sphere in espousing art. Everything in this well-ordered household, showed a regularity and system, fully as neat as in those houses, where the mistress frisks and flumes, and slaves herself from early morn till dewy eve, to keep everything straight; frying her brains out over a hot stove, scrubbing, scouring and scolding.

The Studio of this gifted lady, is a perfect little tower of beauty, a spacious, pleasant room lighted by an arched window from above, neatly arranged and decorated; everything so homelike, with birds, books and flowers; an open piano near; her lovely daughter sitting by, her side sewing, and the bright, handsome faces of husband and son, shining down from the walls; while on every side was scattered evidence of her skill and taste.

Mrs. Johnson's specialty is portrait painting; and in that she is unrivaled. She is however equally at home in landscape and other studies, but is so overrun with orders for portraits, that she has little time for other work. Some of her fancy pieces, her feminine heads, are most beautiful; and in all her treatment of subjects, I noticed a delicacy, utter absence of the mere voluptuous element, a refinement and purity, unknown to the same style of works designed by men.

She is a great worker, very industrious, and, as she pays no rent, and has no needless expenses, she is rapidly accumulating a fortune—time to her glides quickly and pleasantly away, thus, helpful, hopeful and happy. Devoted to a high and noble art, yet never forgetting home duties, sweet, unassuming and beautiful; her life gives one a new and higher glimpse of woman's destiny.

It is a most unanswerable argument on the "equality of woman," to see one thus rivaling man in his own "sphere," and yet obeying a higher law, being what he can never become, the faithful home-keeper, and the mother of mankind!

From Westfield we journeyed to Springfield, and thence up the Connecticut river to Brattleboro, and the scenery along this route is very fine. Passing the charming residence of Dr. Holland, just out of Springfield, we soon came in sight of Holyoke, and famous Mt. Tom, wooded and verdant to its topmost height.

As one advances, the road winds by the bank of the river, and by the sides of forest and thicket, forming a continued scene of rural loveliness, where flourishes in all its beauty the River-pine, a delicate rose-colored shrub, flowering profusely, of the Angelica family, and surely no hot-house Angelica ever shone with a richer bloom.

Soon came towering into sight the lofty peaks of the green Mountains, as we neared Ashland, Vt. It would be vain for me to describe the grandeur of the scenery in this locality.

I can only say I thank God for this summer vacation.

I have, like an artist, been busy out of doors all this pleasant season, taking sketches; delicious bits of "still life," here a sunset, there a bit of lake or lowland, now a mountain, and then a moonlit glen, all carefully laid away in memory's portfolio for future reference.

Stray studies of wild flowers are there, clumps of violets, the purple-fringed gentian, shining butter-cups and field-daisies.

I am writing this from the old home, a few miles from Brattleboro, on one of the ranges of the Green Mountains. A more romantic spot can hardly be imagined. The pure country air is crisp and bracing, a perfect tonic. Hot weather is unknown here; a cool invigorating breeze all the while blowing from the delectable hills of Vermont. The house is very old, over 100 years; with olden furniture, straight backed chairs, and an old carved oaken chest of drawers, brought over from England 150 years ago.

The parlor has a huge fireplace with quaint carved mantles; and in the old style paper on its walls, are plainly displayed the sporting proclivities of our progenitors, hunting and fishing scenes, while in the front chamber, the walls are enlivened by scenes from a grand steepie chase.

Green River rises in the hills of Vermont near my father's farm, flows south through Massachusetts, winding through beautiful green fields and fertile valleys, over a clear pebbly bed, singing all the while with a clear melody murmur, that one can but sing with it.

Never did stream flow through a more beautiful country; its banks fringed with feathery fern, wild honeysuckles, and prim roses; with now and then huge boulders rising from out its depths, damp and dripping, covered with moss and stray wild-flowers, growing from their cliffed sides.

The poet Bryant has immortalized the stream in his "Ode to Green River."

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shinest to glide,
Beautiful stream, by the village side;
But windest away, from the haunts of men,
To silent valley and shaded glen.
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Thro' its beautiful banks, in a trance of song;
Though forced to drudge, for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen.
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife, are subtle and loud;
I sometimes come to the quiet place,
To breathe the air, that ruffles my face,
And gaze upon thee, in silent dream,
For in thee, lonely and lovely stream,
An image of that calm life appears,
That won my life, in my greener years.

MRS. DR. CARPENTER.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists assembled in Liedertafel Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 31, and was called to order by the President, Col. D. M. Fox, of Kalamazoo, Mich., at 10 o'clock, A. M. The officers were as follows: President—Col. D. M. Fox, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Vice Presidents—Eli Cium, New York; Levi Weaver, Baltimore, Md.; A. B. French, Ohio; J. S. Loveland, Monmouth, Ill.; Secretary—Henry S. Child, Philadelphia; Assistant Secretary—George A. Bacon, Boston; Treasurer of Board of Trustees—M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia.

The exercises were commenced with an invocation by Miss Sarah A. Horton, Kalamazoo, Mich. An address of welcome was then delivered by Samuel H. Worthman, of Buffalo, in which he gracefully expressed the pleasure of the Spiritualists of Buffalo, at meeting so many congenial souls, uniting with them in the glorious work of humanity's redemption. He alluded to the mediums who had from time to time been developed in that city, and said, in conclusion:

Quail, Grouse, Albatro, Rabbun, Maynard and Oliver, these are in our midst to-day, not as helpless spectators, but as active co-workers with us—not far away in some local heaven telling a personal God of his great glory, but in rapport with us, and through various agencies striving to carry on the work so auspiciously begun. Thus welcomed, may the time spent with us, be a pleasant and profitable season to you all; may the ties of friendship, formed here, grow stronger at each recurring meeting of this association, until in the Summer-land of the soul, with golden chalices filled with the waters of life, we pledge each other anew forever and for aye.

After singing by the Buffalo choir, the roll of delegates was called. There were found to be present twenty-six from the State of New York, twelve from Pennsylvania, seven from Maryland, eight from Massachusetts, one from Vermont, eight from Ohio, five from Illinois, seven from Michigan, three from Wisconsin, five from Indiana, two from New Jersey, and one from Kansas. After announcing some preliminaries for the afternoon, the Convention adjourned till two P. M.

In the afternoon, after singing by the choir, Mr. F. E. Gourlay, of Philadelphia, recited a poem, coming from Shakespeare, through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten. The President then announced, as Business Committee, D. Y. Kilgore, J. S. Loveland, M. S. A. Burtis, Hon. J. G. Wait, and John Fisk.

After some discussion upon a motion which was afterward withdrawn, the annual report of the Board of Trustees was read.

It stated, among other things, that at its second meeting, September 8, 1888, estimates were received for printing ten thousand copies of a pamphlet, addressed to the world. Two missionaries were employed, at a salary of \$125 per month. An offer of aid for a college from Dr. Geo. Haskell was declined, the Board not being in condition to locate one for the present. Feb. 29th, 1889, the Board met in New York, made arrangements for holding the present meeting, and engaged Mrs. H. F. M. Brown to go to California at a compensation of \$75 per month. The Board have received the names of 117 persons as annual members, and one as life member. The Treasurer reported that he had received \$2,718.88, and paid out \$2,686.80, leaving a balance of \$32.08. The report made various suggestions, and gave a very cheering view of the progress of Spiritualism during the past year. It was referred to appropriate committees.

On Resolutions—Mrs. S. A. Horton, Eli F. Brown, Levi Weaver, H. S. Brown, D. E. Kilgore, Cephus B. Lyman, J. G. Wait, Mrs. S. G. Warner, E. S. Wheeler, L. K. Conley, J. W. Seaver, D. P. Wilder.

On Education—J. W. Wait, Amelia Wilder, M. Masson, A. J. Dearing, Carrie S. Burnham, A. E. Carpenter, P. Parker, W. F. Jameson, A. A. Wheeler, Samuel H. Worthman, D. P. Wilder.

On Revision of Constitution—D. B. Harrington, Jas. K. Bailey, John Fisk, Dean Clark, Caroline A. Grimes, Geo. A. Bacon, P. Baker, J. S. Loveland, Judge Milo Harris, J. G. Fish, P. J. Cium, D. P. Wilder.

The Convention then adjourned until 8 o'clock in the evening.

At the appointed hour, the President again called the Convention to order, and announced the Committee on Finance as follows:

H. D. Fitzgerald, D. M. Pratt, and J. S. Young.

After inspirational poems by Miss Pease, and a speech by Mrs. Warner, the Convention adjourned till next morning.

The second day's session was opened by music, and an invocation by Mrs. Warner. Mr. Bacon, from the Committee on Revision of the Constitution of the Association, reported certain alterations in that article. These alterations were submitted, one by one, to the Convention.

In Article 1st., the classing of the society as the "American Association of Spiritualists" was agreed to without debate. In Article 2d. the phrase "National College" was amended by substituting "American University." In Article 3d. the membership fee was fixed at one dollar, instead of five, as heretofore. Section 1st of article 5, has a qualification as regards the Board of Trustees having unlimited power where financial matters were concerned. A second section of the same Article, that the actual traveling expenses of the Trustees be paid from the funds of the society, was carried, after some debate. Section 3d, now 2d, providing that the Trustees make an annual report of their doings, was adopted without discussion.

The first section of Article 7th, which came next under consideration, and provided that all business be transacted by delegates from state and territorial associations, created considerable discussion, in the midst of which the Convention adjourned till afternoon.

In the afternoon session, after considerable additional discussion, the amendment was put to vote, and lost. The other sections were then voted on, and the whole, as amended by the Committee, adopted. (We give the constitution entire, as it now stands, in another column of this issue.)

On motion, the Convention next proceeded to the election of officers. The balloting for President resulted in the election of Hon. J. S. Wait, of Michigan, which was declared unanimous.

After remarks from the President elect and retiring President, a vote of thanks was returned to Col. Fox, for the faithful and able manner in which he had discharged his responsibilities as President of the Association.

On ballot, Henry T. C. Ild, of Philadelphia, was re-elected Secretary, and Levi Weaver, of Maryland, Treasurer.

Several additional delegates presented their credentials during the day.

The evening session opened with music by the choir, an invocation by Mrs. Woodruff, and a song from Mr. Blackmer, of Chicago.

Mr. Loveland, President of the Illinois State Association, delivered an address, on "The Mission of Spiritualism." Mrs. C. A. Horton followed with an inspirational address, the choir gave another song, Mr. Wheeler, an inspirational speaker, delivered an improvised poem on "Universal Religion," Mr. Van Name pronounced a benediction, and the Convention adjourned till next morning at nine o'clock.

The Convention opened on its third and last day, with singing by the Buffalo choir, which was followed with an invocation by Mrs. Maynard. D. M. Fox and J. S. Loveland were elected trustees, vice John C. Dexter and Warren Chase, whose terms of office had expired.

An offer was presented from the Spiritualists of Richmond, Ind., of the use of a fine hall, and free accommodations for 1,000 delegates, if the next Convention were held at that place. The Board of Trustees were recommended to accept the offer.

President Fox offered the following resolution, which, after some remarks, was withdrawn:

Resolved, That it is the duty of Spiritualists to use every effort to sustain our Spiritual papers, and endeavor to spread their broad-cast over the land.

The Committee on Education then made their report. They recommended the establishment of a practical or general system of education, as regards the existing prejudice against race, sex, or color; that the children's Progressive Lyceums receive the fostering care of the Association; an entire change in the books now in use in the primary and other departments of learning, to free them from any taint of sectarianism; that the University be given to the state giving the best inducements in the shape of funds or endowment; and that means be taken to especially educate those who become or desire to become public exponents of Spiritualism. After some discussion on the fourth recommendation, the report was adopted.

Mr. Kilgore, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted his report, which we give elsewhere.

Upon the conclusion of the reading, it was moved that the resolution of thanks be amended so as to include the Spiritualists of Buffalo. It was carried, with but one dissenting voice.

A motion that the Convention adjourn sine die, was carried.

Col. Fox bade the Convention farewell in a few heartfelt remarks, and introduced the new President, who briefly addressed the Convention. After vocal and instrumental music, a benediction was pronounced by Mrs. Maynard, and the Convention was brought to a close.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Freckles are coming into fashion!
—The civil war in Japan is nearly ended.
—They run sewing-machines by water in Maine.

—There are 6,000 printing-houses in the United States.

—The velocipede-mania has swept over to Australia.

—Riotous demonstrations are again reported at Madrid, Spain.

—The solar eclipse, Providence permitting, will be held May 8, 1900.

—Chicago proposes to hold a great Exposition of the World's Industry, next year.

—A steam-omnibus is successfully running in one of the largest towns of England.

—The frontier question between Persia and Turkey has been satisfactorily arranged.

—A woman in Taunton, Massachusetts, violates the liquor law in a tea-kettle, on the stove.

—Failure to pay one's hotel bill has been decided, in New York, to be a Penitentiary offense.

—Mosquitoes are more numerous and vicious in the Arctic regions, than anywhere else in the world.

—Five ounces of chloroform recently narcotized a madras circus lion while he was being curtailed.

—Arrangements have been made to repeat the Boston Jubilee at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

—Owing to the scarcity of HO in Philadelphia, suicides are requested not to drown themselves in water.

—Mrs. Park, of Cleveland, O., is 104 years old, and has lived with a cancer the last fifty. Quiet neighbor.

—The Russian Capitol will not be moved just yet. The czar is waiting for the United States to take the lead.

—Fifty thousand persons die of drunkenness in England annually, and twelve thousand of them are women.

—An hour of London gas-burning consumes as much oxygen as 500,000 persons would breathe in the same time.

—The New York Board of Health has dis-

covered that eighty per cent of the milk sold in that city is adulterated.

—The ingenious M. Lesseppe, of the Suez canal, proposes to convert the desert of Sahara into an ocean. What a notion!

—Five young ladies of Louisville have lately been seriously poisoned by the use of imported face-powder adulterated with lead.

—A revengeful *attache* of Booth's Theater threatened water upon a performance by turning a fire hydrant on the audience.

—Iowa has abolished the "cat" as a means of discipline in her Penitentiary. Kentucky is the only State that now retains the lash.

—A stray meteor smashed a freight-car near Cochranton, Ohio, one evening last week. A piece of it hurt a brakeman in the face.

—An open-air meeting attended by 20,000 persons was held at Drogheda, Ireland, on the 23d., in favor of granting amnesty to Fenians.

—New York pick-pockets are getting in dead earnest. A couple of them recently emptied the pockets of a corpse on its way to the morgue.

—Stray cattle have been smashing the rolling-stock of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, at the rate of nine locomotives in a week.

—Wheelbarrows have come down to us through six centuries, and have hardly experienced an improvement since the first invention.

—An entire jury of Smiths was recently empaneled in Sheffield, England. A jury without any Smiths was recently formed in Toledo, Ohio.

—A cynic says that if some men could come out of their coffins and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

—A graduate of the Imperial College at Peking, recently received his diploma at the age of forty-seven, after having attended competitive examinations for twenty-six years.

—There are five hundred and fifty American students in the various German Universities, and over a thousand American pupils of both sexes at first-class boarding schools.

—It is said that Stewart & Co., of New York, are gradually introducing saleswomen into their establishment, and intend, soon, as it is practicable, to have all their selling-clerks women.

—The Pacific Railroad snow-sheds of the Sierra Nevada Mountains have a habit of burning. The opinion is expressed that they will fall as a protection against snow avalanches.

—An English farmer, by picking over his seed wheat with the utmost care, and planting a grain in a place, at intervals of a foot each way, produced one hundred and sixty bushels to the acre.

—A Columbus darkey stole a thirty-seven cent chicken, and it cost two hundred and eight dollars to try him. A Chicago white man stole an ox, and tried him the same night, at a trifling expense.

—Prof. Scott, of the New York Medical University, is radically curing the most apparently hopeless cases of deafness, "by introducing atomized oxide of phenyl directly into the cavity of the tympanum."

—To such an extent has the humanitarian reaction against past tyrannical abuses gone in Austria, that the singing birds in the Empire, as well as political criminals.

—A precocious youth of Vienna South Corners, N. Y., aged nine years, recently hung himself with a strap which had not sufficiently been used upon his back, because his mother wouldn't let him go black-berrying.

—The coal-breaker at the Avondale mine, in Plymouth, Pa., was burned Sept. 6. Over 130 miners were associated. The calamity has caused great excitement, and caused a thrill of sympathy throughout the country.

—An officer of the Treasury Department received \$100 in a letter, as a present from the owner of an invention which he had recommended, and applied the money to the payment of the National debt. He then went and told of it.

—A terrible hurricane passed over Boston and the adjacent country, last week. Buildings were unroofed, shipping was destroyed, the Peace Jubilee Coliseum was partially demolished, and the grand organ smashed, and the great drum beaten to pieces.

—Terre Haute, Indiana, has, to quote the language of the *Express*, a new sensation—a young, unsophisticated girl, the daughter of a poor widow, named Catherine A. McCarty, blindfolded, can read a newspaper held either before or behind her face.

—The New Madrid (Mo.) *Record*, of the 21st says: "Deputy Sheriff Beymer informs us that last week an Arkansas girl, 15 years old, without shoes, stockings, or bonnet, stole a horse in Cash Bottom, and, when last heard from, was near Brookfield, Mo., making the