

# THE UNIVERSE.

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## DOUBT.

BY GEO. WILLIS COOK.

I wonder why the oracle  
Before which others bow,  
Does not suffice for me as well;  
But doubt best suits me now.

Men talk of faith as some great need  
The soul must ever feel;  
But faith comes not within my creed—  
To it I never appeal.

And why should tales of ancient days,  
Grown musty with their age,  
Be guides for me, while Nature stays,  
The ever wisest sage?

I make, myself, the only creed  
I think it best to know;  
For how can others see my need,  
And satisfy it now?

I only know my human wants,  
Aid seek to use them well;  
I hope to hear no jeers or taunts,  
Because I thus rebel.

I doubt; and this is there of ill  
Because I cannot bow  
Before these human oracles,  
As doubt best suits me, now?  
Jefferson, Wis.

Written for The Universe.

## MARRIED;

### A Woman's Deception.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

#### CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE IN THE WIND.  
(Concluded.)

Elsie was speaking in a sharp, excited key, quite unnatural to her, and Proctor felt how strong must be the outside influence which could produce in her such an overstrained pitch of excitement and religious enthusiasm. Still, reviewing the case calmly, he could not see but the priest had after all judged wisely for her. To live as she was living, was certainly to give her life over to falsehood, and the dissatisfaction and unrest which spring therefrom. The church would not allow her to marry again, even if her husband should obtain a divorce from her; and to a person of her quiet ease-loving temperament, what happiness could the world afford her in celibacy which the church, if she would accept its terms, could not more than overbalance?

"I suppose," said Proctor, after a pause, "if Richard were to obtain a divorce without consulting you, it would make your way clearer."

"Do you think he could do that?" said Elsie, warily.

"In some States he probably could," replied Proctor.

"I suppose if I knew it," said Elsie, "it would be my duty to oppose him."

Proctor perceived the significance of this hint, and wisely refrained from any further remarks on the subject; but the next day he took occasion to see the Doctor, and inform him of Elsie's dilemma.

"I do not see how I can move in the matter," said Richard. "I never did a mean, injurious, underhanded thing in my life, and I do not desire to begin such a course in the service of the one divine and heavenly thing which life has revealed to me."

A long discussion followed in which, not without due reflection, Proctor urged upon the Doctor the justice and expediency of his freeing himself from his legal obligations to Elsie.

"Man's laws are not God's laws," he argued, "and when they are framed in a narrow, unjust, illiberal spirit, when, above all, they attempt to control those emotions of the soul which are, by a God-given necessity, above and beyond the reach of human legislation, one need not scruple to evade them. Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God; and in this matter, as in every other, it is the world's judgment, disgrace, obloquy, calumny, and the inevitable portion of the reformer. If a man is at all an advanced thinker, and determined to stand by his convictions, he cannot escape these results. I cannot see but you might as well accept your medium in this form as any other."

The result of it all was that early in the spring, Dr. Glendenning began to arrange his affairs for a long absence from home. He had chosen a point quite out on the Western frontier, in which he meant to commence the practice of his profession. He had accumulated during his life with Elsie a few thousand dollars, which he quietly settled upon little Dora, so that all the money he took with him was the few hundred dollars he was able to collect from outstanding credits. He told the world and Elsie that he was going West for an experiment, and that if he were well pleased there, he might remain there for life. Elsie made no objections, but expressed herself on the whole satisfied with the arrangement, only she again and again declared that she should never go West to live.

In May the Doctor started. It is plain that it was no easy thing at his time of life to break up all the associations and ties of the past; to give up an assured position, the success upon which all the labors of his youth and early manhood had been staked, and commandance over a stranger in a strange land. But he made the sacrifice cheerfully, because he believed it due to a noble principle. For six months he was as poor as the poorest of those who wear broadcloth and consider themselves as belonging to the respectable classes of life. It was a year before he found himself in possession of the necessary funds with which to obtain the legal disentanglement which he craved; but at the end of that time, news came to Brockendale that the Doctor had gained a divorce. There was the usual amount of denunciation and innuendo and

scurrilous jesting among persons of vulgar minds, as well as some sincerely sad reflections from nobler natures, who still looked only upon the surface of the Doctor's motives and their justification. Through all Brockendale, there was perhaps scarce one besides Proctor Vaughan who felt what, if God be just, was surely true: that Dr. Glendenning, in his painful protest against false social conditions and arbitrary human legislation, was as truly a martyr—as surely worthy of a martyr's crown and blessing—as those of old who sealed their faith with their blood.

Before the Autumn came, much which before had been vague took definite shape. Elsie's determination to adopt a conventional life, and to bestow upon her Order her recently inherited fortune, was publicly announced; and, in her own way, she too felt the horns of that vicious beast, society. She encountered reproaches, calumnies, ostracism; but strong in her faith, and leaning steadily upon the arm of Father Dunne, and invoking constantly the aid of the Holy Mother Church, she persevered, and in the end found such peace as a life of endless prayers and embroideries might bring. Let us not sneer! The human soul, with its divine unearthly insight, is a thing which ignorant legislatures, making laws whose provisions are wholly material, without one glimpse beyond the "what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed," can never tame or conquer. No more successful are those religionists who prescribe one goal of peace, one road thereto, for all the human race. On the Father's bosom shall each child rest at last, and the Father himself, He dwelleth alike in prison-cell, in convent-cloister, in church and counting-room, in the field and by the way-side. Wherever a human soul cries out, "O, Father I am weary, give me thy rest;" there, be sure, is the Father's bosom.

Of the child Dora, the Doctor and Father Dunne were, at Elsie's request, appointed joint guardians. She was to live with her father, but to grow up under the general direction and oversight of the church. When she arrived at mature years, she was to be left to her own free choice in the matter of religion. Elsie knew Richard Glendenning too well to fear for her child's happiness, and Richard was too deeply impressed with the sacredness of the soul's divine birth-right, to wish to restrict his child from knowing of her mother's faith, and sympathizing with her thorny and peculiar life.

At length the Doctor slowly prospered in his new home. He won new friends, he made anew his reputation. Success again dawned upon his pathway. The time seemed near at hand when the deep and solemn purpose of his life might reach fruition. He had not seen Elsie since she had left Brockendale, after her illness, but he knew there was no change in her.

In the early autumn he packed his valise and started eastward. He had warned her of his coming, and she sat in her little parlour, waiting with anxious heart-beats the ringing of the door-bell. The years had changed her but slightly. Here and there a silver thread gleamed prominently in her hair; her cheek had lost something of its girlish bloom, but her eyes still shone with that deep spiritual light, which only beams from eyes made clear by piercing the deep recesses of that inner life, which no soul knoweth by the outward vision. Still she was that rare, pale, perfect woman for whom Richard Glendenning's soul yearned with an immortal yearning.

He came at last. She saw him come up the step and ring the bell—heard his footstep on the stair, and with a stillness that was like a dream she opened the door for him. But the dream grew real when she heard her name called. "Eloise, my own, own Eloise," and felt strong arms about her, and a warm and tender kiss upon her lips. It was too real. She shrank away from him, and looked again into his deep, dark eyes, to assure herself that in his quiet, noble bearing there was no shadow of guiltiness. Even the very sweetness of this joy seemed for an instant shadowed by the remembrance of the world's dark frown. But Richard seeing that she faltered, reassured her.

"Darling," he said, "have you any fear that God and his good angels look with sad eyes upon our meeting?"

"Not one," she said. "Thinking of that, I am weak no longer. If God himself has taught us and we have learned His lesson, the world has no right to frown."

They sat down together, and hand in hand, like two children, quaffed their cup of innocent bliss. Evening came on, and still he lingered, winning little by little the shy return of his tender words and ways, and listening to the fond recital of all her hopes and fears during these long years.

"I want to go to Brockendale once more," she said, "before making my home in that far country. I wonder if we may?"

"Most certainly we may. To-morrow we will give the world due notice of what it may expect of us hereafter, and then we will take the evening train for the old town. We will spend a day or two there, and then Westward ho!"

"I shall want to go down to the new bridge which they have built in the place of the one you and I destroyed one rainy night. Richard, why was it, that in that dreadful, dreadful time, with all that was terrible above, around and below us, and only our two selves and those few frail planks that appeared in any way to belong to the world we seemed so rapidly leaving, why was it, that in that moment, love should have proved his triumph?"

"Because, dear, true love is of the spirit, immortal, and delights to set at naught all material obstacles. Fancy two flirting vanities of society's choicest brand, so placed; or two attracted to each other by that desire of the eye which worketh death; I imagine the result would have been slightly different."

"Thank God," said Eloise, fervently, "for his own seal set upon every true and living emotion, the seal of divine endurance, even in the very jaws of death. Oh! Richard, it is little, after all, to be sneered at; to be passed by with coldness; to feel our lives robbed of much innocent fun and joy by the scorn of the world, so that we may also feel the divinity of the principle for which we suffer."

"Yes, darling; and every true protest against the false ideas and teachings of the

world concerning God's eternal sacrament of love, is a step gained toward the right consideration and elucidation of the matter. Yea, though the protestants be misguided and see but dimly, still if they cry out bravely that danger and sin lurk hereabouts, there will be some to hear and some to heed, and so the work will go on, till at last the day will come when the world shall waken to the fact that lust is not love, and that whoever mistakes the one for the other, or puts the one in place of the other, does so at his own soul's peril, and to the marbling of all that is best and noblest in the race; and that whoever attempts to set man's laws above God's laws, as they are written upon the human constitution, though he may seem for a time to succeed, must, in the end, be overthrown by that divine vengeance which is for ever visited upon the transgressor."

A month later, in a small and very plain cottage on the farther bank of the Mississippi, a happy wife sat waiting the return of her husband from his daily labor. The snow was falling without, and a fierce wind blew, but within the fire glowed and the kettle sang, and a ruddy light illumined the pictures on the walls, and the rows of neat books around the room.

A step sounded at length outside, the door swung open, and Dr. Glendenning entered. As Eloise rose to meet him, and as he greeted her with warm embrace and tender kiss, and then drew back and looked into her shining eyes for that silent affirmation of the soul, which alone can satisfy true love, no one who saw them could doubt that by some sure process, of God's devising, they were truly MARRIED.

"And what God hath joined together no man can put asunder."

Written for The Universe.

## THE GREAT DICTATOR.

BY MARIE A. BROWN.

Fear rules the world. Fear, under some insidious guise, prompts the action and calculates its consequences. Fear trembles and prevaricates; aye, and fear deals blows and assumes fierce attitudes. It is stealthy and cautious, or prudent and sagacious, or humble and deprecating, or religious and exemplary; or it is bold, defiant, and formidable, according as it is goaded or permitted; but under all its masks, it discloses the same craven countenance, and is lashed by the same abject terror. All recognized authorities—the church, the government, the ruler, the judge, the teacher, law and gospel, all officials and organizations vested with power—employ this agency to accomplish their designs.—Fear—either of the future or of the present, either of God or of men, either of church or of state, either of society and its opinions, or of individuals and their persecutions.

The church preaches the fear of the Lord and eternal retribution. The penalty of the Divine wrath is held over them like a rod, until they bend and lower under its anticipated weight; compensation is a possible alternative; yet the fear inspired by its opposite is more potent than the inferred promise. The old fear of a positive, burning torment in the next life, is becoming obsolete, yet this fear has a successor, even in the liberal churches, that is fully competent to extend the reign.

There is a significance in the phrase "in the fear of God" which we should do well to note. God stands to all people and races, from the most enlightened to the most savage, as the embodiment of good. He is the All in All, the object of adoration, of worship, of our supreme attraction, and our unwavering allegiance. Where is the place for fear in this regard? Our contemplation is reverence, our knowledge grows into the most intimate communion, our communion inspires trust, and trust expands into the perfect flower—love.

It is said that "perfect love casteth out fear," and surely love will permit no mean intrusion. Love seeks the good, the true, and the beautiful; as the incarnation of these God commands the soul, and the soul cleaves to its Creator. If we can imagine the soul hating that which is the very essence of its life, deriding the true, scorning the good, trampling upon the beautiful,—that hate is the manifestation of fear, and doubt is its beginning. Fear is a master passion, and demoralizes faster than any of the other. The predominant fear in the world is the fear of people, and people are all afraid of each other; they call this glib public opinion, Mrs. Grundy, reputation, favor. Each person represents a portion of it, and is conciliate, while the community embodies the whole monster and prostrates the timid with its full power.

We are afraid to face an audience, to sing, speak, write, or "perform to the public," while we know that the mass is composed of insignificant individuals, any one of which we could encounter single-handed, not we, I am wrong there, but the truth, that has chosen us as its minister. We are afraid to do right, afraid to speak the truth, afraid to deal justly, afraid to rely, afraid to believe, afraid to assert, afraid to move, afraid to stand still, afraid to speak, afraid to keep silence, afraid to divulge, afraid to keep, afraid to trust and afraid to suspect, afraid to indulge and afraid to abstain, afraid to sin and afraid to do good; in fact, so terrified at either alternative, that we pursue a crooked mean which connects us with both without identifying ourselves with either course. We are most particularly afraid of undertaking anything upon our own responsibility; we must be seconded and supported in all our efforts, as though multiplied infirmity could become strength, or accumulated weakness become power.

We are afraid of the night and afraid of the day—suspicious alike of darkness and light, afraid of our friends and afraid of our enemies, afraid of misfortune, afraid of evil, afraid of chance, afraid of accidents and calamity, afraid of robbers and epidemics, of

fire, and tempest, and rail-road disasters afraid to travel and afraid to stay at home, afraid of suffering, afraid of reproach, afraid of thought, afraid of reform, of change, of innovation, afraid of loss, and afraid of the dollar. We are afraid of everything but good living, fashionable clothes, and pleasure, and yet we should fear these worse than any, did we realize the penalty they sometimes inflict. We stand so precariously, that we vibrate through fear, and fall so often that we are shocked by the concussion. Fear makes the liar, and fear makes the knave; it is responsible for the miser and the thief, the tyrant and the slave, the traitor and the assassin, the prostitute and the felon.

No one can fall, either man or woman, without first being palsied by its deadening influence, first debased through its presence; it is through fear that we sink into the abyss. It degrades more surely than either sensuality or criminality, for these are merely the action of a fear that the desired indulgence will not be reaped, and therefore lust and license determine to secure their booty. We are afraid of anything that is strong, anything that is steady, anything that is pure, anything that is perfect; our dread of extremes is nothing more nor less than a terror of what ever embodies these qualities. We want nothing distinct, nothing genuine, nothing pronounced; we value nothing that is not adulterated, nothing but decay; nothing is safe but deterioration. The plain-spoken are shunned, the courageous are avoided, the resolute are the dangerous, for the umbles which hold society are so rotten that a firm tread shakes them to their very foundations.

The object of advice is to give expression to the fears that agitate our counsellors, and to impress the same fears upon the minds of those inclined to risk favor and patronage through a too prominent course. Fear is the prevailing motive—the ruling instinct. Fear dictates caution, prudence, sagacity, all those qualities that provide against a possible contingency; it gives craft, artfulness, penetration, all those devices that suspect a surprise; it develops approbateness, snavity, generosity to court favor, and acquisitiveness, with all its allies to gain means; it fortifies itself upon all sides, expecting the foe from without, never imagining that the foe is within, and the surrender already accomplished.

Fear is the origin of all the coldness and reticence, the shyness, the backwardness, the incivility, that make great differences between people. Fear forbids hospitality, for it is unwilling to harbor any one; restrains cordiality, because it might encourage unwisely; forgoes liberality, for narrowness is its only safeguard. It casts off everything that is free—friends, associates, adherents, opinions, customs, from the narrow idea of premeditated evil; and yet, when it finds itself alone, it is seized anew with misgiving, and seeks the crowd for safety. It huddles people together for mutual defense or pr. fit, yet disintegrates all bonds of sympathy, goodwill, obligation or service. It will not allow a straightforward glance, an honest word, or a cordial grasp of the hand, but blinks, and shuffles, and avoids, salutation. It knows how to slander and detract, how to undermine the reputation and sully the honor, how to play the hypocrite, but it is utterly unable to take the noble part of friend—to uphold, and sustain, and cheer those who are worthy of respect and encouragement. It and its disciples are the sole cause of annoyance, trial and severe experience in the world.

Fear is the chastisement of the culprit, the discipline of the penitent, the scourge of the timid and faint-hearted. Through its pressure we are nerved to resistance, and when we can cry, "avaunt!" we are verily redeemed from evil. The course of fear is a continual retreat; its method a continual subterfuge; its policy the most dishonorable compromise. It is fear that dictates expediency; fear that lends a charm to temptation; fear that promises a shield to cowardice. The fearful world puts the dollar between it and poverty; reputation between it and disgrace; talent between it and obscurity; labor between it and defeat; indulgence between it and sacrifice; mediation between it and just atonement, and the whole machinery of the church between it and its condemnation; never dreaming, poor fool that it is, that it lives in torment—poor, sick, obscure, miserable victim of that greatest ignominy and disgrace—fear.

Fear does not believe in anything; it does not know anything; it honors nothing but a doubt; obeys nothing but a suspicion. It seeks its supplies, thinking that providence will not hold out, and perfects its plans in sublime unconsciousness of the over-ruling Presence. It provides for the future and neglects the present—hoards up rubbish, and casts away everything of value; fosters its enemies and snubs its friends; gives license to evil, and reduces good to a nonentity. Fear dulls the edge of pleasure, and poisons the comfort; anxiety is fear in anticipation; discomfiture is fear culminated; calamity is the full realization; and yet it is a poor prophet, and seldom foresees what actually occurs.

Written for The Universe.

## RELIGION AND REASON.

BY MILTON R. SCOTT.

Is it not time for us to learn that the worship and service of the Creator are in accordance with the principles of human nature? Such a doctrine may be deemed by many as a departure from Orthodoxy; but why should we cling to the dogmas and traditions that put God and man, as it were, in perpetual conflict? What is to be gained by teaching and believing that God has created us with certain faculties and powers, and then put his will in opposition to their essential nature, and to their exercise and development?

The service of God is designed to purify and ennoble human nature; but we can not therefore believe that it conflicts with the natural elements of the human soul. When ever and however God speaks to us, He addresses us as reasonable beings; and He has given us minds capable of receiving whatever

truths He would convey to us, and powers for the performance of whatever duties He asks us to perform.—The light and truth that we receive from Him, are as much adapted to our natures as the sun and rain are adapted to the plants of the earth. To do His will is not to crucify ourselves, but to obey the law of our being. The natural man is not enemy against God.

It is a serious defect in the religion of the present day that it puts itself in theoretical, and to some extent in practical opposition to the nature and reason of man. It is presented to us as God's truth, as it were, above and contrary to the natural wants of the soul. It is an uncommon thing among religious teachers to represent human reason as unable to grasp and understand the truth of God, and the human mind as both unable and unwilling to receive them.

In the physical world and among the inferior animals, Nature and the God of nature do not disagree; why then should they in man? Nay, in the physical and mental nature of man, natural laws are our true guide. Why then should our moral nature be represented as in rebellion against God, and as needing complete renovation before we can even receive the truth? The physical rearing of human beings is not designed to give them new bodies, but to secure the proper growth and health of the bodies Nature has given them. Mental education never proposes to supply new mental faculties, but only to regenerate and develop the faculties we have. So the true design of religion is not to give a new heart but to purify and ennoble the heart already possessed. The plant should be watered and cultivated, not torn up by the roots. The true law of the soul is to rejoice and grow, not "bead or break."

The success and usefulness of the Christian religion we attribute to the fact that, in spite of the superstitions and dogmas which have attached themselves to it, its essential doctrines are adapted to the wants of human nature, if not imbedded in human nature, and that its influence is calculated to strengthen and exalt human nature. Its representations of God's love and mercy, its examples of heroic and suffering men and women, its lessons of humanity and devotion to duty, its unassuming depths of wisdom and benevolence, are all calculated to draw the soul of man as with a Divine magnet, and penetrate its very depths.

And yet we can not believe that this system of religion as it is generally received among us, is perfect; much less can we believe that the manner in which it is preached to us is in all respects reasonable. The word of the Lord is in no case contrary to reason; and the proper exercise of our reasoning powers must lead us to accept it, not reject it. Truth is never revealed, and the true teacher of truth will always bid men come and reason together.

But is religion thus presented to men? Are they invited to examine the foundations on which it rests, and weigh its claims without fear or favor? Nay, are they not called upon to accept it without the least delay, and threatened with the most terrific penalties, both here and hereafter, if they even stop to investigate? The principles of Right are watched and guarded as though unable to protect themselves, and the eternal truth of God is represented as a thing too weak to withstand the feeble opposition of men and devils!

Nor do we feel precluded from inquiring whether the religion of the present day is all that humanity needs. It may contain more truth than men can appreciate, certainly more than they are willing to receive into good and honest hearts, but it does not meet all the wants of the human soul. Nor does it commend itself as the perfect will of God.

If we may so express ourselves, it dwells too much upon the Divine attributes and too little on the dignity of human nature. It leads the soul so far into the future life that it overlooks the importance of the life which now is. It refers all the acts of men to the final judgment, causing them to forget that virtue is rewarded and vice punished in this life. It aims too much to take souls to heaven instead of trying to make this world a heaven. Its relief of human misery, its consolation of human hearts, its wiping away of human tears, are to take place—almost entirely—in another state of existence.

And what prospect does it open to the countless millions of our race, when we shall all have passed through the "valley of the shadow of death?" For the favorite few it provides everlasting light and blessedness; but for the great mass of toiling, hoping and erring humanity, it provides the blackness of darkness and the pains of hell forever! Oh! Divine Father, is this all Thou hast accomplished by the creation of man? Must nearly all Thy creatures be driven away from Thy presence, and lie down in beds of fire through endless ages?

In thus assuming to criticize the religious teaching of our day, we question not its usefulness, but its perfection. We would not tear down or overthrow, but improve. As men and women advance in civilization and the arts of civilization, they will exercise their reasoning powers more and more, and see more and more of the harmony which exists between the laws of God and the nature of man. The more they see and understand the character of Deity, the higher will be their ideas of manhood. They will love their Maker no less sincerely and serve Him no less faithfully because they respect human reason, and believe that there is excellence "almost Divine" in human nature.

Let us be understood. We do not seek to defy reason, nor do we believe that it should travel through the universe unrestrained. We only insist that in religion, above all things else, it should be used—in a reasonable manner and to a reasonable extent. We ask that the growing youth and our young men shall not be subject to the leading strings of infancy. How wide a range this man's or that man's thought shall have, within w at limits his Divine faculties shall be confined—is not for priest or church to determine. Much less should we have artificial and arbitrary lines to confine the thoughts of all men:—it were wiser to assert, as is the fashion of some honest folks that the Earth is flat, and that, when you reach the sky, you will have to stop!

Shall we then cease to flee from the wrath

to come? Shall we seek to find our way to the skies without faith and without the aid of revelation? Here truly are pertinent questions. God is just, and all our sins will receive the punishment that the sins of finite beings deserve. But has not the time come to shun vice because it is vice; to practice virtue for virtue's sake; to love God because he is good; to honor him because he is wise and just; to serve him—the little we can serve him—because he is our father and our friend?

As to faith, if we do right, we shall receive right, both in this life and the life to come. Let the Bible be a lamp to our feet and a guide to our path; but, being addressed to reason, let reason determine how and where in it profiteth. As we read and study it, we need not forget that we live in the United States and in the nineteenth century, and that we may learn much from the circumstances by which we are surrounded, as well as from the history of our own and other nations.

Our hearts should be right with God; but the best evidence we can give that they are so, is by obeying the law of love among our fellow-men.

The forms of religion are only valuable so far as they assist us in doing our duty and purifying our souls. He who makes the observance of forms the end of his religion, is only sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

God should be honored; but manhood and womanhood need not be despised. His laws are designed to secure our happiness and development, and whatever promotes human welfare, promotes his glory.

Our faith should tend to promote a good understanding; and our religion should be a guide and protection to reason, not a cloak to smother it, nor a hammer to break it in pieces.

Finally, religion does not consist in crying "Lord, Lord;" but it is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, to have mercy on the poor, and to walk humbly before God and before men.

Westerville, Ohio.

## CHRIST'S TEACHINGS ON MARRIAGE.

BY C. M. OVERTON.

A lady-friend wonders how I can reconcile my views of Marriage, as expressed in a late number of THE UNIVERSE, with the doctrines of Christ as given in Matth. 19th.

Considering, as I do, that Jesus of Nazareth is the best expositor of the laws of harmony pertaining to the higher life known to this planet; believing, as I do, that his doctrines are based on law and founded in science; considering, also, that his teachings are progressing toward and not from his ethics; accepting him as authority because he speaks truth—of course my truth must correspond to his.

What then is "the truth as it is in Jesus," regarding marriage? It is summed up in this:—you must not divorce yourself from the obligations of marriage, to live on a lower plane; but if you would be a Christian, you must "come up higher." In this same 19th of Matth., the law was held up with an increased rigor to those followers of Moses who would leave it on a plane below the requirements of marriage, while great rewards were offered to such as forsook all, wives included, to follow him into the Kingdom of Righteousness.

The paradox is more apparent than real. Jesus Christ is at once the most Radical and Conservative of all men. Radical in that he announced doctrines fundamentally at war with the whole established order of things; laying the axe at the root of all the most popular and prevalent systems and institutions of mankind; Conservative, in that he conserved all the good in them all, absolving none from the requirements of law, till they fulfill all the good it contains, and incorporate it into the new. The gospel cannot come till the law and the prophets are fulfilled "to the uttermost farthing."

And this truth with regard to the "conservation of forces"—the obligation to step out of marriage into a higher plane if you step out of it at all, is as vital and binding to-day on our modern advocates of free-divorce, as when Jesus laid down the law to the Jews. And that man who in the name of Reform, or progress, thinks to evade its force, and "climb up some other way"—who, because human law is slackening in its rigor, thinks to cheat Divine Justice, who, because the gates of the "broad-road" stand ajar, thinks it safe to travel therein—will find, before he has taken in all his slack rope, that law reigns as inexorably in hell as heaven, and that his pursuit of happiness will be a pursuit under difficulties.

Let all men remember: first, that Jesus of Nazareth, whether as God or man, never endorsed the institution of marriage as pertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven, nor in any sense, except as a regulator and restrainer of men and women, who would not, or could not live the life that he lived, because they were in the "lusts of the flesh." That he called his disciples out of the family, establishing in its place a Spiritual family or Brotherhood which knew no human, natural relationship. That he did "break up families" in his day—that his principles, if put in practice now, would break up every family on the earth, and that they fail to do it now among his nominal followers, simply because they are worldlings, and not Christians.

Let all men remember, secondly, that Jesus in calling men out of the family relation to follow him, did not call them to another marriage to some other person, nor to any experiment outside the domain of legality. But he called them to follow him; to do which was to come out of all relations with the opposite sex, and live a life of Celibacy! Neither Jesus, nor Paul, his great expositor, ever counseled by word or deed any thing else as pertaining to the higher life in the Kingdom of Heaven. The Shakers are the only practical Christians, taking the New Testament as a standard. And whether they have the "finality" or not, Celibacy is the "straight and narrow way" the first step (if not the last) in a Christian orderly direction out of Marriage.

Berlin Heights, O.



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JOHN CHINAMAN IS COMING!

BY WILL M. CARLTON.

From out the sunset's golden flame He long has wrapped around him. From out the walls of wood and stone With centuries have found him— With clashing cymbals, oboe-pipes, And horrid words and letters, With streaming cue, and bleeding stripes, And marks of chains and fetters, With shaven poll, and browless eye, And ceaseless sound of drumming, With rattish ruck and hungry cry, John Chinaman is coming!

which never were quarrels quite, I found my seniority a tower of strength where I could always retire when the battle waxed fiercest. I learned in those years to know him thoroughly; all the intricacies of his character were plain to me. I knew where he was strong and where he was weak; what woful mistakes he was likely to fall into, and where he was absolutely inaccessible to temptation. And this knowledge I gained partly through the kindness of circumstances, and partly because Ray was absolutely without disguise. And yet I think few people knew him wholly. They were more or less familiar with the tall, slight figure which clothed so thinly his rare, magnetic soul; with his nervous gestures; with his sweet, wonderfully-sweet smile, which by times illuminated his odd, not handsome, but singularly winning face; the blue eyes, which could laugh like a child's or soften like a woman's; the delicate, clearly-cut chin, and the mouth, whose reticent, tender lips shut as closely over a great sorrow as they could smile readily in sympathy or mirth; they knew somewhat of his power and genius; they basked in his geniality; people, young and old, brought their troubles, their needs, their griefs to him, and were comforted; they talked over books with him, and admired his bright and profound criticisms; and everybody loved him. But just here, just outside the peculiarities that made the personality of the man, the knowledge of his friends stopped, as the knowledge of most friends must stop. Only here and there one can enter the Holy of Holies. If his wife only understands him, I used to think, all will be well. But if Ray marries a coarse, a shallow, or a selfish woman—or anybody who is all these, for this trinity is one whose relation has no mystery, then farewell to my hopes of Ray. I became so possessed with this idea, at last, that I always opened his letters, when he was absent, with a feeling of apprehension. Ray's wife was the great terror of my days, as inevitable as retribution. It was sanguine that Ray's choice would be worthy of him; and yet I was always prepared to see my worst fears realized. And so when at last a letter did come, and I knew, as by a revelation, what she was, I laid the letter down calmly, felt my heart stop beating, and something in me said—"It is just as I expected!" I kept saying these words over and over till Dora came; said them while I swept and adorned and made the house beautiful for her; said them till she came. How well I remember the night Ray brought her home in the cold Christmas weather; lifted her out of the sleigh, all wrapped up in furs and shawls as she was—a little brown bundle of something—and carried her lightly in his strong arms over the strip of new-fallen snow which lay between the door and the gate, crossed the entry, and set her down in the middle of the parlor floor. "There, Aunt Lou! Now, Dora, look about you!" And then the creature unwound some yards of a scarf of soft, scarlet wool from about her head, and pulled at various strings, and tugged at buttons. And Ray essayed to help, in spite of me, with his large, awkward man's hands, and helped so well that the little fur-lined hood tumbled off, and a great mass of crinkling, curling, glistening black hair—black as black could be—came rippling all over her shoulders in opulent, shining waves, and a dark, singular face looked up at me with triumph, and pleasure, and defiance, and curiosity in the eyes. Gray eyes! They should have been black, for her eyes were like a question, and her face had the beauty of the dark races, at once alluring and repulsive. "Is your name Cleopatra?" I murmured, under my breath. "Her name is Dora," said Ray, but half understanding. "Kiss her, Aunt Lou! kiss my wife," and Ray's face shone a little, and he walked about the room, and evidently would have liked to dance; and in short, comported himself like a man who has secured the Koh-i-noor among women. "Your wife! why, Ray! she's only a child," I said, in great wonder, and with a growing conviction that my Ray had made a fool of himself. That little, pale, dark, subtle, small-brained woman the wife of my noble Ray. Oh, me! I was speechless. And while I stood thus, a living impersonation of an outraged sense of the fitness of things, this small woman glided up to me, put one of her petite hands into mine, and said in a very positive, self-conscious tone: "I am eighteen, Miss Lou!" "Think what that sounded to thirty-five!" "Eighteen! oh, my! and Ray is thirty. Eighteen from thirty leaves twelve, I think. I beg your pardon, you pretty, venerable old lady." And then I kissed her, and she returned the salute with a certain formal stiffness of manner, which, I dare say, Ray called dignity, and said she was sure she should love me—of course, she couldn't have been sure—and hoped I should love her, which I very much doubted. And then we all had tea, and Ray's air of responsibility and young-husband dignity, as assured as if it were two years instead of two weeks old, and his gallant fondness, and his careful repression of his superior masculine intelligence, which was apt to be rather self-assertive, was something wonderful and delightful to behold. After tea, when the fire had thawed her out, and the cold chicken and toast had refreshed her, Dora got acquainted quite fast, laughed and told stories about the journey, made little jokes—not very funny ones—at Ray, sent him up stairs a good many times, walked about and examined things, and was graciously pleased to approve most of them, and, finally, when Ray and I fell into earnest talk about some new book, cuddled up in the great chintz-covered easy-chair and went to sleep. Our discussion fell off, and our eyes wandered to the sleeping face. Ray's lovingly, mine, though yet critical, softening somewhat. She looked younger, more girlish, when asleep. Somehow she had impressed me as an old woman in spite of her soft, smooth skin. "You must be good to her, Ray," I said, in a whisper. He came behind her chair and looked down reverently into her face. "I will—God knows I mean to be," he said, his voice low with emotion. "You must help me, Lou. If you see me going wrong call me back." The winning smile came to his face. He looked so tender, so good, I knew him to be so noble, so true, that I granted him absolute, on the instant, for his small sins of obstinacy and self-will. They were not very grave faults after all, and I remembered that he was only a man, and forgave him. We talked on in a low tone, and by-and-by Dora opened her eyes and said, compositely, that she thought she had perhaps better retire. How long those gray eyes of hers had been regarding us from under the lids I don't

know. I felt much more comfortable after Ray had carried her off to upstairs. He came back presently, sobered, less triumphant, more like the bachelor nephew who had been my only companion for seven years. He sat down in his own place, and I, with my sewing, took my own place, and the fire flamed, and the clock ticked, and the books, ever constant and delightful companions, looked down from their shelves, and the night wore on, as so many other nights had done, and it was just like the old time, when there was only Ray and I, until a light footfall on the floor above started us into recollection of the new life which had come into ours. Perhaps I felt a little pang then, knowing what I had lost, knowing that Ray could never be again quite the same to me. This jealous affection, with which women, especially lone women, cling to the few or the one, though often ridiculed, seems to me quite natural and inevitable. You can but feel sore at the intrusion of a new love, however long you may have anticipated or even wished for it. And this, I suppose, was what made me speak a little more sharply, and less sensibly than I should have done, in reply to Ray's remark: "You'll love her, Lou! I'm sure you'll love her." "Love her? Very likely. I am apt to love birds, and babies, and kittens—and I think Dora much like the last—I am not sure I'm not afraid of her claws. I do wonder, Ray, what you should choose such a woman for a wife. Woman, indeed! A child in years—and I know not what, in truth." Now I know this was very imprudent. I knew it then, but I think I told you I was impulsive. Usually I control myself, and am cautious and proper, like other people; but under great stress of feeling my prudence gets swept away, and a sharp thing says itself. "Is she a woman to fight the battle of life at one's side?" Ray rose, and stood by the fireplace, studying the dying coals for a minute, and then meeting my eyes gravely and frankly, said: "Lou, the hard part of the fight is over for me. If there are any more conflicts to come I can wage them alone. Anyhow the thing is done, and I wish you would make the best of it." His voice softened, faltered a little. Was there a misgiving in his heart, then? I did not know. I only guessed. But the thought that there might be, swept away the last bit of sore feeling. "I will, Ray, I will," I said, humbly; and then I added, "What magnificent hair she has! and such a dainty, petite figure." Ray smiled, his own enchanting smile. I was glad to have pleased him. "Thank you! That is like your own kind self, Lou. And now let me tell you how I found her." He sat down again, and I piled on more wood, and the clock ticked, and the fire flamed, and the night went as so many nights had done—with a difference. He told me all about the little drama in which he had taken a part. It was a very simple play, repeated upon many a stage. A young girl, an old aunt, a young man who begins to wonder why the wife he waits for does not come, a kindly woman who thinks it no harm to vary the monotony of life in a country parsonage by a little innocent matchmaking—these were all. And the denouement was, perhaps, inevitable. "Now you see how it was," said Ray, "I nodded. Surely I was not at all young plainly. Was it not in the spring, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love?" I knew how the green fields, and the azure skies, and the soft, west winds had wooed him; how all the sweet influences of nature had allied themselves to the tempter; how longingly, when those sweet days were over, he had looked back from the fireside where only his plain-faced, maiden aunt sat, and evily recalled Dora's youth and prettiness, and thought—not consciously, no, not consciously—but not the less really, thought, that the ideal wife was long in coming, and was it not an illusion after all, and was thorough sympathy possible or essential, and would it not be foolish to throw away a chance of happiness for a dream of the imagination? And circumstances had joined hands with inclination, and he drifted with the tide. I folded up my work. "I see, by your face, you don't like it, Lou," he said, impatiently. "Yet you always wished me to marry. You are unreasonable." "No, Ray, I'll pray night and day that this marriage may be a happy one, but all my praying won't make it so against the laws of nature." "Why shouldn't it be?" asked Ray, almost angrily. He rose and walked about the room. "I want a wife, not a colleague," he said shortly. "A wife is a colleague, in a very high sense." "You'd rather," continued Ray, not minding my remark, "you'd rather I'd marry a domestic, affectionate woman, without intellectual gifts, than a hard, angular, unsexed woman, all brain and no heart?" "I never guessed that, with good men—they are not so very common, are they?—it must needs come to a choice of evils. When it does, one must decide what is to him the least. But I never happened to know a woman all brain and no heart. Did you?" Ray was laying up some fallen brands, and, perhaps, that was why he didn't answer me. "And I think I have heard in some sermon—and it is one of yours?—that breadth of soul implies understanding as well as culture; that narrowness and hardness are the outgrowth of ignorance; that intelligence is genial, and sympathetic and tender—" "Lou, Lou! You find it easy to turn my words against me. But you can't always live out your theories." "Ray, that is the worst thing I ever heard you say." He reddened, and looked, and was ashamed. "See here, Lou! You've been true to your dreams. Your heart has been starved, because you couldn't accept the food fate provided. What have you gained?" "I've kept my own self-respect," I said; and I added, more to myself than him, "A man, or woman, can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." "Perhaps, perhaps," said Ray, his face softening. "But men are not so strong as women in some things, I doubt. My heart craves more substantial food. I want my little wife to love me. I want children to climb about my knees. And I am thirty years old, Lou, believe I've done wisely, and let us be thankful." The tears were in my eyes when I promised, which I did in good faith. I sat a long time after he left me. I must think it out now; but after to-night I'd shut my eyes to everything for Ray's sake, if I could. I would try to forget my unfavorable impressions,

and look at Dora through rose-colored glasses. In a week or two the new order of things seemed as old as the world. The people called, curious as they would be, to see the minister's wife. Mrs. Vandervere surveyed her critically. "There's something stiff and formal about her. She gives you the impression of a self-willed, self-opinionated person. Is she obstinate, my dear Miss Lou?" "I hope not," I said, with involuntary alarm. "Ray has a strong will of his own, you know." "Very true, and two such wills—Mrs. Vandervere paused, and my imagination filled out the picture. "Men make such curious mistakes," continued the lady, reflectively. "They think an ignorant girl would, of course, yield everything. They forget that ignorance is always headstrong, willful, unreasonable. Intelligence is docile, open to conviction, candid and just." "But, Mrs. Vandervere—" "Never mind, my dear! There! don't look so frightened. If he's made a goose of himself, I dare say he deserved it, and domestic trials, they say, are admirable discipline; though, to be sure, I wouldn't have him fitted for heaven quite yet." And Mrs. Vandervere smiled down upon my alarm, and departed. — [To be Continued.]

side, his companion, his counterpart, his peer.—Davis' Tale of a Physician.

RUEL TREATMENT OF THE ERRING. Much has been said and written on the subject of Woman's rights; but I would speak of Woman's wrongs. I have never been in favor of woman suffrage, as I have never felt that it would increase her happiness, or be productive of any good results; but after reading an account of a young girl being incarcerated in a jail, for a term of nine months, whose only crime was an attempt to conceal the fact that she had given birth to a child, while her seducer went unpunished out into the world in search of another victim, I could not help thinking there was no other way for woman to gain redress for the wrongs heaped upon her by well-disposed, perhaps, but misguided men, than by assisting in making the laws, by which she is governed. The paper stated that the judge dwelt, at length, on the enormity and prevalence of the crime with which she was charged; but I dare say he uttered not a word against the crime of seduction. The paper states that the authorities took up the matter, and brought her to trial. Would they not have been engaged in a far more justifiable work, if they had used their efforts to bring her seducer to justice? Had he robbed her of a valuable sum of money, time and money would have been freely spent to bring him to justice; but when he robbed her of her character, which is of priceless value, no effort was made to recall him and make him suffer the just penalty for his misdeeds. I think it would be a great benefit to the community, the female portion of it, at least, if men of unbridled passions, adepts in the arts and wiles of licentiousness, were confined in some safe place instead of being allowed to roam about like the evil one, we hear so much talk about, seeking some innocent, unsuspecting creature who might fall a prey to their evil passions. We might as well expect the inebriate to become temperate with strong drink constantly placed before him, as to expect young girls to remain virtuous while constantly subjected to the influence of such men. How can we blame that girl, who, before she fell a victim to the arts of her seducer, was possessed of a character pure and spotless, (as was the case with the one in question), for trying to hide her shame and degradation, well knowing the finger of scorn would be pointed at her by those who professed to be her friends, even? No wonder that, like Cain, she feels her punishment is greater than she can bear! Not that I would, in the least, countenance the crime for which the poor unfortunate was imprisoned, but I would see justice done, and not let the shame and punishment fall upon one, while another, equally guilty, goes unpunished. It is a shameful fact that many of our own sex look upon their fallen sisters with loathing and disgust, while the author of their shame is treated by them with politeness and even respect. I once heard of a woman who would not allow a girl, who had been tempted and fallen, to work in her family, lest she should injure the character of her daughters, while the man who seduced her from the paths of virtue, by false promises of marriage, and when he had accomplished his purpose, left her to suffer alone, was welcomed to her parlors as a fit companion for those daughters. What inconsistency! Oh, my sisters, let us be more charitable to the erring ones of our sex, and imitate the example of Christ when the woman was brought to him, guilty of a crime similar to the one for which so many of our unfortunate sisters are crushed in the dust! No word of condemnation passed his lips, but simply, "Go, and sin no more." MARY MAGDALEN.

CHRISTIANITY VS. MOHAMEDANISM. Christendom is paying back, with compound interest, the debt that was incurred in the old days, when the Mussulmans were used to keep it in a state of perpetual fright, and when the Litany had a special passage directed to the existence of the Turkish terror. Time has worked wonders in this respect, putting the Mussulmans so completely at the bottom of the basket that they must be wrong, in the estimation of all men, who believe that might makes right—as, practically, it does. The fear of Turkey did not cease out of Christendom till the eighteenth century had got tolerably well advanced, though she had lost her power much earlier. Her present position dates from the time of the Russian war of 1828-29, when she had to submit to be saved by Christian intervention, and she has been Christendom's slave ever since; a fitting fate for a nation that enslaved so many thousands of Christians when she was strong enough to have her own way. It ought to be remembered that Christendom does not prevent Mussulmans mauling one another from any regard for their persons, or from love of peace, but because Christians cannot agree how to cut up Turkey; and were one to go to war with Egypt, her cutting up might become a matter of necessity, and then they would be forced, it is probable to cut up one another; and the "effusion of Christian blood" is to be avoided on all occasions where it would not pay to let it effuse. It is sheer selfishness, not benevolence, that makes Christendom the patron of peace in the orient.—Boston Traveler.

COMFORTING THE SORROW-STRIKEN. In a review of "Gates Ajar," in the Western Monthly, Rev. Robert Collyer says, of the scene when the news comes of Roy's death: I have been twenty years a minister, and in all that time have tried to find out just what to say to men and women when a blow falls like this; but I doubt whether to this day I know. I can sit down beside them and say, "God help you," and then keep silence, and feel it best they should lament, and find myself lamenting with them. But what I think I never shall do is to dole out texts and truisms—to say to them, as I hear them crying out at the hardness of it, that they must be resigned, and give up, and feel that it is all for the best, and that their dear ones are now far away, beyond any trouble, singing among the saints and angels. Sitting down with my friends, in the first astonishment of their grief, silence seems then the most sacred. I think of that great lesson in our oldest book, how certain men "sat still" seven days in the presence of such a grief, with not a word to say, and how their silence was unexpressedly better than their speech.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS. Jenkins is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hog-head, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer. He knew That.—A hostler was sent to the stable to bring out a traveler's horse, but not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stable belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying "That's my nag." "Certainly, your honor, I know that very well," said the hostler, "but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."—Ah, mum, said a beggar to a lady who had just given him a dollar, "if it had not been for this, I'd been driven to something despr't—something I've long feared I'd come to at last." "What's that, poor man?"—"To work, mum," responded the unhappy man, with a melancholy shake of the head. Notes for Tourists.—Enthusiastic English tourist in Scotland to native coachman: "And is that indeed the house in which Rob Roy was born?" Native coachman: "Eh, sir, an' it's just one o' them." Enthusiastic American tourist in England: "This cannot be Robert Hall's skull; I saw it in London, and it was much smaller than this." Museum man—"Oh, sir, but that was Robert Hall's skull when he was a boy; this one was after he grew up."—A young lady, stood gazing on a retiring train, her arms full of packages, and her eyes full of tears, when a gentleman arrived at the depot on a full run, with his carpet-bag in his hand, his coat on his arm, and his face streaming with perspiration. He, too, wanted to take the same coaches, but alas, was too late. As he looked on the train now fast moving away, he sat down his carpet-bag, wiped his face, and very deliberately and emphatically said: "D—n that train!" The lady heard him, and smiling upon him with a lady's sweetness, said: "Thank you, sir. You have expressed my sentiments exactly."—A fellow at the late Ohio State Fair, came to a cage of poultry, and said: "Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raise. My father raised the biggest rooster of any man around our parts." "That's what's the matter," replied the boy who was feeding them; "I'll bet he did; and the noisiest one, too."—A coffin-maker was asked whom he was making a coffin for, and mentioned the intended. "Why, he is not dead, man!" said the querist. "Don't trouble yourself," replied the other; "Dr. Ooe told me to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him." Old, But Good.—A fat old gentleman, who had been bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog, came to Jonah in a passion, declaring it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defense: 1. By testimony in favor of the general good conduct of my dog, I can prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a "catf." 2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. 5. My dog died six weeks since. 6. I never had a dog.—An old lady, on being examined as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there; and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."—Jones—"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments." Smith (who isn't the least bit frightened)—"Certainly, sir, if you will promise to put me together again."—A young man whose name at present we withhold, but whom we will not shield from public indignation much longer, has been going around to the different iron works in this city, and solemnly inquiring of the proprietors if they did all sorts of casting there. If they said yes, of course they did, he then asked them to cast a shadow for him, and ran off before they had a chance to do it.—"Waiter," said a fastidious gentleman, exhibiting a singular-looking object on the soup-plate. "Waiter, do you know what that is, sir?" "That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often find them in soup, sir. No extra charge, sir." Willing to Accommodate.—A little girl who had been rebuked by her mother for killing flies, and told that God loved them, walked slowly up to the window where a bewildered fly was humming and buzzing about one pane. She watched it lovingly for some time, and then, almost too full of grief to speak plainly, she began to utter cooing words. "Do you see that fly? Do you see that fly? Do you love the insect, as if to stroke away the terror that she had inspired. "Do you want to see God? Well,"—in a tone of intense love and pity, at the same time putting her finger on the fly, and softly crushing it against the pane,—"well, oo shall."—A gentleman in Boston was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his wife behind. He told his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant ran upon a pack of playing cards, and thought those were the ones. Of started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards when ever the "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to his footman with the question: "How many cards have you left?" "Well," said the footman, "the ace of hearts is all that remains." "The deuce!" exclaimed his master. "I left the deuce in the last house but one," was the reply. Power of Habit.—Two servant girls were given tickets to go to a theater. Returning in a short time, their mistresses asked them why they did not stay. They answered that they sat in the place till a curtain was rolled up and some ladies and gentlemen began talking about family matters, when, thinking they had no business there, they went out of the room and, there being no key-hole convenient, they concluded to return home.—A youth of only four and a half Summers came into a room and discovered that his mother had hung up a clean white window-curtain. With a supernatural precocity, which induced his parents to consult the physician and clergyman that same afternoon, he remarked to his mother that he noticed that the window had a clean sheet.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

day, I found, unexpectedly, this pile of yellow, worn sheets, which now lies before me. The sight of them thrilled me with a strange, sharp pain, as if a lover, after a long succession of years had ebbed and flowed, should come all unawares upon the handful of dust which once stood to him for all the world's beauty and sweetness; and as he would turn hastily from marred cheek and faded curl, so I eagerly thrust these memorials of the past back into the dark where they had slept so long, and turned the key in the lock. But not so easily could I turn the key upon memory; not so easily remand that forlorn ghost to the chambers of silence. And so for some days I have been brooding over that life whose story is partly told here—that baffled, cheated life, as it seems to us who look from the outside, though doubtless He, who knows how to bring beauty out of desolation, all along held in His hand the immortal compensation. Now that for these five summers past, the grass has been growing over that far-away grave; now that he has got close to the secret of things, and knows, may be, how it came about and why it was to be, I think there can be no harm in writing out the story in full. It may serve to warn somebody off the shoals upon which he was wrecked. Why so many lives must be warnings instead of guide-posts, we shall never know till the cross-lights, which confuse and perplex us now, are fused in the white radiance of the Hereafter. In the same desk with these other papers lie packages of Ray's letters. He was a most generous and voluminous correspondent, writing when absent upon short journeys, with or without excuse, and speaking far more freely by his pen than he could ever persuade himself to do by his lips. For there was a certain reticence about him which attracted while it repelled; it was no stoue wall, high-built and inaccessible, which shut you out from his heart, but rather a green hedge, where birds sang and flowers bloomed, and through whose openings you got glimpses of sunny fields beyond. I suppose I am by nature a hero-worshiper. At least I am certain I find in myself that propensity to fall down and worship greatness when it comes in the shape that pleases me, which is perhaps characteristic of impulsive women, who divine goodness and beauty at eight, and learn their opposites slowly. And so I bent the knee to Ray from the moment that I entered his house, to be what I trust I was, a friend and companion to the end of life. My five years of seniority were greatly in my favor. Seniority is a great advantage when one is aunt, or sister, or friend; for although it may be true, as somebody has lately said, that men do not like to be taught or corrected by women, and only desire in them that amount of intellect which serves as a cushion for their own, still I think they will tolerate and excuse superiority when it has superior years to fall back upon. And so, when Ray and I had our hot discussions, and our eager disputes, and our almost quarrels,

FALSE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Society has educated girls to be dependent. When they become women, whether married or single, they are absolutely dependent upon men. Woman's virtues, her graces, her virtues, her feebleness, her maternity, her chances in life, all depend upon the man who earns the money and builds the home. Is society just to the people? Was it right to make slaves of a people? Failure in ancient warfare was punished with servitude. Why has woman failed? Why is she in bondage to man? Because she has never learned the art of honorable self-support on the battle-fields of "wisdom" valued at its immeasurable worth, and when woman's divine worth as "mother" society be just to its eternal interest, and then will woman take her place by man?



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SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY J. H. POWELL.

The late trial of Mumler resulted in good, although opponents "don't see it."

The English papers published reports of the first day's proceedings, glad to give the British public facts giving color to imposition. But the result of the trial, according to "The Spiritual Magazine," was not made known by any of them.

It is plain that "facts are stubborn things," and plain, too, that the press, when they find facts stubborn against their unjustifiable assumptions, ignore them. This only gives additional evidence that the "fourth estate" is not quite immaculate.

The trial of Mumler elicited some valuable testimony in favor of spirit-manifestations, and demonstrated the weakness of the opposition.

The spiritual hypothesis is proved to be the only reasonable one—proved to be so, more by the subtleties and shifts of the Anti-Spiritualists, than by Spiritualists themselves. Mumler's trial was a triumph for Spiritualism. The opposition retained, "thick" not "with honors," but defeat and disgrace. They fought hard and long, but all for the glory of Spiritualism. No thanks to them. But we can be grateful nevertheless.

The noise created by Mumler's trial, has not yet subsided. The anti-papers—and nearly all the papers are anti on the subject,—have not, as far as I have seen, aimed to put the favorable facts prominent, although the reports of the Tribune, The World, and other leading journals were faithful. The Tribune published a couple of letters, one from W. D. L.—the other from Wm. P. Slee on "Spiritual Photography." The first is evidently from the pen of a scientist and scholar and adds strong support to the spiritual hypothesis. He briefly says:

"If these things are true, the world had never such need of knowing them. We are losing faith in immortality. We cherish a vague belief that the dead are still living; but we think of them as gauzy abstractions, without form and substance."

Mr. Slee is a photographer in Poughkeepsie. He visited Mumler at his rooms in New York and, afterwards had Mumler at his own. Wm. P. Slee testifies that Mumler produced photographs with shadowy figures upon them, at Poughkeepsie, and that, too, without touching the plates or chemicals. A reward of \$50 was offered by Mr. Slee to his assistants if they detected any trick. Mumler did nothing but place his hand upon the camera. Mr. Slee offers a further reward of \$100 to any expert who will come to his rooms and, under the same circumstances as Mr. Mumler's pictures were produced, will, by natural means, without detection, produce results similar to Mumler's.

Here, then, we have the refutation of the silly assertion that Mumler must always have his own rooms, chemicals and mechanical contrivances. Harper's Weekly gave facsimiles of Mumler's pictures and treated the subject with moderation. Since the trial "The Manufacturer and Builder" for June has an article "showing up" Spiritual Photography, and letting the world into the secret of the modus operandi. But, unfortunately for the writer in this monthly, he has undertaken to prove too much, and has succeeded only in showing how figures can be fixed on negatives by mechanical agencies.

No one cares to dispute the fact that shadows can be fixed on the negative by various processes. But when a *spirit* asserts, as this one of "The Manufacturer and Builder" does—that all so-called spiritual photographs are produced according to one or the other of his plans, he assumes the judge, and pronounces the verdict "Humbug" without a trial.

"The Muncie Times" lately reproduced the article from "The Manufacturer and Builder" and gave it prominence as "a setler" to the spiritual photographic business. I wrote a letter in reply, which they inserted and attempted to answer by stating that Mumler escaped by a legal loophole and not because he was not proven an infamous swindler, unworthy the credence of sensible men.—"Another letter from my pen awaits inserting on the subject."

Thus facts pro and con crop out. No sooner do the friends of Spiritualism silence one opponent than another one appears. Questions that have been answered to-day are put again for solution to-morrow. Few make themselves conversant with the facts, except in a distorted form, of the Spiritual question.

Had the writers, I am criticizing, read the published report of Mumler's trial with clear eyes, they could not now talk the trash they do about "humbug," "infamous swindling" etc. The Chief Justice was "compelled" to decide that the prosecution had failed to prove the case.

And thus, after four day's trial—yet after such "a failure" on the part of the prosecution—newspaper critics and others, with a reckless disregard of the facts in the case, will persist in asserting that spiritual photography is all humbug, and those who believe in it are fools.

"The Spiritual Magazine" for August contains an account, from my pen, of my experience in spiritual photography. I will not here attempt a description because I have already appropriated enough space.

I will say, in conclusion, that this subject has not met with the attention it deserves even from Spiritualists. It is true, that "tricks" may have been practised. But that is no reason why Spiritualists should pro-pooch the whole subject, joining the popular hue and cry against mediums.

I am glad Mumler's trial has come off, since it has taught a lesson to many who loudly cried him down as "an impostor." Spiritual photographs, are among the best evidences that the "dear dead are ever near." Ignore them, and I see not how we can reasonably claim that spirits materialize, and make themselves seen and felt. I know, if I know anything, that spirits can and do fix their likenesses on photographs.

The late trial of Mumler marks an epoch in Spiritualism. History will preserve it. We are progressing. The mighty marvels of spirit are overturning the theories of learned fossils who fix the poles of thought on macadamised ground and expect the Universe of Mind to go so far and no farther.

Muncie, Ind.

—When you call on a man of business, attend to your business and leave him to attend to his. You ask, when you come in, "Are you at leisure?" Business men in business hours are never at leisure. Every moment of their time that you consume drives their work into the night, "when no man can work."

THE QUESTION OF ORGANIZATION.

This age is peculiar, and may be called the individualizing age. Men and women are beginning to stand alone, self-supported, with bodies and souls of their own. They are beginning to feel a power within, stronger than any controlling influence without. They are beginning to listen to a voice within as more authoritative than the voice of priest, more binding than creed or church vows. Men and women are becoming separate entities of life, thought, and action. So that when we meet a man to-day, one a man all over, up and down, outside and inside, he is ready to say, "I also am one of God's facts in the universe." And the woman, too, of 1869, says, "I am no fractional part of God's fact; I am one of the entities of the universe—a real being from head to foot."

This individualizing of the man and woman, is seen and known in the liberalizing of mind, the demand for bodily freedom, the disintegrating of the church, and the universal failure in new organizations. Of this latter I wish to speak, indicating the true basis of the New Church.

When men become men, and women become women, all over, as is now coming to pass, old institutions of Church, State and Society itself, must become less and less centralized, or more and more distributive in character and action, which is now the fact. In society the centrifugal forces are far mightier than the centripetal. The water flies off the grindstone in its fierce revolutions. The social and religious worlds have burst into fragments. The Protestant church is a wreck, because the Bible is thrown into the hands of the people to interpret. The Catholic church stands firm, because the infallible interpretation of the infallible word can come only through the infallible and divinely constituted head of the Catholic church.

The marital bonds are becoming the seven green withs, with which Delilah bound Sampson. They break like tow threads in the fire. The reason for all this is plain. Society has added the new and almighty motor powers of science and art, and moves faster.

Now, to remedy this, and lose no power gained, something must be done not to check the speed, but to strengthen the centralizing forces. Now, the social forces are constantly making individual talents of men and women, and a sort of mental illusion bewilders mankind. Your good neighbor comes along and kicks you for lying flat across his path, when you thought you were standing upright in your own.

How can we right these things, and surrender nothing of the individual being? By acknowledging the like individuality of our brother or sister; by agreeing with them on some basis which is native ground, and will give firm footing to all, where no difference of thought can arise on a fundamental principle, and unity of action must be the result.

Hence our creeds must give place to our needs; our opinions of theology and philosophy must be merely opinions, when a question of fact is presented. All our conclusions must be founded on fact, if such conclusions are to be made a part of our platform.

One other thing we must learn and acknowledge: the human soul and human body are sufficient to themselves. Out of these have grown the State and Church, the statutes and the Bibles of the world; that which is permanent or transient in these has come alike out of man. The Golden Rule and Declaration of Independence; the sentences on Jesus and John Brown, are alike the products of man. There are no more exceptions than is a dwarf or an idiot, a Parker or a Plato. We can only estimate our possibilities by our hopes, and reach them through our failures. So that our failures will teach us the sufficiency of ourselves; these all point to wisdom. One lesson we must all learn—a revealed or hidden truth there is in everything, and every creed, however partial and fragmentary, is yet a part of the absolute creed of mankind.

What then can we all agree upon; the nature and attributes of God? No; for each person fashions his God after his own likeness, imaged on the infinite background; hence God is conceived of only as finite. Here theology is a failure. So, likewise, philosophy must be a failure, when seeking after truth in the realms of the imagination; and nowhere else. As we can never agree about the attributes of God, so, also, we can never agree about theories. Then let us rest with our own conceptions of God, and agree that our neighbor shall enjoy the latitude and longi-tude of his own God-thought, even down to its negation. We thus surrender our theologic egotism, and—a hitherto demonic conflict is ended.

There is, however, an old question not yet settled about mind and matter. The existence of mind and matter is an axiomatic truth. What matters it whether mind or matter is the one the result of the other? Why not say they are the result of each other, and exist as a fate of necessity, and end the discussion. To-day the Spiritualists and Materialists are antipodes. It is the same old battle fought a hundred years ago in Europe between the Materialists and Idealists. The battle was fought long before without being won, and it will still continue to be fought with like result, till the advocates learn that materialism and idealism are but halves of one perfect whole. It is mind wedded to matter, and mind and matter at war. The fact is, there is a duality in the universe—the material and the spiritual, and we ourselves are made up of the two elements. Man has centered in him the attributes of the universe, in finite expression.

This is a philosophy which science and experience, and practical observation are daily and hourly demonstrating. "A material basis for a spiritual growth," is the world's maxim for every successful undertaking. We can no more ignore mind than matter. They are two eternal facts, eternally wedded. Any organization, then, which claims but half of this perfect whole, is a failure from its very inception. The one founded on pure spiritualism will die for want of a body; the one founded on materialism will die for want of a soul.

This duality in man and nature is the basis for a permanent organization. In this church, science will take the place of theology; the scientific lecture the place of the Sunday sermon. Here parents will become the architects of their children, planning them in the ideal world before they are put in the material form, thus saving the soul before it is born. Marriage must here ascend to the dignity of a science, and not remain as now a lottery of lust. The home shall be made pure and sweet as the breath of Love, not as generally, now, foul, polluted, by legal-

ized prostitution. The husband's desire shall be controlled by his wife's sense, and her health no longer made subject to his lust; and if she have not sense she should be taught it.

In view of these matters what a broad field of labor opens up before us! What questions of failure and endeavor, must be answered! What obstacles removed! What lovely form, and beauty, and worth in organization, are to come out of chaos yet!

Leaving the realm of speculation, we soon touch ground when we come to the stomach and back. There is a word we all know the meaning of, when we jostle each other—duty. And when we hunger, we know another word—work. When we get tired, we know what sleep means; and parents are sure to look after intelligence, if not in the Dictionary, in the faces of their children; and if they have been born stupid, parents are anxious to awaken them by education, leaving nothing after birth to God. Far better if they would not before.

The fact is, there is too much of God, not half enough of man in our religions;—too much speculation, not enough of science;—too much creed, not enough of duty;—too much infidelity to man, not enough to Bibles, and churches, and priests;—too much worship of the Christ of the past, not enough of the ideal manhood and womanhood. This is where man is now failing in all his religious organizations. The absolute in theology is not in his creed, and almost nothing at all of man and his duty. Our creeds must be made for man, not God; for earth, not heaven. The best on earth is a fee-simple to the best possible possession when we quit-claim here.

The centralizing forces in man are—the social and educational. These are the two pillars of the new church. This new church will draw all men and women into it, who have become men and women as real beings. No fiction of flesh and spirit will it contain. Here persons must have perfect liberty to question any opinion of the preacher, and liberty to find a reasonable fault with him, and the preacher has no business to fly to pieces about it. He assumes much when he officiates as God's vicegerent, yet he may be a help when he has studied hard and thought much on the facts of the universe, and can organize thought into the substance of life. A help he may be in this way—never an authority not to be questioned—never a master.

In short, the central idea must be as broad as mankind, and as eternal as truth—not speculative, but axiomatic. Then men and women will come under some name for social and educational purposes, to organize thought into life and labor.

Added to the above reasons, there are special reasons why Spiritualists do not as a body unite. First, they are heterogeneous from necessity, having been born into Spiritualism from every church, and have the taint of every creed upon them; or else, are infidels to every church doctrine, and can scent the "credulous" afar off. In other words, they are what we call Christian and Infidel Spiritualists. This means war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. For Christian and Infidel bigotry are Pagan twins, suckled by the same she-wolf and fed by the same woodpecker. The one that jumps the other's wall or ditch, jumps into battle and death.

True the fact of Spirit communion is a point granted by all, and is the central idea around which Spiritualists as such must revolve or congregate, or upon which they must organize. The organization, when upon this idea or fact alone, is as purely sectarian as any sect in Christendom or Heathendom, and is as capable of creating sects as any of these, and quite as likely to do so. What is the difference between the Christian who takes his lessons from the Bible and the one who gets his instruction from the Angel world? None, only in name, perhaps not that. The one says "the Bible is my authority," the other "the Angels." Yet both lessons have come through the same fallible Media; and both may be lies. God's revelations are in each of us, and no Bible or Angel can authoritatively say to my soul, "this is God's truth," which my soul cannot say Amen to. The Angels and Bibles of the Universe must be tried by the reason of man, to see whether or not their words be of God. Then there is much false sentimentalism in regard to spiritual influences;—the freed spirit standing by us mortals and influencing and guiding in all actions." We must learn that we have souls, as individual entities, living, working, spirits in these bodies, as God's facts of the Universe, capable of thought and will and far reaching design,—with many a faculty to will and to do, independent of the Angel world. In this, our strength and real worth; without this, endeavor would be vain, design a phantom of the brain to cheat the soul. Without our own individuality, we would be only puppets in the hand of the unseen spirits which wait about us, to buffet or console us, to curse or bless us. It is all nonsense about our destinies being entirely in the hands of ministering spirits. Our destinies are the exact result of the material and spiritual forces, in us and about us. We can ourselves plan life or death, success or failure, in a greater or lesser degree; and our accomplishments here are only measured by the head and hand forces of Earth. Our spirit friends can influence and teach only as spirits in these mortal bodies do. Yet nothing must make us surrender our own purpose of noble life, to suit the whims of others. That organization which will help us make the most of ourselves as individual men and women, is the true church. Till Spiritualists acknowledge this failure is written across our banner.

I look upon this fight among Spiritualists as the best possible sign of a happy and good result. Society is now being plowed deeply "no cutting and covering,"—no skinning the surface. It is yet to be harrowed and tilled and finally mellowed for the seed of a true and enabling Spiritualism. From this the New Church will come of necessity into life, and Man to man, the world over, shall brothers be for a' that.

COGITATES.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIME.

The paper called THE UNIVERSE has come freighted with thoughts of Freedom for woman. Can we wait for her growth? The great mass are so deficient in scientific lore; many of us have had a terrific battle to fight for life, and what of Liberty we have already won. Many of us have obtained little knowledge, except what has come by and through experience, and great physical and mental suffering. Some of us have endured with a spirit that would brook no failure, but we would obtain Freedom at any cost—counting all things as naught compared with personal Liberty, which, mental and social, is yet to be obtained.—can we still work on, for the sake of such priceless gems?

your sphere" shall make us quail or falter one jot. The law, social nor civil, may not let, or hinder us from seeing the sun rise in the early morning, nor can we be kept in parlors, or heated kitchens, broiling over coffee, tea and cakes, but we shall be found among fruits and flowers, while a dish of milk, bread, fruit or pudding shall furnish the needed repast, and thus we shall gain physical energy to pursue some necessary and pleasing occupation. We have, some of us, come out of the great matrimonial furnace, which was seven times hotter than any Theological hell ever can be; and now would warn others to inquire into the mysteries of the institution, before they make a venture.

Look into the different phases and conditions of married life among the masses, and see if it brings contentment and happiness to man or woman. See what opportunities a wife can have for mental culture, for any spiritual enjoyment, surrounded, as she generally is, by a family of unwelcome, suffering little ones, often, too, by their ignorant, fretful father.

Where can she go to obtain knowledge, for which she so often silently pines? Suppose she should inquire of the husband,—he often would sneer at her for aspiring after any thing higher or better than himself. Oh, yes, a wife ought to be perfectly contented with her husband and his children. No matter if they came without her wish or consent. No matter if the husband does fret sometimes because he has so many to provide bread for. Indeed it is small matter if the wife and mother provides for the whole family, husband and all. Wives often have done that; but are they to continue on doing so, or shall they yet assert the rights of a human being, and arise out of slavery? Come, sisters; don't be any more afraid to speak in the cause of Freedom and woman's Emancipation! E. W. Little Creek, Mich.

DRESS-REFORM PICNIC, AT SOUTH NEWBURG, OHIO.

In consequence of a severe and protracted rain storm our picnic, advertised for the 8th inst., did not come off, till the 10th, when, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the matter consequent upon the postponement, from two to three thousand persons were present on the shore of a beautiful lake to listen to an address on the subject of Dress-Reform, by Mrs. H. Stillman Severance, M. D., of Milwaukee, and unite in social intercourse and fraternal greetings.

The Dr. commenced by speaking of the manner in which all reforms were received by the world—no matter whether religious, scientific or social, by opposition, contumely and scorn; even crucifixion physical or spiritual. She argued the superiority of the "reform-dress" as a means of physical culture, and consequent mental improvement; showed the great necessity for a greater degree of health among women, as the first step towards the improvement of the race—as a sickly tree cannot bear sound fruit. All reforms pass through three stages, ridicule, discussion and adoption; and the opposition is in proportion to the importance of the movement and its degree of advancement.

In dressing the human body, two principles should be always recognized; first the clothing should be evenly distributed; second: it should not interfere with the action of any organ or part, and the person should be able to exercise just as fully when dressed as when undressed. Showed that the fashionable style of dress violated these principles; that, from the style of wearing the hair, to the very feet, at every point the warmth was unequal in consequence of unequal clothing. That the greater amount of clothing about the hips caused congestion, inflammation, and weakness of the muscles, so that the weight and pressure of the clothing, suspended from the waist, upon these relaxed muscles, was the great cause of so much suffering among women at the present time from weakness and displacement of the internal organs. Spoke of the injurious effects of tight clothing; that constant pressure upon any set of the nerves was deadening to their sensibility, hence, you can never find a woman who feels her corset to be tight. Showed the injurious effects of corsets from their stiffness, rendering all action of the muscles of the chest impossible. She showed the superiority of the "reform-dress," from the fact that the limbs and body are evenly clothed. The fashionable styles of dress do not allow freedom of motion to any muscle in the human body, and we not adapted to labor of any kind; that woman could never compete with man in the world of work in a dress that requires a far greater expenditure of strength. Dress a man as woman dresses and what, think you, would he accomplish,—he would sit down and require constant waiting upon. With the ballot in the hands of women, which will open all our college doors and the avenues to all kinds of labor, a reform in dress must come as a "military necessity."

She took up the various objections to the dress-reform; showed that fashionable dress perverted, instead of cultivated, idealism, as by being obliged to see it, we come to consider as beautiful, because stylish, that which was at first even hideous to us; argued that the sexes should not dress so differently; that any mode that would interfere with the free action of man would be no less objectionable for woman; that long skirts did not belong to her sex; in China men wear them, and women pants.

Said there were many women who would like to adopt this sensible dress were it not for fear of ridicule. But where does ridicule come from? Not from gentlemen and ladies, for they will be such at all times and on all occasions; only from brainless fops and silly women who are no more worthy our attention than the cur that barks at us in the street. If our conscientiousness is stronger than our apprehensiveness, if we love truth more than public favor, we will be more willing to meet the disapprobation of the ignorant than of our own consciences. Let us live true to our highest light in this and all other respects.

At the close of the address (of which I have given but a poor idea) the company adjourned for dinner, after which they were enabled to listen to the reading of letters, toasts and addresses, interspersed with music from the band.

Letters of sympathy and encouragement were received from Park Pillsbury, E. C. Stanton, Editor of the Revolution; Abby Kelly Foster, R. T. Trall, M. D., Lydia Sawyer Hasbroock, M. D. of Middleton, New York; Dr. Holbrook, Editor of the Herald of Health; Dr. Cooper of Bellfountain, Ohio; Harriet N. Astin, M. D. of Dansville, New York; Editor of their Laws of Life, and others, expressive of their

firm conviction that this reform movement was of the first importance.

The following toasts were read by the President:

The Women of America:—may sense increase until they shall repudiate Parisian fashions and adopt a sensible costume!

Responded to in a brief and appropriate manner, by A. B. Severance of Milwaukee.

The Reform-Dress:—may its shadow never grow longer!

Response by John Taylor, Esq., of Painesville, Ohio.

The ladies who appear on this occasion in the reform dress:—may they have a greater regard for principle than they have for the low and vile slang of unprincipled men and women!

Response by B. F. Ludlow of Auburn, Ohio.

"The Men of America:—may they, with loyal brave, true hearts, help elevate their sisters to their own level, and side by side with them work for mutual improvement!"

Response by Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance. The Chaquon Falls Band:—may their music and hearts ever be found in harmony with the march of reform!

Response by the band in "Home, Sweet Home."

After a pleasant and profitable session, the Pic-Nic adjourned to meet the first Wednesday in September next at the same place. Boating on the lake and a dance in the evening closed the exercises of the occasion.

D. M. ALLEN.

THE UNIVERSE AND ITS AIMS.

BY EDWARD F. FENN.

Conversing with a member of the Baptist Church a few days since, he said to me: "Never will my consent, shall my wife and daughters read THE UNIVERSE. It is trying to tear down old-fashioned customs relating to marriage, and all laws restraining or regulating the sexes, and offers nothing instead, but anarchy, confusion and free-love."

Where, my friend, have laws, restraining and regulating the sexes, been aught but dead letters? Laws never control opportunities; passions, unsustained by moral principles, always do, and they fear no penalties. Anarchy never follows a righteous liberty. Free love we desire, to be sure; not in accordance with your comprehension of the principle,—that is more correctly expressed by free lust—but a pure love which defileth not, a love broad, free, comprehensive, which judgeth not, calleth no man alien, no woman outcast; expressed, perhaps, more nearly in the range of your comprehension, by Christ-like. Judging from your profession, you should understand this, if not, you can hardly comprehend the foundation principles of THE UNIVERSE.

True marriage is not simply a legal institution, with only aims of a material, physical nature; it is also spiritual. Two souls, attracted to each other in this relation, no legal enactments can separate; distance, edicts, or custom, present no obstacle to their union. They are one in the only true and pure sense. This is the spiritual law, and it is just here that THE UNIVERSE steps in, and demands that there be no legal enactment to conflict with it; it goes further, and demands that no laws shall be permitted to stand, which force men and women, not thus truly, spiritually united, to live together in adultery.

The trouble is, not with the principles advocated by THE UNIVERSE, but in the darkness of your own minds;—you cannot perceive how man can exist with spiritual-passion outgrown, or at least subdued within pure and useful bounds. Living as you are, entirely under the sway of passion, experiencing little or none of the regulating influences of the higher faculties, it is not to be wondered at that you recognize the necessity of legal restrictions, and tremble at the idea of their repeal. It is not however our aim to tear down, any faster than true spiritual development will enable us to rebuild upon a healthful basis.

Indeed, sir, far be it from us to release you from a single restriction; to repeal a single law which regulates your license; far be it from us to give you other victims than the law has given you;—one, in all conscience, is enough; but we demand laws which will enable every victim to escape the blasting curse of your lustful fires; we would protect your wives from yourselves, and your daughters from their mothers' fate.

No wonder that you tremble with fear and rage, when you behold the array of witnesses brought before you every week; no wonder you would keep your wives and daughters ignorant of these unvarnished truths. So long as they are carelessly interspersed with flash literature, sensational items, and current news, in a manner to stimulate the senses, you are gratified; you deny your daughters no daily news papers, no sensational novels; but when these items,—which are rapidly forming American history, and already fully blot its fair pages,—are presented in startling array, you shrink in terror from the conviction thus forced upon you, and strive to keep those most subject to the curses enumerated, in ignorance of their danger.

But it can no longer be done! Unpleasant truths do not appear in THE UNIVERSE from idle motives, nor to gratify any prurient curiosity; but to excite just what you have already expressed—the horror of every man, woman and child, at the social degradation in which we are already plunged, and, if possible, to incite such action as shall avert impending ruin.

It is not alone the office of THE UNIVERSE, to amend our laws that one party shall not be subjected to the will or power of another with out redress or refuge, but to instruct mankind in all the laws of our being, both physical and spiritual, that reproduction is the one, and only true object of marital relations, and that woman herself, shall be the arbitrator of her own and her offspring's destiny. Reformers are in earnest. THE UNIVERSE is their organ. It shall prosper. Angels are assisting; frowns and curses may hinder, but shall not dishearten; nor can the combined powers of passion and ignorance prevent the final consummation of the good at which it aims.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

- Brigham Young has 130,000 adherents.
—New Mexico contains but one Protestant church.
—It is said that the Siamese twins belong to the "United Brethren."
—There is a female prayer-meeting in New York of fifty-five years standing.
—The Avondale Welsh Baptist Church lost all its members but three, in the late mine calamity.
—A colored preacher in Georgia can be heard two miles when he gets warmed up to his work.
—Jay Cooke's Episcopal Church at Point-Bay is known as The Church of the Holy Five-Twenties.
—Oriental Jews are said to look upon the Suez Canal as another step toward their return to Palestine.
—There are six Presbyterian churches in Canada which have organs, notwithstanding the action of the Synod.
—The Fast of Expiation, or the Grand Day of Atonement of the Catholic Church, fell on Wednesday September 15th.
—There is a secret society in Spain, composed of 3,000 Christians, pledged to renounce Rome and to circulate the gospel.
—A citizen of London, Ontario, has been fined one dollar for putting the ear of a small boy in church, to keep him quiet.
—"We see," said Swift, in one of his most far-castle moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."
—A circus elephant has been arrested in Pennsylvania for traveling on Sunday. He was allowed to retain his trunk.
—Roman Catholic chapels and churches have increased in London from thirteen to nine, since the beginning of the century.
—There is considerable excitement over the proposition to abolish the reading of the Bible in the public schools of Cincinnati.
—The pope is about to make great efforts to convert the negroes of Africa. Two hundred of them are now studying for the priesthood.
—It is said that the Japanese clergy pause every fifteen minutes in their discourses, and say to their congregations, "Let us take a smoke."
—The Czar of Russia has published an edict abolishing the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood, which is now a caste, comprising 700,000 families.
—The Philadelphia clergymen have struck, agreeing not to officiate at funerals on Sunday, unless on the physician's certificate that burial on that day is unavoidable.
—The whole Greek Church, which represents about nine-tenths of a population of 80,000,000, has officially declined the invitation to be present at the Ecumenical council.
—Some congregations seem to be particularly to their preachers: One of these gave public notice that they wanted a preacher, but went on to specify that, beside being a good Christian, he must have a good moral character!
—Thirteen clergymen had to "assist" Bishop Doane in consecrating a new church at Lake George. We cannot discover how many it took to hold the church while the consecration was going on.—Exchange.
—A lady in Boston, who lost a child by death, week before last, sent for ten different clergymen to officiate at the funeral, but all of them were absent from the city. As the only alternative, a lawyer read the burial service.
—A French child asked the priest the other day, "Why is it, father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking our bread for a week, a month, or a year?" "Why, you little goose, to have it fresh to be sure," was the reply.
—A young man near Youngstown, Ohio, recently expressed the opinion, in a thunder-storm that "God Almighty wouldn't strike him," and just as the words were uttered, he was struck dead, and horribly mangled. Therefore, etc., etc.
—The Western Watchman, of St. Louis, a Catholic journal, says that the selection of bishops to fill vacancies, is to be taken out of the hands of the bishops and given to the clergy. It admits in times past that "the priest selected for the office of bishop is not always the wisest, the safest or the best."
—A Sunday school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop larger handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," said she, "Boaz did another very nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her!" said one of the boys.
—A minister who has been recruiting among the Springs of Saratoga writes that the belle of the season wears a dress valued at the amount of his salary for two years, and a set of diamonds equal in value to the cost of a comfortable mission church, with infant room attached, gas-fixtures and cabinet-organ included!
—A minister was preaching on a breezy day, with the windows open. When he came to "thirdey," he couldn't find his notes. He was embarrassed, and repeated several times: "Thirdey, my brethren, thirdey." At last an excited old lady rose from her seat, and exclaimed, "Thirdey went out of the window!"
—Fashionable preachers in Paris now raise the wind for benevolent or church purposes by arranging lotteries of a very peculiar description. The prizes drawn are no others than themselves,—that is to say, the winners have the right to claim their services as preachers, etc., for three or five days. The modest plan is said to succeed in some cases.
—A worldling was once visited, in his illness, by a well-meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disgorged his countenance and wore a face of perpetual mourning. As his aid visage appeared in the doorway, the sick man started up and exclaimed,— "Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if your religion didn't agree with you!"—Methodist Protestant.
—The eccentric Elder S—, well known to many as an active and earnest Baptist preacher, once said from the pulpit: "They say there is no family government now-a-days. But there is—I tell you there is—just as much as there ever was; but" (leaning over the pulpit, and lowering his voice into a quiet and confidential tone), "the difference is this: when I grew up the old folks governed the young ones; but now the young ones govern the old ones."
—Four preachers of different denominations were dining upon a fish. The Catholic took the third connected with the head, saying, "Papa est in ecclesia" (the pope is at the head of the church). The Methodist took the third connected with the tail, saying, "Piscis coronat opus" (The end crowns the work). The Presbyterian took the rest, muttering "In medio veritas" (Truth is between the extremes). The Baptist was naturally enraged at finding nothing left for him; and snatching a bowl of melted butter, he dashed it over them, exclaiming "Ego baptizatus!" (I baptize you!)
—A Michigan minister, having resigned and gone into the insurance business, thus clears his conscience: "Whereas, At three or more different times I wrote anonymous letters to different persons in this community, which were wilfully intended to injure the character and reputation of those persons, I hereby state that all was done by me for want of that I supposed would be the third report, notwithstanding the injury done to others. Now, after deliberate consideration, and in pardon of all those injured and those intended to be injured by such communications, and stating that the whole thing was an untruth, and that I had no cause for the same."
—A correspondent of the Portland Press, who lately attended the Hedding camp meeting at Epping, N. H., writes that about twelve years ago a shrewd presiding elder went there and took a bond for a deed; then, going to the directors of the railroad passing through that town, informed them that if they would give him half the purchase money he would attend to the matter of a camp meeting there. They readily assented to his request, the camp meeting was held, and he then sold off sufficient pine timber to pay for the whole lot, saving the sum paid by the railroad company for a camp meeting fund. The result is that the society has one of the finest situations, in the country, and the railroad company has made enough to reimburse themselves many times over.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HENRY H. OTIS."—The author of the "War Song of the Revolution," commencing: "Men of the North! look up! There's a tumult in your sky!"

"WENDELL."—Friday was given to the sixth day of the week in honor of a mythical Scandinavian goddess, named Friga; the wife of Thor, and the goddess of riches, peace, and fertility.

"MURDOCK."—We cannot see how there can be any more harm in reading Byron's poems now, than before Mrs. Stowe's "startling disclosures."

"DEMOS."—True eloquence can never be acquired by set rules and training. It is a natural gift, and can only come into play when the orator is really in earnest, and pleading for something wherein he has an absorbing interest.

"ROBERT."—A merited and delicately-conveyed compliment is not flattery, and is not so considered by sensible ladies. But when you begin telling a lady about her heavenly eyes, and her raven hair, and her Grecian nose, and her delicately-chiselled mouth, and her sylph-like form, she will be very likely to resent it.

"OPHELIA."—You look at things with too poetical an eye. You seem to have an ideal idea, so to speak, of everything. It will not do for you always to see things through the highly-colored glasses of your imagination.

"DRAMATIST."—We don't know whether the celebrated epitaph above Shakespeare's grave, concerning the dust enclosed there, and the propriety of sparing those bones, was the production of the immortal master, or not.

"SAMUEL."—Your trouble seems to be, that you cannot hold your mind upon one subject long enough at a time. You remedy lies in the exercise of your will. Say to yourself, "I am going to canvass that matter, now, in all its bearings; and every other thing in earth, air and heaven, may take care of itself, till I get through with this."

"R. LOWRY."—Many people are utterly insensible to musical sounds, or, as it is commonly expressed, "have no ear for music." They are unable to distinguish one tune from another, and never learn to sing, or even whistle, with accuracy.

"FRED."—No; Daniel Webster was not indebted to Hayne for the splendid burst of eloquence with which he electrified the country upon that occasion. It had been gathering for years; the country was waiting for it; and its coming was inevitable.

"BARDEN."—Why should the theatrical profession be less respectable than any other? Is there anything so very heinous, in representing and delineating the hope, joy, sorrow, despair, etc., of their fellow mortals? Actors may well have for their motto:

"HONOR AND SHAME FROM NO CONDITION RISE; ACT WELL YOUR PART; THERE ALL THE HONORS LIE."

"A. CAMPBELL."—It is not necessary that you read so very much, in order to become well-informed and wise. Most persons read too much. They walk in literary leading-strings, all their lives. Read just what your mind can digest—no more.

"H. H. WRIGHT."—Why will you write on both sides of the paper? Suppose we give your manuscript to the printers; it is cut up into strips and distributed among them; and can't you see what a trouble it would be to them? Be more liberal with your stationery.

"H. JACKSON."—If you have laid yourself liable to the penalties of the law, you may be thankful that you have come off as well as you have. Laws are broken every day; but the fact of the perpetrators' escaping punishment, sometimes, is no justification to any one else.

"ALLIE."—Thomas Moore agreed much better with his wife than authors and poets generally do. It is said, however, that she suffered some at seeing him continually drawn from her side by the praises and honors that were continually lavished upon him.

"W. M. H."—"The time in which the Southern Rebellion was included" may be considered as from Dec. 20, 1860, when South Carolina passed the first act of secession, to the first week of April, 1865, when Lee was defeated and routed by Grant.

"E. P. HELM."—The American Colonization Society established a colony of emancipated slaves in Liberia, in 1821. The republic contains 24,000 square miles. Whites are not admitted to citizenship, there.

"ALPHA."—The old cry against fiction has subsided into a growl. Authors of romance are engaging the public ear more and more as the years go on.

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

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street. Editor-in-Chief, J. M. PEEBLES. Managing-Editor and Publisher, H. N. F. LEWIS.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

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

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.

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.

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.

A "Card" of a very surprising character has just appeared in the columns of the New York World, signed with the name of Mrs. Corbin, author of the story, "Married," which is completed in this issue of THE UNIVERSE.

Several indignant readers have called our attention to an attack upon Mr. PEEBLES, in the columns of a paper bearing an unpronounceable name, professedly a "Spiritualist" journal, but possessing very little spirituality.

We have several inquiries from readers to know more specifically the views of the UNIVERSE on the Marriage question. We will soon give them more fully than we have done as yet.

The number of manuscript articles we receive weekly for publication in the UNIVERSE is formidable. Contributors must be patient, as we are examining their favors and placing them before our readers as rapidly as is possible.

This week's issue closes three months since the Chicagoan was enlarged and the name changed to THE UNIVERSE. The business prospects of the paper improve daily, and are absolutely grand.

CHICAGO INVENTIONS.

DR. NICHOL'S INSULATED TELEGRAPH. Almost everybody who has had occasion to use the wires for the transmission of a message, is familiar with the fact that there are defects in the system, which prevent accuracy and despatch.

In former times two wires were found necessary to complete a circuit; but it was soon discovered that, by running the ends of the wires into the ground, the earth itself became a wire, and the second wire was thus dispensed with; this operation combines the voltaic electricity of the battery with the static electricity of the earth.

The invention above mentioned is designed to correct the defects of the present method, and to insure accuracy of transmission at all times and all under circumstances of storms, rains, snow, fog, hail or mist. It is claimed that no error can occur under the operation of this method, and that the wires will always work.

In the first place, two perfectly insulated wires are used; they are covered with insulating material and protected from any connection with external substances; in this respect, being as perfectly covered as the wire which crosses the Atlantic ocean. Two wires are used for the purpose of making a circuit independent of the static electricity of the earth, and are by this means freed from any magnetic disturbances which may occur in the ground or in connection with it.

The insulation of the wire protects it from contact with rain or snow or mist, and directs the electricity from any possibility of atmospheric disturbance. Now the electricity and the transmission of the message is generated wholly in the voltaic battery; this battery is enclosed in a glass case, quite insulated and protected from contact with the ground.

It would seem that these simple principles contained the elements of a successful operation, and I have been informed that the machine works to the entire satisfaction of those who are engaged in the business of telegraphing.

GEORGE A. SHANNON, JR.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—IV

COUNTRY ASPECT OF ENGLAND.—MANCHESTER AND METHODISM.—JOHN BRIGHT—HIS PRINCIPLES AND SPIRITUAL TENDENCIES.—SINGULAR EPITAPH.—THE EVERETT MEDIA.—LECTURES—MY HOST, MR. BEALEY.

BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND, Aug. 20, 1869. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever," is quite relevant to Manchester, England—a city of over four hundred thousand inhabitants, and the richest manufacturing metropolis of the world.

If in harbors abound groves of shipping, and in oil-regions forests of derricks, Manchester may be said to display a wilderness of chimneys, from the great black throats of which issue smoke, soot and cinders, contaminating the air, rendering night and day nearly the same in color, and corroding the public buildings and monuments.

England is a garden, ridged with hedges and fringed with roses. In a country vast as America, little note is taken of land not naturally arable; but here all possible appliances of animal and chemical aids are resorted to, with ditching, draining, and rolling, to render productive the most unpromising spots. Fences are seldom seen, hedges, neatly and nicely trimmed, being used almost universally.

Referring to the historical records of this old city, we have been instructed as to the prominent characters here born, and as to the religious intolerance manifest in "ye past times."

ANN LEE, name sacred among the Shakers, was born in Manchester. Here began her trials and bitter persecutions. "First the cross, then the crown." Such is the divine order.

DR. JOHN DEE, Warden of Collegiate Church, and one of the most erudite men of that age, was born in London, July 13, 1527. Celebrated for his learning, and his skill in Mathematics, Natural History, and Astronomy, he was held in high esteem by Queen Elizabeth.

JOHN BRIGHT, the Father of Methodism, visited Manchester in 1733, and in 1735 visited the town again, to consult with his friends upon the newly-conceived project of going to Georgia as a missionary.

JOHN BRIGHT. Memory fondly recurs to a day spent, some two years ago, with RALPH WALDO EMERSON in his library at Concord, as the richest of our life. Next to this, was the afternoon we sat in the parlors of John Bright's palatial residence overlooking the dust and smoke of Rochdale, talking freely with this English Cabinet minister, of the recent civil war in America, the peace of nations, Spiritualism, and the general progress of the world.

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variation naturally turned upon Peace. For the moment there was a lull in the inspiration of the hour. The point put that peace was beautiful in spirit, reasonable in the hope of poets, prophets, reformers and, withal, eminently Christ-like—he confessed to the terrible horrors of war, and admitted that peace principles commended themselves to the highest instincts of human nature.

When the Howitts, Chambers, Halls, Varleys, Wilkinsons, certain members of the British Association, with one branch at least of the Royal Family are firm Spiritualists, it might be expected that John Bright was wise enough, brave enough, and man enough to know something of Spiritualism.

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Conducted by our poetic friend, whose hospitalities we were privileged to share, we found ourselves, after passing an old English church of Rochdale, at a cemetery abounding in unique ruins and storm-baten headstones with inscriptions engraved thereon as weird as amusing.

Urged by the friends, we consented to give two or three lectures in this great city, thoroughly materialized from its commercial interests. Mrs. Hardinge, so universally known and esteemed in America, had preceded us, "breaking the ice" to use a provincialism.

When through with a brief lecture, and liberally given, a full dozen of Sectarists and Secularists "pitched in," taking us back full fifteen years. Some contended there was no God; others no conscious immortality, and others that there was a burning hell of endless torments.

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Or, as if fairy hoëts did chant a psalm Of shadow-music on the cooling ground. Come, then, ye spirits of the silent hour, Be my companions, as I walk along; An unseen presence, yet a conscious power, Filling ay, loading me with love and song J. M. P.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR CRITICS.

The very day of sailing for Europe we received, from the hands of friends at New York, copies of the American Spiritualist and the Present Age—containing each a critique upon either our writings or individual movements.

Keen, manly, criticism, elucidating thought, or stimulating to better statement, is as desirable as complimentary. True criticism reflecting the colors, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work, while dissecting, will seek to transfuse higher living principles into the literary organism.

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India. Do Spiritualists generally accept this as their fundamental "idea"? Is it a portion of their religion and their philosophy? Is there nothing about a monkey, a gorilla or a man even, except "essential spirituality"? Is an Orthodox church edifice with priestly bells and devils—with doctrines of damnation—as rich in "essential spirituality" as angelic communications? But further—he says—"And the naturalness of all spiritual methods and experiences." Is there anything new in this? Have not our spiritual lecturers repeated the thought a thousand times and more?

In the Seers of the Ages (p. 192) we say: "The Spiritualism of to-day differs from that of five thousand years since, only in the better understanding of the philosophy, the general concession of its naturalness, and its wider dissemination through the various grades of society. We further say in contradiction from the church theory of the 'Supernatural,' that its spiritual processes of evolution are natural, because the subjects of laws fixed and infinite. We would ask friend Wadsworth, if mere naturalism as related to law, is all there is of Spiritualism? Herbert Spencer in a late paper, entitled the 'Origin of Life,' terms Darwin 'the great Rabbi of Naturalism'—but is Darwin a Spiritualist? Are Pantheists, Deists, Naturalists doubting, or openly denying conscious immortality, really Spiritualists?"

One definition in the UNIVERSE to which F. L. Wadsworth objects, reads thus: "Spiritualism is an eclecticism, based upon present tangible facts, upon historic testimonies, and the souls highest intuitions. It admits of this general definition: 1. Its fundamental idea is, God, the infinite spirit presence, immanent in all things, and soul of universal being.

11. Its fundamental thought is joyous communion with spirits and angels, and the practical demonstration of the same, through the instrumentality of media.

111. Its fundamental purpose in the economy of use, is to rightly generate, educate and spiritualize all the races and nations of the earth."

Impressed, we feel inclined to present what our friend A. E. Newton wrote a few years since under the caption "Definitions of Spiritualism."

MODERN SPIRITUALISM, more specifically, may be defined, says he, as that belief or conviction which is peculiar to, and universally held by, the people now called Spiritualists. This may be stated in the single proposition— "That disembodied human spirits sometimes manifest themselves, or make known their presence and power, to persons in the earthly body, and hold real communication with them."

Whoever believes this one fact, whatever else he may believe or disbelieve in Theology, Philosophy, or Morals, is a Spiritualist, according to the modern term.

Now, as F. L. W. dissents from our definition of Spiritualism, rejects all others, and yet everlastingly harps upon the "fundamental idea," will he out with it—out with something new and absolutely original? We wait,—waiting, waiting a definition not according to Jesus—"God is a spirit"—not according to Paul—"God \*\*\* all in all," not according to Proclus—"Spirit is causation"—not according to A. J. Davis or T. L. Harris; but according to F. L. Wadsworth.

To us, any definition of Spiritualism that wholly or in part ignores the spiritual facts of to-day, that excludes the phenomena manifest—through genuine media, with the present knowledge of a conscious communion between the inhabitants of this and the world of spirits, is simply a luscious panegyric, or metaphysical "fizzle" not worth the foolscap or the penstroke, spot. J. M. P.

PSEUDO SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of The Universe:

I wish to detail the particulars of a "phenomenon" occurring in connection with myself, which bear so near a resemblance to some of which I have read, that were stated to be undoubtedly of Spiritual origin, that I might, if I would, make of it a very good Spiritual story and still not violate the truth.

Last night I retired to bed, and after reading for an hour or so as usual, I turned down the light and composed myself to sleep, lying on my right side, with my face toward the outside of the bed. In a few minutes, feeling very drowsy, I was aroused by a sudden feeling of intense terror, a feeling as though something was in the room, from the presence of which I must secret myself, and I instinctively grasped the bed-clothes to draw them over my head. In a minute a sudden shock like electricity passed through my head with a "whish" like the flash of gunpowder. I turned upon my back and was at the time fully convinced that some evil spirit was operating on me in some way. As I lay, the shocks continued at short intervals. I opened my eyes and saw by the faint light of the lamp the various objects in the room, but they had assumed various distorted shapes and everything seemed pervaded with a strange terrifying aspect.

An old cow with a bell, who had been feeding around the house all the evening, was still clattering the same, and I noticed the vibrations and reasoned with myself in relation to the matter of whether I was asleep or awake, counting the sounds for a considerable time and noting their distance apart. I had closed my eyes again, for they were exceedingly heavy. All at once I seemed to be lifted from my bed and carried upward, eight or ten feet, to the top of the room, and again brought back and replaced in bed. The thought then occurred to me that I would wake my wife who was sleeping by me, and get her to feel my pulse to see if there was any stoppage of circulation. I thought I reached over across the babe, who was between us, and took her hand and, on her waking, told her what to do, at the same time unbuttoning my wristband so that she could have a chance. The cow bell was still ringing, and my mind intently engaged in the matter of testing, to find out what it was that was operating on me, whether spirits or nightmare, the shocks still continuing at intervals, and the same constrained feeling. In a short time I became convinced that, instead of doing what I thought I was doing, I was yet lying still; and I commenced to will with my utmost power, to come out of it, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in finally moving my feet, and instantly came into a normal state. I then did wake up my wife, and found that all the time while I supposed myself going through the various operations I have described, I was lying perfectly still without speech noise or motion.

I have had many experiences similar to this, and they lead me to believe that a large part of such things detailed by Spiritual mediums as occurring to them, are of the same character, and that a person may be in a state wherein the mind may reason in a perfectly logical manner, while the senses are deceived completely. An exhaustive treatise on the cause, progress and effects of what is called night-mare and its correlative disorders, would be of great interest to me, and might be of use to many others. As yet I have never seen one, though I have perused over a vast amount of medical guesses.

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THE UNIVERSE.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1899.

THE CRUCIFIXION.—NO. 5.

BY LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

The fear and grief manifested by Jesus in view of his crucifixion are to be accounted for precisely as we would explain any similar conduct of any other good man when condemned to suffer death under similar circumstances.

This rule of interpretation is safe, and if adopted, the conclusion becomes irresistible, that Jesus did not choose to be crucified; he resisted it—he did not "give himself up," as it has been said he did; he did all he could do, and all that any man, under similar circumstances, could have done, to avoid his crucifixion. And, how immensely important this conclusion is, will be seen, when we consider the place which this theological dogma, in respect to the atonement, holds in the ecclesiastical world. This notion asserts that the unending happiness of all men depended on the death of Christ, brought about by the crucifixion. Nay, more, that all men who reject this dogma in regard to Christ's vicarious sufferings on the cross, are doomed, by the fiat of the infinite Father of all, to suffer eternal punishment in the fires of hell, with the Devil and his angels. And, what an idea, this! The everlasting destinies of the entire human race made to depend upon the death of Christ on the cross, and this, too, when Christ did not die on the cross—he swooned from fright and exhaustion, precisely as any other man might have done. And, more, whatever he did or did not die upon the cross, his sufferings were involuntary. Never was any form of death met with more reluctance than Christ manifested against his crucifixion; and, theology is, therefore, wholly at fault in its assumptions of merit attributed to Christ, on account of sufferings which he never would have endured if it had been in his power to prevent them.

THE RESURRECTION. In all trials for the crime of murder, the world over, the first thing to be proved is, that some one has been found really dead. Hence the necessity of those legal proceedings in all civilized countries, under the name of inquests, juries, and the examination of competent witnesses. I say competent witnesses. In all murder trials, especially, must it be made to appear, beyond all doubt, that the witnesses are every way competent to testify. Were the witnesses medical men? Were they competent for understanding and judging of all the facts which go to make up the case, supposing that they did actually witness them all? In the accounts of the crucifixion, we are told that angels were seen. But who and what sort of witnesses are they who have eyes so differently constituted from ordinary people, that they can "see angels"? And, thirty years after the events are alleged to have taken place, Jesus is said to have died upon the cross, because he happened to bow his head in a swoon. There was no doctor there at the time. There was no inquest. No one attempted any examination whatever, to ascertain whether or not he was really dead. That was a time when such things were taken for granted, as most other matters were, when the marvelousness of the masses had become once excited.

A man is crucified, his body fastened to an upright form of wood, in shape like the letter X, or T, where criminals were known to live for a number of days, before death could ensue. He was exceedingly overcome by fright, and exhausted in mind and body; his head soon fell upon his breast in a swoon. There was no examination of his pulse. No glass was placed before his face to determine whether he breathed or not. And so, his ignorant, credulous, and excited friends took it for granted that he must be dead.

But Pilate doubted, as any unexcited, sensible man would be likely to do, knowing, as he did, that such an event was unknown; criminals did not die on the cross within three or four hours after their crucifixion, unless some other means were used to kill them. Hence it is said:—

And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead, and calling unto him the centurion, he asked him, whether he had been while dead? Of course, he marvelled, at the death, so soon, of a man merely fastened upon the cross, as common as crucifixions had been among the nations up to that time. And, notwithstanding the doubts expressed by the Roman magistrates as to whether Jesus could be really dead, there was no medical examination, and such an occurrence as a swoon, or trance, was never thought of by any one, even although the person they hastily supposed to be dead was found to be alive within about forty-eight hours afterward, and conversing, eating and drinking with the neighbors.

towers above them all, which is found in the evidence that Jesus was never killed upon the cross, inasmuch as he lived after he was crucified, and took food for his sustenance, precisely as any man and all men most do, who are not willing to suffer from hunger or starvation.

Such are the facts in respect to the crucifixion. Let the candid weigh them. Quincy Mass. Aug. 30.

"MORE PLAIN TALK."

To The Editor of The Universe: The hearty commendation which greeted the article on legal prostitution in a back number of your paper, induces me to add a few words on a subject, too long regarded as one too indelicate to be brought to public view. And so strong is this feeling—the result of wrong education—that I hesitate now; and nothing but a strong sense of duty and the vital importance of the subject, induces me to proceed, and relate a few instances which have come to my knowledge, and belonging to the same category as those related by "A Wife and Widow."

Not far from this town, a young wife, in her first confinement, was left one night, by the nurse, to the care of her husband. On her return next morning, she found her patient, whose rapid convalescence seemed almost miraculous, in a dying condition. The husband hovered about her, incessantly, unwilling to leave her alone with the nurse; but on some pretext was at last induced to leave the room, for a few brief moments, while the murdered woman whispered her sad tale, and closed her eyes in death—a victim to lust, and adding one more to the long list of those "mysterious dispensations of providence" that could thus tear a young wife from the tender arms of her husband.

Another instance, well-authenticated: A Presbyterian minister consulted a physician of my acquaintance with respect to his wife, whose failing health justly excited some anxiety. The physician briefly touched upon the cause when the reverend gentleman in a paroxysm of astonishment exclaimed: "Impossible! was not woman made for man?" Would not that man have impeached for slander one who should dare hint that he did not live a pure moral life—or assert that in some respects he lived a life not above the brutes at his feet?

And it is just this degrading idea of the mission of woman that is the root of all her wrongs. She "was made for man." Not with man—not of man, but for man.

One more instance out of the thousands whose daily cries go up to the great King, whose merciful laws at last bring redemption to the innocent victims:

A gentleman of fine culture and eminent legal attainments brought his wife to a Hygienic Institute for treatment, stating that she was not quite well—and went away. A few hours revealed to the astonished physician that the young and beautiful wife was insane, and also revealed to his broad experience the cause.

After a night, made sleepless by her eccentric conduct, the husband was summoned back and received with signs of terror by the wife, who supplicated that she might not be left alone with him.

In answer to the physician's interrogatories, he said he had considered her "ugly," and admitted he had resorted to some degree of force to induce her to comply with his wishes. The physician rose, went to a case of medical works, opened to a page, placed it in his hands and, without a word, left him to his perusal. Hours after, the physician found him pouring over that one page. His only comment was, "Is this true?" He went away a wiser man, and months after, when his young wife, fully re-established in health, returned to his home, he recognized the fact that marriage is not unbridled license; and a happy home sprung from the ashes of the old.

If mothers would, by their own experience, teach their sons the true mission of manhood, the solemn responsibilities of paternity, the moral as well as physical benefits resulting from the control of their passions, we should not only have a stronger and better race of children, but happier wives, mothers, and homes.

Mothers only, can do this work, and to mothers we appeal. Do not, longer, let a mistaken idea of delicacy withhold you from dealing with your sons as with your daughters. Do not leave them to receive from polluted sources the knowledge that deeply involves the welfare of the whole human race. Put early into their hands some standard work of special physiology. Let them there learn the wonderful mechanism of man—the dignity of marriage—the purity it demands—and that the violation of those laws, with which God has hedged it round about, brings fearful punishment to the innocent, as well as the guilty. Ms. DE LA FLETCHER. Geneva, Ill.

RUSKIN ON JUDAS.

John Ruskin, in "The Crown of Wild Olives," characterizes in his trenchant style those who like to make money as imitators of Judas:

We do great injustice to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, did not understand Christ; couldn't make out the worth of him or meaning of him. He didn't want him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whomever they killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, middle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ, yet he believed in him much more than most of us do; had seen him do miracles, thought he was quite strong enough to shift for himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own perquisites out of the affair; Christ would come out of it well enough and he have 30 pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand him; he doesn't care for him—sees no good in that benevolent business, but makes his own little job of it, at all events, come what will. And thus out of every mass of men you have a certain number of bagmen—your "free-first" men, whose main object is to make money; and they do it, in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, their power which money, once obtained, has to take all its produce to himself except the laborer's food. That is the modern Judas' way of carrying the bag and bearing what is put therein.

PERMANENT REFORM IN THE CURRENCY.

BY V. CONSIDERANT.

[Mr. V. Considerant, the eminent writer on Social Science, presents, in the article which follows, a plan for the creation of a stable and permanent currency. He does not propose to return to the metallic currency, which he holds to be an expensive one and subject to many abuses. He proposes the creation of a currency, based on new principles, which will possess the fixed and stable character of the metallic, without its imperfections.]

In 1839, Russia suffered, as the United States is now suffering, from the evils of a depreciated paper currency, the value of which, as compared with specie, was as 350 to 100; that is, it required 3 1/2 paper rubles to buy one of specie. Notwithstanding this great depreciation, Russia effected a reform in her debased currency, returning to a regular and fixed monetary system in twenty-four hours, and that without wronging any one in or out of the Empire. This is a fact of history. To effect this financial operation, Russia was obliged to borrow ten or twelve million dollars in specie of the Bank of France. The Government of the United States has had for four years past, from six to eight times that amount lying idle in its vaults; and during all this time, with all the discussions on resumption, nothing has been accomplished, and no one single point has been agreed upon. I will not undertake to criticize the financial wisdom of the American people, but I, as an adopted citizen—which authorizes me to speak as one of the people—must confess that we have shown no great wisdom in this particular conjuncture. The present currency is a scourge. It operates as a monetary disease, affecting all the commercial and industrial interests of the country. The whole economic mechanism is subject to the greatest uncertainty. No one can foresee what will be the result, in four, six or eight months, of investments made to-day, of enterprises undertaken. And no safe calculations can be made without stability and fixedness in the unit of Value called the Dollar. If the Dollar is not a fixed value, no one can know what real value a given amount of Capital will represent six months hence. I may realize an apparent profit on my investments, or from my business, but it may turn out to be a loss instead of a gain.

Owing to this instability of the money value, which measures all others—an instability which prevents any one foreseeing what \$100 will be worth in six months, or even six weeks—regular business suffers, while a wide field is thrown open to speculation, and financial and commercial gambling.

The sole remedy is the return to a regular and stable monetary system. Let the example of Russia be followed, unless something better can be done. Can anything better be done? I answer, Yes; and, something far better. As we can improve on her processes, I will not enter into an explanation of them. I affirm that by a simple law of Congress the following results may be obtained: 1. Return without wronging any interest to a regular monetary system; that is to say, to a fixed and stable currency. 2. Effect a beneficial reform, which will economize, and hence save to the country the expense of the hundreds of millions of gold and silver which it would be necessary to use to return to and re-establish the specie currency.

If it could be clearly demonstrated to our legislators that the greenback dollar could be raised in value to that of the specie dollar, or to par, and maintained invariably at this value, provided that they, on their side, would pass a law abolishing the use of gold and silver as a currency, and the circulation of these metals as money, I ask, would they consent to such a measure, and take the initiative in a fundamental monetary reform? Let us remark that if the country, wishing to return to a regular and stable currency, imagines that it is necessary to go back to the old specie money, this fancy will cost it the several hundreds of millions of gold and silver, which will be necessary for the metallic currency, that is to replace the greenback circulation. It is hardly probable that it will return to the old State Bank system, with its alternately expanding and contracting issues of paper money; so that but three alternatives are open before it: 1. To retain the present greenback currency as it is with its fluctuations. 2. To return to a pure metallic currency. 3. To discover some new principle on which to base the National currency, and adopt it. It is this latter alternative which I propose, and I explain the principle which is to serve as a basis for it.

It would require at least \$600,000,000 in gold and silver to establish a specie currency. How is this vast sum to be obtained but by taxation, by adding new burdens to those already imposed on the people? If a dollar of the currency, I propose, will always be worth a dollar in gold, in what respect is a bit of metal preferable—to effect the exchange of values—to paper? I will remark here that the material for the new currency will be paper; it is easy to handle and costs nothing. Externally this currency will resemble the greenbacks; but, based as it will be on a different principle, it will be intrinsically a new and different monetary system. For the purposes of a circulating medium, the metals are far inferior to paper; this is so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it.

If, then, the permanency in value of the paper dollar can be secured, there can be no objection to its use as the material out of which to make the national currency. To attain the great end in view—namely, to create a fixed and stable currency, using the cheapest and best material, Congress has but to pass the following law, comprising three articles: 1st. Hereafter gold and silver will not be used for money; and coin made of these metals will not be recognized as a legal tender. The national currency will be of paper (or any cheaper and better material that can be discovered). 2d. The National Government will alone create and issue the currency of the country. No individual or corporation will be permitted to create or issue a circulating medium, or any representative of it, like our bank notes. 3d. The Secretary of the Treasury will at all times, first, deliver to any person wishing the national currency a dollar of the same, on his depositing 23 8-10 Troy grains of gold (the amount now contained in a dollar) or its equivalent in silver; second, withdraw from circulation an amount of national currency necessary to keep it at all times at par—that is, to diminish it whenever the metals rise in value above the point fixed as their standard price. If this simple law is passed, a monetary reform will be effected, and a regular and stable currency will be delivered from the evils of an overfluctuating and uncertain fluctuating

medium—in other words, from a measure of value which has no fixedness of value of its own. As soon as this law is promulgated, and gold, in consequence, is refused of all national Custom-Houses as payment of all national dues—the issues of national currency being in the hands of the government alone, and withdrawn from the banks—it would attain to par or 23 8-10 Troy grains of gold, at which point it could be maintained with very slight fluctuations.

There is a question which will probably be asked by the reader, and which I must answer before going further: "How is it that you take gold as the standard value of your currency, and the regulating principle of its issue, and yet reject it as a circulating medium? This appears a strange anomaly." I answer: there must be some standard and guide by which to regulate the issues of the new currency—of the amount to be put in circulation. A paper currency can be increased indefinitely in amount; there is nothing to prevent it, as there is with gold; while the wisdom of legislators however great, can not determine so complex a question as the amount of currency to be issued and kept in circulation. As a consequence, some product or article which is universally in demand, and the value of which does not fluctuate, or at least very slightly, must be taken and used as this standard and guide. Gold is the article. Iron or lead, wheat or corn would answer the same purpose, provided they existed permanently in nearly the quantities, and there was the same uniform demand for them as for gold over the earth, so that their value was everywhere as regular and stable. If too much currency were put in circulation, gold would rise in price as do all articles—flour, cotton, land &c.—but more promptly, as it feels at once all changes in the market. The rise, even of 1 1/2 per 100, would be an indication to the Secretary of the Treasury to contract. On the other hand, if too little currency were in circulation, the price of gold would fall below the par value of the same, which would indicate the necessity of increasing the currency. By this means instead of using vast quantities of the most expensive metals for a circulating medium, the same result could be obtained by taking its value in the markets of the country, and using it as a gauge or indicator—as a standard to which to conform.

The economic principle on which this reform is based, may be comprehended by any market-man. He knows that the scarcity of any product in the market renders it dear, while its abundance causes it to fall in price. He can deduce the conclusion that if some one can monopolize and hold any one product, he can raise or lower its price at will, and, as a consequence, regulate and fix it at any given point he pleases. Now, under the power conferred by the above, the Government being alone invested with the right of creating and issuing currency, is in the position of the monopolist of some product. The Government can regulate the currency at will, expanding or contracting it, and in so doing, raise or lower the price of all things, gold included. It could make one dollar in paper worth two in gold—that is, worth 47 6 10 Troy grains of this metal, or could make it worth but fifty cents in gold. To this, it would in the former case, have only to contract the currency one-half, and in the latter double it.

To form a clear idea on this subject, let us suppose that the business of the country requires a circulating medium of five hundred millions, and that this amount of currency is in circulation. In this case the dollar of currency will be at par; that is, will be worth or will buy 23 8-10 Troy grains of gold. Now, if the amount is increased or diminished, the currency will rise or fall. If increased five millions, it will fall 1 per 100; if diminished five millions, it will rise 1 per 100. This will be the inevitable effect of expansion and contraction.

The Government can, consequently, regulate the value of the currency by determining the amount put in circulation; and hence, can secure the regularity and stability of the value of its dollar, or the monetary unit. If the business of the country requires more money than there is in circulation, the paper dollar will begin to be worth more than the amount of gold, fixed as its legal value. As an effect, gold and silver bullion will flow into the Treasury to be exchanged for currency. The difference in price being in favor of the latter, bullion will be exchanged for it, exactly as it now is for coined money at the mints. If on the other hand, a falling off in the business of the country require less currency, causing it to decline to par—there being a redundancy—the per centage of the decline would indicate inflexibly to the Treasury the amount of currency which it should withdraw from circulation in order to bring it up again to par, and maintain it there.

[To be concluded next week.]

OBSCENE WRITINGS.

To The Editor of The Universe: The admission of Mrs. Judge Knowlton's article on the "Inside views of Marriage" to the columns of THE UNIVERSE, was a question of editorial discretion or judgement, and, I suppose, fairly a subject of criticism between the Editor and his readers; but one which the outside press have nothing whatever to do. Articles like that from the Janesville Gazette, come with a particularly poor grace from a press, venial and corrupt to the last degree.

With occasional noticeable exceptions, there is not a newspaper in this Country which cannot be purchased for a sum of money, and a very paltry sum at that—to publish the most glaring advertisements of fraud, robbery, quackery, and corruption. For one dollar, a small, pitiful, miserable dollar, they will tell tens of thousands of people that Gumbidge & Co., 34 Broadway, New York, sell counterfeit money by the bushel, and thus place temptation in the way of persons who had perhaps never before thought of being dishonest.

For the one half of this same dollar, they will spread broad-cast the information that Jones & Co., No. 25 Race St., Philadelphia, sell all the vile and obscene publications printed, "sent by mail to any address and securely concealed from observation." Then there is no end to the quack-medicines—some of them endorsed by the editors themselves—as sure cures for all manner of private diseases. In fact, the large proportion of the local Country newspapers live and grow fat on the money received from this class of advertisers.

the alleged cause. That is like the hundred thousand dollar prize in the Havana Lottery! How they seize upon, and dwell upon and elaborate every minute portion of evidence. They will tell all the particulars without the sign of a blush, and glory in the shame and degradation of the poor wretch who furnishes them the food for scandal on which they live and thrive. The results of one good divorce suit will last a common newspaper for a month.

The immorality which these pestiferous sheets breed and disseminate among the youth of our land, is not only a great drawback to the usefulness of the public press, but it is a grave question whether it does not more than counterbalance the good which they do in other respects; but, however this may be, as breeders and abettors of the vilest immoralities, they have no business to set themselves up as the censors of the morals of others, nor as examples which decency can be asked to emulate. GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

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 should gather, and as presenting the true basis on which the new social structure must be reared.]

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

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disavowal of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inhere in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the 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 comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

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

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

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

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—The value of domestic happiness has been fixed at \$30,000 by a Milwaukee Court.

—A sad case of the death of a mother and daughter by starvation is reported in New York.

—Theodore Tilton says, God never made a man that was safe to be trusted out of the sight of a woman.

—Two Memphis, Tenn., sisters have been horse-whipping a young man for abuse and defamation of character.

—In the Divorce Court at London, on the 18th ult., there were one hundred and seventy-four cases entered for hearing.

—Recently, at Walpole, N. H., a boy of eleven years shot his grandmother, as he said "to get the old critter out of the way."

—Mr. Flickinger of Indiana, and Miss P., of Ohio, were divorced a few years ago. They concluded to try it again and re-married a few days ago.

—A man living near Pontiac, Mich., swapped his wife for a horse, and was afterwards surprised and grieved at being informed that the sale was void.

—A dancing-master in Berlin was recently arrested in that city on the charge of having seduced between twenty and thirty of his young female pupils.

—An old man in Omaha, Neb., has been arrested for handcuffing, chaining, flogging, and violating the person of his niece, aged thirteen years.

—A merchant of Bradford, Ill., missing since the 17th ult., is supposed to have joined a strange woman in Chicago and made for the East leaving a wife and \$6,000 liabilities.

—Two wife-beaters were arraigned at Chicago police-court, the other morning. One of them was fined \$5.00, and held in bonds of \$400, while the other was fined \$10, and put under \$200 bonds.

—A man has been arrested near Tipton, Cedar Co., Iowa, charged with the murder of his mother, eighty-five years old. The face of the woman presented the appearance of one who has died from strangulation.

—Fifty prostitutes annually commit suicide in Berlin. The ladies of the Berlin Midnight Mission state that their association, in the comparatively short time it has been organized, have saved upward of two hundred expriants.

—A man in Albany recently rescued his runaway wife from her paramour, by force, and in spite of her vehement declaration that she loved her lover better than she did her husband, thrust her into a hack and abducted her to his home.

—The Rochester Democrat says that Lady Byron, years ago, told a celebrated American friend the reason of her separation from Lord Byron, which was totally different from the cause assigned by Mrs. Stowe, but which was horrible enough, and cannot be repeated in print.

—The Queen Dowager of Bavaria, a rather good-looking lady, has been caught in a love affair with one of the footmen of her deceased husband. It is said that during the lifetime of King Maximilian she was enamored of her footman, who is the son of a common day-laborer.

—A man named Compton attempted to commit a rape on a girl, 15 years of age, at Salem, Pike county, last week. The girl resisted with such energy that he was foiled in his purpose. He has been arrested and incarcerated at Pittsburg.

—The wife of a prominent citizen of St. Louis, while out, calling on a friend, was seized, in broad daylight, by some miscreant, who attempted to force her into a hack. She was finally rescued by two colored men, and the hack was driven rapidly away.

—A young mechanic of St. Joseph, Mo., eloped one Sunday night with the wife of a friend, at whose house he had been a welcome visitor. The lady had not been long married, and was a very wealthy heiress. They took \$25,000 along to pay traveling expenses.

—At St. Joseph, Mo., a few days since, a man jumped on the train just as it was moving away from the station, and, snatching a babe from its mother, leaped to the ground, and getting into a wagon he had in waiting, drove furiously away. The woman had desisted him for drunkenness.

—The corpse of a beautiful young girl of twenty, dressed in the height of fashion, was recently found in the Seine. The poor girl was found to be stabbed in a great many places. A medical examination showed that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to outrage her person. She was not identified.

—The mortality among Mormon children, is very great. Of sixty deaths in Salt Lake City last month, forty-four were children. Heber Kimball is reported to have buried forty-eight children out of sixty-three in his collection; one bishop had lost twenty children; another, twenty-eight; another, seventeen.

—A lady in Missouri has applied for a divorce from two husbands. The first abandoned her and circulated a report that he was dead, on the faith of which she married again. She found a divorce from a number one on the ground of abandonment. The other husband she now finds had already a family when he married her.

—The Alton (Ill.) correspondent of the Missouri Republican says, a young man by the name of Cubbell was arrested on complaint of one Josephine Teeters, whose affections he had trifled with by marrying her while he had two other wives on hand, one of whom lives in Quincy and the other in De Soto. Justice Quorton bound him over to answer the charge, and for want of bail he was committed to jail.

—The Laporte papers contain the particulars of a horrible attempt on the part of a black villain, living in Johnson township, named Zaks Thompson, to perpetrate an outrage upon a girl, aged 14, the daughter of a gentleman living in the same township. The young lady succeeded, after a terrible struggle, in escaping to a neighbor's house. The negro was arrested, and has been bound over in the sum of \$300.

—A Quakeress in Bloomington, Ind., jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the trust kissing and hugging his servant girl. Her indignation was not long in being manifested to her husband, who was long in discarding the half-opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsey, had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

—The little daughter of a citizen in St. Paul, Minn., aged about nine years, was one day playing on the bluffs back of the city, when she was seized by three boys, whose ages range from fifteen to seventeen years, and carried some distance into the woods, where they attempted to violate her person. She struggled and screamed, using all her little strength to resist the youthful villains, who shortly became alarmed at approaching footsteps and fled, leaving the child hardly able to reach her home.

—In Boston, a few days ago, a well-dressed young man jumped on a horse-car, and told the driver "to go ahead and not let that woman on," who had signified her intention of doing so. The driver, however, allowed her to enter the car. Perceiving that she was bound to follow him, the youth made a rush through and jumped off at the rear end of the car, closely pursued by the lady. When last seen, both parties were making excellent time. It was afterwards learned that the young man had made certain promises to marry, which he had failed to fulfill.

—The greatest social scandal of the age is now in progress. One of the oldest and best families in Warwickshire is thrown into great distress and likely to be broken up. The lady in question is young and fair, and has hitherto borne an unimpeachable reputation. A short time ago, during the agonies of maternity, she said enough to convince her husband that he was not the father of the little stranger just about to make his appearance. Other revelations succeeded, and although every effort has been made to hush up the affair, the latest accounts state that the husband is determined to put the matter to a legal investigation. If he persists in this course, there will be a terrible time in the divorce court. Rumor at first only hinted vaguely that the co-respondent would be one of the most distinguished men in the upper ranks of society, but that is no longer a secret that it will be no other than that sad young scapegrace, the Prince of Wales.







