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WAITING.

BY ISA GILBERT.

I.
Harvests are white, and laborers are few,
And yet these hands are empty, Lord;
Where is their work to do?
Somewhere in old or new,
Some hidden path must lie,
Waiting my feet;
Some place where I could try,
At least, to meet
And earn, some laborer's reward.

II.
Our air is wild, with discords all infused,
And yet my lyre is tuneless, Lord;
When shall its voice be used?
When shall the chain be loosed,
That now binds all its strings
To silence, and to rust.
Sealed music hath no wings
To rise from earthly dust
And o'er inharmenous, station melodious ward.

III.
Busy, on all the world's vast ramparts, stand
Reformers, tolling with full meed of care;
With burdened soul and hand
These saviors of our land
Cry out to us who "wait":
"Help, Cassius, or we sink!"
Where is the open gate—
'Tis not from fear we shrink;
The gulf is bridgeless, between here and there!
Waukegan, Ill.

Written for The Universe.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY;

OR,

Why Did You Kill Mrs. Dalton?

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

"That is the last I remember, till I found myself, a month later, in your mother's room. I awoke as from a dream; Ellen was at the bed-side, holding my head. The past—the long, stormy sea-voyage, the search for Ellen, the terrible tidings of her marriage, all passed like kaleidoscopic views before my mental vision. Then the present? How came I here? Why was Ellen watching over me?—were questions I could not solve. Had I dreamed? Was Ellen yet free? Was she mine? I dared not ask; so I looked into her pale face for the answers. She comprehended my thoughts, as readily as when no shadow darkened our lives. She laid me back on the pillow, and then, kissing me, said, 'Clouds are in our sky, Charlie, but be patient and hopeful; soon or late we will reach the shining hills of day.'

"I may forget my nights of sorrow and days of deep anguish, but those words—the first I had consciously heard her speak in years—are written in deathless lines on Memory's page. Even now they seem to me prophetic; I sometimes think I see the hills of day, and hear her silvery voice, calling me thither.

"As I gained strength, I learned of the events that had transpired during my illness.

"Judge Longworth, to excuse himself for not caring for me, said that I blundered in upon him, and reeled about like a drunken man; so of course he could not be expected to extend the same hospitality that he had years before. I was next picked up in the street, and taken to the American Hotel. A physician, who chanced to be present, pronounced my case brain fever. In my delirium, I revealed the story of my love and of my disappointment. By this means I was identified. Your father had me taken to his home, where I was kindly watched over during a long fever. Ellen heard the story of my inebriation, but she knew it was an invention of her father, to excuse himself for turning me—as he did—cold and hungry from his house.

"In my delirium, I constantly called for Ellen. For a time, neither her friends nor mine would consent to her seeing me; but after she heard of my pleading, she did not wait for advice, nor ask consent to visit me. She, uninvited, without a welcome, walked straight into the house, and found her way to my room. 'My place is here,' she said, 'and here I will remain.' From that time forward she assisted in nursing me. When I was delicious, her gentle voice calmed me; when I was burning with fever, her cooling hands dispelled the heat.

"When my convalescence was no longer doubtful, Ellen came but seldom to see me. When I was able to leave my room, she ceased altogether her visits. But I knew that she remembered me kindly, by the little bunches of buds and green leaves that were sent to me from her green-house. This is all I had a right to expect—with this I ought to have been content; but I was not.

"Still weak, and a little childish, I wanted her by me. Had I not need of her healing hands—of her gentle magnetic influence? What were the laws of the marriage ceremony to me—worn and wasted by a great heart-sorrow?

"I did not—could not reason myself out of the idea that Ellen's place was at my side. I asked her, and was told that home and husband had claims upon her attention. I sent to her secretly, by my physician. He was a sensible man and knew that my malady was hidden from human eyes; that drugs would not bring me health. He went to headquarters—to Ellen's father and husband, and represented me as half-imbecile, half-child; and declared that my return to health of body and of mind depended entirely upon indulging me in my whims.

"However inconsistent they might seem, father and husband, both declared that Ellen's good name was worth more to her and her family, than my life could possibly be to the world. They protested that she did not, never could, love me; and the gossips were already busy, surmising and retailing scandal regarding us. The doctor, finding himself

unsuccessful in that direction, watched for an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Dalton. She readily entered into his plan that she should see me secretly.

"Your mother would not consent, nor assist in the clandestine meetings; but she did consent to leave the hall door open, at a certain hour, and to leave me alone. I well remember how anxiously I waited day by day, for the hour of her coming. I had the position of the little clock on the mantle changed, so that I could see the pointer as it neared the appointed hour. I fancied that I heard her faint step upon the pavement half a mile distant. I distinctly heard her say 'I'm coming Charlie.' I would listen and watch till the gate swung back and the light step upon the stair assured me that she was near. This hearing seemed imagination to others; to me it was no Utopian fancy. My soul was so linked to her soul,—my hopes, plans, joys, so centred in her, that I knew no life apart from her. Every day she visited me; and I felt, day by day, that I was gaining strength.

"At length I was able to leave the house. Then the stern conviction forced itself upon me, that I must relinquish all claims to Ellen. She was the wife of another; and I must be brave and manly and go out into the world, forgetful of my love and disappointment. Ellen must know of my resolution. She should henceforth feel that I had no claim to her heart—none to her hand. I had asked no explanation of her strange course regarding me; I would ask none. She had married Julius Dalton, doubtless from choice. The reasons I had no need of knowing.

"When, one fine spring morning, Ellen made her usual call, I seated her by my side and unconsciously took her hand and slipped from her finger the marriage ring. By this I knew that we must part. I said, 'I have hoped, but hope is dead.' She made no reply, but laid her head upon my shoulder and wept. I thought they were tears of pity shed for me, so I said, 'I'm strong now and have less need of your care. To your love I have no claim. Your voluntary marriage has divided us forever.'

"Do not say voluntary, Charlie, for Julius was not my choice; he was urged upon me."

"When Ellen had dried her tears, I seated her upon a little ottoman at my feet, just as she used to sit when she was in her teens, and repeated to me her lesson, or listened while I read from some of my favorite books. 'Now, Ellen,' I said, 'I'm strong enough to hear the story of this strange marriage, if you choose to tell me; and I would like to know what induced you to change your mind, regarding me.'

"I had determined that that should be our last meeting; I therefore urged her to relate, at once, the facts. Ellen rested her head, as if of old, upon my knee, and I ventured to twine her brown curls about my fingers, as I had done in happier days. At last she raised her head, and looking me calmly in the face, said:

"'Charlie, I will tell you the truth—tell you all. I may seem to forget that it is for me to keep the secrets of those nearest me; but you shall know that I am not wholly unworthy of your faith—I will not say your love, for I may have forfeited that.'

"A ringing of the doorbell aroused Ellen. Starting to her feet she exclaimed, 'They have come for me!'

"'Come for you?' I said, 'Who has come?'

"'The plan is to take me to an insane retreat,' she said, 'and I make no objections to going. It is far more respectable to dispose of me in this manner, than to have me separate from Julius Dalton, thereby disgracing the family; and I much prefer the asylum to a home with my brother—as his wife.'

"With these words she passed out of the back door into the street. Mr. Dalton, an officer and a physician were then waiting for her in the parlor.

"Mrs. Dalton was pronounced insane upon her own testimony. She had, in visions, dreamed dreams, and declared that Julius Dalton was but a brother, and that I was her soul-wedded. She knew no other marriage. She had no respect for any law or institution that conflicted with God's law. These sentiments were considered contraband doctrines—the vagaries of a maniac. When I heard from Ellen, she was safely locked within the walls of a lunatic asylum. I went out into the world, to work and wait for the passing away of the clouds that now overcast our sky.

"Three months passed and a letter from Ellen reached me. In it she gave me a full history of the vile machinations resorted to by her father and Dalton, to entice her into the matrimonial meshes. Other letters followed; I have preserved the letters. To me they are very precious. I may read them to you, but not to-night. They will answer your question, 'why did you kill Mrs. Dalton?'

CHAPTER III.

MRS. DALTON'S LETTERS.—NO. 1.

LUNATIC ASYLUM, July 18, ____.

"MY DEAR CHARLES—Israel's sweet singer called to God from the heart of hell. The good Father, no doubt heard his voice and opened the prison doors.

"From these lower regions I call to you. Will you heed my petition—open my prison doors?

"But, after all, this may be just the place for me. It is well to know life's sorrows. No soul is strong that has not been tried by affliction's fires. The pure gold has been tested by the furnace heat. The old oak is strong because of the thousand storms that have beaten among its branches.

"Shall I, who claim kinship with angels—I, who expect to live when gold is like dross, and trees are dust, shall I complain because ignorance has sent me to this abode of unfortunates? No! no! yet, I lost heart at one time, and through the losing, lost faith in man, in God, and in a future life. But in my calm, reflective moments, I saw the wisdom of the ETERNAL in all things.

"To be doomed to live among lunatics, to listen to their cries and complaints, to be regarded as mad, and treated like a maniac, is enough to drive the strongest-nerved woman to desperation. But I now see the needs of these poor, wandering spirits, and think

that I may do something toward bringing them back to reason.

"The physician and directors of this institution may be well-intentioned people, but they are totally ignorant of the needs of their patients. They do not know that the spirit is sick, and that their efforts must be directed to soothe and restoring the soul. They give opiates when a gentle word, a ride by the seaside, or a chat with a genial friend would administer to a mind diseased. And again, the patients hear their maladies discussed, and often to the disgust of the maddest among us.

"I was not a little amused by hearing Dr. Baker relate to a visitor my particular phase of insanity. I had been beguiled into promising my hand in marriage to a graceless scamp, who left me for parts unknown. After my marriage, so the story ran, the man returned and insisted upon the redemption of my promise. I, a simple minded girl, thought it was a crime not to marry the man to whom I had promised myself, (and it was hinted that I still loved you). The affair wore upon me till health and reason gave way.

"The listener, a gentleman in a frock coat, gravely remarked, 'Poor thing! I wonder if she ever met with a change of heart. The grace of God only will save the soul from unholy loves.' Then he turned and quizzed me in regard to my domestic affairs. My replies convinced him of my right to a strait-jacket.

"But did I not promise you an explanation of my marriage? Here are the facts:

"Long before Sarah's death, I was selected as the second wife of Mr. Dalton. You thought, and so did I, that my father was very disinterested in obtaining for you the situation with Gen. Dix. He represented to me the vast advantages that you would derive from visiting other countries. The whole plan was to get you out of my way. Julius concocted the scheme, and my father entered heart and soul into his wicked project. Julius had money and position; but what cared I for that? To me he was but my brother-in-law, the husband of my deceased sister. But to my father, love was of secondary consideration.

"Julius was fifteen years my senior. I did not love him—I protested against the sale father seemed determined to make of me, body and soul. I blush to repeat the fact that the heart that should shelter a child, thrust her out; the hand that should protect, opened to her the tomb—closed, barred the gate; the soul that should have pitied, mocked her misery.

"Sarah had been six months in her grave when you left. Three months later, Julius asked me to be his wife. I told him frankly of my attachment to you. He feigned astonishment. He had never thought of you only as a profligate that Mr. Morrill was vainly trying to rescue from dissipation. 'Why did he urge Gen. Dix to employ you?' I asked. That question he never answered.

"My mother sympathized with me. She insisted that I should be allowed to judge for myself, in matters of the affections.

"I did not receive your letters, nor you mine, after the first year of your absence, simply because Mr. Dalton was postmaster. A very grave charge to prefer against one's husband!

"Then came letters of your recklessness, your dissipation,—of your being discharged for dishonesty; I did not see the letters, but I had, at the time, no question as to the truth of the reports.

"Well, I married Julius, and might perhaps, have loved him, as a sister loves an older brother, had I not heard soon after our marriage, that the reports of you were manufactured expressly for my ears. 'I ceased to respect him from that hour. As I did not love him, I had no claim upon his love. How could I require of him what I had not to give? Where there was no love, there was no marriage; only law-links bound us, so I reasoned.

"I told Julius frankly of the divorcement of affections, and left it to him to break the external bonds. He coaxed, threatened, prayed and pleaded; but all to no purpose. My father refused me a home, hoping, thereby to compel me to a life of degradation. I was inexorable. I remained in the house with Julius, waiting for the opening of the gates, to the land of Freedom.

"Why is it that no philanthropist has invented an underground railroad for white slaves? For such captives, why is there no Canada? We have no Garrison to plead our cause.

"Things went on smoothly, so far as the world knew, till your return. My father, pride and my husband's position were as flaming swords, warning them to beware lest the world pluck and eat from the tree of knowledge, and thereby learn that the serpent had a prominent place in our Eden.

"I did not disguise the fact of loving you and should have risked all for that love's sake; but for your family, they were not ready to be compromised.

"Well you have the sequel. I was sent here a lunatic. Dr. Davis testified that no sane mind held such blasphemous sentiments in regard to marriage, as I held, and that no sound-minded married woman would leave home to watch over an old lover. The proof was positive; therefore, this was the place for me, and I readily consented to the plan of being sent away. Any place was preferable to a home with the man I detested.

"How long I am to remain here, I do not know. That the clouds will be lifted, I do know; that we shall yet walk the world together, I know, but when, and under what auspices, I do not see. It may be that the morning light of Heaven above will scatter the darkness. If so, God has willed it. His loving hand will soon or late lead me out of the valley. I trust in Him and wait—*adieu*.

ELLEN."

(To be continued.)

Written for The Universe.

SAMPLES OF EVIDENCE FOR SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

In my last paper I gave an example illustrating the phenomenon of Spiritual Guardianship, or, in other words, of care occasionally exerted by denizens of another world over those they have loved, and left behind, in this. In this I furnish a well authenticated narrative, of a character less pleasing, but, perhaps, supplying a lesson as important. Inasmuch as we ought not, in my judgment, too hastily determine the exact character of that lesson, I head the story with a query:

WAS IT RETRIBUTION?

During the winter of 1839-40, a young lady of Philadelphia, whom I shall call Miss Wilson, had occasion to pay an evening visit to the family of Mr. Joseph O—, then residing in a house, owned by Mr. O—, on Third street, in that city.

The house, not a corner house, fronted West. Its first floor consisted (besides the kitchen) of two rooms: a front parlor and a back room used as the ordinary sitting-room of the family. Between the two was a five-foot hall or passage, in which a stairway ascended, from north to south, to the second story. The door from the hall to the back sitting-room was a sash-door, and was immediately opposite to that which communicated with the front parlor. The street-door opened into an old-fashioned box-entrance, situated in the north-west corner of this parlor; and from this entrance there was a second door into the room itself. The only communication from the street to the back-room was through the box-entrance into the parlor, and thence, by the passage, through the sash-door already referred to. The parlor had two windows looking on the street; and it had no mode of exit except these windows, the street-door and the door entering on the hall, above mentioned.

It was past seven o'clock, and already dark, when Miss Wilson reached this house. The door was opened by a girl named Phoebe, about eighteen years of age, who had been brought up in the family. After double-locking the street door and letting down the night-latch, she ushered Miss Wilson into the back room, where the latter found two children on the floor, at play.

'There's nobody but the children and me in the house,' said Phoebe; 'the rest have gone out for the evening.'

It so happened that Miss Wilson, conversing with this girl, sat close to the north wall of the room, whence could be seen, through the sash-door, the passage beyond and the lower steps of the stairway. The passage, however, was not lighted.

Suddenly Miss Wilson heard, quite distinctly, as if on the floor above, a heavy, sluggish footstep; at first as crossing one of the rooms, then as if descending the stairs. Looking up, she saw, through the sash door, a light which increased as if the bearer were approaching. Then came the appearance of an elderly gentleman descending the lower steps; in his left hand a flat brass candlestick, with lighted candle, his right on the banister; his dress black, with a satin stock, but no hat. Descending slowly, he passed into the parlor, of which the door was open. Miss Wilson saw his profile only. After he had passed in, out of Miss Wilson's sight, that lady still saw the light in the parlor.

She turned to Phoebe for an explanation. The girl appeared to take no notice, and did not even look up. 'Phoebe,' said Miss Wilson, 'I thought you told me there was no one in the house but yourself and the children.'

'Neither is there,' answered the girl in a low voice, but without raising her eyes.

'How! No one? Didn't you hear that old man come down stairs?'

'Hush!' said Phoebe.

Very much puzzled, Miss Wilson looked again toward the parlor. No light to be seen there! Though a good deal alarmed, she picked up a candle and passed into the room, hoping to solve the mystery. Not a living soul there, nor any vestige of an occupant. Her first idea was that the man must have passed into the street. She carefully examined the windows, raising the sash for that purpose; the shutters were securely fastened on the inside; then she looked to the door; it was double-locked and the night-latch still down. Completely bewildered, she returned to the back-room. 'Phoebe,' she said, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

'Surely!' said the girl, now as pale as a sheet, 'you must have heard of the old man that haunts us.'

Then, for the first time, it occurred to Miss Wilson that she had heard some vague rumors of the kind; but she had attached so little importance to them that the sight she had just witnessed, had failed to recall them to her memory. Even now, so palpable to her senses had been these sights and sounds, so like a matter of an every day occurrence was the appearance, that her mind, at first, instinctively scouted all idea of the supernatural.

'Did you hear him?' she asked Phoebe; 'did you see the light?'

'Oh yes,' replied the girl, with a shudder; 'it's nothing new. I'll tell you about it, by and by.'

Miss Wilson sat down and tried to collect her thoughts. If she had not heard that heavy tread, if that light had not illuminated the stairway, if she had not seen that figure in black descend the steps and enter the parlor, what dependence could she place on any thing she had ever seen or heard in all her life? If she had dreamed, if she was still dreaming, what evidence could she possibly have, at any moment whatever, of waking sense? And then, too, the girl had seen and

heard the same incredible sights and sounds as herself.

On the other hand what was it that had entered the parlor and vanished thence, without possible means of human exit? An apparition? But even if she had been willing to abandon the belief of a life-time, and adopt as real what her education had taught her to regard as one of the idlest of nursery superstitions, there was nothing in what she had witnessed that at all corresponded to the ghostly legends of the nursery; nothing that savored of the unearthly, nothing ghastly or terrible; no dim spectre in shadowy robes of white, no hollow, sepulchral tones; no lights burning blue. She ran over every incident in her mind, and felt that nothing could be more commonplace, or more seemingly material, than all she had witnessed. One only circumstance occurred to her as out of the ordinary course, and even that was an after-thought. She remembered now that the light, shining down the stairway, had appeared to her of a reddish color.

Miss Wilson sat, as she told me, she thinks, for half an hour, her mind in a tumult of conflicting thought. At last she reminded Phoebe of her promised explanation.

But the girl had little to tell her except that the house had long been troubled (as she expressed it) by the old man. At one time or other every member of the family had seen the appearance. An apprentice boy, Samuel, sleeping in an attic, had, on one occasion, been awake about midnight, and had found, to his indescribable terror, the figure beside him, on the bed. He instantly left the house; and, throughout the remaining term of his apprenticeship, no inducement could prevail on him again to sleep there. Phoebe herself, going out one summer evening to church, and having forgotten her hymn book, which she returned to fetch, discovered on re-entering her room for the purpose, the figure lying on the floor. The children had been so constantly disturbed by what they called the 'old black man,' who came, as they said, and pulled the bed-clothes about, that the girl was in the habit, when the family went out, of keeping them up, as on the present occasion, so as to avoid the annoyance. The figure, she added, was the exact counter-part of old W. O— (the father of Joseph O—), who had died many years before.

Other particulars subsequently came to Miss Wilson's knowledge, and these, taken in connection with what she knew of the previous history of the family, long furnished to that lady materials for profound reflection.

Old W. O—, a man of a worldly turn of mind, had been proprietor of a tavern which was frequented by the better class of farmers and by country gentlemen; and there, by dint of thrift and economy, he had accumulated a comfortable independence. He had two sons, Joseph and John, and a daughter, Mrs. Joanna H—. If there was anything which the old man loved beyond the money, which it had been the object of his life to make and to save, it was his daughter Joanna; and when he came, at his death, to divide that money among his children, she had the larger portion. By will he left to each of his sons ten thousand dollars and a good dwelling house; to his daughter a dwelling house and fourteen thousand dollars, entirely at her own disposal.

The sons, whether by extravagance or bad business management, having, in a few years, run through the money which had been left to them, induced their sister, under various pretexts, to lend them one thousand dollars after another, until ultimately they stripped the generous, warm-hearted woman so completely of all her father had left her, that, when, in middle life, she was left a widow, she found herself compelled, for a living, to go out as a monthly nurse.

What the father would have felt, had he been alive to witness the thriftless and heartless proceedings, may be readily imagined. Did Death shut out from him all knowledge of the misconduct of his sons, and the destitution of his favorite daughter? Or did the consciousness of these, following him to another world, attract back to the earthly scenes of selfishness and wrong, the troubled spirit?

To aid the reader in answering these questions it is proper I should lay before him the remaining facts in the case, in so far as Miss Wilson was able to furnish them.

It was not to a single locality, nor to the family of one brother only, nor to a few months, or even years, that these disturbances were restricted. They followed the family of Joseph through three different changes of residence. John's family also were subjected to the same annoyances. These became, at last, a matter of common notoriety throughout the whole connection; and they occasionally resulted in serious consequences. One morning early, a daughter of Joseph, coming into the parlor to open the windows, and turning round after having done so, saw the figure of the old man seated in an arm-chair by the fireplace. A shriek brought the family into the room and they found her in a dead swoon. A succession of fainting-fits followed; and she remained ill for months, of a nervous fever. The persons who came to her assistance found no one but herself in the room.

When years succeeded to year without bringing relief, and each still marked by the recurrence of these painful visitations, though neither brother was ever heard, outside of the family, to allude to them in words, the result on the health and spirits of both became apparent. They went about with a hopeless, dispirited air. The mystery seemed to hang like a cloud, over their future; it cast a settled gloom on their countenances; it darkened their lives. Throughout ten years, to Miss Wilson's knowledge, this terrible intrusion continued to dog their steps. Then that lady lost sight of both families, and she could not inform me of the final result.

The memory of the incident I have related, is still, Miss Wilson assured me, as vividly present to her, as if it had occurred yesterday, and the features of the apparition remained stamped on her memory. In connection with this last assertion she mentioned to me an additional particular, which it is proper I should state, as a link in the chain of evidence I have supplied.

Three years after the occurrence first related, Miss Wilson, on a visit to Mrs. John O—, who was a relative of hers, in turning

over some articles in a drawer, chanced to lay her hands on a miniature which she had never before seen. The portrait was in profile; and Miss Wilson, with a start, almost of terror, instantly recognized it. It was the very face of the old man whom she had seen descend the stairs and pass into Joseph's parlor. 'Who is it, Anna?' she said, turning to Mrs. O— and showing her the miniature. 'Don't you know?' was the reply; 'have you never seen it before? It is John's father, old Mr. O—.'

The above narrative I had from Miss Wilson herself. I met her, April 2, 1860, at the house of an intimate and valued friend—a gentleman, little disposed to give credit to similar narratives, but who, having known Miss Wilson well for half a life-time, indorsed, in unqualified terms, her character for strict veracity and good sense. Her demeanor and manner of narration strongly confirmed my friend's testimony in her favor.

I wrote out the narrative the day after I obtained it. Miss Wilson told me that though no incident in her life ever made a stronger impression on her, she had never related it to more than three or four persons; fearing that her story would subject her to suspicion either as fabricator of the marvellous or the subject of hallucination.

In conclusion, let us recur to the question embraced in the title to this narrative—'Was it Retribution?' Not, we may rationally conclude, in the usual sense of that term; not, as an example of what is sometimes (strangely enough) called Divine vengeance. 'Arango tells us that, on one occasion, a noted brigand, confined in a Bavarian prison, was killed by lightning, and that his comrades thought it a special judgment of heaven, in retribution for his crimes. There is a story, too, told of a murderer who was struck dead by the electric fluid, at the moment he was about to despatch his victim; and in such cases, people are wont to say that it is the hand of an avenging God. If all brigands and all murderers were struck by lightning, if all innocent men were safe in a thunder storm, there might be sense in such a theory. But the rain and light may descend under natural laws, on the just and the unjust.

Even so, thousands of brothers have behaved selfishly and heartlessly to their sisters, and no apparitions showed themselves to disturb their quiet. Apparitions, like rain or lightning, are but phenomena occurring under natural laws; and, according to our state of mind, Natural phenomena may give us pleasure, or they may arouse the terrors of a guilty conscience. Oberlin, the Abolition philanthropist, believed that his wife visited him frequently, for years after her death; and her visits brought him comfort and consolation for her loss; but when the brothers O— were visited in like manner, by their father's appearance, awoke remorse for their misconduct.

Yet, it was not an angry God pursuing them by a supernatural agency; it was their evil deeds,—as evil deeds, in their natural results, will—avenging themselves.

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

Last week the distribution of prizes took place at the school in the Rue de Valenciennes, Paris, one of the educational institutions under the direction of the Society for the Professional (or, more correctly, industrial) Education of Women. The meeting took place in the garden of the establishment, and was presided over by Madame Jules Simon, who was supported on the occasion by Messieurs Millard, Cohn, Morellet, and other ladies well known in connection with this particular educational movement. A great many gentlemen were also present—men of science and letters, advocates and artists. Among others were present M. Garnier-Pages, Jules Simon, the Count d'Estampes, and Dr. Hecbert. The proceedings were opened by Madame Jules Simon, who, in the course of her address, said:

'You will doubtless be surprised, my dear children, to hear that the opening of this institution aroused the most violent opposition. Some people have brought against us the curious complaint that we not only teach you hygienics, botany, and chemistry, but also show you how to turn to pecuniary profit your knowledge of these subjects. Strange, is it not, that the acquisition of scientific knowledge, and the practical application of that knowledge, should be regarded as blameworthy and hurtful? The profession of a nurse seems to us to be one of those particularly fitted for the mental endowment of women. Pay attention to hygienics, and to the ways of rendering the home prosperous and comfortable; devote yourselves to children, studying their peculiar ways, so that you may the better be able to take care of their health; soothe the infirmities of the old, which is a duty so natural to woman that we see her performing it in all families where there is such duty to be done—performing it always with pleasure and goodwill, but not always with sufficient light. From this point—the discharge of a common family duty—and the undertaking the profession of a trained sick-nurse as a means of gaining a livelihood, there is, in respect of fitness, only the difference of the instruction you receive here.'

Madame Simon concluded her address with the following words: 'In addition to instruction to work, which is your necessary future, you must cultivate good morals, of which you have had the precepts and good examples in this place. Do your duty, even when that duty is painful. Labor is and when you find your work too hard, come back among us to recruit your energies (vous rattrapez); then you will always find affection, support, and that sweet fraternity, which makes life better and more easy to bear.'

—There is a little girl, ten years old, in Kentucky, who has never spoken to her father. She converses freely with any one else, but when her father speaks she is silent. She has been whipped for her obstinacy, but persists in saying that she has tried to speak to him and cannot.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 9, 1889.

A HEART'S IDYL.

To my husband on his Twenty-Sixth Birthday.

BY MRS. R. L. MINER.

Another anniversary is come, dear one,
And, as in purple flush of morn, I woke,
Sweet thoughts of thee came breathing through my heart,
Like wind harp thrilling to an unseen touch.
Deep, fervent thanks welled upward from my soul
To that great cause—eternal, infinite—
Through whom we live.

Next unto her, who placed her life
In jeopardy for thine; who shaped and moulded
The good, the true, the beautiful in thee—
You owe her much, I none the less, I feel,
As day by day, along the uneven path of life,
We walk together.

Thine, a noble form, wherein life's functions play
With buoyant strength; where justice, truth,
All that which constitutes the noble man
Lives uppermost; nor were the finer parts—
The rose, the violet, and the myrtle-leaf,
Of tender love, sweet patience, and fond trust,
Uncalled for these.

And I, as through the winding ways
Which woman's thread of life must ever run,
Turning where'er in pain or sad discouragement,
Have ever found thee ready at my side;
Strong in my weakness, bravest when I shrink—
All woman's gentleness and faithful trust,
Along with manhood's sterner stuff, combine
To make thy being up.

I have not said I love thee, but too well
Thou knowest the inner feelings of my soul;
Or, judging my heart by thine own, can feel
How every thought, emotion, hope of life
Revolves in orbit round thyself, my own,
My central sun.

And this we pray for, that united strength,
And hopes so fashioned in one common mould,
Shall lead us in the higher walks of life;
Shall make us yet more brave, more loving, and so
True.

To God within our own souls, and without,
That we to none of his great family
Can ever be false.

And when this day shall double on thy head,
With all its dark and bright experiences;
When shadows of life's afternoon shall fall
Across thy way, let this be said
By all who watch thy driftings to the moor:
"An honest man; one who, through adverse tides
and fates,
Has never left a stain upon his soul."
—Western Rural.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

(Concluded.)

"It would be an excellent match for you," said Dora, with a wise air. "Captain Conwell is generally much admired."

"Pray, Mrs. Stuart, which of his charms is irresistible? His six feet of common clay, his splendid black eyes, his lovely moustache, or his magnificently-furnished brain? Or is it the combination of all his perfections?" cried Agatha.

There was a scornful ring in her voice that jarred upon my feelings. It was so unnatural.

"I never heard you speak so before, Agatha. What hurts you?"

"Just this, Lou. It hurts my pride to be so readily assigned to a man whom I wouldn't admit into the outer courts of my heart, to say nothing of its secret places. Now, this Captain Conwell I divined at once. An afternoon in his society would tire me excessively. To know I must spend my life with him, would make an end of me very soon," said Agatha, in a glow of excitement.

"I think you are much too particular," said Dora, with her dogmatic air. "You want your husband to be respectable and to be good to you."

"And give you plenty of money," interrupted Agatha, the latent fire in her eyes beginning to shine.

"Oh, yes, that, of course. Nobody could be very happy without that."

"Couldn't one? All women are not like that, Dora, Heaven be praised. I could live on bread and water. I could go and dwell among the Zulus, or, what is quite as hard, I could sit at home and wait night after night, year out and year in, for my hero to come—only he must be a hero. And when mine comes I shall know him!" She said the last words with a soft, tender laugh.

"For my part I believe in love at first sight," said Dora, who had a set of sentimental fancies which she kept quite apart from her practical notions, and which, like her religion, never seemed to have anything to do with her daily life.

"Yes; only one must be sure that he doesn't mistake the breeze raised by his own bellows for the divine afflatus," said Agatha.

A little pause then, which I broke. "But, Agatha, two people can be quite comfortable, if they are not exactly congenial."

"Comfortable! oh, yes, if it comes to that," said Agatha, with a curious, quiet scorn in her voice. "I think, Lou, this is the way it is. We have two natures, you know. One part of us creeps along this earthly level and is content—the other part soars toward the sky. The first has its pleasures. As long as you can live in that, you find life's common things satisfy. You are fed, and housed, and warmed. Simple, animal pleasures have a relish; common, instinctive affection pleases you. And you are quite content with companions that keep along this same level. But when your soul awakes; when the winged thing within beats its bars and longs to rise; when that lower level grows unsatisfactory, and you long to scale the heights where greatness waits; when imagination is kindled and reaches high and far, and the ear catches celestial sounds, and the earthliness becomes a clog—oh, then, Heaven help you, if instead of an inspiration, you have taken to yourself an incubus. I wonder if the Fall did not begin when the sons of God took wives from among the daughters of men!" There was an instant's silence as the passionate, vibrating voice died on the air.

"That sounded uncommonly like a sermon," said Dora. "Was it borrowed from one of your, Ray?"

Agatha started, and I looked around. Ray had come in unobserved, and heard all.

"Now," continued Agatha, with a vivid blush, "now that I've defined my position, you won't mistake me in the future." She glanced up at him with her arch smile. But the smile faded, and the eyes of the two met and lingered. Agatha's blush faded out. She

grew white before Ray released her from that gaze which seemed to charm. Then he turned and went out. Dora was playing with the baby, and Agatha came and sat down by me.

That look, so involuntary, so full of meaning, haunted me in my dreams that night. There was danger, my heart said, danger in the intimacy between these two. But reason laughed at my cowardly fancies, and said the harm was in me, if any harm there was. Her regard for him was perfectly frank in its expression.

"He is so good to me," she said, a day or two after. "I value him so much. You know I've never had a brother?"

I said a harsh thing then: "But, Agatha, a man's wife is his best friend; she must be, always."

"Do you think Dora understands her husband?" asked Agatha, and her lucid brown eyes met mine unabashed.

"That is nothing to the point," I returned sharply. "He chose her out of all the world, and he must abide by his choice."

"Surely!" looking at me wondering; "and he is very fond of her, isn't he?"

"Very fond of her!" Yes, that was it—a pitying, mournful, half-tender fondness; not that robust affection that endures, and believes, and hopes to the end.

A shadow crept over Agatha's face. "You think I value this friendship too highly?" she said, gravely. "You know he will only remember me as an immature girl who flitted across his path, and whom he helped to much; while I—I shall miss him. But I know, that too—I know that the ocean can't take account of all the little brooks that flow into it. But the brook may sing, and be glad and grateful—" She stopped short. She could not trust herself to go on.

"Pray God you may not have cause to curse him," I said, in my heart. Could I say any more? Could I warn her not to love Ray? I could not have looked in her innocent face and whispered such a thing. But I comforted myself by the thought that the holidays were close upon us, and then Agatha and I were going South to spend the winter. Then it would all end. Meantime, Ray and Agatha read and talked, and had long discussions upon every conceivable thing; or they talked small talk as only people of genius can do. It is only the nonsense of wise people which is utterly charming.

Meantime, Mrs. Vandervere came into our lines from time to time, like a baleful Fate disguised as a Grace. She could not well be resisted; so, now she carried us off to the opera; now she fascinated us with longings to behold a new star which flashed across our sky; she got up church festivals, where people danced, and flirted, and made sharp bargains for the love of religion; and she gathered a party of lions—very tame lions—claws pared, and teeth blunted, and invited us to the spectacle.

"I do hope Mrs. Vandervere won't give one of her parties while I am gone," said Dora. "I don't care for the literary people, you know; but the toilets are worth seeing."

Dora was going to pay a visit to her Aunt Mehitabel. "Now was the time for her to go, while Agatha was here," she said. She could leave the baby at home. To be sure, I didn't know much about babies, but Agatha did, and she could feel quite easy about it. It! She wondered how long Ray's foolish obstinacy would oblige her to say it!

I did not like this visit; but I had no single reason to oppose to it, and Dora went. Her fortnight grew to a month. We were alone, and we were happy. We drove, and went to lectures and concerts, and Ray wrote, and read aloud his papers, and we criticised and praised, and gathered inspiration, and found our daily life rich. Ray was what I had once dreamed he would be, gay, graceful, debonair, charming—with eager outlooks, too, toward somewhat nobler and higher. The Spring I had missed so long, was there. I was glad, and yet I trembled.

"We are so happy!" said Agatha, with shining eyes. "But it can't last; I have a premonition."

There was a singular beauty in Ray's pale face as he turned and looked at her—a rapt sweetness that I cannot describe.

"What is coming will come, and what is to be will be," he said. "Now we are happy."

A slight shudder ran over Agatha. "Somebody is walking over my grave," she said, in a low, solemn tone.

"My dear child, run up and get your shawl," I said, trying to be gay. She smiled—a slow, secret, thoughtful smile—and then went out. We were alone, Ray and I. By-and-by he walked to the window and gazed out into the falling night. "Ray," I said presently, and I trembled as I spoke, "Agatha is going away in a week."

There was half a minute's silence; and then he came and stood before me, looking down at me with burning eyes, and speaking passionately: "Do you think I can be ice and rock to her? Ice and rock? Can I see her, hear her, know her, and not feel? Did you think this tortured, longing human heart? Did you think a few words said over before a priest, a prayer, a benediction, could sanctify an idle, shallow dream? Lou, for a month past I've been either in heaven, or I've been looking down into hell."

"Ray, Ray," I cried, "think of your wife."

"Of my wife? I do think of her as the drowning man thinks of the weight which is dragging him to the bottom."

The bitter recklessness of the tone made me shudder. "Oh, Ray," I sobbed, "God forgive you."

"God? Lou, do you know how I've suffered, as I've stood up there before the people, and prayed Him to forgive us our sins? Is it a sin? Loving her a sin? I've been thinking—sometimes I think that it can't be. You see, He meant her for me—it was my hideous folly came in between."

"Ray, the devil must be standing at your elbow. Are you mad? are you mad, Ray?" I cried, in terror.

"I frighten you, Lou?" with a ghastly smile. "No, I am not mad. I think I shall do nothing fearful. I shall only go on living as I am, as fair a white sepulcher as there is on the round earth. Other men, you know, might be desperate, but a minister, with my reputation, a family name—oh, you see I'm not a coward. I'd toss everything held by strong bands. I sent the nurse for the doctor. The baby had been screaming wildly; but in Agatha's arms she was soon quieted, and fell into a feverish sleep. Dr. Lyman came, looked grave, pronounced it scarlet fever, at which word Dora cried aloud. 'You will be exposed to the disease,' he said to Agatha, who had the child clasped to her bosom.

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There is only this one evening. I shall never see her again."

"No; you must never see her again. And sometimes, Ray, this will seem like a dream—very sweet and very bitter—but only a dream. God is not going to leave you to this struggle all your life." My words fell from him like hail from armor. He was where I could not help him. That night there was to be a little sleigh-ride—one of Mrs. Vandervere's plans. It included a call at a friend's house in the suburbs, a little supper, music and merriment.

Agatha, wondering at Ray's paleness, pitied his headache, and talked low and but little all the way. But I knew every moment was sweet to him. He was counting the hours to the end. It was all over at last, and I was inexpressibly thankful. One by one the sleighs were brought up, and the party started. Ray's horses were spirited, but docile creatures. We established ourselves at leisure, our friends assiduously folding the robes around us. I remember Agatha's face in the moonlight—looking as if it were carved from marble, but unutterably soft and tender, and lovely. Once, only once afterward, I saw it just the same.

Ray took up the reins. The horses were docile, as I said; but they had a capacity for being frightened. What frightened them then I don't know; but suddenly they reared, plunged, wheeled swiftly, and then—I lost all consciousness of what was happening. I remember a sensation of keen, physical pain, simultaneous with a great outcry. Somebody helped me to rise, and said that Mr. Stuart and I had been hurled from our seats. I think they said he clung to the reins until he became insensible. I hardly know what followed. I was helped back into the house, and presently they said that Ray had escaped death by a miracle, and was fast coming to himself. But, Agatha, Agatha!

Fast horses with eager men were started in pursuit. Ray came in, and we sat with clasped hands and looked in each other's faces, and lived through an eternity of agony. At last, at last, a cry went up outside. Mrs. Vandervere came running in.

"She's safe, safe," she cried. "They say she managed to get the reins and stop the horses. She fainted when they found her, but she's quite unhurt."

Ray started up at the first words, but quickly sat down again. In a minute the door opened and Agatha stood within it.

"My darling, my darling!" I cried. She did not see me; she only looked at Ray. He sprang up, said something inarticulate, and held out his hands to her. A step and she was beside him. He took her in his arms; looked down into her white face; kissed her over and over again, and at last, with a sob of anguish, let her go, staggered toward the door like a drunken man, and went out. And so home.

I watched Agatha in her dreams that night. The nurse said baby was not quite well, and I went from one to the other.

Agatha smiled in her sleep, murmured Ray's name, and woke up sobbing. When daylight came she opened her eyes, looked at me, grew red and pale, and hid her face on the pillow. I went down to Ray, and made coffee and prepared breakfast for him. In the gray dawn of the winter morning he looked wretchedly haggard and ill.

"I can't go, Lou; not till I've seen her once more," he said.

"You must go, Ray, and you must not see her again."

"You are cruel, Lou; you weep for me, but you are cruel."

"I must be pitiless, dear." I kissed away the hot tears from his eyes.

"Only once more, Lou," he whispered. "Ray, do I not love you? Think of the old sweet times before this trouble came. But I will not let you stain your soul with sin. I will not let you trail your fair name in the mud. Go, now. No matter for the past. The future is yours. You must go, Ray."

He went, at last, saying, "I could have given her up to death last night, and it wouldn't have been so hard."

I went up to Agatha. She was sitting in an easy-chair in her wrapper. I busied myself about the room. She watched me silently, and looked away when I glanced at her. At last I said,

"Ray is gone away."

She uttered a cry. "O, Lou, Lou, it is I who have done it; I who have driven him away."

"It was test he should go, dear," I said, soothing her.

She clung to my hand; wet it with her tears. "I did not mean it," she sobbed, brokenly. "I never dreamed of it till last night."

There was a loud ringing below just then. I shrank from the thought of visitors. But, indeed, it was early for company. In a minute there were hurried steps in the entry. The door opened.

"Dora!"

She glared—aye, that is the word—glared upon us. I felt Agatha shake like a leaf.

"Dora? Yes, it is Dora! No wonder you look so. You thought I wouldn't find it out. But I did. Mrs. Vandervere wrote to me. My husband in love with Miss West! Agatha, will you leave my house instantly! Little did I know I was cherishing a viper in my bosom. O, what a wretch you are to abuse my confidence so."

Agatha slipped from my arms. She dropped upon her knees before Dora. "Mrs. Stuart, I never meant it. I never thought of wronging you. God knows I am innocent of a dream of harm."

I tried to speak. I tried to stay the passion that broke forth then. She turned upon me. "You! You tried to prejudice him against me the first night I came. I heard you."

What more she said I will not put upon my paper. I drew Agatha into my room. I gathered her wardrobe together, and packed my own trunk. We were all ready to go, when a rap came at the door. It was the nurse, who said, with a terrified face,

"If you please, Miss Lou, you're to come to the baby; and Miss Agatha, too. She's quite out of her head, and Mrs. Stuart is frightened to death."

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I heard her murmur, "It will atone, it will atone!"

A few days and our little one came back from the way that led so far—came feebly, but surely came. And then Agatha dropped. We wasted skill and care. Some exhausted Heaven with prayers in vain. The doctor said, "I drain upon her vitality, the doctor said, 'My darling girl! I think she would not have dared to go had she known. But death was feared. She went one night in a soft sleep, so quietly that no one knew when the beautiful soul started on its journey."

And so Ray saw her once more, where she lay half hid by white blossoms, herself the fairest blossom of them all.

Months afterward, bending over the baby, Ray said, softly, "I wish, Dora, you would call her Agatha. She gave her life—her life, Dora!"

If Dora could have been magnanimous! But she frowned, and said, "Indeed I won't, Ray."

I need not linger over Ray. The world knows the rest of the story—how patiently, how unselfishly he lived, how grandly he died! I think no truer soul than his ever passed into the eternities.

ANNA L. JOHNSON.

AUNT MAGGIE'S STORY.

BY E. J. S.

Yes; what your grandfather came to tell me, lassie, was, that Paul Cardell was dead. He was just eighty-five. He'd lost sight and hearing, both, they say, and was glad to go. It's not so bad with me; but I wouldn't mind going too. It's stirred my memory to hear of Paul's death. I've loved many in my life, but never any one as I did him. Ah! I'm not ashamed of it, lassie, if I am an old maid.

We met often, and for a while I thought he liked me pretty well. But soon I began to think I was mistaken. It makes a girl tremble to think that she may show a man who does not love her, that she likes him over well. All she can do is to wait. Ah! lassie, many a time the waiting is a weary thing, and the right one doesn't come, and the wrong one does, and even the wrong one seems better than none at all. It seemed to me that Paul was the right one; but he did not court me, and I could not court him. And James Reeder, being a man, could do as he chose, and did. He loved me, and I loved Paul Cardell. Heaven help us all. I think if we women had no hearts, the world would be a merrier place, lassie.

I put James Reeder off a while, and just kept my eye on Paul. I did not love him, and I did love Paul. Why could I not love the man that loved me?

Then said I to myself, "Be a sensible woman. It's better to marry a man that is fond of you, if he doesn't seem perfect, than to waste your youth and strength and your hope, pining for one you are nothing to."

It's prettier in a poem to do the last, but I wasn't so very young, or so very beautiful that the whole world wanted me. I guessed what life would be when I was a lonely old maid, handed about, like a bad penny, from cousin Jack's to Uncle Ben's and from sister Hannah's to sister Jane's—not much wanted anywhere. Better try to make a man who loved me, happy, and so learn to love him.

I thought it all over, before I went to bed, one night, and I made up my mind that James Reeder should have a "yes" when he asked for it. Then I cried—oh, how I cried, lassie!

The girls envied me my handsome, dashing beau. But often, walking with him, or riding with him, I'd pass Paul Cardell in his shabby coat, and say to myself, "Oh, to be a man—just to be a man, and go a courting whom I chose, instead of taking what comes!" I didn't want money, nor such beauty as James Reeder had so much of. I wanted—well, lassie, I wanted Paul, and no one else; though, why he was perfect to me, heaven knows. I do not, and never shall.

What seemed a great deal to me, isn't much to tell. There were picnic-parties where I met Paul, but where he let James carry me off when he pleased, and never tried to step between us.

At last Kitty Walsingham married, and they gave a great wedding party. They were rich, and did it in style. They had a fine house and fine furniture, and silver and china, such as no one else had thereabout. And it was an all-day party. The wedding first, then breakfast and dinner, and a dance and supper, of course. I was a bridesmaid, and Paul stood up with me. After that, you know, it was his place to be my beau all day. I thought of that and nothing else, lassie. It gave him one chance more. A word from him, and I'd give James Reeder the mitten. A word!—a look even.

When I walked into church, I kept thinking how it would seem to be the bride. I looked prettier than she—I knew I did. I was dark, and

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 9, 1889.

Written for The Universe.

THE ABOLITION OF MARRIAGE.

A Writer in THE UNIVERSE, (see UNIVERSE Aug. 14) under the head of "Marriage Reform—Not Abolition," proposes that Marriage be not abolished, at least "at present," but reformed. This Writer is a fair representative of, probably, a large majority of those who acknowledge themselves advocates of "Woman's Rights," and, as such is worthy of attention.

It is the old story. The great mass of reformers are prone to devote themselves to tinkering and patching up any system of oppression that some daring fanatic, like Jesus or Garrison, would have abolished. The former has assured them, very positively, that the patching business is never a paying one; and yet, though they profess to think him a very nice man, they do not consider his judgment, on matters of practical reform, worthy of being followed. And Garrison, though one of the most successful reformers the world has ever seen, has failed to impress upon the minds of the great mass, that his tactics are worthy of being applied, except in case of a single form of slavery.

That marriage is identical, in all essential respects, with chattel slavery, is a fact I need not, at this late day, stop to prove. The evidence is overwhelming, and seen on every hand. A thousand tongues and pens, more eloquent than mine, are proclaiming the terrible truth to millions of open ears. And if marriage is slavery, in the name of Reason, Humanity and the lessons of the past, why not abolish it? Where am I? With what sort of beings am I surrounded, that I need argue that rapacity and murder (essential elements of slavery) should not exist? What school of morals is it that prevails when even prominent reformers argue that devilism, of every shape and hue, is to be reformed and saved, rather than buried in a dishonored hated grave? It is of no use, Friends! Save your strength. Marriage, like all oppression and wrong, must die, and be buried. And for it there will be no resurrection! Your efforts at bolstering it up may be useful, but if so, it will be in the way of calling attention to its hideousness, and thus hastening its death.

The Writer in question admits that the "present marriage" (and that is the marriage it says best to talk about, especially as there is no other), is the "grave of love." And what is a sexual relation, after love is in the grave? Prostitution! as every one, not devoid of sensibility and moral perception, will answer. And "A Woman" would have this prostitution nursed and saved, for humanity's elevation and bettering! Into what quagmires will the votaries of Error not flounder in their vain efforts to save their mistresses from the certain destruction that eternally awaits her. As an honest man, who honors purity, and with a clear, steady eye dares look his sisters and brothers in the face, I am bound to declare that any sexual relation not sustained by a love, as pure as the shining stars, as sweet as the smiles of angels, and innocent as childhood's rosy dream, should instantly and forever cease! We are not depraved. There is not need that we wallow in the mire. If our conduct may not be all-wise, or all-pure, let us at least have a beautiful ideal in whose presence we can bow and offer up sweet homage in the grand, still hours, when Heaven is nearest, and gods are by our side. Away with all base standards! We will not be slaves. We will be women and men, from this hour forth, and our own womanhood and manhood, our own glorious and ever-growing individuality shall be the high standard by which our conduct shall be gauged.

But if all marriage laws were abolished, men would not become gods or angels "at once." Very likely. The question is—How will they become most manly? Which condition, slavery or freedom, is more promotive of development, and growth into true and noble manhood? I deny that a human being lives who is better, for one moment, in slavery than in freedom. Slavery is not favorable for the development of purity, goodness, greatness or nobleness.

Our writer seems to forget, that arbitrary power is essentially and necessarily debasing. No man can possibly accept arbitrary power over a woman, without thereby becoming less a man. Arbitrary power always degrades the one who exercises it and the one who submits to it. It is not best for either party that it be possessed for one moment. The man's character remaining the same, who does not know that his conduct is every way better toward a woman who owns herself, than toward the woman he owns! Endow woman with self-ownership, and all of man's powers and faculties, are laid under permanent contribution to make him more and more a man. Give the same man the power a husband exercises, and he will at once be a fiend incarnate, and will add to the accomplishments of an ordinary devil, the ability to make all outside his bed-room, or at least outside of his household, believe him to be a very pattern of excellence.

It is recommended that "before the chains (blessed chains!) are entirely removed," daughters be taught trades and professions, "so that when they find themselves badly mated and unhappy, they can take their destinies into their own hands again." Now I would suggest that, after women become once qualified to "take their destinies into their own hands," they take their destinies and keep them "in their own hands." What need of consigning their individuality and womanhood into another's keeping? Why lose any time in slavery when there are already qualifications for freedom? Why go into slavery and prostitution at all? But it is forgotten again, that the trades and professions will never be fully and freely, and generally open to woman, as long as marriage exists. Still, affectional and pecuniary independence will both come gradually, and one with the other.

But "this generation of men did not institute marriage." True, and so much the worse. It was handed down from the dark ages! It was developed by a race of beings vastly more bigoted and brutified than the men of this generation. And the system is far less adapted to the wants of this age, than it would have been, had a higher order

of intelligence and refinement been brought to bear in its construction! The popular system of marriage was instituted by barbarians! Let us make all haste to rid ourselves of its barbarous influence.

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FRANCIS BARRY.

WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.

Mr. Lecky, in his History of Morals, considers that the general superiority of women to men in the strength of their religious emotions, and their natural attraction to a religion which made personal attachment to its Founder its central duty, and which imparted an unprecedented scope to their characteristic virtues, account for the very conspicuous position which they assumed in the great work of the conversion of the Roman Empire.

In no other important movement of thought was female influence so powerful or so acknowledged. In the ages of persecution, female figures occupy many of the foremost places in the ranks of martyrdom, and Pagan and Christian writers, alike, attest the alacrity with which women flocked to the church, and the influence they exercised in its favor over the male members of their families. The mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and Theodoret, had all a leading part in the conversion of their sons. St. Helena, the mother of Constantine; Flaccilla, the wife of Theodosius the Great; St. Placidia, the sister of Theodosius the Younger, and Placidia, the mother of Valentinian III., were among the most conspicuous defenders of the faith.

In the heretical sects, the same zeal was manifested, and Arius, Priscillian, and Montanus, were all supported by troops of zealous female devotees. In the cause of asceticism, women took a part little, if at all, inferior to men, while in the organization of the great work of charity they were preeminent. For no other field of active labor are women so admirably suited as for this; and although we may trace from the earliest period, in many creeds and ages, individual instances of their influence in allaying the sufferings of the distressed, it may be truly said that their instinct and genius of charity had never before the dawn of Christianity obtained full scope for action. Fabiola, Paula, Melama, and a host of other noble ladies, devoted their time and fortunes mainly to founding and extending vast institutions of charity, some of them of a kind before unknown in the world. The Empress Flaccilla was accustomed to tend, with her own hands, the sick in the hospitals, and a readiness to discharge such offices was deemed the first duty of a Christian wife.

From age to age the impulse, thus communicated, has been felt. There has been no period, however corrupt; there has been no church, however superstitious, that has not been adorned by many Christian women devoting their entire lives to assuaging the sufferings of men; and the mission of charity, thus instituted, has not been more efficacious in diminishing the sum of human wretchedness, than in promoting the moral dignity of those by whom it was conducted. * * * Independently of all legal enactments, the simple change of the ideal type, by bringing specially feminine virtues into the forefront, was sufficient to elevate and ennoble the sex. The commanding position of the mediæval abbesses, the great number of female saints, especially the reverence bestowed upon the Virgin, had a similar effect. * * * Whatever may be thought of its theological propriety, there is little doubt that the Catholic reverence for the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal of women, and to soften the manners of men. * * * It supplied, in a great measure, the redeeming and ennobling element in that strange amalgam of religious, licentious, and military feelings, which was formed around women in the age of chivalry, and which no succeeding change of habit or belief has wholly destroyed.

Written for The Universe.

THOUGHTS ON MOTHERHOOD.

We greet you, the writers and readers of THE UNIVERSE, with a hearty good will, and have a deep interest in all that appears in your most excellent paper. Yet, in all kindness we would like to express a few thoughts suggested to us while reading the free outburst of our sister Helen. She says many good things. But we think her just a little mistaken in regard to the office of maternity.

Notwithstanding all the short comings and all the ignorance to contend with, we have failed to see a woman made less a woman by becoming a mother. On the contrary, we consider it a new Era in the life of every woman. And one which cannot fail, in time, to be the greatest means of her development. True, many mothers are surrounded by very unfavorable circumstances, and are deplorably ignorant of the sacred office, often imposed upon them against their wills; still, its tendency to promote the growth of the most holy emotions in our nature, cannot be wholly lost. We can never reform the social evils, gigantic as they appear, by depreciating this, of all relations the most sacred, the maternal office.

We feel like sending out to all our sisters, everywhere, suffering under burdens hard to be borne, words of love and encouragement. Be of good cheer; and help to bring about the good time coming, by faithfully doing the very best you can, under the circumstances in which you find yourselves placed. If surrounded by a family of little ones, guard them tenderly. Look carefully to their future well-being, and if you feel that you, in your ignorance, have made many grievous mistakes, give to them the full benefit of whatever you may have learned by your own experience. Teach them to so order their lives that their children can have a better starting point than they had. Teach your sons, as far as possible, the nature of true womanhood. Help them to cultivate in their daily lives purity of thought and conduct. Do not ignore the paternal instinct implanted by the Great Soul of all things; but whatever they, in their highest aspirations, would wish to see in their future offspring, cultivate in all their habits of life. Teach your daughter to appreciate all that is noble in man, and to live for the real good of humanity. Whether it is in the lecturing field, by her pen as a writer, by her pencil as an artist, by her chisel as a sculptor, by the office of teachers or helper in any form, or in the more humble, yet more exalted, duties of wife and mother, whatever she does, she can never do a greater good than to be instrumental in bringing on the stage of action noble men and women.

A MOTHER.

"THE DAVENPORT JUGGLE."

Such is the title which Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson gives to a communication in the Independent, in regard to the Davenport Brothers; his conclusion being that "of all juggling exhibitions this is the most commonplace, the most obvious, and the least interesting."

Having read thus much in regard to an exhibition, the marvels of which had interested, astounded and baffled some of the best jugglers in France, including Hamilton and Rhys, not to speak of the hundreds of intelligent persons both in America and England, comprising Prof. Loomis, Prof. Mapes, Dr. Gray, Capt. Burton, the celebrated African traveler (who had seen the best jugglers of the East), and many other well-known gentlemen who have acknowledged themselves nonplussed, we could not but be struck with admiration at the entire facility with which Mr. Higginson sees through the whole mystery, letting us know that it was perfectly "obvious" to his superior faculties. We felt as humble as a school-boy at the ease with which he plucked out the very heart of the mystery, that he "did not stay to the dark scene"; and he pleasantly adds, with the confidence and the air of a man who has naturally sprung from his alacrity in seeing through millstones, "I was no longer in the dark."

The reasons which Mr. Higginson gives for his precipitate conclusions are of the most slender, inconsequential and unsatisfactory character. He does not throw even the slightest ray of light upon the *modus operandi* in the case of all the most important phenomena. He has a theory, it is true, in regard to the phenomenon of the appearance of hands. He was allowed to put flour in the hands of the Brothers, and split it over them. Important consequences, he tells us, followed.

"I could see, in the dim light, no flour on the hand; but every time it appeared there was a trail of flour perfectly apparent on the curtain." Even if this were so, it proves nothing whatever. It has been repeatedly shown in the case of similar phenomena, that printer's ink, or some adhesive substance, may be transferred from the medium's hands, when it has been proved it could have been done by no agency of his own. Instead of jumping to his hasty conclusion from an evening's imperfect experiments, why did not Mr. H. vary his tests and his opportunities? He would have found his suspicions dissipated, perhaps, by a more searching and patient mode of proceeding. Frequently, in these phenomena, the confident theory of one sitting is entirely annulled by the experience of another. The "flour on the curtain," which was such a revelation of trickery to Mr. H. at his first and only sitting, may have been wholly wanting at the next, and he might have been compelled to seek for some new mare's nest to account for the mystery.

"Every one," says Mr. H., "familiar with the lives of eminent criminals, knows that there are men whom no handcuffs can hold. Their hands are so slender and flexible, or their wrists so large, that they can slip on or off the tightest ligature. For the handcuff, substitute a square knot in a clothesline, and you have the Davenport Brothers."

Here Mr. H. begs the whole question. The obvious theory of every one who goes to see the phenomena is that the Brothers slip their hands out from the ropes. How, they do it, even under this theory, is the question. All these suggestions of flexible wrists and easy knots are familiar to nine-tenths of the spectators. The people who have been puzzled for the last sixteen years by the phenomena, are not simpletons, though Mr. Higgins, in his off-hand way, would seem to set them down as such. His theory is, that the Davenports slip their hands out of the knots, flourish them at the window, knock committee men on the head, &c., and then thrust those swift-moving hands back into the knots in the few seconds that are allowed for the operation. "The quickness with which they perform their feats," says Mr. H., "is remarkable" (rather!) "but years of practice gives quickness!"

"Why did we not test the question whether they really slipped their hands out?" asks Mr. H. "Because," he says, "we were not allowed by the performers to do so. A bit of thread or sewing-silk tied about the elbow of each Brother, carried through the knots at the wrist, and tied above the elbow again would have settled the whole matter. But this we in vain asked leave to use."

How far will these suggestions account for the phenomena as described by Prof. Loomis, a man of science and not a Spiritualist, who some years since prepared a full and elaborate account of his experiences, from which we extract the following passage?

"After being thus tied, by his hands, he was seated at one end of the box; and a second rope being passed around his wrists, was drawn both ends through the holes in the seat, and firmly tied underneath. His legs were tied in a similar manner, so that movement of his body was almost impossible. All the knots were a peculiar kind of sailor knots, and entirely beyond reach of the Boys' hands or mouth."

The other Davenport Boy was tied in a similar way by another member of the committee. After being tied, I carefully examined every knot, and particularly noticed the method in which he was bound. The knots were all beyond the reach of his hands or mouth. He was as securely bound as the other, the only difference being that the ropes were not as tight around the wrists. This one, as the other, was tied to his seat; the ropes being passed through the holes, and underneath the ropes attached to his legs. Thus fastened one at one end of the box and one at the other, they were beyond each other's reach.

Thus far I was perfectly satisfied of three things: 1st, There was in the box no person except the Boys, bound as above described; 2d, It was physically impossible for the Boys to liberate themselves; 3d, There was introduced into the box nothing whatever besides the Boys, and the ropes with which they were bound.

These being the conditions, the right-hand door was closed; then the left-hand door; and finally the middle door was closed. At the same time the gas lights were lowered, so that it was twilight in the room. Within ten seconds, two hands were seen by the committee and by the audience, at an opening near the top of the middle door; and, one minute after, the doors opened of their own accord,

and the Boy who was bound so tightly walked out unbound, the ropes lying on the floor, every knot being untied. The other Boy had not been released; and a careful examination showed every knot and every rope to be in the precise place in which the committee left it.

The doors being closed as before, with nothing in the box besides one of the Boys, bound as described, hand and foot, with all knots beyond the reach of his hands or mouth, in less than one minute they opened without visible cause; and the Boy walked out unbound, every knot being untied.

The box being again carefully examined, and found to contain nothing but the seats, the Boys were placed in them unbound, one seated at one end, and one at another. Between them, on the floor, was thrown a large bundle of ropes. The doors were then closed. In less than two minutes, they opened, as before; and the Boys were bound hand and foot in their seats. The committee examined the knots and the arrangements of the ropes, and declared them more securely bound than when they had tied them themselves. I then made a careful examination of the manner in which they were tied, and found as follows, viz., a rope was tightly passed around each wrist and tied, the hands being behind the back; the ends were then drawn through the holes in the seat, and tied underneath, drawing the hands firmly down on the seat. A second rope was passed several times around both legs and firmly tied, binding the legs together. A third rope was tied to the legs and then fastened to the middle of the back side of the box. A fourth rope was also attached to the legs and drawn backward, and tied to the ropes underneath the seat, which bound the hands. This last rope was so tightened as to take the slack out of the others. Every rope was tight; and no movement of the body could make any rope slacken. They were tied precisely alike. I also examined the precise points where the ropes passed over the wrists, measuring from the processes of the radial, ulnar, and metacarpal bones. I also carefully arranged the ends of the ropes in a peculiar manner. This arrangement was out of reach and out of sight of the Boys, and unknown to any one but myself. The examination being ended, the following facts were apparent: 1st, There was no one in the box with the Boys; 2d, There was nothing in the box with the Boys except the ropes; 3d, It was physically impossible for the Boys to have tied themselves, every one of the knots being beyond the reach of their hands or mouths, and the Boys being four feet apart; 4th, The time elapsed from the closing of the doors to their opening—less than two minutes by the watch—was altogether too short for any known physical power to have tied the ropes as they were tied."

Al! but, says Mr. Higginson, "Years of practice gives quickness!" If there is anything more than another in these phenomena that is convincing, it is the wholly preternatural rapidity with which results are produced. Any patient investigator will testify that the explanation as to a skill in movement acquired by years of practice fails to meet the problem; and that this quickness can never be manifested under simply normal conditions and in the light. There are mediums in plenty, through whom phenomena, similar to those of the Davenports, have been accomplished; and yet not one of them, however poor in purse, and we may add, however unscrupulous, whatever sum of money might be offered, has been able to parallel, under normal conditions, this peculiar velocity of movement which is produced when the conditions are such that the supposed spirits or spiritual forces can lend their aid.

Capt. Burton, the celebrated African traveler, writes as follows, in respect to certain explanations very similar to those of Mr. Higginson, and in fact, embracing his whole theory: "I have spent a great part of my many magicians. Finally, I have read and listened to every explanation of the Davenport 'tricks' hitherto placed before the English public; and believe me, if anything could make me take that tremendous jump 'from matter to spirit,' it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons by which the manifestations are explained."

Now, we never supposed the Davenport Brothers to be either saints or enthusiasts. We think it not at all unlikely that, if they thought they could give additional credit to a manifestation by some extra effort, consciously their own, they would not hesitate to put in the power, especially if it could be done without risk of being found out. Intelligent persons who examine into these things take all this for granted. It is the residuum of testimony to the marvelous, that remains after all these abatements and allowances and siftings, that compels such men as Burton, Hamilton, Rhys and Loomis to frankly own that the thaumaturgy is inexplicable. Mr. Higginson has merely offered the very obvious theory which thousands of other persons have offered before him, in this country and in England. He has proved absolutely nothing; and his whole account is strangely lacking in minuteness and precision. Even if he had proved, what he has not, that any one of the phenomena was wholly, or in part, a trick, it would not affect the validity of the rest in the minds of those who have carefully studied these things. To have it announced that the Davenports had been detected in a palpable trick would not in the least affect our convictions as to their medium powers. We are left at the mercy of no such possibility in the important inferences we have drawn from well established physical facts.

In justice to Mr. H., we should add that he frankly admits, while setting down the performances of the Davenports as tricks, that he has "seen many wonders of what is called Spiritualism, that are too hard for his explanation."—Banner of Light.

Written for The Universe.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION ASKED.

I have read with much interest the numerous articles on Marriage, that have appeared in the columns of THE UNIVERSE. Now, I will admit that there are a great many in the married state, that would be a thousand times better off out of it; but marriage is a thing that should be well considered before one ventures to embark upon its busy seas. This would make less trouble.

I would like to ask your correspondents, who have been writing on the subject from time to time, what they purpose doing if the present system of marriage should be abolished. Should men and women be governed as the brute creation are, by the mere law of passionate attraction?

I must tell you in my plain way, that I think when they advocate the abolition of the marriage system, they advocate bastardy and prostitution! All their writing will not alter the case however. I have been legally married nine

years, and find the system a good one; and my wife has the same opinion.

If any are unhappy married, they did not probably look before they leaped. I would advise such, to get out of the trouble as soon as possible, and look next time.

I have been a subscriber to THE UNIVERSE ever since it started, and like it well. I am an unwavering Spiritualist—but not a Free-lover.

I hope to hear from some one, who will enlighten us as to these new views of the marriage question.

A. W. POOL.

Written for The Universe.

IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Welcome, thrice welcome, is your valuable paper, to my heart, and I may also add to all philosophical minds of Minnesota, that have had the privilege of seeing it. The outspoken thoughts of Mrs. Knowlton and others, who have the cause of humanity in view, can but find a lodgment in the great pulsating heart of the Universe, and incite to deeds of noble daring, for the elevation of our race; even the disenfranchisement of woman from chains that have too long been chafing her body and spirit.

"It has been my province, as an itinerant missionary, to visit various grades of people, in prison and out of prison. I have had an opportunity, I think, of forming an adequate estimate of the principal causes of the crimes committed by those who are confined within the dingy walls of our penitentiaries. On some organisms there was to be seen depicted, the disgust that the mother had experienced, as she yielded to the brutal exactions of her heartless, blue-eyed husband. A human being, launched into earthly existence under such circumstances, can but be a child of hate and disgust; and such children are born by millions. In illustration of this principle—in the Great Metropolis (New York) when the rag-gatherers, men or women, have gone along crying 'rags! rags!' at the top of their voices, I have been able to trace correctly, I think, their predisposition to that work: The indigent mother—reduced to the lowest depths of poverty, if not crime, toiling on from day to day, at starvation wages, with her little year-old baby in its rags and dirt, as it sits upon the floor, yearning for a mother's care, while her time is so incessantly occupied in finishing the full-cloth pants, for which she is to receive but twenty-five cents, or the shirt, for which ten cents is grudgingly paid—can not give her child one tenth part of the care and attention, it positively needs; but a glance is sufficient to convince her that it is covered with rags! rags! and her spirit sinks within herself, and she impresses her living unborn babe, with the feeling and idea of rags! That such impressions are made, none will attempt to deny."

And when the maternal heart yearns for sympathy, for appreciation, for love, which is her just due, and which her soul craves from the one to whom she has confided her girlhood's choicest affections, on whom she has bestowed all—is it anything but just, is it anything but human, that he should make it his duty, as he, his greatest pleasure, to supply, as far as he is able, these wants of her spiritual nature? If his nature is merely sensual, instead of spiritual, and he fails to supply such demands of her soul, is it wisdom for him to deny her that society in which she could find that necessity partially supplied? I have known men to hold on to their wives with an iron grasp, men who have comparatively but little or no spirituality, and are demonically jealous of any other minds that can supersede them in supplying that demand, purely and innocently, too.

I know very few wives who exercise a like tyranny. They will not sever the man-made law which holds them together, because the husband has power to keep the children and property necessary for their maintenance. Moreover the opinions of the Church and of the public hold them in check; and they finally settle down into starved, crushed, beings, waiting for a pitiable release by death.

I thank God: some crushed souls have arisen in the strength of the Angel-world, and broken the chains that bound them, and are now self-protecting—dependent upon no despotic power for support; and their glad songs of freedom echo throughout the halls and temples of free thought, and the great throbbing heart of humanity beats in unison with their inspiration.

Progress is the watch-word of reformers, and we anticipate an era when equal rights will be granted unto all; when the conjugal mat, will give to the world love-children, who shall gleam like diamonds in their crowns of wedded felicity. And if perchance mistakes are made; as now, those who have entered into the marriage contract will have the privilege of mutually annulling it. At this juncture, some will raise their hands in holy horror, and ask what will become of the children? What becomes of them now? The parents care for them. So they will in the coming time; for the race will unfold in wisdom, and woman will become more and more self-sustaining, and therefore more capable of providing for their natural necessities. Children, who are the fruit of true conjugal love between rightly married parents, will not find a lodgment in some stagnant pond, or among the tombs, before the period of natural birth. The prevailing, heinous evil of infanticide will be done away with, and beautiful children will appear—angels yet to be;—and they will be the people's care, looked after and educated and sustained by the people with as much pleasure, system and ease, as our free-schools are now conducted and sustained.

But while we are waiting for the good time coming, let us withhold censure and blame, and labor to supplant ignorance with knowledge, folly with wisdom, sensuality with true spirituality, and hatred with love.

Mrs. F. A. L.

Minneapolis, Minn.

"NO, I THANK YOU."

At a sitting in Hartford, recently, there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort, and, as the manifestations began to appear, the spirit of the departed Benedict entered upon the scene. Of course the widow was now eager to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued:

Widow—"Are you in the spirit world?"

The Lamented—"I am."

Widow—"How long have you been there?"

The Lamented—"O, some time."

Widow—"Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?"

The Lamented—"Not if I know myself. It's hot enough around here!"

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—A State Convention of the New Jerusalem Church is to be held in Henry, Ill., commencing on October 22.

—John Allen, the wickedest man in New York, has forbidden any of Harriet Beecher Stowe's works in his abode.

—There are 700 Baptist churches in Missouri, but the Central Baptist says that there are not more than two dozen that have worship every Sunday.

—In a graveyard at Lacon, Ill., is a headstone upon which is cut the image of a pet dog, and underneath it is the text: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

—"Employment so certainly produces cheerfulness," says Bishop Hall, "that I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral because he had the management of it."

—Keep the body as well as the house in neat and careful repair. Carelessness can put old hats and stovepipes into the windows of our earthly just as easily as into our earthly tenements.

—An illiterate clergyman once preached from Job xix. 26, dividing his discourse into three parts: First, skin-worms; second, what they done; and third, what the man seen after he was cut up.

—A Montgomery County, Ohio, farmer who wished to give a lot for a church and burial-ground, had the deed made out 'to God Almighty, his heirs and assigns forever,' and the deed is so recorded.

—Before saying, even in our hearts, that God has favorites among His children, it would be well to remember this fact: He has two worlds for every man, woman and child; and the longest life is only ended here.

—The Rev. Mr. Purchas, the renowned Ritualist, of Brighton, England, has added to the wondrous ceremonies already introduced into his church, that of rubbing black powder on the members of the congregation.

—According to Rev. Dr. Osgood, gorgeously dressed beads, with sword and staff, move around, in the German churches, and give the faithful a poke by way of rebuke when they twist their heads around to look at the ladies or see who is coming in.

—The Hebrew community, of London, has been admonished by its Rabbi to desist from the practice of inserting the Christian year upon the synagogues of their relatives, in addition to the Moslem year, as in this manner they implicitly recognize the Christian era.

—The young King of Greece has gratified his Jewish subjects in Corfu by being present at their synagogue during worship. The Ark was opened as the King took his seat on a throne, and the Rabbi called on heaven to rain blessings on the heads of the King and his son.

—Ben. Butler attended camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard, and was urged to come forward and be prayed for by a good sister who singled him out. The prayerful sister declined, but the minister in charge said that if he would only come forward he would keep the meeting open all night.

—John O'Donnell, who hanged himself the other day in Liverpool, left a letter to his wife, saying he hoped she would meet him in heaven, where there would be "no Mrs. Corkhill or Mrs. Butters" to be for to drink health to me, wishing you in hell, and libel enough to stand a pint of beer to cold nicks to stir the coals."

—A correspondent of the Toledo Commercial Appeal from Findlay, Ohio, has calculated that Father Hill, a Methodist preacher, who died recently, aged seventy-nine, preached forty-five thousand eight hundred and ninety sermons during his life, which would be between eleven and twelve sermons a week from birth to death.

—The Rev. Mr. Reed, of Malden, Massachusetts, has good reason to believe in the efficacy of prayer. He considered the expenditure of \$10,000 on the old church-edifice a poor way to dispose of money, and hoped "the Lord would lay the whole thing flat." The big gate did the business, and left a wreck worth, for kindling wood, about \$500.

—The Xenia Torchlight says of the Rev. Granville Moody: "He may be supposed to have inherited the temperament of an old-fashioned religious fanatic, and got it mixed up in his blood with a modern torch-light procession. Where he is, there must be wind, and thunder, and volcanic eruptions, and earthquakes, and the ground torn up by the roots."

—A clergyman, at a funeral in Maryland, went on with the service until he came to the words, "Our deceased (brother or sister)." Not remembering the sex of the deceased person, the clergyman turned to one of the mourners, and asked him in the language of the prayer-book, "Brother or sister?" The man addressed, very innocently replied: "No relation at all, sir; only an acquaintance."

—The eccentric elder S—, well known as an active and earnest Baptist preacher, once said from the pulpit, "They say there's 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."

—A Scotch clergyman named Hackston once day said to Mr. Smeibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or rather, wild, young son: "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than our sons? How can that be, Rabbet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Oh, ye see," said Hackston, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that our sons are fools."

—Bavaria, which has been one of the most submissive countries, in Europe, to the Pope, and whose prime minister is brother to one of the Romish Cardinals, has invited the Catholic governments of Europe to a conference, for the sake of organizing resistance to the encroachments on the rights of secular governments, which it is expected will be decided by the coming Ecumenical council called by Pope Pius. Several of the governments appear disposed to join; others prefer to decide, as to their action, after the council has issued its decrees.

—A little five year old Parisian had gone with his mamma to church. Both of them were praying, 'Mamma,' said the little fellow then, 'I have said my prayer.' 'Say it over again, my son,' The child obeys, and repeats the question, to which the same answer is given. The little man says his prayer for the third time, and exclaims then, — 'But, mamma, I have now said it over thrice.' 'Say it over again, my son,' replies the boy, 'it will be tedious for the good God to listen all the time to the same prayer; suppose I recite to him the fable I have learned at school?'

—'Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?' 'O, I don't know; I have forgotten it. But, would you believe it, Mrs. A. wore that horrid old bonnet, of time, church. Miss P. had on a lovely little pink one. Mrs. T. wore a dress that must have cost a mint of money! I wonder her folks don't see the folly of her extravagance. And there was Mrs. H. with her mantle. 'It's astonishing what want of taste some people show.' 'Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you prefer, this one, or Mr. A? 'Oh! Mr. A; he's so handsome and so graceful! What an eye! and what a set of teeth he has!'

—The Woman's Rights movement is agitating the Free Church of Scotland. At a recent meeting of the Free Presbytery of Oakley, the inquiry was made whether a female had been preaching in the Free Church of Harray. The clergyman of the church designated, replied in the affirmative, and another minister announced that she had held four meetings in his church, and had one minister, a Baptist, and a member of the Society of Friends. The ministers in whose charges she had labored spoke earnestly in her favor, declaring her pious, earnest and impressive. A warm discussion ensued on the legality of permitting her officiating in Presbyterian churches, and the Presbytery finally pronounced, whose conduct was thus censured, appealed to the General Assembly, and the end is not yet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. G."—In reply to your questions as to the best course to take in order to prolong the life of your father—already ninety years old—we would say that we know of no better means than regularity in diet, hours for sleep, exercise, etc. Annoyance will soon wear out the old; therefore see that your father's mind is pleasantly employed. Do not commit the common error of letting him sit all day inactive, for the faculties fall with his disuse. Contrive little errands for him; let him think himself of use to you. If he has used stimulants, as you say he has,—tea, coffee and strong beer—do not wholly withdraw them; that would be of no use, but would keep him harassed with ungratified wants; only see that he is as moderate as possible in their use. We commend you for your filial heart, yet is it worth while to care for keeping the soul chained too long in such a decaying prison?

"JAMES."—Always introduce the gentleman to the lady—never the contrary. Etiquette assumes that the lady is, by right of her sex, superior. You will also present the younger to the older, the unmarried to the married, the inferior in rank or talent to the superior. A gentleman should not be introduced to a lady, without first asking her permission. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Two persons meeting, at the house of a mutual friend, should, in courtesy to their hostess, suppose all her guests worthy of recognition; and the formality of a request for presentation may be dispensed with. The lady of the house, indeed, has the right to acquaint her guests with each other, if she chooses.

"CHERO."—It does not appear to us that there is anything credulous or foolish in your believing yourself the subject of an actual pre-emption, in the case you allude to. It was certainly remarkable that your unexplained return, having kept a whole party from their excursion, should have been the means of saving them all, yourself included, from a dreadful death. But similar instances are recorded; and to doubt some spiritual agency in the matter, is far more weak and foolish than to accept the fact, with that spiritual solution, reverently and gratefully. It is a mark of positive mental weakness to doubt too much.

"H. H."—Human hairs, left in water a certain length of time, do assuredly appear to become living, thread-like snakes. Other hairs do the same. We remember, in childhood, finding a horse's tail, which had been cut off, lying wound around a stick, which protruded into a stream of water; and every hair was crawling and poisoning itself after the approved fashion of snakehood. Perhaps this fact originated the ancient story of her, whose hair was turned into serpents. The poet Southey, to please his children, carefully investigated the matter, and you will find the results of his investigations among his published letters.

"A. N."—The book, of which you saw a fragment, and which excited your curiosity, must have been "Quarles' Emblems," a book published in Queen Elizabeth's time, and highly esteemed by the Church. It was republished, by one of the religious publishing houses of New York, about twelve years ago, and is certainly valuable as an illustration of the modes of thought in former times; as well as curious on account of its extraordinary wood-cuts of demons and angels—the one quite indistinguishable from the other.

"JOSEPH."—You were entirely right in your discussion with your friend, in regard to the awe with which the British Parliament, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, regarded her royal mandates. So far, indeed, was the feeling carried, that let but a member whisper—pending any proposed measure, "The Queen will be offended," and it was instantly suppressed. No influence could surpass that she exercised over her ministers, lords, and people—woman's weakness to the contrary notwithstanding.

"E. E."—You ask if anything be known of the psalmody of the Puritans. A little has been handed down; how will this do as an example?
"All hail, thou great and glorious sun,
Bright as a new tin pan!
Thou clearest, fairest, purest source,
Of bread and cheese to man!
Or this, with the last line fugued?"

"Yo' monsters of the briny deep,
Your maker's praises shout;
Up from the sands ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about."

"FARMER'S WIFE."—Light blue dye, for silks and woollens, is made with the blue composition, to be procured of the hat-makers; fifteen drops to a quart of water. Articles dipped in this must be thoroughly rinsed. For a dark blue, boil four ounces of copperas in two gallons of water. Dip the articles in this, and then in a strong decoction of logwood, boiled and strained. Then wash them thoroughly in soap suds.

"SOLDIER."—The night-battle under Lookout Mountain and the battle of "Mission-Ridge" are not identical. The former took place a month earlier than the latter, and on the first night of the entrance of Hooker's forces into Lookout Valley. The latter attracted more attention, but the fighting could hardly have surpassed, in spirit, that of the night-battle.

"READER."—The government of China is patriarchal. The Emperor has the title of "Holy Son of Heaven, sole governor of the earth, and great Father of his people." It is, however, patriarchal on the largest scale; for the family consists of more than three hundred million members.

"MORTON."—The adage to which Shakespeare refers, in the passage,
"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat 'I' the adage,"
is of Latin origin; and, being translated, reads literally, "The cat loves fish, but dares not wait for her foot."

"BOY."—Animal magnetism was discovered by Mesmer in 1783. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it was named and investigated by him; for the principle was well known and practiced among the Hindus for many centuries, under the garb of sorcery.

"MARR."—Ladies can work at farm-work without losing either their lady-like appearance or manners; and will gain immediately in health, if cautious not to overwork; which, by the way, is the usual fault of woman-kind.

"M. Y."—Glass windows were first brought into use in 1180; and were considered so much of a luxury, that, for a long time, the people of England were taxed for every pane used in lighting their dwellings.

"THORNDYKE."—The expression "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" originated with Thomas Morton, who lived in the early part of this century.

"T. V."—In case of bleeding at the lungs, give a teaspoonful of dry salt, and repeat the dose often, or, if attainable, an infusion of witch-hazel bark, drunk in small quantities.

"ELIZA."—The flower you describe must have been of the Salpiglossis family.

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

THE UNIVERSE.

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H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In response to the request of many friends of THE UNIVERSE, we will renew our offer to send it to new subscribers "on trial," for the term of three months (to commence with any month) for Fifty Cents.

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

We continue the offer of a choice of a copy of either "Dawn," "Rebecca," "What Answer," "Gates Ajar," "Gates Wide Open," or "Men, Women and Ghosts," to any person sending us the names of two new yearly subscribers, with the money (\$3.00) for the same; or Ten Trial Subscriptions with the money, \$5.00.

The books will be sent postage paid.

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A writer in the Batavia, N. Y., *Batavian*, recently, took exceptions to some quotations made by that paper, saying:

"I do not believe that [the extracts] were in any well-estimated Spiritualist journal of the present day."

Whereupon the *Batavian* remarks that the quotations were made from the columns of THE UNIVERSE, the one copied by it from another Spiritualist journal, and condemned, and the other from a contributor dating at New York City. The extracts related to the mooted marriage question, of course.

No mistake is more common, yet at the same time more inexcusable, than to hold the editor of a journal responsible for the sentiments expressed by contributors. Especially is this a mistake in judging of THE UNIVERSE, which, perhaps more than any other prominent journal, encourages a large liberty of expression and a free range of discussion among its writers. Erroneous ideas are best combated when met by Truth in open field. No truly brave person shrinks from encountering antagonistic doctrines fairly and squarely. So THE UNIVERSE seeks to subvert the interests of Truth and Right and Justice, by giving all views an opportunity for presentation and comparison and criticism.

This is not to say that THE UNIVERSE has no opinions of its own concerning questions—especially on the Social and Marriage questions, which it regards as of the first importance to humanity. Indeed, it has very strong views,—we think well-digested and sound ones; but it is not our purpose to obtrude these, in arrogant and assumptive manner, upon the public. We want those who have views of their own, whether coincident or conflicting with ours, to express them freely in our columns. When we express our own views—which, in the absence of signatures, names, initials, or other marks, indicating other origin, may be known as our views—we may be held entirely responsible for them.

These remarks are made, at this time, for the benefit of those editors and other individuals who pretend to read THE UNIVERSE critically, and who should do so, before making extracts from its columns to sustain a hypothesis or to demolish an opponent. We may endorse a correspondent, but that is not to be inferred from the fact of publishing an article, in the absence of a positive verbal endorsement.

In another place may be found a condensed report of the proceedings of the third annual meeting of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists. Most of the resolutions adopted were reserved for the next week's issue. The occasion was highly gratifying to those in attendance, and promotive of advancement in the cause of practical Reform. Ohio has been among the foremost States in the matter of organizing liberal thought and accomplishing tangible work, and this Convention was an earnest of still greater attainments in that direction. There are twenty Societies and Lyceums on the Western Reserve, we are informed.

A California correspondent and agent for THE UNIVERSE writes:—"Please change the name of Mrs.—to Mrs.—, as the former lady declines the paper on the grounds that it is immoral. Out of the twenty persons who take it in this town, I have heard of no other complaint, but considerable commendation instead."

—GILES B. STEBBINS held a discussion at Farwell Hall, Chicago, last week, with Rev. Mr. BLANCHARD, on the national question of Protection, the discussion continuing for two nights before large audiences. Mr. STEBBINS still lectures occasionally for Spiritualism and reformatory subjects, not giving all his time to the advocacy of Protection.

—Mrs. ADDIE L. BALLOU is prepared to answer calls to speak in behalf of Woman Suffrage.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—VI.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT—THE MUSIC MEANS PEACE—JAMES BURNS' SPIRITUAL LIBRARY—SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON—"DAY OUT"—HAMPTON COURT—OLD WITCH TIMES—THE PROPHET'S FATE—THE GENERAL CONVENTION, ETC.

LONDON, England, Sept. 18, 1869.

It is estimated that London contains a population of three millions—what a mass of moving throbbing humanity! I was made painfully conscious of its singing multitudes, while attending, through the politeness of Mr. Pearce, the monster musical concert at the Crystal Palace, in imitation of the Peace Jubilee held last spring in Boston. The chorists present numbered eight thousand, and the immense volume of voices was supported by instrumental bands and the firing of cannon by means of an electric battery. The admission being only a shilling, the crowd could not have been less than fifty thousand. The unbroken mass of gaily-dressed people, as seen from the galleries, with the decorated orchestra, filled with vocalists; the ladies, all in light summer attire; the men in black, and all grouped artistically, presented a sight beyond the power of pen-painting.

Over the heads of this orchestra, hung unfolded by a breeze the flags of England, Ireland, Scotland and America. Their proximity seemed prophetic of goodly peace and fellowship. After the National Anthem the first piece upon the programme was Wendell Holmes' *Hymn of Peace*, written for the June Festival in Boston. The execution was admirable, the ladies excelling. It was not exactly a chorus of angels; but one of the nearest approaches thereto since that Heavenly host, some two thousand years since, hovering over Bethlehem hills, singing the sweetest song that ever trembled on holy lips—"Peace on earth, and good will toward men."

For the moment I was transported to Syria. The shepherds were in these green pastures, Galilee lay at my feet. Persian Magi were in counsel upon the thither shore, and an angel-bard, robed in white, were sweeping through the air, stirring it with their soft-breathings of love. Hush—I hear music—O, the sweetness, the over-mastering majesty of that prophetic song—"Peace on earth." Peace is the inspiration of Heaven, and the ally of all true religion. How my soul melts into the spirit of Jesus' prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven."

It was stirring to the feelings, and impressive in a high degree, when, in rendering "Auld Long Syne," coming to the lines:

"And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,"
the whole orchestra clasped hands; and while the intertwining arms and hands rose and fell, keeping time with the music, and the shoutings of the multitude, the canons thundered from their iron throats, "peace on earth and good will towards men."

The chorists gave us the fine poetic setting of Lowell Mason, commencing

"Star of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea."

The "Star Spangled Banner" lifted the masses to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The audience was treated to choice selections from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini and others. The influence of these Peace Jubilees is blessed. Those attending go away purer, with better conceptions of human nature and human destiny. The Crystal Palace—the world in miniature, remaining much as when first opened, has become a standing institution of London.

Though familiar to the readers of *Human Nature*, let me further introduce to American Spiritualists, Mr. James Burns, who, in connection with editing and publishing this able Monthly, has recently instituted a Progressive Library and general depository for works upon Spiritualism, anthropology, phrenology, physiology, and the liberalizing literature of the age. This is a circulating library, from which books and pamphlets go out to nearly all parts of the Kingdom, like white-winged messengers bearing knowledge and gladness to thousand souls. Many secure the reading of books in this way who do not choose to purchase them. It is the only practical movement of the kind in Great Britain and is doing a vast amount of good. Spiritualists, ethnologists, liberalists in all the regions adjoining London, should largely patronize the institution. Connected with the library is a reading-room, in which may be found all the spiritual and progressive weeklies and monthlies of the world. On the walls are portraits, spirit-drawings, spirit-photographs, and symbolic devices interesting to Spiritualists. A reformer feels at once at home in these drawing-rooms, so richly furnished with the progressive literature of the century.

Though tracing relationship to Scotia's immortal bard, friend Burns' intellectual predominates over the more imaginative faculties of the brain organism. By birth he is a Scotchman, sincere earnest and aggressive. Temperamentally speaking he is a genuine genius, related magnetically to the Yankeeedom of New England. He is a compact man, of medium height, tough, wiry, healthy, kind-hearted, outspoken, firm in conviction and possessed of great muscular and mental activity. In the dictionary he consults, there occur no such words as "fear" or "fail." What the externalist terms failure, is frequently the gateway to the most masterly successes. Such men as this, are absolutely indispensable in the founding of new epochs. He lectures upon phrenology, anthropology and Spiritualism, inspiring his audiences with inquiry and enthusiasm. Those interested in growing science, philosophy and religion of the age, should find him soon as possible after crossing the Atlantic. He publishes both the *London Spiritual Magazine* and *Human Nature*. Those more intimately connected with the *Spiritual Magazine* have not yet returned to the city from the watering places and other summer resorts; accordingly we have not, as yet, had the pleasure of meeting them.

Relative to the condition of the spiritual philosophy in this thronging city of souls, we are necessitated to trust more to the testimony of others than actual observation. Mrs. Hardinge, admired and loved not more in America than England, her native land, can give direct information upon this subject. Suffice it in us to say, for the present, there are excellent mediums, in the city and the country adjoining, for physical manifestations and mental tests. Most of the media, how-

ever, are what might be termed private, holding seances for the few and that without compensation. It is generally conceded, that though there is a large number of intelligent Spiritualists in London, they lack unity of action. While having no children's Progressive Lyceums, they are disintegrated, almost destitute of organization and, seemingly, without any well-systematized plan for the furtherance of the principles of the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism cannot be organized; but Spiritualists can organize upon a financial basis of co-operation and a more general concert of action. Many of us have yet to receive a new baptism—toleration. The angels ask; is the heart—the life right?

D. D. Home is giving readings in Bristol, and the different cities of the Kingdom, receiving, with hardly an exception, the highest commendations of the press. He frequently gratifies inquirers with seances in which occur manifestations as interesting to believers as astounding and convincing to skeptics.

Hampton Court Palace, the residence in times ago of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, of Charles and King James Second previous to his abdication, is still burdened with the rich, yet crumbling relics of royalty and pomp of heraldry. The paintings from the hands of the old Masters are magnificent. Many of the apartments, with the drapery, furniture and carvings remain as when in the use of kings and queens. The parks, gardens and fountains had the more charms for us. After hours of wandering in this wilderness of beauty, our band of "day out" Spiritualists assembled in the park under the oak and linden trees for social converse and speeches.

Senor Damiani, an Italian nobleman and a man of fine culture, was made the presiding officer. His remarks were eloquent and full of spiritual import. Mr. Burns' speech was as sound as pointed. Mr. Pearce spoke earnestly upon the truth and beauty of Spiritualism. A stranger, our remarks were few. On the whole it was a pleasant and profitable season.

To better note the footprints of progress, it is wisdom to occasionally compare the past with the present. Prof. W. D. Gunning, an American scientist and distinguished lecturer, writing to a Unitarian clergyman in England, relative to the evangelical doctrines of the church says:

"The old faith is dead. * * * A hundred and fifty years ago, as far away from our day, as five hundred years ago of England is from your day, I have been looking up some of the early town records of New England. You will remember that in Puritan times, New England towns were little theocracies. I find an entry in the town book of Hatfield, only a hundred and twenty years old. It stands thus: 'Voted that we build a meeting house in which to serve ye Lord. Voted second, that ye aforesaid meeting house in which to serve ye aforesaid Lord (I) meet on the first day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to hear ye word of God.'"

"Entry the next year. 'Voted, that a committee be appointed to get cakes and rum to assist at ye raising of ye meeting house in which to serve ye Lord.'"

This American Scientist, writing further of Puritan persecutions and witch-hunting, asks—"Can old England furnish anything more ludicrous or wicked?" Let us see. In the annals of Leeds, York and Pontefract, now before us, we find that in 1622 six persons were executed, at York, for witchcraft, twelve at Lancaster, sixteen at Yarmouth and one hundred and twenty in Suffolk and Huntingdon. Matthew Hopkins, an authorized witchfinder, undertook to "clear these localities of witches for the sum of twenty shillings."

Among the tests, was the thrusting of "pins into the naked body." Further "if a witch could not shed tears at command, or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's prayer, she was held to be in league with the devil." * * * Tortures were inflicted, and tests, such as these, were admitted as evidence by the administrators of law, who, acting thereon, condemned all such to tortures. (Annals, p. 62). This Hopkins was a very pious christian man, who hunted and hung witches for "Christ's sake" and twenty shillings! The authority for pursuing this murderous course towards those considered witches, was based upon the Bible command—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

In this period of English history, Capital punishment was inflicted for the most trivial crimes. On page 55 of these annals we find that "during the reign of Henry VIII, there were hung 72000 thieves and rogues, beside other malefactors"—over two thousand a year. But in Queen Elizabeth's reign there were only "between three and four hundred hung each year for theft and robbery." The infliction of Capital punishment in any case is a lingering relic of medieval barbarism.

Traveling, the other day, from Leeds, through the Yorkshire country, towards the city of York, for the purpose of looking up records to identify Aaron Nite, the controlling intelligence of Dr. E. C. Dunn, we passed the old castle Pontefract, where King Richard III, was slain. Pontefract himself died in the seventh year of Henry II, A. D. 1107. Thomas deCastelford, a Benedictine monk flourishing about 1326, wrote a history of the place, the Castle and King John who signed the *Magna Charta*—the great charter of English liberties. The Castle, nearly in ruins, interested us deeply in consequence of its having been at times the resting-place of the hermit Peter of Pomfret, richly gifted with prophecy. He had frequently foretold things years before they transpired, astonishing the people. Early in 1213 he prophesied that King John would lose his crown before Ascension day. The following is an extract from Hollingshed's history of Peter, the hermit prophet:

"There was at this time a hermit of Pontefract, a man of great reputation with the common people, because, either inspired with the spirit of prophecy, or skilled in magic, he was able to tell what would transpire in the future. His sayings proved so true that he was considered a wonder about the land. In Jan. 1215, told the King, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his Kingdom; and he further offered himself to suffer death, if his word did not prove true. Soon, by the King's order, he was thrown into prison at Corf Castle until the day appointed, when he was publicly dragged at a horse's tail to Warham, where he was hanged. Exasperated the people, who considered the hermit a man of great virtue as well as prophet."

Though life paid the penalty, the prophecy of poor Peter was verified. There is to be a general convention of Spiritualists in Manchester, England, the second and third of October. The following questions and propositions will be considered:

—Are not the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism more strange and profitable than the literature of fiction?

—The historic relation existing between Spirits in both spheres, shown to be alike taught by ancient and modern Spiritualists.

—Are matter and spirit two existences, or one existence under distinct conditions? If the latter, whence the conditions?

—What is the most rational interpretation of the principles involved in the occurrence of phenomena at remote distances from persons known to produce them?

—Is there sufficient evidence to show that the animals of our sphere enjoy conscious existence after death?

—On what combination of conditions do the

successful development of spiritual faculties depend?

—Seeing that man is an inhabitant of both states, carried on?

—On what principles do the spiritual personalities control and direct the affairs of the mundane sphere?

—In the divinely ordained progress of all creation, how are undeveloped spirits disciplined and brought to order?

Only absence upon the Continent, on our way East; prevents acceptance of the kind invitation to attend. In our next, after reverting to Scotland scenery and life, we shall speak further of London sights, the appearance of Spurgeon, the Museum, the beggars, the parks &c. The fog and smoke are dense today, and the weather is chilling. Leaves too, are falling, and the sailing clouds seem to leave in their wake, signs of frosts and coming wintry blasts. The poet's words echo in my ear:

"A ruffled mist and a clouded day
My portion of life hath been
And darker, and darker the evening sky
Stretches before me gloomily,
To the verge of the closing scene."

J. M. P.

Written for The Universe.

TEACHINGS OF SPIRITS.

"Why do not the Spirits tell us some new facts in relation to astronomy, and other physical sciences?" asks the doubting investigator. "Let them prove to me that something is true which I could not have learned from other sources by mundane investigation, and I will believe," says the cavalier.

These questionings are natural; for man has an innate impulse to learn new things, and ever since the world begun has questioned super-mundane intelligences in relation to causes and effects, but generally with very unsatisfactory answers.

Now what reason have we to suppose that an earth-born spirit can know any more of the planet Mars, for instance, than we do?

"Why," says one "it can go there and see, and come back and tell, or it can commune with intelligences who there originated, and thence derive information, which we could not by any other means obtain."

Now if this were possible;—if some supernatural intelligence from the planet Mars should seize upon one of our mediums and deliver to us lectures upon the Geography or natural history of his native sphere, of what advantage would it be to us? His teaching would have to be received upon the strength of his testimony alone, could not be verified by any means in our power, and would therefore be of no value except as a pleasant amusement. I am aware that teachings of this character have been attempted, but I consider them to be of no more use to us than a volume of Gulliver's Travels or Munchausen's tales.

There seems to be a great want of appreciation among the people of what are really the modes of Spiritual existence. In man here on Earth we find a connection established between the Spiritual and material which is sundered at death, and their connection with each other, ever afterward, is so difficult that after four thousand or more years of investigation, the question is left unsettled in most minds whether it ever occurs, even with that portion of matter to which it had been most nearly affiliated. Why then should we expect that man's spirit would be able to enter into rapport with the material substances that make up the ponderable universe, and make discoveries which could be made while it had the aid of its near and intimate connection with those substances through the body.

Man's body is, I apprehend, to his spirit, what the tool is to the artisan, the telescope to the astronomer, the means—and the only means, which it has of learning anything of physical existence, and when this is thrown off, all connection is sundered by which anything may be learned of the laws of physical science, or the modes of physical existence.

But that a connection of spirit with spirit can be maintained while either, or both, are in or out of the body, I, think, proved without a doubt, and instances are numerous in the details of spiritual manifestations, where information has been obtained of occurrences taking place, the knowledge of which could not have been got in any other manner: Judge Edmunds affirms that in several instances a state of mind and body was conveyed to the circle, of which he had been a member in New York, while he was journeying on the Ocean and in Central America, and that a knowledge of the fate of one of the best steamships was conveyed to that place before any knowledge of it could have been had by natural means. That such instances are not more common is not strange. One proved instance is enough to establish the fact of its possibility, and while we know so little of the laws which govern these communications, we should not expect that those most ignorant of their action could control them at will.

But the unbeliever first denies the possibility of such a thing, and then asks why it does not occur whenever he demands it.

While scarcely one in ten thousand are gifted with any powers of spiritual communion, and while the science of it is entirely unclassified, and is but a mass of undigested facts; and while, as a general rule, those most gifted are least capable of rigid and careful analysis and observation, we should not expect that as clear as those of Geometry could yet be laid down.

And here I wish to say one word in relation to the conservation of such facts as are susceptible of being proved in connection with this matter.

It seems to me that what is needed is a society formed for the purpose solely of investigating and recording all that does occur of a nature that hereafter may throw light upon the subject. Let it be a center of correspondence, and let it be supported with sufficient funds to allow of personal investigation by authorized agents, whose word cannot be disputed and who are accustomed to look upon every side of a question before deciding. I am glad to see that such an organization exists in England, and why not one in America?

CHAS. BOXTON.

—WARREN CHASE has removed to St. Louis, and opened a Liberal Bookstore at 827 North Fifth st., under the style of "WARREN CHASE & Co." They have a complete stock of publications in the line, and will have THE UNIVERSE for sale at their counter.

—MOSES HULL speaks at Salem, Mass., during October. His address is Boston, care of the *Banner of Light*.

Written for The Universe.

"HAVING EYES THEY SEE NOT."

A few weeks ago we remarked on the General Assembly's resolutions, warning the church against the crime of infanticide, and we said, "We do female members of the church as to render such a us letters of testimony from various parts of the country. One physician, an intelligent and reliable gentleman in a small town, reports three cases come a party to child-murder. One of the pertain Minister, another was an Old School Presbyterian, and the third was a member of the Methodist Church. —New York Observer (Presbyterian)."

No wonder the *Observer's* incredulity is shaken. The only wonder is that it ever was incredulous, considering that, one can hardly take up a paper that does not contain some scandalous story about church members or ministers. The *Observer* wishes they might be exposed, in their villenous, to the indignation of the churches they dishonor. Perhaps it does not know that the "indignation" depends upon the purse of the sinner, and decreases as the latter expands. "It wouldn't be good policy to expel brother Jones for being too sorely tempted, for he might join the other church, and so enable them to make a greater show than we do." But there is sister Smith, "poor as a church mouse," they will make a great stir about her shortcomings, and so air their pious indignation without cost to "our society."

Verily the church "covereth a multitude of sins," but it cannot hide them all. It is, or was once, so respectable to belong to the church that many, with as little piety as purity, joined for the sake of popularity; but as the church cannot uproot their sins they have gone to seed, and now the church is so overrun with wickedness that the only remedy seems to be to raze it to the ground and build a new structure of "The good, the beautiful, the true."

The particular crime charged upon the sisters (the brothers have no hand in it—see quotation for proof) is creating much commotion at present. The editors take particular pains to avow their horror of it, in one column, and in the next advertise the means to accomplish the very crime decreed!

"Women don't like to be kept at home," they want to "follow the fashions," and "unsex themselves." (I'd like to know what that last horror means) are some of the reasons given for this "unnatural crime." But I do not believe that we will find the true reason in that direction. "I have wished, many and many a time, that I could lay my children in the grave, away from this disgrace," said a mother, whose heart was at last broken by her husband's infidelity to his marriage vows. May not man's crime be one great cause of the present trouble? Dear brethren, do take a little time, from picking at the moles in the sisters' eyes, to remove a few of the beams from your own.

But isn't it curious that any one should be astonished to find sin and crime in the church? If one half the misdeeds of christians were committed by Spiritualists, they would be easily seen by the blindest observers.

ARDIE BEE.

ADDRESS OF HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following synopsis of the Address of Hudson Tuttle at the Ohio State Convention of Spiritualists is given by the *American Spiritualist*:

Hudson Tuttle referred to the harmony which had characterized the transaction of the business brought before the Convention. Do we fully appreciate our mission and our cause? Why is Spiritualism better than the old systems of religious faith? For what purpose do we organize? What is our aim? These are vital questions. All religious systems are based on ideas. Eighteen centuries ago Jesus appeared in Judea, but he and his few despised followers had the power to change the religious character of the world, because he had an idea—that of the Brotherhood of man.

We have a grander and more glorious idea than is contained in Christianity—the divinity of man. God was not only incarnated in Jesus, but he is incarnated in every human being. Nature points to the immortality of man as the crowning glory of creation. We place upon our banner the noble idea that man is divine; that there is an immortal germ in his nature that cannot be crushed out.

What is the aim of Spiritualism? No system has ever presented such noble incentives to well-doing. There is no escape from the effects of evil-doing—no salvation except by growth. We must work in harmony with immutable laws, and if we violate them we suffer the penalty. It is by growth alone that we become a perfect spirit. The good angels rest over the basest criminal; sooner or later they will find an entrance to his heart, and bless and reform him.

The Churches are organized—the Catholics are marshaling their forces—the Old and New Presbyterians have united; it is proposed to put God into the National Constitution; the Young Men's Christian Association, one of the most secret societies in its operations now in existence, by a preconcerted move, rapidly and secretly executed, last winter sent a petition to Congress, signed by immense numbers, asking that Christ be engrafted into the Federal Constitution; Catholic Priests are being sent South to convert the ignorant negroes, and untold numbers of Japanese and Chinamen are swarming to our shores. The friends of religious despotism are straining every nerve to accomplish the overthrow of free religious institutions. A gigantic struggle between religious intolerance and free thought is impending. What have we to oppose the onward march of our enemies? We are compelled to organize in very self-defence. He looked upon this State Association as the best form of organization that can be adopted at present. From it we may expect grand results. He believed that the time will come when the delegates present will regard it as one of the proudest acts of their lives that they took part in the proceedings of this Convention.

We have given only an imperfect and brief outline of Mr. Tuttle's philosophical, and interesting address; nothing but a *verbatim* report could do it justice.

—When Fred, Douglass was once traveling on a boat and compelled to take the "deck," his dignified appearance led a compassionate officer to think his condition might be improved during the passage if the bar of "color" could be avoided. So watching his opportunity, he approached and inquired significantly—"Indian?" "No, Nigger!" frankly responded Fred, and paid the penalty by remaining a deck-passenger all night, walking to keep warm.

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

UNIMPEACHABLE PRIVATE MEDIUMS—WALL STREET AND MONOPOLIES VS. THE MASSES—THE GYROSCOPE—ST. PATRICK'S DAY, HUMBOLDT'S DAY—CONCERTS, THEATERS, ETC.—

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1899.

Whatever suspicions may attach to needy, professional mediums who give public seances for money, none, I apprehend, can properly obtain in relation to private individuals of ample means and undoubted respectability, who reluctantly disclose the mysterious Spiritual manifestations, constantly recurring through the agency of their own mediumistic powers, and who, although keen, cool and educated reasoners, are totally unable to explain any portion of the phenomena upon any known laws. In this city, and almost daily, events are transpiring in this connection, of a character the most remarkable. In one instance, we find an estimable lady—the wife of a lawyer whose brown stone residence is on 44th St.—communicating constantly with the unseen world, under circumstances the most startling. The spirit of N. P. Willis, whom she had never seen in the form, is a frequent visitor of herself and family. He enters her drawing room, from time to time, and in the presence of her husband and others, takes a seat by her side, and converses with her through the medium of the alphabet. In a strange, phosphorescent light, a chair is seen to move towards her, from a distant part of the room, without human agency, and then she becomes aware of his proximity. From a vase of flowers, near a certain window, he has, occasionally, plucked a rose and placed it in her hands; while, in more than one instance, he has brought her lilies and bouquets dripping with dew, quite dissimilar to any bud or gem in or about her dwellings. In addition to this, he has given her a spirit likeness of himself, in crayon, so perfect as to be regarded absolutely inimitable by those who knew him well in the flesh; while, to cap the climax, he has presented her with a small volume of his poems, to which he has affixed his autograph in her presence, and which seemed to have sailed into her hand, out of the empty void of the atmosphere. I have seen this lady, and conversed with her in the drawing room in question—I have seen the portrait, the book, the autograph and, in a dazed state, the flowers alluded to; and am thoroughly satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations. First, because they occurred amongst persons of refinement and intelligence who checked and analyzed them to intensity, and whose respectability placed anything like fraud completely out of the question, next, because manifestations, similar in character, are, as alleged on unimpeachable evidence, occurring daily in various other parts of the world; and, lastly, because the noble charity and exalted nature of this lady, combined with her mediumistic powers, might well attract towards this nether world, some of the brightest plumes that sweep the realms of bliss.

If the high tides which are promised us on the 8th, were to surge through our city and extinguish the hell of Wall Street, it would be well for the interest of the Union generally. The destructive fires which burst, from time to time, from the lips of that accursed orator, work sad devastation amongst us, and so derange trade, commerce and money, that, as at the Faro table, fortunes and families are wrecked in a single hour. Not long since, as you are aware, through the nefarious machinations of gamblers in stocks, gold, in the course of a single afternoon, ran up to 63, and then fell to 26. On this frightful basis, enormous transactions took place, and what the result was, may readily be anticipated. America will never be as great, as glorious and as free as she ought to be, until Government destroys all monopolies, takes our banking, our telegraphs and our railways into its hands, and insures cheap food and fuel to the poor. Monopolies have all the power and money in the world, and hence the sufferings of the masses.

At the expense of being regarded egotistical, I must inform you, that it is believed, on high authority, I have solved a problem in natural science which has hitherto bid utter defiance to the attainments and ingenuity of the world at large, and which, I am of the opinion, may tend to explain some motions of the heavenly bodies, not yet thoroughly understood. It is upwards of twelve years since I first propounded my theory, at which period, it was ridiculed in the *New York Times* by a certain Mr. G. B. Williams, who is, I trust, alive and well to day. More subsequently, within a year or two, I fared no better at the hands of the *Scientific American*, and those of one or two of the cotemporaries of that journal; although my solution of the astral problem had been privately endorsed by some of the ablest men in the land. I knew that I had discovered a new fact in science, which did not harmonize with certain long established theories; but this latter had no weight with me. I argued, and felt that I was arguing in accordance with established laws; but found it difficult to demonstrate, by actual experiment, the truth of my position. This latter, however, I have now accomplished, and the problem is in the hands of the Jesuits here; it being neither more nor less than that of the gyroscope, or more properly, of a vertical wheel in motion.

The triumphant engagement of Moses Hull at the Everett Rooms has come to a close, and the platform is now to be occupied by Miss Nettie Pease—a lady, as I understand, of rare ability, but whom I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing. Mr. Hull remains with us for some time longer, and speaks once or twice at Brooklyn. He has done real service to the cause in this locality; and, on Sunday last, paid *THE UNIVERSE* a marked compliment from the rostrum, designating it, "the ablest Spiritual journal published."

He is to be with us again in January. One of your New York cotemporaries, but recently born, when just nine days old—a point of time, remarkable in the development of kittens—assured his readers, in a paragraph of five lines, that he should eschew all vices and permit the theatres to take care of themselves.—This latter concession reminds me of a post-prandial practice of the Khan of Tartary, or some other outlandish potentate, who daily, on having himself fortified the inner man, commanded his sheep-skinned herald to proclaim through a tin trumpet at his tent door that "all the world might dine!" I have, however, but little confidence in those youthful indications of virtue and forbearance. Nero, we know, was once a very exemplary young man; but then, he subsequently took the life of his friends, and murdered his mother, his wife, and his tutor, and even attempted the destruction of Rome itself. I therefore have my doubts of this Christian precocity, and am consequently half-

inclined to tremble for the fate of "the Sock and Buskin," in this city, at least.

Some of our German friends here, complain that there was not a sufficient posse of police in attendance upon the recent Humboldt procession, and refer, with some slight degree of jealousy, to the fact, that on the anniversary of St. Patrick, whole clouds of "blue bottles" moved in advance of the great Irish demonstration which filled our streets. In this they misinterpret a handsome compliment intended them by the Police authorities, who displayed such nice discrimination between the necessities of the votaries of Ireland's patron saint and those of the illustrious author of *Cosmos*. Were the latter as effervescent as the former, they would, undoubtedly, have been corked down as firmly as the generous Sons of the Sod were on the 17th; but being a steady, law-abiding and God-fearing race, this was evidently deemed unnecessary.

It is to be hoped that there is now an end to criticism on the Byron Scandal and that the press has closed its doors against any further discussion of it. But few palliate Mrs. Stowe's conduct in the premises; and most people rejoice that Mr. Benjamin Butler has caused her to "sup sorrow with a spoon." For my own part, I have been always of the opinion that it was Byron who "put his foot in it" when he married Miss Millbank; as, with all his adroitness, polish and genius, he was never able to establish a satisfactory understanding between himself and that fastidious lady.

The weather is becoming quite cool; and the gaudy kaleidoscope of Broadway is beginning to flash less brilliantly at four o'clock in the afternoon. The Central Park concerts, too, have ceased, and all things begin to assume a more soberly. The equinoctial gales were not upon us until the 27th, at which period they came laden with clouds and rain, but passed away rapidly. It is wonderful, the number of new papers that are constantly springing up here. Some of them I regard as but mere May flies. There were three thousand persons of Carlotta Patti's first concert. The French opera at the Academy of Music is severely handled by the press. It is reported that Theodore Thomas lost largely this season, by the Central Park Garden Concerts. It could not be otherwise, with something like \$100 a night for gas, and forty or an orchestra composed mostly of solo players. The concert rooms and theatres in the heart of the city, are, I believe, patronized best, and with most uniformity. Never has Spiritualism stood on a footing so satisfactory in this city as it now stands. Some of the ablest minds here are investigating seriously; while, even amongst the most inexorable skeptics, it is no longer a subject of ridicule. This is cheering indeed, and the harbinger of perfect day.

Loos.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CAREER OF THE GOD-IDEA IN HISTORY. By HUDSON TUTTLE, Author of "Arcana of Nature," "Origin and Antiquity of Man," etc. Boston: Adams & Co. Chicago: National Book & News Co.

He who trends his way back from humanity's present religious stand-point, through the labyrinthian courses of ancient speculation, until he reaches the point where the first glimmer of the light of actual thought struck the souls of men, has fathomed the lowest depth of our spiritual nature; and until we have reached the depths it is vain for us to aspire to the heights. It will be well, then to follow Hudson Tuttle, as he leads us back, from the well-built temple of a fearless infidelity to creeds, through cumbrous, shadowy cathedrals of Christianity, over Greek and Roman ruins, and into the almost unlighted caverns of Heathen worship, among their altars of adoration.

He does not take the ground so universally accepted, that all people have belief in a God, therefore his existence is certain. Indeed, he proves from the records of even religious travelers, that many savage tribes have not the faintest conception of such a being; and in proving this, has struck the ax at the root of the first and strongest argument of Theologians. "Say a foolish thing but oft enough," says Mrs. Browning, "it gets to pass for wise." And this off-iterated and plausible assertion of the universality of the belief in a Deity, should have been sifted before this time; since it helps no cause, however good, to be upheld upon an unstable prop.

Mr. Tuttle's work shows the mark of a painstaking mind; and one that has power to grasp a subject, and deal with it candidly. He does not speculate—he reasons; and he is careful to reason from no false premises. The information which he gives is such as will be found of use to the student of Theology; the language in which it is clothed is clear, simple, terse, and never too much adorned.

He carries his readers with him, in his search among the sacred books of the Hindoos, the records of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks and Romans; shows the origin of the Jewish faith, and traces it down from its many sources among the jungle-ways of Pagan fancies, until it becomes the broader but identical river of modern Christian thought. There he leaves you, with few deductions. It is not Hudson Tuttle who speaks, usually—it is History; and such History as will not be gained. If his thesis do not reach the depths, it is at least profound. He looks upon no conclusion humanity has reached after through its darkness, with disrespect—only with distrust. He has not scorned to search among the debris of lost races, in search of the gems of inspiration; but we must admit, that having found them and held them up to our view, he shakes his doubting head over them and sighs, "After all, they may be but bits of colored glass"—who knows?

All will not agree with him. This blazing jewel of a belief in a personal Deity, will not seem to all who behold it, but a worthless bauble. Let each decide. Mr. Tuttle has done his part in the search; we, having the result of his labor, can reach other conclusions if we will.

ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY: By the late M. Frederick Bastiat. Member of the Institute of France. Chicago: Western News Co. These essays, written in the cause of Free Trade, and originally published in the *Journal Des Economistes*, *Journal Des Debats*, etc., have been translated from the Paris edition of 1863, and are given to the American public at a time when questions of political economy are engrossing the thoughts of both politicians and people.

However be-littling, in the main, the gauging of small values, and gathering in of the million minute results of legal taxation may be, it is certain that until the nation has balanced its self upon the pivot of a true economy, it can never swing easily and safely in the arc of national greatness. It is well, therefore, that Americans should take sides, deliberately, upon this question of a protective tariff: collecting all the arguments, pro and con, and giving them the most careful, unbiased consideration. Philosophy is not too lofty, nor are philosophers too noble to be employed in such a cause.

Whether M. Bastiat reaches the best conclusions or not, a philosopher he certainly is. This work abounds in thoughts that drop the plummet into the very depths of human society and earthly life. Nor is he the less a philanthropist for being a philosopher. His heart is set upon the good of the race, not merely the good of a class or even of a nation. He would have Plenty laughing in the streets and the people sustained and comforted by the daily satisfaction of every daily need. Opposed to the theories of the protectionists, he declares them to be the advocates of scarcity, and—though doubtless unintentionally—the oppressors of the poor.

He says: "To Restrictive Laws I offer this dilemma: Either you allow that you produce scarcity, or you do not allow it. If you allow it, you confess at once that your end is to injure the people as much as possible. If you do not allow it, then you deny your power to diminish the supply, to raise the price, and consequently you deny having favored the producer. You are either injurious or inefficient. You can never be useful."

M. Bastiat does not advocate the "suppression of custom houses." He asks for the "suppression of the protective policy." He does not "dispute the right of a government to impose taxes, but would, if possible, dissuade producers from taxing each other."

"Duties," he says, "should never be made an instrument of reciprocal rapine; but they may be employed as a useful fiscal machine." His work is no collection of unanswerable and exasperating dry statistics; but, while he does not neglect the bringing forward of proofs to sustain him in his positions, he enlivens his theme with carefully elaborated illustrations, pointed references, and even a pithy fable now and then. Right or wrong, he has written excellent essays, and we hope they will be largely read.

UTOPIA: OR, A STORY OF A TOWN AS IT SHOULD BE, AND PROBABLY WILL BE WHEN THE CONDITIONS ARE ALL RIGHTED: By an old Reformer.

"It takes a high-souled man to move the masses—even to a cleaner sty!" and however high-souled a reformer may be, his work must progress slowly; frequently seeming to have utterly failed of accomplishing its object.

Where the contemplated "reform" is but an idle theory based upon the mere desire of change, it will fall inevitably—as it ought. But if it contain the principles of Truth, however subversive of established customs it may be, its ultimate success is sure.

Philosophers, sages, poets, truth-seekers everywhere have dreamed sweet dreams of this longed-for Utopia, this happiest of happy places, where selfishness shall find no abiding place, and desire be always satisfied. Numberless schemes have been laid before the people, having the attainment of this dream in view. Scheme after scheme has been tried and has failed; but it may be that "every turn still brings us nearer to the central Truth." An idea so captivating must do its work eventually, whether that work shall prove a transient or a permanent one.

In this pamphlet which we have been called upon to notice, we find an attempt to picture a realization of that community-life so often tried, so often abandoned. Perhaps, at last, the true basis of such a life will be found; and many ideas put forth by our author, would undoubtedly be of use to the Utopianist.

It is true that there are now communities, apparently yet in harmonious existence; whether "conditions" are all right among them we cannot say. If so they will remain communities; otherwise there must come a revolution, strong as the throe of an earthquake, and lava will scorch away the verdure of the hills and bury forever the cities, foolishly built at their feet. It would be idle to predict such a fate for them—since predictions are seldom realized; Time solves all problems soon or late.

Our author sets before us his carefully studied idea of a happy township. It would hardly be justice to him for us to give the reader too small an account of his little book. The small sum of ten cents, and an address to Wm. Gould, Bates, Ill., will give thoughtful minds the opportunity of studying his schemes and deciding, as far as mere judgment may decide, as to their feasibility. Perhaps we shall yet hear good accounts of the material progress of this, as yet, fancy-built Utopia. If such changes will benefit our race materially, let them be made; and at all events, since the world seems to demand such experiments, it is well that some are disposed to make them. Without failures there are never successes.

What we want is purity of life first—happiness will follow inevitably. Strive after pure living, good reformers, in your Utopias, and then, if they fail, "their failure may seem better than success."

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NEW BOOK, "Roland York," a Sequel to "The Channings," by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," is in press by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is printed from the author's manuscript and advanced proof sheets, purchased by them from Mrs. Henry Wood, at an expense of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds Sterling in gold, and will be issued simultaneously with its publication in Europe. It is the best book that this distinguished author has yet written. The following new books are having immense sales: Mrs. Southworth's "Bride's Fate," "How He Won Her," and "Fair Play." Mrs. Stephens' "Curse of Gold," "Mabel's Mistake," and "Doubly False." "The Woman in Red," and "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," complete and entire, in one cloth volume, with a glossary.

PERSONAL.

—Miss Lewis, the colored sculptress, couldn't get rooms in a Synagogue hotel.

—Erza T. Benson, one of Brigham Young's twelve apostles, has departed, leaving twelve widows.

—Prince Napoleon has an income from his Swiss estate of \$80,000 francs, which he says he keeps "in case of accident."

—The Rev. Miss A. J. Chapin, Universalist, has been made a professor, in the Jefferson Liberal Institute of Wisconsin.

—Bayard Taylor has been appointed to a professorship in the Cornell University, in the State of New York, and has accepted the position.

—Prince Napoleon's private secretary is a Spanish expert, who left the Church in order to get married to a beautiful French ballet girl.

—Mark M. (Brick) Pomeroy is lying very low at his residence in New York, from congestion of the lungs, aggravated by bilious intermittent fever.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read a lecture on "Moral Trigonometry," at Newport, on Sunday evening last; probably part of a system of "Religious Surveying."

—George Smith, a colored preacher, is making a sensation at Newport, by his new discovery. He is to the South, says the *Detroit Tribune*, what Elihu Burritt is to the North—a learned blacksmith.

—Miss Dickinson has filed the coffers of the

Des Moines Lecture Association, her audience there, one evening, having been the "best paying" audience ever assembled there, not excepting the time of the total eclipse.

—William S. Chapman, who used to be a farmer in Minnesota, but could not get land enough in that State, and went to California to expand, has cultivated, this year, 50,000 acres of land, and has 20,000 head of cattle.

—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is still at Frankfurt, Germany, living in great retirement and in very unpretending quarters. She sees but few persons and those generally American ladies whom she knew during Mr. Lincoln's administration.

—Kessels and Nathaniel Bowditch were poor in early life to purchase the books needed for their studies, and were compelled to make manuscript copies of those which Dr. Bowditch copied are in the Boston public library.

—Henry Rowley, an old African traveler, writes to the *London Times* concerning Dr. Livingstone, whom he believes to be either dead of disease, or detained as a hostage by some savage tribes, who have superstitiously associated some calamity with his arrival.

—A Paris correspondent writes:—"Miss Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, is employed upon busts of Pere Hyacinthe, the famous preacher; General Fremont, and Mr. Meredith Reed, our Consul here. Mr. Washburne and Gustave Dore have promised to sit for her. She leaves for Rome in the beginning of October."

—Hawthorne lies buried near Thoreau, on the highest point of the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Two small, oval stones bear the simple name "Hawthorne," without date or anything else. The grave is covered with a thick-growing ivy, and in one corner of the evergreen hedge which surrounds the lot is a Hawthorn tree. It is a poet's grave, and nothing in the surroundings of his home can compare with it.

—Miss Middy Morgan has taken a position on the *New York Times*, more especially pertaining to men than any other—that of the cattle-market and agriculture. Three times a week she visits the pens of newly arrived pigs, sheep and calves in the suburbs, and discourses learnedly on their condition and current value. When a sale of horses takes place she is on the spot, and her lucubrations upon crops are quite as luminous as those of her male cotemporaries. Miss Morgan is tall, neither stout nor thin. She has perhaps turned the age of thirty. Her complexion suggests vivid health, and her recent shows the land of her birth—Ireland. She is a superior woman, speaking several languages and having a mind well cultivated. The press welcomes her to its ranks.

G. Swan, M. D.

To the Editor of The Universe:

Permit me through your valuable paper to call public attention to this gentleman, who is now stopping at the Adams House in Chicago. I have personally known Dr. Swan about twenty-four years. He is a true, worthy man, and now he is suffering from a severe attack of paralysis of the face, and is unable to move his right arm, and is in a case of severe paralysis and a tendency to apoplexy, and hope to recover my former health. He is not charlatan, but a regular M. D., possessing remarkable power as a healer.

JOSEPH BAKER.

Janesville, Wis., Sept. 1899.

Chicago to New York.

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

Sunday Discussions and Lectures at 214 Wabash Avenue.

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OPEN TO JANUARY 1, 1899!

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

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Co., six).....	6
Triple Plated Table Forks (Rogers, Smith &	6
Co., six).....	6
Double Plated Dessert Forks (Rogers, Smith &	4
Co., six).....	4
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Co., six).....	6
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Ladies' Gold Pin and Ear Drops (Jet and Pearl)	15
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Catalogue).....	6
Chromo-Lithographs (select'n from Franck's	6
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eters).....	8
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THE UNIVERSE.
OCTOBER 9, 1899.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

[Reported for The Universe.]

The Third Annual Convention of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, convened in Empire Hall, Akron, Sept. 10, 1899, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by the President, A. B. French, of Clyde, who after a song, and invocation, by E. T. Blackmer and Dr. L. K. Coonley, offered suggestions as to the business that would come up for consideration, and urged the importance of organization.

A. A. Wheelock, Geo. Wm. Wilson, Geo. W. Roberts, Mrs. S. M. Bassett, Miss Marcia B. Lane, O. P. Kellogg, and W. H. Houghton were selected Business Committee, with instructions to report on credentials, and to present names of officers for the ensuing year.

In the afternoon, the said committee reported fifty-five delegates, from eighteen societies.

Committees on Finance and Resolutions were elected.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we respectfully invite all Spiritualists from this and other States to seats in this Convention, to participate in its proceedings in accordance with its rules, except the privilege of voting when the yeas and nays are called.

Remarks were made by Hudson Tuttle, J. A. Sumner, Dr. Houghton, Dr. Underhill, A. A. Wheelock, Mr. Blackmer, Dr. Newcomer, and the president. All agreed in the wisdom of consolidating the Society and Lyceum, instead of having two organizations, and urged the importance of advancing the latter. It constitutes the basis of the great Spiritual movement. If the conductor and leaders perform their whole duty cheerfully, there will be no want of interest on the part of the children. We must not stumble on the block of monotony, but must vary the order of exercises, and not be bound by books or any stereotyped plan of instruction, whatever. We should seek the best methods of interesting young and old; work in opposition to those systems of education which crowd the mind with words; seek to develop the faculties of the child; never forget that we are children. Such were the prominent sentiments of the various speakers. The evening session was opened by a song from Emma Tuttle, "The Unseen City," published in last week's UNIVERSE.

M. H. Houghton addressed the Convention for a half hour, taking for his subject "What is Man?" O. P. Kellogg followed with a humorous but effective speech, of which we cannot give a full report. O. L. Sutliff advanced strong arguments in favor of the immortality of the soul. He believed that the scriptural passage, representing the angel Gabriel standing with one foot on the land and one on the sea, really meant the electric telegraph, which now spans continents and oceans, and encircles the globe. C. D. Eason spoke of the importance of conference meetings. Mr. Blackmer sang a song—"The Silent River," and the Convention adjourned to 9 A. M., Saturday.

Second Day—Morning Session.—The Convention was opened by a song from Mr. Blackmer. The Business Committee reported order of exercises. During the half hour conference interesting remarks were made by O. L. Sutliff, O. P. Kellogg and Mrs. Shepherd. [The State Missionary Report, and that of the Recording Secretary, will appear next week.] A. A. Wheelock, J. A. Sumner, A. Williams, Emma Tuttle, D. J. Starbird, Lewis King, and Mrs. G. W. Shepherd, were elected a Committee on Education and Revision of the Constitution.

The Business Committee made a report, suggesting names for officers for the ensuing year, which was adopted.

The Convention then elected the officers suggested by the Business Committee, as follows: President—Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Erie Co. Vice Presidents—J. A. Sumner, Akron; Mrs. Zilla Kellogg, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co.; Oliver Stephens, Toledo.

Recording Secretary—George Wm. Wilson, Auburn, Geauga County.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Erie Co.

Treasurer—O. U. Pratt, Cleveland.

Trustees—George Rose, Mrs. S. M. Thompson, Cleveland.

Hudson Tuttle, the newly elected President, was introduced to the Convention by O. L. Sutliff. Mr. Tuttle feelingly returned thanks for the honor conferred, and urged the importance of a thorough and efficient organization, that will unite and concentrate our forces.

A. B. French, the retiring President, eloquently and feelingly returned thanks for the generous assistance he had received from the Spiritualists of Ohio in the discharge of his official duties.

On motion of A. A. Wheelock, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention, representing the Spiritualists of Ohio, are hereby tendered to the retiring officers of the State Association, for the faithful discharge of their official duties, during the past year.

O. P. Kellogg offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention tenders its warmest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, for their self-sacrificing labors in our missionary work.

The Business Committee reported the order of business for the afternoon.

After a song by E. T. Blackmer, the Convention adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention was opened by a song from Mr. Blackmer.

The Committee on Resolutions reported.

[Resolutions next week.]

The following resolutions presented by individuals, were also adopted:

Whereas, As Mediumship is the real distinctive characteristic of modern Spiritualism, therefore,

Resolved, That the promotion of mediumistic unfoldment should be a primary object in all the organizations of Spiritualists.

Resolved, That we, as an Association of Spiritualists, individually study to control the evil in our own natures, before we exhibit to the public view the weakness and failings of others; when we can do this, and not until then, shall we be true men and women, and true Spiritualists.

Before the adoption of the latter resolution, brave and noble words were spoken in behalf of mediums by several persons.

After a spirited discussion, the report of the Finance Committee to raise funds for missionary work, by yearly subscriptions, payable quarterly, and recommending the appointment of two persons by each society to superintend the raising of funds was adopted.

Evening Session.—The Akron Lyceum choir sang a song, entitled "Stand for the Right." O. L. Sutliff, Dr. Coonley and Mrs. Marcia B. Lane spoke.

A. A. Wheelock, Ch'n of Committee on Education and Revision, reported that the Constitution of the State Association be so amended as to read three Trustees, instead of two, and four Vice Presidents, instead of three. The proposed amendments were unanimously adopted.

The Convention then elected Dr. W. N. Hambleton, of McConnellsville, Vice President, and N. E. Crittenden, of Cleveland, Trustee. The Committee on Education and Revision of the Constitution reported resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

The Business Committee reported order of exercises for Sunday.

After a song by the Akron Lyceum choir, the Convention adjourned.

Third Day—Morning Session.—Song by the Akron Lyceum choir.

S. S. Clark recited a Poem, entitled "I don't like to hear him pray!"

Addresses by Mrs. Thompson, Dr. Bailey, Dr. Coonley, O. P. Kellogg, Hudson Tuttle, and A. A. Wheelock.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention convened at 2 P. M., and was opened by a song from the Akron Lyceum choir.

Mrs. Shepherd, of Geneva Lyceum, recited an interesting dialogue of her own composition.

On motion of A. A. Wheelock, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are hereby most sincerely tendered to the Spiritualists and citizens of Akron, who have so generously opened their homes, and so fully provided for the comfort of the delegates and friends attending the Convention.

Resolved, That when this Convention adjourns, it adjourns subject to the call of the Executive Board of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.

Geo. Wm. Wilson offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That our thanks are due the Akron Lyceum choir, E. T. Blackmer and Mrs. Emma Tuttle, for furnishing the Convention appropriate music.

Resolved, That this Convention tender thanks to the Akron Society and Lyceum, for the free use of this Hall.

O. L. Sutliff then addressed the Convention at length. Remarks by A. A. Wheelock, O. H. Kellogg, Hudson Tuttle.

Evening Session.—The Convention met at 7 o'clock, Vice President Sumner in the chair, and was opened by a song from the Akron Lyceum choir, entitled "Rest in Heaven."

Remarks by D. J. Starbird; addresses by A. A. Wheelock and O. P. Kellogg.

Adjourned.

DR. HATFIELD AND THE CAMP-MEETING.

We have allowed the singular and anti-Methodist attack, recently made by the Rev. Dr. Hatfield upon the Sabbath and camp-meetings, to pass without comment, preferring first to see what might be their effect upon the religious institutions at which they were aimed. The effect is now so obvious as to be a fair matter of impartial comment. Three or four hundred persons have gathered daily at the Desplains meetings, of whom a handful have been faithful workers, and the rest orderly and attentive listeners. But the leading Methodist clergy of the city have been told to stay away, and they have apparently been glad of a pretext for doing so. Though the preaching of Christ was almost wholly at camp or grove meetings near the towns of Judea, and He seldom went into the synagogues, yet there is a primitive cheapness and simplicity about them, which neither the Levites of old nor the fashionable shepherds of the present day enjoy. True, the air is pure, the groves delightful, and the change from the artificiality of the city to the simplicity of nature, is of itself a religious influence, — all means of grace, which the truest saints of all ages have found more conducive than almost any other influence to piety. Then, Methodism itself, like its prototype, Christianity, is the outgrowth of these open-air meetings. In the days of the Wesleyes, and of Whitefield, no pretended follower of their would have ventured to arraign them for preaching in the open-air on Sunday, or for going that without which camp-meetings could not be held on that day — feeding the crowds who might go out from the cities to attend them. If any uncircumcised Jew who mistook himself for a Christian had rebuked the founders of Methodism for leading the people out into the groves for the Lord's worship, on the Lord's day, he would have been sternly answered: "Fool! it is not enough that Christ was annoyed by men of your class for feeding on the Sabbath the crowds whom he taught, and must you, with his rebuke in your memory, repeat the same complaint against us?"

But as there are men who would find themselves unable to make any other use of milk than to convert it into whiskey, if they could not get the article in any other way, so there are men so covetous of rule, and addicted to discipline, that the very milk of kindness, the gospel of persuasion, every other line of which is a renunciation of authority, must be transformed into stern, inexorable law, or they will have none of it.

Of course, we do not expect Dr. Hatfield to notice the fact that the Christian day of worship was never made the subject of any Divine command whatever; that in simple undeniable historic truth, which Dr. Hatfield knows as well as we do, "God's word" no more commands the observance of the first day of the week than it does that of the third, or Wednesday; that Paul classed the observance of "Sabbaths" in the Jewish manner as among the "beggarly elements" which could have no part in the Christian work; and that, if the former, or Jewish obligation, relative to the Christian dispensation, it would be lawful to stone Dr. Hatfield himself out of Chicago, for being a chief violator of the Jewish law, which he so freely invokes against the Desplains camp-meetings. How many Sundays of his life has he obeyed that portion of the law of the Jewish Sabbath which forbids a fire to be kindled within the house on the Sabbath day? not once, intentionally. And yet, for each violation of the law to which he appeals, he is worthy of death by stoning, according to that law.—Chicago Tribune.

SOLEMN REFLECTIONS.

ON ATTENDING THREE RELIGIOUS MEETINGS IN ONE EVENING.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Anticipating a journey Westward, and a probability of remaining all winter, I found myself, on Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1899, in this highly civilized and Christian city of Chicago, without having gratified a desire to make a tour of some of its leading churches and listening to its pulpit celebrities, and but one Sunday evening at my disposal. Rev. J. S. Sweeney has a reputation for an intimate acquaintance with devils, i. e. he talks about them, and candidly compounds to admit that a man should be posted upon a subject concerning which he strives to enlighten his fellow-beings. At twenty minutes past seven I was, a mile and a half from the Court House, seated in the first Christian Church, on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Sixteenth Street. Mr. Sweeney, a tall gentleman, of the nervous temperament, read a few verses in Galatians, explaining, as he read, what the true meaning is — according to the Greek — and finding a great deal of fault with what he said, is "very bad translation." I wondered what some Christian people would have said if a Spiritualist were guilty of such blasphemy! It is surprising, though, how much consolation is derived from the Greek. The battle-cries of modern theologians and pious Women's Rights people is "the Greek! the Greek!" The English language is a great barrier to the spread of the gospel (?) Many blessings have been credited to the devil; but never have I heard it affirmed by any theologian that the English language was formed by the Arch-Enemy as an ingenious flank movement on the Heavenly hosts. Yet, there is an abundance of room for such a charge. Take an illustration: Brother Sweeney said the twenty-fourth verse of the third chapter of Galatians, which reads, "Wherefore the law was our school-master to bring us unto Christ," means something entirely different, in Greek. Its true meaning, according to J. S. Sweeney — and the Greek — is that the "law" is not a school-master, it is only a pedagogue. He informed his hearers that in olden times pedagogues merely led the children to the schoolmasters. Christ, he said, was the schoolmaster. With this explanation of the mystery of Godliness his listeners, for the most part, seemed to be satisfied. It would have been cruel to have disturbed their tranquility by suggesting that even Greek Scholars disagree among themselves as lamentably as do Doctors of Divinity, and their followers, in their interpretation and understanding of the Scriptures. Of this very passage in Galatians our Greek Scholar says that the law was our schoolmaster "until" Christ, and not as it now reads, "to bring us unto Christ." That makes them both schoolmasters, and neither of them a pedagogue.

Brother Sweeney informed us that a man may often be deceived, himself, when he thinks he is religious. It is not enough to "believe," or have faith in Christ, which he says, is all necessary in order to become a Christian; he must "confess" it before men. But even belief and confession is not enough; he must "repent," that is, forsake sin, be good, moral, upright. But, said he, it is not enough to believe or have faith, and confess one's sins, and repent or do good; there is one more degree. What is that? To be baptized! According to this Christian doctrine a man may believe in Christ; confess his sins, present, and in advance; clothe the naked, feed the hungry, love his fellow man; live a pure, noble life and — go to hell because he failed to be baptized! To show his hearers the great difficulty of being a Christian, he made a startling announcement, "Whatever man loves in this life, wife, or husband, that prevents one from being a Christian, will prove his ruin in this world, and his damnation in the next." This catastrophe will certainly ensue if a man loves his wife too well, or a woman cares more for her husband than for a man she never saw. Heavenly prospects look dubious in that direction.

At the conclusion of the Sermon, which was well delivered, the people sang, and then, after getting blessed, dispersed.

Wabash avenue boasts of a number of gorgeous temples where the followers of the "meek and lowly" worship him and his Father. How beautiful the Avenue looked with its pretty shade trees, the moonlight shimmering through their leaves; the flag-stone sidewalks; grass-plat borders, and nicely-carpeted Nicholson pavement! A rapid walk soon brought me opposite the First Baptist Church. Obeying the impulse to softly enter, I, about fifteen minutes of the preacher's sermon was secured. His theme was the "Sabbath." He said that he feels sad to know that there is a disposition by many naturalized citizens to discard "our" Sabbath. He thought if these wicked, low foreigners do not wish to conform to the institutions of America they should go back whence they came. At the East he said, there is a general complaint because there is a falling off in church attendance. People are becoming godless, indifferent to the Sabbath, and neglectful of the sanctuary. Instead of going to church they drive out to parks and beer-gardens; or remain in their counting-rooms, attending to business correspondence or accounts. He thought that the Sabbath law should be enforced. He had no hope of raising people from a life of wickedness to one of piety unless the Sabbath day is observed, and God would not keep them unless they kept his Sabbath.

The Reverend gentleman had no idea of allowing the pleasure-loving, beer-drinking Germans to worship God according to their own consciences. He thought they had abused their liberty. Evidently he thought this country belongs exclusively to the Christians. Freedom to worship God, he intimated, might mean the license of vandalism. The drift of all discourse was in the same channel of all its class. If they had the power, Christians would compel all mankind to bow down before the God whom they ignorantly worship. There is a disposition among them to eschew sectarian differences and to unite their forces for the overthrow of republican institutions and compel a recognition of their views of God, Christ, and the Sabbath, as a part of the organic law of the land. Liberalists will find that there is work ahead.

My neighbor in the pew is Rev. Dr. Evans. The grand organ pealed out its delicious music, then another blessing, and I was in the open air, still northward bound. A few rods brought me in front of another grand church, and the words came into my mind, "The poor

ye have always with you." That magnificent edifice, costing tens of thousands of dollars, casts its shadows upon many of them in more than one sense. To be sure, we have the poor always with us! Carriages were waiting in front, which indicated that "divine service" was not yet concluded. Stepped inside to get some more of it. In a pleasant conversational style the speaker, Rev. Robert Laird Collier, was relating incidents of a European tour in which his parishioners had indulged him; and for their very great kindness he was exceedingly thankful, especially as they had furnished him a thousand dollars to defray his traveling expenses, — owing to a difference in the times, probably, the advice of their master, as laid down in the tenth chapter of Matthew, "Provide neither gold, nor silver in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes." Oh, well, there is a great deal of advice in the same book which was well enough, perhaps, for that age, but will not do for this.

According to Mr. Collier's account, Sunday is worse off in Europe than in America. He did not seem to have as much fear of the foreign population as the Baptist preacher to whom I had just listened. He informed a European that we Americans allow the Irish to come over here and rule the city of New York; yet, said he, such is the nature of our institutions that they soon become imbued with a more liberal spirit, and though many of them are Catholics when they come here, in Ireland he met a woman selling articles on Sunday. He spoke to her about the sacredness of the day. She replied that she had been to mass in the forenoon which, in her judgment, did not injure the afternoon trade. She wanted to know what he would have her do; for, she had been starving, was starving then, and always expected to be starving! This bit of humor caused a laugh all over the vast audience, which was a shock to one's idea of the sanctity of the day.

Some more music, another benediction and I was again outside, under that dome, twinkling with diamonds of light — a house not made with hands — and covering all God's children. Its unapproachable grandeur is at the expense of no wall of the children of poverty, as is that of the temple made by men. Its magnificence is at the cost of no heart's blood of God's image. Its foundations bruise no son or daughter. Oh God! when will there be less talk about creeds, holy days, salvation of souls, Bibles, missionary-enterprises for the heathen, and more genuine love-labor for men and women; fewer temples dedicated to God, and in their places, edifices dedicated to humanity — erected to help human beings to help themselves! Were the millions of dollars that are expended to build churches, and to support religious societies, devoted to establishing a systematic organization for the relief of the unfortunate, and the encouragement of all to improve and beautify human nature in this life — the wickedness, the festering crimes of political and social life, which able divines this night have declared are on the increase, and which threaten to engulf and destroy society, would be swept away. Christian theology has had the field for nearly two thousand years, and is compelled to deplore this increase of crime in its very midst — thus acknowledging its incapacity to save the world. It is a failure. Spiritualism will accomplish what Theology has failed to do, because it is logical. The major premise of Theology is that human nature is totally corrupt; but Spiritualism affirms the divinity of human nature. It asserts that right regeneration and proper cultivation will insure true salvation from all the sins that flesh is, at present, heir to.

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 insurrection in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is untutored in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the influence of every wind of false doctrine and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

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

On this platform does the *Chicagoan* [now THE UNIVERSE], advocate the cause of Woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved, — that, in the granting of "woman suffrage," — to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto, — "the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system 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 deformities and all its virtues — all its baseness and its highest uses — all the diseases, 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.

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

— The Rev. W. H. Channing, nephew of the famous American, W. E. Channing, preaching last Sunday, at the Free Christian Church, Notting Hill, pointed out that Confucius, and many of the ancient Heathen teachers, exhibited a love of humanity which nineteenth century Christians would do well to imitate, and said that he had worked side by side with secularists, the most devoted, earnest, self-sacrificing men, whom he honored, and was proud to call his friends; men whom he claimed as Christians, because they carried out the highest Christian doctrines in their lives; men of strong and independent thought, who had been repelled by the absurd dogmatism and gross superstition of theologians. — London National Reformer.

let the old and long-tried "devil have his due!" Respectfully,
V. JONSKA WENDAR.

OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS,"
THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

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

We are on the threshold of a new era, the introduction of which will be marked with a revolution more radical than has ever before been known in the world's history. Systems which have grown hoary with the centuries enshrined in the holy garb of ecclesiastical authority and sanction, accepted with unquestioning reverence by the race, and almost inextricably interwoven into the whole social, religious and political fabric, are now being 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 stateries which man has selfishly maintained since the fabled expulsion from Eden.

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disavowal of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inhere in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the abolishment of numerous usages and fashions that foster and feed man's passions, until they have control of his being, requiring the continuous sacrifice of woman on the altar of lust. It means that the selection of companions in the most sacred relation of the sexes shall not be the exclusive prerogative of man, if, indeed, as physiological laws and comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be 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 insurrection in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is untutored in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the influence of every wind of false doctrine and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

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SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

— Sixty persons have committed suicide at Homburg in the last five years on account of ruinous losses at the gambling halls.

— A man who was guilty of rape, near Holly, Mich., weeks since, has been sentenced by Judge Dewey, at Pontiac, to imprisonment for life.

— Prince Charles, of Prussia, having been too intimate with a wife of his valet, paid the offended husband \$40,000 in preference to suffering an untimely death.

— Miss Ann Williams, of Bradocks Fields, Pa., aged 56, is so annoyed by the devotion of a boy of 17 years, who is madly in love with her, that she has been obliged to call for official protection.

— Jas. Armstrong, in Northbridge, Mass., lately shot at his father with a revolver, and then killed his wife and fled. The *Springfield Republican* says, it is rumored there was bad feeling between the parties.

— A young girl named Dora B. Kenson took strychnine Sunday, at Kansas City, Mo., because of some little quarrel with her lover, and a few minutes after the dose was taken he came to make up the quarrel, but was too late, for she died in two or three hours.

— The *Dubuque Times* says a young lady who has already had two husbands, eloped on Friday last, from Galena, with a smitten young man. But the brother of the intended groom telegraphed and had them arrested, and they were reluctantly compelled to return home.

— A married pair in the Palatinate were about to make a journey by cars from Gernersheim to Darmstadt, and missed the train; the man began to abuse his wife; she returned his abuse with interest, which exasperated him so much that he pulled out a pocket pistol and shot his wife and himself.

— "Perley" telegraphs from Washington that one of the female clerks, recently dismissed from the treasury department, called there yesterday to ascertain if the demand of a congressman that she should be reinstated, would be successful. "I must know at once," said she, "for I have received an offer of marriage, and although I don't fancy the man, if I can't get reinstated I must accept."

— David Forshey was arrested at Indianapolis, some weeks ago, for committing a rape upon Miss Custis, a highly respectable young lady, under aggravating circumstances. He called upon her, and representing that a sick lady needed her services, she started out with him, and after he had driven about a mile he ravished her, and then drove her home, threatening her life if she divulged.

— At Jacksonville, a short time ago, Edward Well, a prominent merchant, publicly coaxed Joshua Sprague, a wealthy citizen, who is 76 years of age. Sprague enticed Well's daughter into his house, and was about to marry her, but was thwarted in his designs. Sprague has been notified that he must leave the city, never to return. This, it is stated, is the second time Sprague has been guilty of a like offense.

— The *London Revolutionary Correspondence*, said to be edited by Karl Blind, the well-known correspondent of a number of liberal papers in Germany, France and the United States, says in a recent article: "The Empress Eugenie is a self-constituted abortionist. Against any other decent woman we would not wish her to prefer such a name, but against the Empress Eugenie we are at liberty to say so much. We are in possession of sufficient facts to substantiate that charge."

— A "literary" young lady, according to a St. Louis paper, started from Boston for a visit to Kansas, last summer, and having her pocket picked soon after starting, was loomed money by a kind Pennsylvanian, a fellow-traveler, to whom she made known her case. The pair have since been living at the Planters' House in St. Louis, both occupying the same room. He has a wife, and a respectable physician has been drawn into the case.

— The mother of the duke of Genoa (one of the aspirants to the Spanish throne) is a very good-looking lady, and scandalous reports in Turin and Florence say that she is the favorite mistress of her uncle, King Victor Emmanuel. The king of Italy, at all events, is a great deal of the company of the duchess, and the very affectionate manner in which he treats the lady, even in the presence of strangers, gives some color to the disparaging rumors that have been circulated in the above mentioned respect.

— Another case of the incarceration of a sane man in a lunatic asylum has come up in Connecticut. Mr. Atwood, a farmer of Hartford, worth about \$15,000, was decoyed from his home in Middletown, under the pretense of negotiating the sale of some property, and then hurried into the insane retreat. He was subsequently liberated, but a conservator was set over his property, and he now brings suit to regain his liberty in full. It is intimated that his son, with whom he has had difficulties concerning the property, procured his arrest and incarceration.

— In Moundville, Marquette County, Wis., on the 19th ult., Michael Healey, a man over 40 years of age, outraged the person of a girl, 12 years old. By threats of killing, he intimidated her into keeping the circumstance secret, until Sunday last week, when the wretch attempted a similar offense upon another girl, aged 15, but she succeeded in getting out of his clutches, and immediately apprised her parents. Upon the circumstance being made public, the girl informed her mother, and thus the matter came to the knowledge of the neighborhood. Steps were immediately taken for the arrest of the scoundrel, who succeeded in making his escape. He was indicated by a similar offense, committed in the neighborhood some twelve years ago, but, by some kind of the law, and a shrewd attorney, he avoided punishment.

— The *Cleveland Herald*, Ohio, says that, a few days ago, a young man, evidently of rustic birth, called at the Probate office about 10 o'clock in the morning, and procured a marriage license, which was "signed, sealed, and delivered" in proper form. In the afternoon, he again appeared, accompanied by a young lady. He approached the deputy, and the following colloquy ensued: "Mister, you give me a license to get married this morning, and now you tell me I can't do it. What's the reason?" "You're wrong about it," replied the deputy, "there's nothing wrong about it, but you're a fool, growing old in the day, and with all this much hesitancy, 'there's nothing the matter with you' — 'ere dockment, but, (in an undertone) the fact is that the girl has backed out, and this is all one (pointing to his companion) is going to take her place. I suppose I'll have to give a new license, and I want you to make it out quicker'n a wink, 'as we are going to get hitched this afternoon.'"

"The second marriage license was issued, and as the irrepressible youth, who was evidently determined to marry somebody that day, reached the door, he inquired, 'Mister, is there a parson or a Squire hereabouts?'"

— An aggravated and astounding case has recently come to light in Wellsville, N. Y. The offender is a clergyman, Rev. Nathan Fuller, pastor of the Advent Church, in what is called the Nile Settlement. This Fuller has been a preacher here for about twelve or more years, and has borne a good character, and was a very popular man in this section; but facts that have been developed during the past week, go to show that, while he has been preaching with much apparent earnestness and considerable unctious acceptance, he has been at the same time a most outrageous villain of the blackest dye. Anticipating an explosion, he coolly wrote a number of letters to different parties, soliciting certificates of good character; but before the important documents arrived, the volcano burst upon him, and he is completely overwhelmed. It appears that for twelve years he has been in the habit of taking improper liberties with young

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It will be seen that premiums are given for clubs of all sizes, so none work on uncertainties. If a club is started for a large premium, and not enough names are secured, a smaller one can be ordered. Don't delay your work; commence operations without delay, before canvassers for other papers have gone over the ground. It is not necessary to wait until your club is full—till you have enough for the premium desired. Send in the subscribers' names as fast as they are secured, so they will not have to wait for their premium. You can send money by draft, P. O. order, in registered letters, or by Express at our risk, and in amounts of not less than \$10 at a time, at our expense. Keep an account of names sent, money, and all particulars, to refer to in case of error. A special inducement we offer is, that we give a proportional credit toward any premium for the names that you get, so that if you get only three-fourths or one-half of the number required, you will be entitled to three-fourths or one-half your premium, and can have it by paying the other one-fourth or one-half in cash. If you do not wish the articles yourself, you can do a good thing by selling them, which you can easily do, as they are all of genuine value. The List, as given in our table elsewhere, gives the actual retail value of each article and the number of yearly subscribers required at \$2.50 each.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PREMIUMS.

We add a description—necessarily brief—of a few of our principal premiums. That the articles are of first class quality in every respect, may be relied on. We will give further particulars concerning any particular item, to any one desiring; or pamphlets or circulars may be sent for to the manufacturers or dealers in the respective articles.

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We are pleased to be able to continue the offer of the Grover & Baker First Premium Elastic-Stitch Sewing Machines. The points of excellence claimed for the Grover & Baker are as follows:
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Gold and Silver Watches.

We offer a number of styles of Watches, from which the wants of any one may be suited, including the American (or Elgin), manufactured at Elgin, Ill., the American (or Waltham), and the Swiss (Geneva). The numerous watches we have given for premiums during the past two years are the best recommendation for their quality and superiority.

We offer two styles of the American Watches manufactured by the American Watch Co., at Waltham, Mass. We have arranged with the Company for a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, and a Silver Watch to be expressly manufactured for us. The former will be an elegant piece, full jeweled, at 18 carat "hunting" case; the silver watch will be jeweled, with chronometer balance in "hunting" case of pure coin silver. Both will be warranted as made in the best manner of the best materials.

Musical Instruments.

The goods offered in this line are superior in all respects, and are guaranteed to be exactly as represented in all respects. They will be selected and shipped under the superintendence of a gentleman who has had many years experience as a musician dealer.

Silver-Plated Goods and Jewelry.

The articles offered in this line are furnished by the well-known house of Giles Bros. & Co., 142 Lake St., Chicago. They are A No. 1 goods, and guaranteed to be such. The prices attached to the respective articles are the actual retail prices at which they are sold in Chicago.

Frang's Chromo-Lithographs.

These are the finest and most popular articles in the art line, next to oil paintings. They very closely resemble the best paintings. We append a list of a few of the more attractive pictures, with prices of each, from which selections may be made to amount of value given in Premium List.

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- Group of Chickens—A copy of an oil painting by A. F. Tall.....5.00
- Group of Ducks—A companion piece to the above, on the same subject.....5.00
- Group of Quails—Companion to the above, one of the most attractive of Mr. Tall's works.....5.00
- The Poultry Yard—A companion to the above, by E. Lemmens, the celebrated French folk painter; one of his best creations.....5.00
- Under the Apple Tree, (Companion pictures) Rest by the Roadside, the four paintings by Niles, representing scenes in child-life; (30.00 each).....5.00
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We offer two styles, the *New Illustrated Unabridged*, latest edition, containing 1,840 pages and 3,000 engravings, and the *New National Pocket*, an octavo, with 1,000 pages and 600 engravings. Nothing need be said of the value of these books as premiums.

Mitchell's New General Atlas.

A copy of Mitchell's General Atlas should be possessed by every family for reference. As a practical educator it is scarcely less useful than Webster's Dictionary. It is sold only by subscription through canvassing agents, but we have succeeded in making arrangements to supply it as premium. The Atlas contains fifty-eight quarto maps of the various countries of the world, plans of cities, etc., in all twenty-two maps and plans, with valuable statistical tables, United States Post Office Directory, etc. R. A. CAMPBELL, General Agent, 131 Clark St., Chicago.

Microscopes.

These instruments have just been added to our list, and are not only useful, but of great interest to all. The \$5 and \$10 compound microscopes have each three lenses, magnifying 50, 75 and 100 times, the \$10 instrument including in addition a condensing lens. The instrument is first-class, as sold by J. G. LANGSTON, Jr., Optician, 117 Randolph Street, Chicago, from whom we also purchase the barometers.

Our Other Premiums.

An invaluable prize is offered in "Appleton's American Cyclopaedia," consisting of sixteen large octavo volumes, averaging 800 double-column pages to each volume, presenting a panoramic view of all human knowledge—a complete library itself.

Another most desirable prize is the *Quarto Family Bible*. It is a large quarto, in full gilt morocco (black or red, as preferred), and includes the Apocrypha and Concordance, Record, etc.

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GENERAL BOOKSELLERS

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 9, 1869.

Written for the Universe.

CONTENTMENT.

BY MRS. AMANDA M. SMITH.

Contentment came on golden wing
And sought in my abode to stay;
Ah, no sweet guest! misfortunes bring
Their trailing shadows o'er my way!

When wealth rich treasures sends to me,
And I can boast her friends as well,
When shadows from my threshold flee,
Then, shining guest, come, with me dwell.

She smiling said, "My home is where
No sordid wealth can have control;
Ambition, hate, nor mute despair
Can mar the freedom of the soul."

"I tarry off in lowly cot,
Where few the wants to be supplied,
And hope's clear rays make bright the spot
And heavenly gifts are not denied."

"I go with birds, and bees, and flowers
Their sunshine, daily task, and song;
I come to light the lonely hours
That sometimes round the sad heart throng."

"I'm with the soul of love and trust
That sees the light behind the cloud;
That can with self be truly just—
From others lift the veiling shroud."

O, gentle dove! I ask thy peace
Since thou hast shown the hidden way,
That can my spirit give release,
From clouds that dim each passing day.

Ah, now I catch thy sunlit beam,
And feel a calm, pervading rest;
This throbbing life is not a dream;
The golden angel is my guest!

Chicago, Ill.

Written for the Universe.

THE MIDNIGHT RELATIVES.

BY LOGOS.

I am strongly inclined to the supposition, that I am not thoroughly sane upon all points; and yet my character for discretion and sound judgment in the ordinary relations of life, is confessedly unimpeachable. In the ordering of my household, in the management of my pecuniary affairs, and in my every-day intercourse with the world, I am perfectly at home, and free from the slightest suspicion of aberration of intellect. Still, every time I open the diary I have kept for years, to note down some one of the strange occurrences to which I have been constantly subjected from my childhood, I feel half convinced that I am the victim of some hidden, mental derangement, beyond the reach of all medical aid, and far too subtle for human analysis. In a physical point of view, my health has always been unexceptionable; nor has my mind suffered through neglect, or the indulgence of any of those morbid fancies which so impair the understanding of some nervous people. I eat well, sleep well—and so far as I know, think well; and am, in addition, regarded as an active and useful member of society. There is not a single individual among all my friends or acquaintances, but has confidence in my veracity and discrimination; and not one of them but would start with surprise or consternation, were he or she, as the case might be, convinced that the following singular discourse emanated from my pen. This much premised, I shall trifle with my subject no longer, but relate, as briefly as may be, all the circumstances connected with it, and as I believe them to have occurred; but, still, of course leaving the question of my sanity open in the premises.

My mother was a religious woman, a strict disciplinarian, and one of the most inveterate church-goers that ever opened a pew door. Being an only son, my Christian training became her special care; and so inexorable was she in this relation, that my earliest recollections are blended with long and dreary walks to morning and evening service, where my dull, drowsy ears, had often been pinched to keep me awake, and where I first imbibed a distaste for the very name of religion. Well do I remember the unfeigned pleasure with which I used to hear the stereotyped, final sentences from the pulpit, that closed two weary hours of sore discomfort, and with what joyous alacrity I picked up my cap and made for the church door, when the dry and sonorous "amen!" signified my freedom.

When I asserted that I was an only son, I might have observed, that I had a brother who, at the age of fifteen, died before I was born. For some reason unknown to me, his name was never mentioned in our family; nor can I now explain how I first came to understand that he had ever existed. Both my parents avoided all reference to him beyond a vague whisper that such a one once lived, once died while in the act of taking a sleeping draught—biting a piece out of the glass that contained it; and, notwithstanding every effort to extract the fragment from between his teeth, retaining it in his mouth, until he was interred. When I became impressed with these circumstances, I could not have been more than eight or nine years of age; for I am now in doubt whether I was aware of them before the death of my mother's father, which took place before I was ten. Be this as it may, both occurrences were jumbled together in my mind at this latter period, and so imprinted upon it, that I have always been convinced that they were presented to my recognition simultaneously.

I have always stood in awe of the supernatural; and now, even when my locks are scant and gray, I am unable to shake off the incubus which is the wretched heritage of many a brave man whose childhood had been subjected to the vicious system of nurses, which deals in hobgoblin stories and threats of "raw-head and bloody-bones." In the hey-day of my manhood, I was not a whit behind my neighbors in personal courage; and, yet, when alone at the solemn hour of night, the noise of a mouse often made my heart leap into my mouth, as the common expression has it—so strangely were my nerves always unstrung in the midst of solitude, darkness and silence. How our being comes to be so intensely two fold, it is difficult to say; but this much is certain; all experience demonstrates, that, for the most part, we do not exhibit the same meta-physical characteristics during the day that we do through the solitary watches of the night. In no portion of the world is this fact more strikingly illustrated than in Ireland, where almost every street and lane and lovely house has yet its ghost-story and a dread of the supernatural is one of the earliest

blights that seizes upon the sensitive tendrils of youth.

It was in this country, between forty and fifty years ago, and in the stirring town of Roserea in the county Tipperary, that one Sunday night, towards the end of October, I had accompanied my mother to divine service, held in the Methodist chapel which stood convenient to the round tower opposite the Protestant church, and a little way from Smallman's "Head Inn." I remember well that night, from the brief text, "Jesus wept;" and although there were many in the house who were much affected by his discourse, I should not have remembered the circumstances, had not my mother observed that she was sure I should be able to remember that text at least, as it only contained two words, and as it had made so many persons weep, as wept "the Divine Master."

After the usual shaking of hands and comparing of notes, the congregation dispersed, leaving my mother in conversation with Mr. West and Mrs. Smallman of "The Head Inn." Mr. West, I remember, was to dine with us the next day; and my mother, who belonged to the same class with Mrs. Smallman accompanied that lady to her residence beside the hotel, where we remained until about a quarter to twelve o'clock. As we lived on the Abby, we retraced our steps home by the Mall, which ran parallel with the river that flowed through the town, and on which stood the ruins of an old castle, so tangled with ivy and laden with wallflowers to its mouldering summit, that, in summertime, the senses were intoxicated and charmed with the glossy emerald foliage that trembled in every breeze; and delightful odor perfumed the whole region from Roserea Square to Castle Street. We had just arrived at the base of this tottering pile, now invisible in the darkness, when suddenly, what appeared to be a large ball of fire, swept the heavens with the velocity of lightning, revealing every object around, to the most minute particular, and throwing out in bold relief, a few feet in advance of us, the figure of a youth dressed in gray, and that of an old man walking, or rather gliding with noiseless steps, in the direction in which we were going. The latter wore a military frock-coat, seemingly much disordered and dripping wet, although not a single drop of rain had fallen during the whole evening. I saw his silken sash and his epaulet, as plainly as I now see the pen in my hand, and noticed the gilt buttons upon his dress. But the strangest thing of all, was, that notwithstanding both figures first stood revealed in the light of the meteor, after that had passed away, they still remained quite visible, for about a minute, in a strange, green radiance that surrounded them like a haze. During this space of time, they turned for a moment, as if to look at us, when I noticed that the countenance of the officer seemed convulsed with passion, while the youth, with his face beaming with supernatural beauty, appeared anxious to calm him; extending, at the same time, towards us, one of his hands in which he held a drinking glass with a broken rim. I am unable to explain how I noted all this so minutely, but note it I did; and was about to ask my mother for some explanation, when I found her trembling violently and turning her back upon the figures, with the sudden observation, "Let us return to Smallman's!" Fancying that the meteor was something dreadful, that frightened her so greatly, I myself became intensely alarmed, and clung to her skirt, until we had re-entered Mrs. Smallman's, where, after a short period, a guide and lantern were furnished us, and we, once more, pale and filled with foreboding of no pleasant character, started for the Abby. This time, however, neither meteor nor youth nor angry soldier was visible, or beset our path, until we dismissed our pilot, when we found ourselves at our own door.

On entering the hall, we encountered my father who, uneasy at our long absence, was about to sail forth to meet us. Scarcely had we perceived him, when my mother fell fainting into his arms. Instantly all was consternation; the whole household was aroused, and I stood weeping by, until, under the influence of restoratives, she opened her eyes once more. On recovering her consciousness, I saw her look into my father's face and motion to him to bend his head. He did so; when I heard her whisper into his ear, as distinctly as I now hear the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. "My father has been drowned, I saw him, to-night, with our William, near the old castle on the Mall; William held the glass with the bit out of it in his right hand, and extended it toward me. Oh! my God! have mercy upon the soul of that dreadful and unfortunate man!" I seemed to comprehend the whole affair, instantly—the figures we had seen, in the light of the meteor, were those of my deceased brother and of my grandfather, who, it was thought, was now dead also. The intelligence and situation were not calculated to brace my young nerves upon the occasion; and, as I happened to hear the observations of my mother, I begged to be permitted to remain in her apartment all night. The request was acceded to, and an impromptu bed made for me in quite a comfortable nook. Several times, during the night I heard my parents discoursing upon the strange topic that had so moved them; and as my mother rose to dress herself, I heard her declare, that she had not slept a single wink since she had lain down. Before noon, and notwithstanding some lingering doubts that remained in the mind of my father, a letter with a black seal arrived from Cork, informing us, that three days previously, while my grandfather and some officers of his regiment were out beating after dinner on the river Lee, a quarrel took place on board, when he and one of the party, getting into a hand to hand struggle, fell into the river, and, in spite of every exertion to sunder or save them, were lost—So much for my first experience of the supernatural!—Since then I have learned to look across "the dim bourne" with a clearer and more philosophic eye.

DU CHAILLU FOR WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

At the Suffrage Convention, at Newport, the famous African explorer, PAUL DU CHAILLU, delivered an effective speech, in which he showed that his pursuit of lions, tigers and gorillas had not prevented his giving a searching look into the question of woman's rights. His small figure, swarthy face, and dancing black eyes, formed a striking contrast with the group around him, Mrs. Stanton, Colonel Higginson, and others. He said that he always sided with the ladies. He knew many women who are far smarter than men. Those men willing to put down the women, have very little brain, and all that is turned in the wrong direction. They are, in fact, donkeys, not to speak too severely. Men said to him "The idea of a woman being a senator with a baby in her arms!" He always answered, "The idea of a man being a senator, who is a continual drunkard!"

THE UNFORTUNATE SECRET.

BY J. B. MOAG, M. D.

Bright and joyous were the youthful days of Evaline Brandall. She was the only, and, consequently, the idolized child of parents, who, though not in affluent circumstances, possessed a competence, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew them.

Until she was fourteen years of age, her education was mainly conducted by her mother, who was fully competent to the task.

Mrs. Brandall was a noble specimen of feminine humanity. Thoroughly educated, mild and amiable in temper, yet firm and decided in character, with the exception of some erroneous views she entertained relative to what constituted personal dignity, she was what might properly be termed, a model woman.

At the age above mentioned, her parents determined to send her to a boarding school, to complete her education. One was selected which had the reputation of being superior to any other the country afforded.

Here our heroine spent four years, storing her mind with that knowledge which is requisite to qualify one for positions of respectability and usefulness in subsequent life.

Not only did she acquire a knowledge of the practical sciences, and become acquainted with those arts which are calculated to adorn their possessor, but, at the suggestion of her judicious mother, her domestic education was not neglected. She was instructed in all the mysteries of the culinary art, and of house-keeping in general.

At the age of eighteen, she returned to the home of her childhood, to which for four years she had been only an occasional visitor, during vacation. She returned with a mind well trained by culture, and, fortunately, with none of those absurd notions so common to boarding-school misses, which induce them to claim a superiority over those who have been deprived of such advantages. While at school, she formed the acquaintance of a young man of pleasing address and prepossessing appearance, who won her ardent affections. After her return to her parents' abode, he occasionally visited her for the space of a year, and with the consent of her parents they were betrothed. Harley Blanford—such was his name—soon after their betrothal, received a letter from an uncle, a merchant who resided some two hundred miles distant, offering him a clerkship in his establishment, with a promise of a partnership at the end of a year, if mutually satisfactory. It was thought best for him to accede to the proposal, and, in consequence, the intended marriage was postponed until Harley should be fairly settled in business.

The parting of the lovers was particularly painful to our heroine; but her grief was mitigated by the repeated assurances of constancy from him to whom she had given her young heart's affections, and by the certainty that they would, though separated, converse frequently in the silent language of the pen.

For several months Evaline received, weekly, letters from her betrothed, which were all she could ask, in point of avowals of constancy, apparently emanating from a heart as pure, affectionate and unwavering as her own. To these she responded with all the warmth of undisguised affection, that naturally flowed from a pure, ardent, truthful nature.

After a lapse of some six months, his letters came less frequent, and were written in a cold, constrained manner, which ill compared with those he had previously written, and finally they ceased to come.

After some months of anxious suspense at his long neglect, during which time, she had entertained no doubt of his fidelity, but had attributed his silence to every imaginable, probable and improbable cause but the true one, she received from Harley a laconic epistle, of which the following is a copy:

My dear Evaline Brandall: I embrace the present opportunity to assure you of my undiminished respect and esteem; but I am satisfied, upon mature reflection, that our dispositions are not sufficiently congenial, to render our union as happy as desirable; and therefore ask to be released from our engagement.

I have recently become acquainted with a lady of wealth and superior accomplishments; and my engagement with you is the only barrier to our union. Hoping you will confer this favor, with many wishes for your prosperity and assurance of my lasting esteem,

I remain your friend,

HARLEY BLANFORD.

Evaline's emotions on reading this heartless missive, can be more easily imagined than described. She could scarcely realize that it was, indeed, reality, and not the delusion of a fearful dream. She read and re-read the cruel note, before she could persuade herself that it was, indeed, a reality. Was this the end of young love's dream? Could it be possible that he whom she had believed to be the personification of all that was true, noble, and good, had proved false?

She wrote beneath his letter the words, "You are free," and sent it to his address.

Calm reflection led her to the conclusion that she was fortunate in her escape from a life time union with one who could thus easily be induced to forget his vows of constancy and professions of affection by the gaily exhibition of "wealth and superior accomplishments."

Time passed, and to a great extent, healed the wound treachery had made in her susceptible heart.

In about a year after her reception of the epistle above referred to, while visiting a maternal aunt, she became acquainted with a young, rising lawyer by the name of Edgar Melton, who was first attracted by her amiable character and moral worth, and continued to visit her after her return to her father's home, where they were betrothed. After their betrothal, one thing troubled Evaline. She deemed it her duty to acquaint her affianced husband with the fact of her former betrothal and the reasons that prevented its consummation, but was prevented from doing so by her mother, who reasoned that the facts of her former history did not concern him, that it would be a lowering of her dignity to volunteer what she termed a confession, and that while he had no reason to doubt the sincerity of her affection he ought to be satisfied.

This reasoning silenced, but did not convince Evaline. At the expiration of a year after her return they were married.

Soon after their marriage, they settled in a thriving town, fifty miles distant from our heroine's former home. A railroad passed through the village in which they dwelt, running within a short distance of Mr. Brandall's residence.

Edgar commenced business in this place with good success. Two years passed, and not a cloud had dimmed their domestic horizon. Happy in the enjoyment of each other's affection, blessed with a competence, possessing the esteem of all their acquaintances, there was nothing wanting to make their hap-

piness complete. A bright-eyed boy, the picture and namesake of his father, had come six months previous to time of which we now write, made his advent to this happy home, which enhanced their bliss.

At this time, Mr. Melton left home one morning for the purpose of attending a lawsuit at a neighboring town, a few miles distant. On leaving home he told his wife that he might return by noon, but would probably be detained until late in the day.

After dinner, soon after Evaline had retired to her room, her only servant informed her that a gentleman was waiting in the parlor who wished to see her. Descending to the parlor, what was her surprise to see her former false lover!

On her entering the room, he approached her and caught her hand. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit in the absence of my husband, of which you were probably aware?" she asked. He replied,—"Yes, I was aware of your husband's absence, and I have purposely called at this time to crave your pardon for my past treachery, and to tell you that you are as dear as ever to me, and that I trust you are not totally indifferent to me."

"I will not listen to such language. It would be entirely improper in my husband's presence, it is much more so in his absence. How dare you use such language to me? What would your wife say?"

"Wife! I have none. I was made the dupe of a heartless coquette, and I deserved it all. O, Evaline, tell me that as false as I have been, you love me yet."

"You will oblige me by leaving at once. I will not listen to such language longer."

Without her being aware of his intent, he again caught her hand, imprinted a kiss on her lips, and rushed from the house. She stepped into the hall in order to close the door, which he had left ajar, and there found her husband trembling with rage.

She approached him, but he rudely repulsed her.

"Off, perjured woman, that you are! You have forfeited my confidence forever. Never could I have believed, had I not been a witness to the fact, that my wife would receive visits from a former lover, in my absence!"

"But, my husband, hear me."

"I tell you I will hear nothing. You have kept the fact of your acquaintance, and the relations you sustained to him, from me, and received his visit in my absence, and any attempt to palliate your conduct will be unavailing."

Having said this, he rushed from the house leaving his wife almost paralyzed by amazement at his conduct.

Were we to say that Edgar's reflections were pleasant, after this outburst of passion, we should not state the truth; but, though his conscience chided him for his abruptness, he sought to quiet its reproaches, by justifying his conduct. It will be a good lesson to her," he mused, "and she will learn that I am not to be trifled with."

Evaline hastily retired to her room and burst into a flood of tears. After the first paroxysm of grief had subsided she sat a while in reflection. After a considerable time spent in contemplation, her determination was made.

"He had no right," she said, "to judge me so harshly, and refuse to hear my explanation. Live with him without his love I never can! I would do any thing reasonable, to still his confidence and affection, but cannot submit to have him doubt my fidelity, or treat me as if I were but a child."

Hastily attiring herself and child for traveling, she took the first train, which soon conveyed her within a short distance of her father's residence.

Ere she left, she penned, and left on her husband's desk, a note, which was blotted with her tears. It ran as follows:

My husband:

Had you allowed me the opportunity, I would have given you a full and satisfactory explanation of the unfortunate circumstance which has caused me more grief than any other event of my life.

Live with you under the same roof, without your fullest confidence, and destitute of your affection, the enjoyment of which has rendered me the happiest of the happy, I cannot. Death were far preferable. By the time your eye meets these lines, I shall have left our once happy home, with our child, for the home of my childhood. Whenever you request an explanation, I shall be happy to give it. Your deeply afflicted wife, EVALINE.

Edgar's astonishment, when he read the above note, and found that his wife had deserted her home and offered no explanation until he should solicit it, was extreme. It was a manifestation of independence which he had had no idea that she possessed.

His first impulse was to take the next train, fly to her embrace, confess his folly, and ask forgiveness; but his pride forbade. "Doubtless she thinks," said he, "that I will do that, and be a humble suppliant for her favors; but I will show her that I have as much independence as she."

On Evaline's arrival at her father's home, as she gave a narration of the circumstances which induced her to take this step, many and violent were the invectives heaped by her father's family, and especially by her mother, upon her husband. Evaline thought that others beside her husband were to blame in influencing her from frankly telling her husband prior to their marriage the fact of her former betrothal, nor did she exonerate herself from blame for not following the dictates of her own judgment and convictions of duty, but she deemed it desirable not to express her thoughts.

A week passed. Edgar had ample time for reflection, and his better judgment showed him plainly his error, but he was still unwilling to do what his feelings prompted—fly to her arms and magnanimously confess his fault. He sent her, at the expiration of that time, the following note:

Mrs. Melton:

I am unhappy and must be while you are absent. I trust you can give a satisfactory explanation of the unpleasant affair, and should be happy to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Your husband,

EDGAR.

As cold and formal as was this epistle, she read it with delight; by the next mail he received the following:

Dearest Husband: The fact that you are evidently anxious for a reconciliation, affords me more joy than I am able to express.

When but a girl, I became acquainted with and affianced to my rude visitor, who requested a release from our engagement, assigning as reason the fact that he had become acquainted with a lady of superior wealth, and that our engagement was the only barrier to their marriage. I at once released him, and not only ceased to love, but to think of him. I was not aware that he was in the world, until I met him in the parlor, and repulsed him at once. I intended to acquaint you with the whole affair so soon as I saw you, and would have done so, had you given me the opportunity. I ought to have acquainted you with the fact of our betrothal previous to our marriage, and would have done so, had I not been unduly influenced differently.

Your loving wife,

EVALINE.

"What a fool I have been," was Edgar's involuntary exclamation when he read the above.

As soon as the iron horse could convey him to her father's house he went thither, and the moment he saw his abused wife he com-

menced craving her pardon; but a pair of alabaster arms were thrown around his neck, and loving lips were pressed against his own preventing their utterance.

All was explained, and the two returned to their homes, impressed with this important lesson, that no secret should exist between husband and wife, but the most entire and unreserved confidence.—Western Rural.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—The abolition of the Grand Jury system in Michigan is said to work well.

—To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors, visiting.

—Henry Ward Beecher's new paper defends the Byron scandal of his sister Mrs. Stowe.

A suit is set down for early trial in a Tennessee court, to test the right of a magistrate, solemnizing a marriage, to kiss the bride.

A Western mother thought her little child had been guilty of cruelty to a dog, and whipped it until the little one fainted from exhaustion.

—The Massachusetts Agricultural College has, through Dr. Loring, advertised to admit women to the institution, to be instructed in horticulture.

—On the 15th inst., George Peabody gave another \$50,000 to the Peabody Institute, in the town named after him. This swells his donation to \$300,000.

There is on file at the office of the Auditor of Missouri, a bill, one item of which is: "To one cartridge expended on the body of Sam Hildebrand, 3 1/2 cents."

—Sika already experiences the blessings of annexation to the United States. Her population has increased to six hundred and eighty, and the number of her hogshops to sixty.

—The Florida Indians, comprising remnants of the Seminoles, Tallahassee, and Miccosukees, lately met in council to select a delegate to represent them in the State Legislature.

—The newspaper organ of the Grand Vizier of Turkey, recommends the instant dismissal of Ismail Pasha as Viceroy of Egypt, and the appointment of Mustapha Tazil Pasha in his place.

—The rising generation of Pigville, a suburb Hartford, have lately been discovered fastening cat together with fish-hooks, and allowing them to fight till one or the other was literally torn to pieces.

—Marcetok is to conduct a season of Grand Italian Opera in New York, this winter, having formed a combination comprising Miss Kellogg, Carolina Patti, Antonucci, Tombs, Fanchelli, Faure, and others like them.

—Lord Clarendon's visit to Paris was to announce to Napoleon an arrangement between Austria, Prussia, Russia and England to preserve peace and check revolution in France in case of the Emperor's death.

—The workmen in the Fulton street sewer, near Lincoln street, Chicago, found a cedar swamp 11 feet below the surface, lately. Layers of sand and rotten leaves were found, showing the annual fall of foliage and the drifting of the sand.

—Miss Walker, the young lady of Orange County, Va., who was wounded by her father, Wm. Walker, Friday, while endeavoring to wrench a pistol from his grasp, with which he was about to shoot himself, died of her wounds Sunday.

—The most popular caricature in Paris at the present time is as follows: Death is holding Napoleon III by the throat, and Prince Napoleon stands close by, clapping his hands and shouting: Bravo! bravo! Take him. I want his throne!

—Two men were arrested in Troy, on Tuesday, on suspicion of having stolen a hearse, which they were very anxious to sell; and on the same day a man was arrested in Pittsburgh, Penn., on the charge of obtaining a coffin under false pretenses.

—Two Indian skeletons were dug up the other day at Marlehead, Mass., which, it was inferred, must have been buried ages ago, as they were encased in most curious and ancient species of bivalves, became extinct in those waters before Columbus' day.

—Twenty-five thousand ventilators have been placed on windows and in roofs of tenement-houses in New York during the past summer, under the direction of the Board of Health. To the fresh air thus obtained is ascribed the decrease of mortality among infants during this season.

—The six great Continental Powers of Europe have, at the present moment, not less than 5,800,000 men under arms. France has 1,350,000; the North German Confederation 1,028,946; Southern Germany 200,470; Austria and Hungary 1,053,000; Prussia 1,467,000; and Italy 480,400 soldiers.

—The risen generation all over the land, while claiming to have living hearts, shut up, "Seven by nine" cages, gentle, beautiful little creatures, designed by Nature to sing their song far and wide over hill and dale. The outrage gratifies unfeeling, only because unthinking, men and women.

—A Pennsylvania girl thinks the advertisement of agricultural societies are the best commentaries on the management of their farms. "Look at the premiums," she says, "for the fastest trotting horse, \$50; for the next fastest \$25; for the best team of working horses, \$5; for the best lot of broad 50 cents."

—The recent execution of Quetelet, at Murray, Quebec, was a most horrible affair. The culprit, up to his last moments, maintained his innocence, but finally confessed. The rope was so long that when he fell he rested on his knees, and the chief executioner, an expert all the way from Montreal, was in a state of intoxication.

—The record of the Sir John Franklin expedition was found on the Franklin coast by Mr. James Daly and then for the first time discovered, lumber merchants in San Buenaventura, Cal., daily, walking on the beach, accidentally stumbled upon a battered leather bag, made of seal skin and closely fastened, and in that the paper was found.

—The question is asked what Agassiz meant in his Humboldt speech, when he said: "Here the little fellow to whom I have given the name of the laws of phylotaxis, that marvellous rhythmic arrangement of the leaves of plants which our great mathematician in Cambridge has found to agree with the periods of rotation of our planets."

—A six months old infant in New Haven, swallowed a large needle a short time since. After several days of suffering, which reduced the little fellow to almost a skeleton, the needle which had passed from the stomach down to one of his knees, was at last discovered by his mother, while engaged in washing him, and at once extracted.

—The Halifax (Nova Scotia) Recorder says: "We shall shortly be set free, and we will then be at liberty to take any direction we choose. There is one thing quite certain, and that is that, as soon as the Dominion, as it is called, is set at liberty, and the red-coats and kilts are withdrawn from this province, the people of Nova Scotia will take the liberty of walking out of the Confederation, or the infant independence of British America will be baptized with blood."

—The pagans of India have a more beneficent use for gold than the Christian bulls and bears of New York. That rising young statesman, the Maharajah of Travancore, is about to perform the ceremony of Tholoporum, which consists of his Highness being placed in one scale with an equal weight of gold in the other. The gold thus obtained is distributed among the Brahmins. The ceremony of Ernagierpurn, which consists of his Highness passing through the belly of a cow of gold, will not take place until next year.

—The New York Post says there is no doubt that Secretary Rawlins, sinking under the consumption, did derive the greatest benefit from the use of raw beef, and so improved under this diet that hopes were entertained, at one time, that he might recover. Physicians are now administering to consumptives a diet of finely chopped raw beef, properly seasoned with salt, and heated by placing the dish containing the beef in water. This food is also given in cases where the stomach rejects every other form of food. It assimilates rapidly, and affords the best nourishment, while patients learn to long for it, and to like it as much as Dr. Kane did his Arctic dinners of raw seal and walrus.

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