

THE UNIVERSE.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, WOMAN'S INDEPENDENCE, ETC.

Terms--\$2.50 per Year.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

New Series--Vol. 2, No. 16.

"THE WOMAN WHO DARED."

Such is the title of Mr. EPES SARGENT's new poem, to be published the latter part of this month, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston. It will form an elegant volume of 270 pages; and in it the great vital questions of the day in regard to Woman will be discussed, in what spirit the reader may judge from the following extracts which we make in advance of publication by permission of Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The Boston Transcript has the following announcement:

"The title of Mr. Sargent's new poem is 'The Woman who Dared.' What did the woman dare? She dared, it seems, to believe that a superstitious passivity in regard to so important a step as marriage, is no more incumbent on woman than on man; and so, instead of waiting to be sought, she ventured to seek, and finally to disclose her preference to the paragon concerned, with what result the story will tell. The new poem is a sort of domestic epic, and reports, speaks in terms not far from enthusiastic of its literary and poetical attractions, as well as of its admirable plot. Some of the great questions now agitating the public mind in regard to women are here illustrated in action; and not only with dramatic interest and force, but in an earnest and philosophical spirit, showing that the author has profoundly meditated his theme.

"The work will be published simultaneously in London and this country. As it is the first poem of any pretension devoted to the subject of woman's rights, the simple announcement of it, seems to have already awakened a good deal of interest, and, in consequence of the orders, the publication has been delayed till a third edition can be struck off."

EXTRACTS FROM EPES SARGENT'S NEW POEM.
"You're getting thin; you find success in art. Is not a thing so easy as you fancied. Five years you've worked at what you modestly esteem your specialty. Your specialty! As if a woman could have more than one, — And that — maternity! I do not speak of the six years you gave your art before you strove to make it pay. Methinks you see your efforts are a failure. What's the end of all your toil? Not enough money saved for the redemption of your pawned piano! Truly a cheerful prospect is before you: To hear your wives would edit me greatly."

"Yes, I am thinner than I was; but then I cannot afford to be — so that's not much. As for success — if we must measure that by the financial rule, 'tis small, I grant you. Yes, I have toiled, and lived laborious days, And little can I show in evidence; And sometimes — sometimes, I am sick at heart, And almost lose my faith in woman's power To paint a rose, or even to mend a stocking, As well as man can do. What would you have?"

"Now you speak reason. Let me see you act it! Abandon this wild frenzy of the hour, That would leave woman free to go all ways A man may go! Way, look you, even in art, Most epicure of all pursuits in life, How man leaves woman always far behind! Give up your foolish striving; and let Nature And the world's order have their way with you."

"Small as the pittance is, yet I could earn More, ten times, by my brush than by my needle."

"Ah! woman's sphere is that of the affections. Ambition spoils her — spoils her as a woman."

"Spoils her for whom?"

"For man."

"Then woman's errand Is not, like man's, self-culture, self-advancement, But she must simply qualify herself To be a mate for man: no obligation Resting on man to qualify himself To be a mate for woman?"

"Ay, the man Lives in the intellect; the woman's life Is that of the affections, the emotions; And her anatomy is proof of it."

"So have I often heard, but do not see. Some women have I known, who could endure Surgical scenes which many a strong man Would faint at. We have had this dubious talk Of woman's sphere far back as history goes: To be sure now it were proved: let actions prove it; Let free experience, education prove it! Why is it that the vilest draughts Are put on woman, if her sphere be that Of the affections only, the emotions? He represents the intellect, and she The affections only! Is it always so? Let Malibran, or Mary Somerville, De Stael, Browning, Stanton, Stowe, Bonheur, Stand forth as proof that soul platitudes. Use other arguments, if you'd move. Besides, I see that your system makes Any provision for that numerous class To whom the affections are an Eden closed, — The women who are single and compelled To struggle for a precarious livelihood! What of their sphere? What of the sphere of those

Who do not, by the sewing of a shirt, Earn a meagre cost? To tell them, when they venture On an employment social custom makes Peculiarly a man's, — that they become Unwomanly! Go make them smile at that, — Smile if they've not forgotten how to smile."

"I see that you're begoggled, my little woman, Chasing this ignis fatuus of the day! Leave it, and settle down as woman should. What has been always, must be to the end. Always has woman been subordinate In mind, in body, and in power, to man. Let rhetoricians rave, and theorists Spin their fine webs, — bow you to holy Nature, And plant your feet upon the eternal fact."

"The little lifetime of the human race You call — eternity! The other day One of these old eternal wrongs was ended Rather abruptly; yet good people thought 'Twas impious to doubt it was eternal. Because abuses have existed always, May we not prove they are abuses still? If for antiquity you plead, why not Tell us the barren rule of nature? What one solution of the woman problem?"

"Does not St. Paul —"

"Excuse me. Beg no questions, St. Paul to you may be infallible; But Science is so unaccommodating, If not irreverent, she'll not accept His ipse dixit as an axiom. Here, in our civilized society, Is an increasing host of single women Who do not find the means of livelihood In the employment you call feminine. What shall be done? And my reply is this: Let every honest calling be as proper

For woman as for man; throw open all Varieties of labor, skilled or rough, To woman's choice and woman's competition. Let her decide the question of the fitness. Let her rake hay, or pitch it, if she'd rather Do that than scrub a floor or wash an iron. And, above all, let her equality Be barred not at the ballot-box; endow her With all the rights a citizen can claim; Give her the suffrage; let her have — by right And not by courtesy — a voice in shaping The laws and institutions of the land. And then, if after centuries of trial, All shall turn out a fallacy, a failure, The social scheme will readjust itself On the old basis, and the world shall be The wiser for the great experiment."

"But is sex nothing? Shall we recognize No bounds that Nature clearly has defined, Saying, with no uncertain tone, to one, Do this, and to the other, Do thou that? The rearing of young children and the care Of households, — can we doubt where these belong? Woman is best the complement of man And not a monstrous contrariety."

"All true, and no one doubts it! But why doubt That perfect freedom is the best condition For bringing out all that is best in woman As well as man? Free culture, free occasion, Higher responsibility, will make A higher type of femininity. Ay, of maternal femininity. — Not derogate from that which now we have, And which, through laws and limitations old, Is artificial, morbid, and distort, Except where Nature works in spite of all. 'Woman is but the complement of man.' Granted. But why stop there? And why not add, Man, too, is but the complement of woman? And but are true! And Nature never meant, For either, harder rule than that of Love, Intelligent, and willing as the sun."

"Ah! were men angels, women something more, Your plan might work; but out, in married life, One must be absolute; and who can doubt That nature points unerringly to man?"

"Then Nature's pointing is not always heeded. Marriage should be a partnership of equals: But now the theory would seem to be, Man's laws must keep the weaker sex in order! I don't believe it; woman, too, can think, Give her the training and the means of knowledge. 'O no!' cries man, 'the household and the child Must claim her energies; and all her training Must be to qualify the wife and mother: For one force loses when another gains, Since Nature is a very strict accountant; And what you give the thinker or the artist, You borrow from the mother and the wife. With equal truth, why not object to man That he gives the judge or politician His torments from the husband and the father? The wife and mother best are qualified When you allow the woman breadth of culture, Give her an interest in all that makes The human being's welfare, and a voice In laws affecting her for good or ill. To 'suckle fools and chronicle small beer' Is not the whole intent of womanhood. Even of maternity 'tis not the height To produce many children, but to have Such as may be a blessing to their kind. Let it be woman's pure prerogative, Free and unsuayed by man's impetuous pleasure (Which now too often is her only law), To rule herself by her own highest instincts, As her own sense of duty may approve, — Holding that law for her as paramount Which may best harmonize her whole of nature, Educate her individuality, Not by evading or profaning Nature, But by a self-development entire."

The argumentative portion of the poem forms but a small part of it. The story is replete with interest, and the poetical passages are numerous and striking. There is a sunset scene off Cape Ann, of which the following is the conclusion. It will give some idea of the author's descriptive powers, as well as of his outspoken spiritualism: —
"But, when the moon shone crescent in the West, And the faint outline of the part obscured Thread-like curved visibly from horn to horn, — And Jupiter, supreme among the orbs, And Mars, with rattling beam, came forth, And the great concave opened like a flower, Unfolding firmaments and galaxies, Sparkling with separate stars, or snowy white With undulating haze and beyond, They paused and rested on their oars again, And looked around, — in adoration looked. For, gazing on the inconceivable, They felt God is, though inconceivable; — And, while they mutely worshipped, suddenly A change came over Linda's countenance, And her glazed mortal eyes were functionless; For there, before her, in the boat, stood two Unbidden, not unwelcome passengers, Her father and her mother. . . ."

"The Woman who Dared" will be published by the 15th inst., and may be ordered of us at or before that time. Price, handsomely bound in cloth, \$1.50, for which it will be mailed free. It will form a beautiful gift book.

Written for The Universe.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY;

or,

Why Did You Kill Mrs. Dalton?

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DALTON'S LETTERS. — NO. II.

"Still here, Charles, in this rustic arbor, where you left me a month since. This spot has seemed very sacred since your visit. Your spirit seems to linger here. I half believe that the vines that creep over the lattice and the interlacing boughs overhead, heard your voice, for they seem to echo your earnest, honest words. I listen, and grow strangely strong and resolute."

"This spot is seldom visited, save by me and the birds; therefore I call it mine — my chapel. I come here to count my rosary, to reflect, to ques in the present, to ask: 'What has God and the great Future for me?' Is this 'Retreat' to be my sacrificial shrine? Am I to bring here my love, my soul-life, my all of hopes and earthly prospects, and offer them up to appease the wrath of the gods of the underworld?' The To-be will reply.

"If this is my Gethsemane, I will gather strength by the memory and example of him whose feet I am not worthy to wash, and bear my cross uncomplainingly to Mount Calvary. Does not Calvary lie between hell and heav-

en? Is it not in the highway to the rest-land we are seeking?"

"I have been reading the books you so kindly sent, and enjoy the reading vastly. And then, books render my imprisonment more endurable. I do sometimes weary of the chains I wear, and my heart grows very rebellious when too great surveillance is exercised over me; but when I remember that the Universe is in the hands of the All-merciful, I know that the tempest is needful, and I am content to bide my time of emancipation."

"Of the books, I regret that you did not read them before sending them to me, as you would, in that case, better comprehend the criticism you demand of me. Besides, it is unjust to judge of people or books by another's judgment."

"Well, then, I read 'Jane Eyre' first — read it through and through. The conception is very good. It is a work of art. The characters are well depicted — true to life; but, Charles, I don't admire that Rochester, the husband, at last, of Jane Eyre. I would have forbidden, forever, the bans that bound those alien natures. I don't comprehend the reasons for joining that man and woman. Love, to be abiding, must have a foundation in principles, in eternal laws. Jane was young, pure, a child of nature. Rochester, old, rich, imperious. He lacks the elements of a noble, generous manhood; yet Jane loved him."

"My hero shall be a man too manly to prevaricate; he shall live too near the heart of God to allow gold and public opinion to come between him and a precious love. My hero shall stand strong in his manhood; he shall defy the wrong, no matter where he finds it; he shall be great in his integrity, and dare to stand alone. The sweet consciousness of having done the right, shall be his only reward. My heroine will be a woman, richly endowed with that rare commodity, common sense. She will be self-poised, true to the truth, as she comprehends truth. If man loves and worships this human goddess, he must go up to dwell in her kingdom, and not demand her to come down to trail her fair robes in the filth of a corrupt civilization."

"Woman lives nearer heaven than man lives, consequently she should be the priestess at the heart's shrine. Man will yet accept this philosophy and will, in the accepting, acknowledge woman to be the world's chosen savior."

"But there is in 'Jane Eyre' far more to praise than to censure. A critic, in the London Quarterly Review, speaks of the author in the masculine gender, but I find a maiden's hand, a woman's heart in the work; and if that heart has not been purified by affliction's fire, I greatly mistake. That Jane writes herself — transcribes from her own secret soul-records, I will believe."

"In the deep anguish of her spirit, she called aloud to Rochester and he heard her — was that a mere fiction, or are there invisible wires connecting soul with soul — over which thoughts go and come? I believe there are. Have I not heard your voice and you felt the quiver, the pulsating of the communicating lines between us, even when hills and seas seemed to divide?"

"Hyperion is a fine prose poem. To me it seems a mournful heart-song. Sometimes the voices seem to come from the sepulchre, a low, sad wail for a loved one sleeping there. Then I hear it among the mountain-passes, but lingering still upon the mind-keeps."

"The author commences by ringing 'church bells.' He rings so 'solemnly' that you conclude at once, that there has been a death — heart-aches and dead hopes are understood."

"Paul Fleming had, indeed, cause for sorrow. The bells were tolling for his dead wife, 'the friend of his youth.' But there seems a sublimity in his sorrow; his is the poetry of suffering. His heart beats slowly and solemnly, keeping time to the march of death."

"But as we follow our hero up the Rhine, and over the mountains of Germany, we find that his spirit is not wholly wrecked — not forever wedded to grief. We still hear his voice amid old ruins, but a new light has illumined the feet of the wanderer. The voice is stronger and sweeter. A love-castle is in sight."

"I wonder if Longfellow is not 'Paul Fleming?' Has he not assumed this disguise the better to relate his own heart-history? One speaks truly, often eloquently, when he goes to his own heart for histories. A gentle girl calls him from the clouds and beguiles him into loving again. We find him, after a winter of mourning, philosophising upon the potency of love."

"I read Hyperion to several of the Lunatics. They seemed intensely interested in Paul. A young German, Carl Wetstine, — (you may remember him!) listened intently. When I had finished reading, he sprang to his feet and, coming and standing before me, said 'Paul Fleming is in my situation, only my Mary died, and his Mary waits to be won?'"

"Carl had been moody and uncommunicative, but this German romance was the key to his heart. It seemed to arouse him from a long, sad dream. He took me aside, as if the revelation he was about to make was too sacred for other ears than mine. We came to this chalet, and he told me in a fragmentary way the history of his life — his loves, his vows, his blasted and broken spirits. His Mary married his brother, and died of a broken heart."

"Carl is thoroughly versed in German literature. He has repeated to me, several times, a sweet little idyl of his own composing; but as he does not give it the English rendering, I cannot so well comprehend it. But I have been exceedingly interested while listening to his observations regarding a book mentioned in Hyperion, viz., 'The Correspondence of Goethe with a Child.' Bettina Brentano, the 'child,' is a charming soul — so pure, so true to our holy mother Nature. If Wetstine reports her faithfully, she is one of those mystics who live in soul-land. She ignores all conventionalisms and human enactments whenever they conflict with Nature's gospel. She loves Goethe, who is sixty when she is seventeen. I hoped Bettina would not unite her life with that of so old a man."

"You mistake the love," Carl replied; "oth-

ers mistake the soul-laws for human passions. But the soul, born into the kingdom of love, knows its own, and accepts but its own. Bettina knows her own nature and needs. She knows that she loves only the genius, the poetry of Goethe; that love she is free to confess, and to accept in return the homage all great souls pay to purity and true-womanliness. Bettina knows that while she loves Goethe soul-wise, she loves humanly and divinely Achim Von Arnim, her husband."

"I have not read the 'Correspondence'; indeed, I don't know as the book has been translated into English; but if Bettina is as great as my friend represents her to be, then there is hope for our sickly humanity. By man came sin and death; by woman will come holiness and a resurrection from the dead in sin."

"This is my Scripture — the book written by the Eternal. Thine, ELLEN."

CHAPTER V.

MRS. DALTON'S LETTERS. — NO. III.

"DEAR CHARLES: I lift my heavy heart solemnly to-night and question God. 'A year has gone by, and I am still among madmen. I shall lose my senses and forfeit my own right to freedom, by remaining here longer. So I ask, is longer trial needful?' Am I to be destroyed wholly, and rise, phoenix-like, from my own ashes? I think that I have solved the riddle of the Sphinx, and may pass on to do the work the Father has given me to do."

"I was content to remain here so long as I had the freedom not granted those who are in the 'strait-jacket'; but since your last visit, I have been banished from the grounds and forbidden to see strangers. I am deprived of stationery, only as I procure it by stealth. These indignities are by order of Mr. Dalton."

"Do you think I will submit to be shut in from the trees, the fresh air; submit to the degradation of being watched and deprived of your visits? Who has a moral right thus to limit a human soul? Those having me in charge know that I am not insane, but it is for the interest of the institution to keep me here, so long as Julia and my father request it and pay liberally for my board. But my plans are arranged. I am to leave here — that is settled."

"I must not compromise the institution by making my escape from it. I have, therefore, another scheme. I have permission to visit my mother. Mrs. Dalton is to accompany me. I shall leave here the 28th, reach Longwood on the morning of the 29th, at 10 o'clock P. M. The house will be still. It will be inferred that I am asleep; at any rate, Mrs. Dalton intends to be sleeping soundly. Then I am to leave the house by the back gate, and wait for me upon the covered bridge, and go with me to the station. I shall take the midnight train for New York. I intend to let the people think that I am floating down to the sea — dead."

"The idea of my taking my life may shock my dear mother, but the grief will not be greater than she has already experienced in the sorrow and seeming disgrace I have brought upon her. If I am dead to my family, that will be the end of me with them. I shall no longer be an expense and a living trouble."

"But suicide is not my intention. I am sufficiently strong in mind and in body to sustain myself; but I want a little aid from you. Hear me:

"Your friend, Roland Arnold has wanted a governess; may he not still want one? I wish you to write him, saying that a lady who is competent to teach music, French, and all the English branches, is in sad need of employment. Call her Miss Agnes Wentworth. If I fail in securing a situation in his family, I shall seek employment elsewhere. I will sell, teach, nurse children or wash dishes — anything to give me shelter and bread, anywhere but in this pandemonium."

"My friend, Wetstine, insists that we shall yet drink Rhine wine together in his native kingdom; and I am half inclined to think that he is right. Reason has returned to him, and he is about leaving the country. I committed to him my project of suicide, whereupon he handed me the name of his father, who resides in Strasburg, and he said, 'Meet me there a year hence, and if you have been dead sufficiently long to entitle you to freedom, we will be married, and live henceforth in our own asylum.' Wasn't that an insane idea? But it may contain a fragment of truth."

"Remember my appointment — meet me; I shall want a little money — can you furnish me?"

ELLEN."

"Here, Annie, I have given you Ellen's letters. They speak for her as I may not speak. They give you some idea of the treatment she received from her family — her father and husband. If she were indeed insane, they were the cause. If I had killed her, it were better than to know that she was dying by the foul hands of a malicious father and husband. I wrote to Roland Arnold and told him unreservedly the facts regarding Mrs. Dalton. He fully appreciated her situation, and fully approved of her course."

"I met Ellen, as she requested, but we were seen, and recognized. She left her shawl on the bridge, so much was true; but the screams were all imaginary, and the blood belonged to some other person, or to a beast."

"Mrs. Dalton, for a time found a home, and friends, and employment in the family of my friend."

"Mr. Arnold kept Ellen's secret sacredly. His wife and daughter do not know, even now, that Agnes Wentworth, the governess, and Mrs. Dalton, are the same person. But I'm soon to visit the family, and I shall give them the history of the woman that he treated so kindly. There is now no cause for concealment."

"Mr. Arnold was with me at my trial; had I been convicted he was to prove the existence of the murdered woman. He wrote to Ellen frequently, through my trial. Mrs. Arnold, who had some weak points, knew of the correspondence, and as she did not know the contents of the letters, she became furiously jealous. Ellen did not think it wise to confide in her, so bore many sorrows in silence. At last she was ordered out of the house. She had but little money and no

friends of whom she could ask aid. Mrs. Arnold refused her a recommend; so the poor child went into the streets of New York, in search of employment. She found a lady who was in need of a servant. The situation was accepted."

"Mrs. Arnold was so glad to get her out of sight and sound of her husband, before his return, that she condescended to say that Miss Wentworth was honest in money matters. The lady, Mrs. Clark, took her to Europe."

"By a good deal of false swearing, I came near being convicted of the murder of Ellen, but I knew she was alive, and that all this testimony would convince the people that she was dead. Consequently there would be no 'looking her up.' And as for me, I was quite content to be regarded as her murderer, if but to break the bond that bound her to Dalton and a living death; giving Ellen opportunity to obtain freedom. To maintain a respectable position before the public, it was important for him to go into mourning, for a year or two at least. I don't believe any of the family really thought Ellen was dead; but it was far more respectable to be numbered among the murdered, than the run-aways."

"I went to New York, soon after my trial, and, by the aid of Arnold, found a good situation in an importing house. I soon learned that Ellen was in Paris. She had left Mrs. Clarke and was teaching English in a wealthy French family."

"We corresponded a year, without coming to any definite plan for the future. We hoped Dalton would marry again; thereby opening the way to freedom. I, at last, concluded to make my home in France. I obtained a good situation in an exporting house; purchased a few acres of land, and invited Ellen to a home, to a place of rest and quiet."

"Were we married? Do you ask, Annie? Of course we were. All the angels who loved us were our wedding guests. Nature and God sealed and sanctioned the union. Our home was the abode of peace and happiness; for love sanctified our lives."

"Mr. Arnold kept us advised of the events here-a-bouts. By him we learned that Dalton had added to his stock in trade, by marrying the rich, dashing widow, Simes. We knew of your dear mother's death, and that my father had died, forgetting me in his will. This last bit of information gave me no trouble, for I had provided for myself."

"Two children were born to us — two precious buds of promise. But they died young. Our hearts were saddened by this bereavement; but we had learned that death was but a change; that our darlings were still with us — our teachers and guardians. Ellen wrote out their lessons in Botany and Geology, the same as if they were on earth. She adapted them to the capacity of the children, and we devoted an hour each morning, as had been our custom, in talking over these lessons, in explaining the history of plants. We both knew that our angel children were with us; and that our mission to them did not end with their earth-lives."

"We buried our darlings in a nook in our garden, and planted flowers over their graves. Ellen's health was never good after she went to the asylum; for she had suffered much from lack of exercise in the open air, and from the companionship of lunatics. After the death of our children, she lost, in a measure, her hold upon life. She lived in seclusion. I saw that she was fading, dying. Hoping to hold her here, I took her to sea, and among the mountains of Germany. We passed a month, very delightfully with her old friend Carl. He had found, like Paul Fleming, another Mary, and was living pleasantly upon his deceased father's estate."

"But our efforts were fruitless. Ellen heard the call 'Come up higher,' and turned heavenward. One day last Spring, she called me to her bedside. Taking my hand she said: 'Charles, we have seen much of life — its sunny and its shady side. We have hoped, loved and suffered. But the good God gave us the cup of consolation. Shall we refuse the cup of sorrow, when it is proffered by the same hand? I'm going to the other life; but not away from you. The shadow will hide you a little while from my sight, but it will not remain long. We shall soon be a united family in the beautiful kingdom of the soul. The life I shall live, my hopes, fears, will still be a part of you. I shall glory in your prosperity, weep, smile and rejoice with you, always.'"

"Calmly, sweetly, as a child sinks to rest, my dear little wife closed her eyes in the sleep of death. A few friends came to me in my hour of sorrow. We buried her beside our children. The spot is enclosed by a paling of wire. Vines and forget-me-nots decorate the spot. I had a monument erected over the sleeper, bearing this simple inscription: —

ELLEN ALICE AND BLANCHE, The wife and children of Charles Waldock."

"The home of Ellen is over the sea; but hills, seas, death, do not divide wedded souls. To me she is not dead; not distant. I see her here, and know that in a little while, we, who so truly loved, shall be united in a family in the 'Morning Land.'"

Written for The Universe.

WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

BY MOSES HULL.

I have had what to me is a strange experience, such as may be common to the readers of THE UNIVERSE; but this being the most definite and pointed experience of the kind I have ever known, I record it for the benefit of "whom it may concern."

On Saturday night, June 5th, I took a sleeping berth on the cars from Chicago to Detroit. Being very weary, and knowing that I had a hard day's work before me the next day I retired early, and soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I had the most horrible dreams concerning Dr. John Day, of Battle Creek, Mich. I sprang out of my berth in my sleep, and awoke, myself saying "don't don't;" yet my ideas were so confused that I could not tell what the Dr. was going to do, or what I was pleading with him not to do. This was at

Marshall, and I could hardly resist the temptation to get off the cars. I, however, laid me down again and was glad when the cars started so that I could not get off.

The next morning I arose more weary than when I went to bed, but supposed my weariness and dreams were occasioned by my not being well. I went to a Hotel, called for a cup of tea and after drinking that, went to the Hall and succeeded in throwing my dream from my mind until I had delivered my discourse. As soon, however, as it was through, my dream with all its vividness and horror forced itself upon my mind. To get away from my thoughts, and rest, so as to be ready for the evening lecture, I went to my room and went to bed. In a few moments I fell in a troubled sleep and dreamed that Dr. Day, though innocent, had been convicted of a great crime. I could see him pleading with me and one other in particular, for help. I was glad when the tea-bell woke me from this troubled dream. I do not think I could have suffered more had I been convicted of the crime which I dreamed they had proven on him. I supposed however, my dream was the result of my thoughts, which probably were the result of my last night's dream, that being the result of fatigue and ill health."

After the evening lecture I went to my room, but actually feared to go to bed on account of a presentiment of horrid dreams concerning the Doctor. Finally, in spite of what seemed to me childish fears, I took a bath and went to bed, and dreamed that the Dr. had committed suicide by taking poison. I don't think the dream troubled me as the others had done. The matter seemed settled. The struggle was over. I seemed yet to have a work to do for the Doctor; but there was a change. My work seemed different from what it had been, or from what it would have been, could I have met him twenty-four hours previous."

Now comes the sequel. The next morning I went into the gentlemen's parlor and picked up a morning paper and read:

"Dr. Day of Battle Creek was, last Saturday found guilty of procuring an abortion, and committed suicide, at Marshall, last night, by taking morphine."

When I read this, I tried to feel surprised, but could not. I expected it, my dreams thus far having been fulfilled in every particular."

The next night I dreamed that the Doctor was not dead as per telegraphic report, but that there was no hope of his recovering. Having told my previous dreams, as soon as I got up in the morning, I said to the friends: "I guess there is a mistake about Dr. Day being dead, for I dreamed last night that the Dr. was dead, but that there was but little hope of his recovery."

I went to Coldwater, Mich., and was there told by my brother, under influence, that I ought to go to Battle Creek — I was wanted there. I felt that that was true, but did not go. I went from there to Saginaw and found a telegram, calling me to Battle Creek to deliver the funeral address of Dr. John Day. I was sorry not to be able to obey the summons; but I could not go."

Now, of course, it may be attributed to imagination, but I see him almost every night, in my sleep, and often imagine I feel his presence in waking hours."

I cannot feel to close this article without paying a tribute to the Doctor's memory. He was one of the few men there are in this world. He told me he never took a glass of whiskey or chew of tobacco in his life. He enlisted in the abolition cause thirty years ago, when it took more nerve to stand out against popular prejudices than now. Bitten eggs, tar and feathers were arguments by which slave-holders tried in vain to silence his batteries. Before this he has received sentences to the State prison, amounting in all to sixty-five years — all for his unswerving fidelity to truth and principle. When put in jail by the border ruffians of Missouri, the jail was torn down over his head and he released. He had a son fall in the struggle of Kansas for freedom, and two more went to do battle for the country in its effort to save its existence."

The Doctor was active in the John Brown raid, and publicly shouted glory over his victories."

When I was a minister, for four years I was his neighbor. I loved and hated him at once. I loved his spirit — his fidelity to principle, yet I hated his outspoken infidelity to what seemed to me God's truth."

"He died without any enemy," is a common expression. Not so with the Doctor. He had hundreds of enemies. Every pampering, time-serving demagogue was his enemy. Being a man who never, for the opinion of others, turned to the right or left from what he deemed right, he made enemies by the score. Though by many believed to be perfectly innocent, (class me among the number) the Doctor has gone. He preferred a premature birth into the Spirit-world, to prison-life in this. His choice may not have been a wise one — I doubt whether it was. Yet it was his choice, and I do not blame him for it. I will bless, and do all I can for him."

Doctor Day will live in the memory of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been relieved by him, when the poor villain (who shall be named as he is) who procured his arrest, out of spite and nothing else, is dead and rotten — I had liked to have said, in hell; but, can one imagine a better hell than such a murderer's scoundrel now endures?"

BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF MR. PEEBLES.
The London Daybreak says: — "The meeting of welcome to Mr. PEEBLES, which took place at the Progressive Library on September 16, was a brilliant affair. A distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen met to do honor to Mr. PEEBLES. After refreshments were served, B. COLEMAN, Esq., was called to the chair. An address was presented to the guest of the evening, when Mr. PEEBLES gave an interesting address in reply. The proceedings gave the greatest satisfaction to all present."

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 16, 1869.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY ANTHONY MILLER.

Child of light, blithe and free,
Bright are passing hours to thee;
Basking in the beams of day,
Care and discord far away;
Sporting in the fragrant bowers,
Slipping sweets from richest flowers,
Where the gentle breezes bear
Perfumes on the Summer air.

Child of the sun, wing thy flight
Far away in fields of light,
And where flowers of Paradise
In celestial beauty rise.
Quaff the nectar of thy lip,
Where ambrosial breezes sip
Vintage from the thymy plain,
Bearing up to heaven again,
There thy gorgeous wings may lie,
Bright as the glittering, sunset sky.

Yet once, but a worm went thou,
On the sterile earth to bow;
There thou mad'st a tomb to stay,
Till thy resurrection day.

Thus shalt thou, to happier spheres,
Spring from Time's portentous years,
With the seraphim to vie,
In the sunlight of the sky.

—Western Rural.

Written for the Universe.

ART IN SPIRITUALISM.

BY JOSEPH SINGER.

It is the fate of every movement, or sect, to become dogmatical when it grows into power, particularly when, as a faith, it takes strong hold of the persons that advocate it. The paths of all sects take in their development and growth are exact copies from each other. In the incipient stages of a new movement, it stands with deferential air on the defensive, adopting an apologetic tone toward other permanently existing ones. Afterward, with the accession of numbers, it is willing to be ranked as an equal among peers; but, once the outside shafts of ridicule and persecution converted into expressions of fear and admiration, when crowds hover around its banner—then it is sure to adopt that domineering, self-sufficient tone which power arrogates to itself. The formula of the development of sects might be thus stated: Rationalism, Liberalism and Bigotry.

Through these social phases Spiritualism is rapidly passing, and, to a great degree, has already attained to the third step. It may seem to some that this, being the case, argues for the vitality and soundness of the spiritual hypothesis; but not so! Dogmatism and bigotry are signs of the intrinsic unsoundness of any theory; for where argument and reason fail, there authoritative affirmation issues its doctrines.

Spiritualism has a literature; and, when around an idea is clustered the support of a faithful press, then such an idea should elicit from others an assent or denial, founded upon a rational investigation of the advanced thought, otherwise neither friend or enemy can form any just estimate of the truths or falseness contained in the doctrine under examination. The rejection of this self-evident precaution has hitherto severed Spiritualism so widely from other thought.

Two facts there are which are very important. First: Spiritualism, with a prolific literature which is increasing daily, has had no sign of a critical department. Second: The criticism from the outer, and of course antagonistic, literary and philosophic world, was founded upon no thorough or sufficient knowledge of that of which it treats. These two causes together, continued throughout the life of Spiritualism, have, to the greatest degree, assisted in bringing about so rapidly the third stage, that of bigotry. Where there is no internal monitor to warn us from any undue tendency toward any given thought or action, there we become inflated with our own merits; and where we are misunderstood and vilified by our opponents, we naturally throw all blame upon them. And whenever an individual, or movement, has the consciousness to themselves that they are right and oppressed, without being open to the conviction of their own errors, then, farewell to progress. The career of Spiritualism has verified these remarks to the letter.

In all that concerns Spiritualism we see an uncompromising and unconditional assent by those who accept the doctrine. As it is but recently that "spirit art" has come in vogue, it can be expected that persons, welcoming every absurdity coming and a spiritual guise, would not hesitate in sanctioning every claim made by those styling themselves "spirit-artists." And these claims would be as dogmatically affirmed as the simplest "fact" of spirit-power, because, apparently, they come from the same source.

In a case of judgment of spiritual art, we may look at it from two stand points, either from the external, in which we merely examine the intrinsic value of the work as a thing of beauty, which judgment is strictly that of the art-critic; or we may consider it (in any extraordinary case) in relation to the manner of its production, which investigation lies in the province of the psychologist. I shall approach the subject from the art-critical side, and shall only trench upon the psychologist's sphere, when I can use the declaration of the artist himself.

In a matter like this, it cannot be too strongly affirmed, that second-hand knowledge cannot be relied on to found any original hypothesis upon. Neither can any fact be taken for granted. Now, unfortunately, the progress in the manner that nature reveals her secrets to those capable of wrestling from her. Whereas nature is never loth to impart her knowledge, when the circumstances are fitted, every case of mediumship is so hampered by "conditions" that it is next to impossible to gain any accurate, philosophic results in the true Baconian method.

The greatest difficulty in the acquirement of true philosophic notions of mediumship is, because unlike other psychical phenomena, which can be learned by introspection, those experiences which are related to us by mediums, cannot be so verified; and from the ignorance of mediums themselves, we are left in the dark about some of the most interesting experiences of human nature. With spirit-artists this also holds good. In case, however, their operations are examined, they are done so alone by incompetent persons, who neither understand art nor philosophy; their words amount to but little when the subject is investigated by thinking persons. In my own case, whenever an opportunity presented itself, and I attempted to investigate

matters. I was always balked by destroying "conditions," even when I was sitting quietly upon my seat and merely using my senses. (I do not now refer to spirit pictures.)

The God of the Spiritualists is "Inspiration," and this hobby they ride through every department of learning, seeking by its aid to explain every conceivable and inconceivable absurdity and truth, and sanctioning every species of action, if the doer does it but "inspirationally." There is absolutely no "royal road to truth;" the lowest as well as the highest must travel the same stern road alike. Whatever great has been accomplished, has resulted but from diligent labor grounded in talent. But that which "the inspiration of the moment" brings forth is surely ephemeral.

It must now be noted that critic as well as artist must alike undergo a long period of discipline to fit them for the path they have chosen. Ruskin, the celebrated English art-critic, has labored as hard to acquire his critical knowledge as the painter he criticizes. Are Spiritualists aware of this when they speak so dogmatically of spirit pictures? For instance, when we hear Mr. Starr going in raptures over a spirit picture, as I have heard him five years ago, which contained about as much real art, as a clay pot does in comparison to a sculptured Venus de Medici, then a thinker and investigator rather doubts other phenomena in Spiritualism; it based upon no better powers of judgment and observation than are manifested in this case.

On abstract grounds alone, those men who have enjoyed a thorough discipline in art are more competent to present a judgment in art matters; and when, therefore, these persons do deliberately choose a certain style of painting or drawing, in preference to others, then this opinion should have all weight with the uninitiated, even though this judgment should clash with their opinion.

Let us now apply these remarks. Mr. Milleson, in a little pamphlet on the "Philosophy of spirit likenesses" makes it a boast that his drawings are so finely shaded and blended, that they "present the appearance of Mezzotints." Now the detestation of every artist for these mezzotint engravings; and in fact they are getting entirely out of date. The finest lithographs are those having an undertone of even mezzotint-like shading, to give body to the work, and then carefully finished by a stratum of lines. In this manner solidity and character is given to the drawing, hardly attainable any other way. Now I have seen drawings and photographs by Starr, Anderson, Milleson and a young man, whose attempts were shown me from the beginning to the end of his "spirit-artist" career, and they were all characterized by the same deficiency. As "the manner in which these things are done" inclines so many to a belief in their origin, particularly the much vaunted rapidity, it must be learned that this mezzotint style is most favorable for producing quickly executed pictures. This then is the rationale of the seemingly miraculously short time that such kind of drawings are done in.

Let me suggest that a spirit artist, instead of pencil, use pen and ink, we will then see whether rapidly will be boasted of. Another very noticeable fact which speaks badly for the originality of the "immortal artists" is, that nearly all spirit pictures are generally but variations from each other, and differ only in the slightest degree. The young man referred to had every drawing in the order they were executed, bound in one book, and thereby gave me opportunity of observing the progress made, and contrasting them together. Every head from the beginning to the end were but slight variations from one common type. None possessing the least beauty, and all deformed by monstrous looking head ornaments. I carefully examined Mr. Milleson's drawings which were exhibited, and found them agreeing in this fact. The noses and eyes of his pictures could be abstracted and exchanged without the deception being noticed by the best critic. Now, how comes this similarity?

There is a picture of J. M. Peebles, with his spirit guide, in the office of THE UNIVERSE (the living pictures are handsome than the dead ones there, however) which fully exhibits this fact, and, as a painting, will do to found a criticism upon which will apply to all paintings that I have yet seen. The guide, an old, worn out looking patriarch, is but another Peebles transformed into an old man by a few extra daubs of the brush. Paint Peebles' beard and hair white and give him a few more wrinkles, and you have his guide to perfection. The picture is painted in white, yellow, brown and black, without a particle of warm color relieving the horrible, ghost-like look upon both the living and the dead. Both faces look as though the owners thereof were resuscitated from a watery grave, so death-like. If this appearance is the ideal of progressed beauty in the spirit land, then it is high time to mourn for that approaching day when the weary "shuffle of their mortal coil." And, so far as I have yet known, this is the general look of all spirit paintings: Sombre coloring and cadaverous look. In the Anthropomorphism of the ages, each seer and prophet beheld the "One" as a mere reflection of his personality or the characteristics of the times. So in regard to these drawings; they are conceived from the knowledge which is extant at present. I have heard Mr. Peebles declaiming in ecstasy over a picture of Starr, representing a scene in spirit life, which was an abominable specimen of spirit or mundane painting. I have questioned many persons concerning the effect of Mr. Milleson's pictures upon them, and nearly all confessed that they seemed horrible to them; yet these persons dared not give their opinion voice, undoubtedly from the superstitious veneration of the source from whence they are supposed to originate. This opinion resulted from a peculiar look that Mr. Milleson's drawings have, from the fact, that in them are represented the so-called "streams of colored ethereal light." As Jesus is the unfortunate individual upon whom all Christians cast their sins, so is Baron Von Reichenbach the scape-goat of the Spiritualists, particularly of mediums, when they wish to quote any authority to legitimate their professions. He serves Mr. Milleson's purposes to justify those emanations he seeks to represent in his pictures.

All those, who have read a description of Davis' first vision, cannot but remember the wonderful beauties of the organism as seen through the clairvoyant eye, if this vision was a counterpart of the reality. But consider for a moment the conversion of these subtle ethereal lights, enveloping every organ and faculty with colors of glowing beauty, into horrid streaks and horn-like protuberances, hiding all that makes the human face divine and lovely, and then read, without a smile of pity or contempt, the declaration of Benjamin West that "the Band of (or immortal) artists such as Vandyck, Reynolds, West etc.) has been quite well satisfied with the attempt to control these."

I intended, at the beginning, to review the book already noticed by Mr. Milleson, but on a second reading I was so appalled at the amount of absurdity and sophism, which are contained in forty-eight small pages, that I

concluded to use my quill to better advantage, on a more universal subject. It is useless to fight against the wind.

I remarked before that, what took any sufficient time and pain, was not generally inclined in spiritual deeds. Now, what is strange, we have had no music coming from the upper spheres through favored mediums. There is reason for this also. The musical faculties are generally but little cultivated, especially by mediums, and it can soon be discovered that no excellent conception has been brought to light by any medium without that person having to a degree had some cultivation in that department. That accounts for the non-appearance of any effort by Beethoven, Mozart or others. And besides, music is not dictatable without enormous labor and time, and inspiration does but little good, except by the way of extemporizing on some instrument, however, which fleeting sounds cannot be penned down to be preserved. And even if these sounds could be retained, that result from the spontaneous exaltation of the musical faculties, they would be found to contain comparatively little merit, as all such productions are devoid of any great beauty.

Regarding the art of poesis, I shall reserve that for another time, as we have more data to form some definite judgment upon.

I close with the hope that Spiritualists may make free use of that which they inculcate so strongly in others,—reason, and apply this faculty to everything outside as well as inside of Spiritualism, to secular as well as spirit paintings.

NOTE.—At the conclusion of these remarks, in conversation with Mr. Lewis, editor of THE UNIVERSE, concerning the spirit-painting, mentioned above, of Peebles and guide, by Starr,—he mentioned the fact that the said painting was executed by a man at the further end of life, and who, until the age of fifty, was occupied on a shoemaker's bench,—and that this consideration should incline my mind more leniently toward the painting and its author.

I have a ready stated that I criticized the artistic work of any one from a purely artistic ground, irrespective of any philosophic problem or marvel connected with its production. But touching for a moment on the scientific aspect of the subject, I will make a few remarks suggestive and enquiring. The first and most obvious argument for the reality of spirit art lies here,—it must be proven by inductive research that the art work, supposed to have originated from spirit source, could have originated in no other way. Now, let me apply this logical test to Starr and Milleson. It is said that Starr worked fifty years at shoemaking and then began painting. After seven years' practice in his new path, he produced the described picture of Peebles and guide. Now let me say that any one, capable of painting at all, could have done much better at the end of that time, than the sample before us. Or, taking the converse of this argument and asserting the spiritual authorship of the painting, it must be said, that if a living person can so train his or her uninitiated muscles to obey their will, so completely as to paint a recognizable portrait, then surely it is no more difficult for a spirit to do so, who then stands in the same relation to the medium as the spirit of a free person to his or her inanimate body. If this then is so, that a great spirit guides the muscular system of a medium, then the governing power over this medium is sufficient to give us truly great paintings, instead of such as answer to the description already given. And this likewise is the case with Milleson. For ten years he has studied in this way, and the consequence is, that a good student in one year's steady application can out-do his efforts in every way.

This does not in reality prove the contrary to these persons' claims concerning their work, but it is strongly presumptive that we may find a rationale of these spirit pictures in another direction than those proposed. At least in the face of these facts, a thinker must needs be given other proof than those adduced to convince him that the disembodied folks have produced these works of art.

It may seem that some intended slur is cast on the character of these gentlemen, in thus doubting their word as to the correctness of their theory. Not so! They may be "honorable men," for ought I know, or the contrary. I do not impugn their motives, but I do contest their hypothesis. We know so little yet of the possibilities inherent in humanity, (I mean flesh and blood humanity) in every department of man's spiritual nature, that it would be a hazardous assertion of any one to assign limits to his activity. And, in the present case, it would need most definite, absolutely convincing inductive proofs to establish the hypothesis of spirit interference. And he only is capable of rendering a scientific judgment, who is thoroughly trained in the knowledge of the age and who is fitted to give an impartial and sound verdict by the absence of all bias and prejudice. Thus prepared should be those persons who seek to judge the great practical and theoretical problems of the age.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR.

There was a tumble-down, deserted look about the entire premises. Taken altogether, it was the last place a hungry and weary traveler would have stopped at; but night was coming on, and the sky threatened a severe storm; so there was no choice. Riding directly up to the door, I dismounted, and entered without ceremony. But if the surroundings were uninviting and dismal, how much more so was all within!

An old woman sat in a broken chair on one side of the fireplace; another of about half her age, probably thirty-five, was seated in the other corner; and two children, a girl about twelve, and a boy about ten years of age, were huddled together on the floor, close to her who was evidently their mother, all wearing a pinched and squalid look, a terrified air as if in mortal fear.

"Can I stay here to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, I fancy so," was the hesitating answer of the younger woman, after looking first at me, and then at the old one.

"Yes, I fancy so. But there is a house three miles farther on where you'd be better off."

"Three miles! The storm would catch me before I got half the distance! Hark! you can hear the rain on the roof now."

"I know'd it was going to be a terrible night, for—"

Here she stopped suddenly, and in apparent confusion.

"Would your little boy be kind enough to show me where to put my horse? I would not like to leave him out in the rain."

Willie, and show the stranger."

"I dissent," was the reply; and the child crept still more closely to his mother, and hid his face in her skirt.

"If you will direct me, I will wait on myself."

"There is the stable, such as it is," she answered, pointing to the shed I had already noticed; "and, if you look about, you will find some hay and corn. I would go with you myself, but—"

And again she stopt in confusion.

"There is no need of it," I replied.

That there was some mystery connected with the family I was certain. The restrained, terrified manner of all in the house, and the expression of the little boy was enough to have convinced anyone of that. Determined to be on the watch, I returned, and gladly accepted an invitation to the supper which had been prepared.

"I thought you'd be hungry, sir," said the mother.

"Yes, a long ride over your moors makes one so."

"We haven't much to offer you. But you're welcome to it, such as it is."

The frugal meal of bacon, eggs, and brown bread, was soon finished; and I took my place in the circle gathered about the hearthstone, and tried to induce conversation. All my attempts, however, were futile. A very short answer was all I could gain; and, as one and all were constantly looking around as for the coming of some one whom they expected, yet dreaded, I could not refrain from asking, "Are you looking for company to-night?"

"No, no; but—"

Still the same confusion, and sudden breaking off.

"Perhaps your husband is—"

"No—oh! And she shuddered terribly.

"If there is any one you fear," I continued, "I will protect you."

"I will protect you," I continued, "I will protect you."

"It isn't no mortal," mumbled the old grandmother, speaking for the first time.

"It isn't no mortal; it's spirits."

"Spirits? Pshaw! you are not afraid of spirits?"

"May be you don't know nothing about them, sir."

I had to confess not only my ignorance, but disbelief, and was attempting to prove logically that such things could not exist, when the storm, that had been long gathering, burst in fury, shaking the house to the very foundations.

"There! I told you so," whispered the old woman. "I knew he was coming."

"He? Who is he?"

I was going to ask again for the father of the children; but the pleading look of the poor woman restrained me. I could not believe her guilty of any crime, and so waited for further developments. And come they did, with a vengeance.

First, the rocking, jarring of the house was renewed, although the storm had lulled for a moment; then a dog appeared to howl directly under the window; then the shutters were slammed, and the doors opened and shut violently; then there was a hollow, mocking laugh in the chimney, and then a thumping directly beneath my chair, as if some one was pounding with a huge sledge.

"Don't sit there, sir! for heaven's sake, don't!" gasped the poor mother, drawing herself and the children away.

"Why not?"

"It is always on that spot."

"Is there a cellar under the house?"

"No."

"I could not understand this. I would have sworn that I had heard a dog, and that the knocking was beneath the floor. But even while I was thinking of it, my chair was shaken so violently that I could hardly keep my seat, hold on as I would. Then plauds, as if for mercy, and shrieks and groans, followed each other in quick succession; and, brave as I supposed myself to be, my nerves began to tremble, and a cold sweat began to start out upon my forehead. In vain I tried to reason that it could not be from supernatural causes; that the spirits of the departed are not allowed to revisit the earth. There were the effects, whatever the cause, and they were entirely beyond my comprehension.

"Was there ever a murder?" I was about to ask, "committed in this house?" when I was interrupted by the screaming of the younger woman.

"Murder! Oh, Heaven! have mercy upon me!"

At the same instant, the light that stood upon the table was extinguished, though no one was near it; and the house shook, and the rappings were renewed with tenfold violence. Evidently, I thought, I had touched the key-note of the mystery, when I heard a terrible groan, and saw, or thought I saw (was it?), a form rise through the floor, and stand directly in front of me.

"Was there ever a murder committed in this house?" I asked again; though I fairly shuddered at the trembling and unnatural sound of my voice.

"Murder! Look—there he stands!" replied the mother, prostrating herself upon the floor, and hiding her face.

"It's his spirit!" groaned the old woman.

"I told you he'd come."

Proof positive this to my mind that I was not mistaken—that others saw as I did. Spirit or mortal, there was somebody there. I closed my eyes to be certain that it was not an optical delusion, and when I removed my hands and opened them again, it still stood there.

It was the form of an old man, with long gray hair, strongly marked features, deep-set eyes, of peculiarly cunning expression—fox-like, would be the most proper term; and in one hand he held a paper that rattled as if blown about by a strong wind. His head was uncovered, and his neck bare, and both were hacked and bleeding, great drops trickling down, and falling with a spatter upon the floor. Once or twice he opened his mouth as if to speak; but there was only a horrible gurgling sound—that which we call the death-rattle. How long we retained our relative positions I can not tell. To me it seemed an age. Still I could not. I was completely under the power of the terrible fascination. At length, however, the ghost, spirit, call it what you will, appeared to step toward me, and stretch its hand as if to lay it upon my head. Then all my manhood deserted me. With a great groan, I shrunk back, and fell upon the floor, my chair being lifted by unseen hands, and dashed down again, cracking in every joint.

Quickly reason came to my aid; and I rose, and looked anxiously around. Whatever there had been before, there were none now; and all was silence, except the storm that was still raging without. I scraped open the embers, lit the candle, and looked at my watch. It was twelve o'clock. The young woman and the children were still huddled in a corner, and the old one rocking herself, as she had never ceased to, so far as I was aware.

"Would the spirit return?"

Without intending to do so, I had spoken my thoughts aloud; and the grandmother answered, "Not to night, I think. You had better go to sleep, sir."

Sleep! I would have sooner thought of sleeping in a madhouse, with all the denizens free to attack me at any moment. I knew it was in vain to ask questions—I had tried that before, and failed; so I had nothing to do but sit and ponder on what I had seen. But I was not to be allowed to remain without sensations. Scarcely half an hour passed without the "manifestations" being renewed in some shape. Now it was the howling of a dog; now the slamming of shutters and doors; now shrieks and groans; and now the knocking upon the floor. No wonder that I was sick and nervous when morning came, and gladly escaped from the haunted house, leaving the inmates, worn out with watching and fear, asleep upon the floor.

Somebody more familiar with spirits than I am, must explain the matter. I can not; but this I know, that if, in reality, it was the shade of a departed one, I trust never to see his power exercised again.

For many years, the matter remained in my mind in just the same state it was when I fled from the tumble-down house on the moor. Then circumstances made me visit the vicinity again, and I heard that other travelers had been similarly affected, and the matter had at length undergone judicial investigation. The house had been searched, the floor taken up, and two skeletons found there; one apparently of an old man, and the other of a dog. Then it was remembered that an old miser, one Jones, had suddenly disappeared; that the occupant of the house had about that time paid off a mortgage upon it, and subsequently hanged himself.

This was sufficient to satisfy the gossips; and, if rumor be true, never, after the bones of the murdered man had been decently buried, were the inhabitants disturbed either by ghostly sights or sounds. To satisfy my curiosity, I rode by the house again; but it was unoccupied. The old woman, I was informed, was dead; the younger one had fled, fearing she would be arrested as an accomplice, (as she, without doubt, was); and the children were wandering, imbecile and homeless, driven, an old lady told me, "by the spirits."

Written for The Universe.

A WORD FROM ONE OF THE WRONGED.

I am heartily glad for the publication of THE UNIVERSE, with its platform so grandly broad and free, and that I have been a recipient of its weekly visits. Its lofty, independent tone is truly refreshing. I like the strong fearless words of those noble men and true, brave women, who are laboring for the liberation and elevation of woman,—and the elevation of woman, is the elevation of man. The moral courage their words evince, is like a fresh baptism of inspiration, to the receptive soul.

These are they whose feet press the glad heights of true moral freedom; who have come up, many of them, no doubt, through much tribulation. Their spirit-garments have been washed and made white, not in the blood of any martyred innocent, but in the disciplinary process of painful experience; often the result of adherence to principle, not less than duty.

It is they who dwell in the valleys, where the slime and the mists gather, that cry "nasty" to such articles as that by Mrs. Knowlton. It is well that some have the moral courage to let the truth be known, for which blessing, instead of cursing, should be given—and will be, by many a weary soul, whose dearest hopes in this life have been blighted—if not wholly destroyed—by the one who vowed "to protect and cherish till death." Well enough the vow, had it been given by the heart and from purity of motive.

I myself have been a terrible sufferer; and though freed from cruel blows and torture (for which freedom I daily rejoice), yet my way is shrouded by poverty and affliction; the income of the small "third" which the law gave, is insufficient for life's plainest needs; while the "as plenty and health beside; boasting that the interest of his property, if converted into money, would quite support him."

Think of a man demanding almost perfection in his wife, and yet brutally treating her,—she bearing his treatment in bitter silence, and, finally, when she becomes disabled, behold him, anxious to get rid of her, urging her repeatedly (but secretly) to leave him, though knowing she has neither mother nor sister to go to;—and then inhumanly refusing to give up her property, till the law compels him; though, at the same time, declaring he never expected to get any one who would suit him as well mentally. Verily, of how much more value is the body than the soul to the sensualist, and strange to say, in this case, a man of more than ordinary intelligence and education!

Alas for frail, delicate women in the hands of a man lacking moral power,—which is the grand balance-wheel in human character—her love too pure and exalted to meet with any sacred, soulful response from him which her heart's deepest yearnings demand! She timid and weak, clinging like the vine to the wretched support, till shaken off by the storms of fate, with every heart-tendril sadly bleeding because she is homeless and afflicted.

Oh, let those in the sunshine lift up both hands in blessing, as God's pure messengers of light do, when these frail, timid ones grow brave and strong enough to break their chains! Upon such appreciation falls like a blessed healing balm. Thank God, this is what THE UNIVERSE is bearing forth upon its free folds from week to week. There is need of a social revolution.

Oh hasten if in mercy, Heaven,

When souls long trampled in the dust

Shall stand erect—their fetters riven!"

As to the abolition of marriage, it is a question new to me. I had supposed the true remedy for woman's wrongs, to be the repeal of unjust laws and the enacting of better ones; and this work will surely be done when she has a voice in the laws by which she is governed. She must have the undisputed right to control her own person and property.

Till this time comes she will be a slave.

There is such a thing as pure marriage, the God-ordained (because natural) union of two congenial minds, which is and must ever be sacred and eternal. Let all who aspire to the good, the true and the beautiful in human character, steer wisely clear of anything like promiscuous sexuality.

Though chaos attend revolution, Wisdom will make the way of duty clear, as we will trust and hope. All must be weighed in the balance; and many will be found wanting at last in heroic self-devotion to the Right.

Let timid souls not forget that the noble Garrison was once dragged through the

streets of Boston, with a halter around his neck. Behold what a change!—he sails for Europe, and as the boat moves out of Boston harbor, "a salute of guns is fired in honor of the distinguished passenger."

Let us be true to principle in the face of all opposition, knowing that, sooner or later, the reign of Justice will turn every sacrifice for the right, into a bright jewel to gladden the brow of the future.

Fraternally, S. B.

Ensl Springfield, Pa.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

—An aged bachelor, being asked if ever he witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

Ancient Headgear.—

An English lawyer was lately announced to read a paper before an antiquarian society on the "Head-gear of the Ancients." Instead of showing specimens of helmets, the lecturer produced a collection of bonnets of various periods from 1805 to the present day, and caused great amusement among his auditors.

Could Not See It.—

Teacher—"John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?" John—"Three sir." Teacher—"No, two would be left, you ignoramus." John—"No, there wouldn't, though; three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away."

—The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than the other sex, has been usually attributed to the friction produced by the constant action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested with more probability and, perhaps, with equal truth, that it is owing to the sweetness of their lips—as it is well established by popular belief that sweet things spoil the teeth.

Bound to be Paid.—

A dentist in Vienna, having delivered imitative teeth to a lady of rank who declined to pay for them, advertised them to be sold again, and to be seen in the mouth of this lady, naming her. He got his money.

True Enough.—

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying: "I've lived long enough to learn that one woman's just as good as another, if not better." And I, retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse."

Almost a Stranger.—

A little boy and girl were playing on the timber at Johnson's organ factory the other day, when the lad, true to his "boyish instinct," climbed to the highest point and began to brag to his little sister that he was the biggest man in Westfield. The little girl disputed him by saying that he was not as big as God, whereupon the little fellow replied that he didn't believe that God staid around Westfield much. — Westfield (Mass.) Times.

—A lady with the "Grecoian hand" considered herself insulted when she was told, a few days ago, that rheumatic liniment would restore her shape.

—At Austin, Minn., the other day, a man was fined, by a Justice, \$13 for the little pleasantry of squeezing a woman's hand.

A "Dead

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 18, 1899.

Written for The Universe.

A RECONSTRUCTED CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUAL.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, in his "Ocean Journal" published in THE UNIVERSE of Sept. 11th, says: "The genius of the age commands the complete reconstruction of government, marriage, jurisprudence, penalties, theologies, and books—from King James' Bible up to a Children's Lyceum Manual, untainted with military terms, soldiered drills, and negro melodies."

The only Manual for Children's Lyceums at which the above description could be supposed to aim, is the one bearing my name; and it seems now appropriate, therefore, that I be permitted to "make a few remarks upon the question before the House."

It seems to me that King James' Bible ought not to be reconstructed. It can not be bettered by any new translations. It has already suffered every outrage at the hands of intermeddlers. Commentators have tinkered it almost to death. It is pre-eminently good enough and self-evidently bad enough just as it is, and let us pray to all wood-choppers to pause, and "spare that tree." No truly enlightened mind can be misled by its errors, or fail to be benighted by its ample truths. It is a genuine history of the external and internal experiences of the persons and the peoples who wrote the various and conflicting books of which it is composed. The world can move forward without reconstructing its Bibles. New Bibles, however, are always in order, and their appearance in the world's onward march is inevitable. These new Bibles, like the old Bibles, come in answer to the world's fundamental needs.

Concerning the Children's Lyceum Manual my position is the same. I have a right to object, and I do object, to any radical reconstruction of its pivotal idea and purposes. It was conceived and brought forth by a pure, unselfish, heavenly inspiration. It has, however, no infallible "authority" on account of its parentage. It is planted upon its merits, and by these it must be judged and weighed and measured, and accepted or rejected accordingly. It presents to the world no other claim, and it is nothing less than injurious to imply that it makes any other demand upon the world.

And yet, like King James' Bible, it is entitled to be considered as a work of inherent value, and its central idea ought not to be ruthlessly obliterated by any headlong reconstructionists. But I welcome with all my soul every new effort to educate, and to spiritually and physically unfold the world's children, and every plan for the growth and absolute improvement of the world's men and women of every station and country. Hence, most cordially I welcome every new book for children, which liberal minds have presented or are preparing to present; while, at the same time, I do not esteem highly any very extensive alterations in the fundamental parts of the Lyceum Manual bearing my name; because, like every other book, brought forth by an inspiration, it should be permitted to remain as one of the developments of the age.

Nevertheless, if the reformatory Spiritualists, who adopt the Lyceum Manual, find, on trial, that its songs and hymns are too free, that the pathos and unchurched melodies of modern minstrelsy repress reverent feelings, or that the flag of our progressive country is a provoker of war in the camp, or that the badges are troublesome and the wing-movements undignified on the first day of the week (Sunday), then permit me to recommend the use of other Manuals with a simple Sunday-School programme, and that, in all such instances, the title "Children's Progressive Lyceum" be abandoned entirely, and that, instead, the society, so "reconstructed," be named with a title appropriate to its new or rather different style of making progress.

In this connection, therefore, I ask consideration in favor of several excellent non-sectarian Manuals which are totally untainted with military terms, soldiered drills, and negro melodies.

First, and superior to all others I have seen, is the "Child's Book of Religion, for Sunday Schools and Homes," by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, published by James Miller, 522 Broadway, New York. This volume is better than the "Spiritual Harp" for the liberal Christian Spiritualistic Sunday School, because it is not so large a book to handle, and its departments and appointments are plain and perfect and pre-eminently devotional, and its programme is so simple that the least progressive among Spiritualists could not fail to comprehend and fulfill the suggestive requirements. M. Frothingham's book is also supplied with both words and music in sufficient proportion to last for a long time.

Again, secondly, I call attention to another "Manual for Children's Lyceums, and for Sunday Schools," compiled by Mr. H. Bowman, conductor of the Lyceum in Sacramento, Cal., 1898. In this very excellent collection of "recitations, hymns, songs, and rules of duty," you will find not a "military term," not one step in the direction of a "soldiered drill," not one glimpse of any "negro melody," on the other hand, with this Manual as a guide or "help" (to be quite modest), you could conduct the Sunday School with so much propriety that not even an orthodox spectator could be shocked into an idea; and therefore, before Mr. Peebles commences to reconstruct the Progressive Lyceum Manual, I beg him, and all of like mind, to conscientiously examine the claims of Mr. Bowman's compilation, not forgetting the yet superior book by one free-religious, liberal Christian, Mr. O. B. Frothingham.

Finally, allow me to remark, what must be self-evident to every thinker, that all radical progression necessitates a radical departure from all the established proprieties, especially when those proprieties are found to be associated and interlinked with oppressive errors and cramping injustice.

In my opinion, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, (the programme of which is susceptible of any modification to meet the wishes of any community) is a complete "revolutionary" system of religious culture for both children and adults. It is intrinsically and structurally different from every Sunday School ever known. Consequently, the Lyceum imperatively demands the best good sense to comprehend its far-reaching import; and therefore, as a system, it commands the highest executive talent to exemplify its deep seated advantages.

Let us pray that Spiritualists will demonstrate their superior ideas and acknowledged ability in all branches of true education.

Orange, N. J., Oct. 4, 1899.

Written for The Universe.

FOOD, FUEL AND SHELTER; HOW BEST ATTAINABLE AT LEAST COST.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

Without going so far back as that celebrated historian, who, in writing a history of New York, considered it necessary to commence with the creation of the world, it may not be considered unnecessary to remark that the essential points comprised in the heading of this article, embody the first and most vital wants of every human being; that, in the more or less complete adaptation of means to those ends, is comprised the history of civilization and progress; that such progress becomes possible only through improvements in the methods of shelter and economies in the production, transportation and uses of food and fuel. From the cave to the hut, or the tent, thence to the more or less comfortable dwelling of mud, wood or brick, the degree of civilization is measured by the successive gradations of architectural improvements, consisting in the greater or lesser capacity of excluding unfriendly external agencies, and of promoting internal comfort.

Food, fuel, shelter, clothing and transportation—these are the great basic wants, the economical and adequate supply of which constitutes the indispensable substratum to high and general cultivation of literature, art, science and spirituality. All that is repulsive, imperfect or evil in the social condition of this or any other age or country, is traceable to—or by a common cause closely connected with—the want of science, of method, of a definite well understood purpose in connection with those requirements. A complete treatise thereon, geographically and historically, would be somewhat voluminous and might be interesting; but in this article it is proposed only to consider some of the various methods of supplying these requirements in common in Anglo-Saxondom to-day, the comparative merits of each, and the susceptibility to improvement of all.

ORDINARY DOMESTIC LIFE.

A moderately fortunate pater-familias, resident in a city, in consideration of paying one-tenth to one-fourth of his moderate income, and traveling a moderate distance to and from his place of business, may enjoy the privilege of occupying from four to eight rooms—tolerably warmed, badly ventilated, and, for the most part, poorly furnished with anything in the shape of labor-saving facilities. A sufficiency of food, too little varied to be entirely wholesome, cooked in a style which, (in view of the present status of general business facilities in the departments of life) may be regarded as several centuries behind the age—is one of the amenities of his position not generally attainable. Such an apology for domestic comfort can be reached only by from six to twelve hours' toil of one woman—a day's work almost without termination or permanent result, yet being a supposed necessity, borne as acquiescently as the sickness which is the usual result of a few years of such a life, when the labor is performed by the mother of a family, in addition to maternal duties, anxieties and care, which cannot be delegated.

While this last result might be somewhat mitigated by a knowledge of certain sciences, the opportunities for mental culture of any kind, are usually far too limited to admit of this knowledge being acquired; thus, in a circle of cause and effect, the evil aggravates itself; ignorance, causing labor to be doubled or tripled, thus resulting in sickness, while sickness and over-work debar mental culture. A few may, with difficulty, obtain hired help needing very close supervision; but even when this very imperfect remedy can be afforded at a cost involving, with other expenses, the expenditure of all of an ordinary middle class income, the continuity of thought, essential to successful, systematic mental culture in any direction, is almost impossible, even if domestic labor is but supervisory. Thus, in the main, deprived of opportunity for advancement, woman becomes rather an appendage than a companion.

While revolution after revolution has swept over the world of politics, of commerce, of mechanics, and of science generally, the details of domestic life are comparatively unchanged. But the surging waves of the advancing tide, which so resistlessly sweeps away the landmarks of the past in other respects, now begin to beat on the threshold of home. Domestic relations and conditions must become subject to the law of progress, disobedience to which involves, first, paralysis, and then death; and so the home in fact dies out, though the ideal still lingers, as something desirable, but to most persons impossible. Woman begins to demand a participation in the advantages of science, and in other fields of human endeavor; but the existing system of household organizations (if the word organization can be so far stretched as to apply to such hetic and non-business-like institutions) presents an obstacle, mostly insuperable to the regulation of such legitimate aspirations. The kitchen is, at present, an old man of the mountain which women must carry with them wherever they go.

In view of the feeling that there is a wrong somewhere, and of the belief that there must be also a right, a movement is on foot, which seeks to rectify certain evils growing out of imperfect social conditions, by securing the ballot to woman. Whatever beneficial effects may therefrom result, however certainly enhanced, could the additional constituency secure such improved facilities for mental culture as would enable them, while increasing home comfort, to understand the actual needs of society, and the methods for their attainment. In this aspect, then, the consideration of a social mechanism, which, while fully retaining the ideal of home, should radically modify and improve the actual, becomes vitally important.

Let us examine the statistics of ordinary domestic life, exclusive of sewing, mending and the care of children. One wealthy, intelligent and experienced woman would find ample occupation in attending to the indoor material wants of herself and five other persons. The food for such a household would, on an economical basis, cost from fifty to sixty dollars per month in most Eastern and in the larger Western cities; for cooking purposes, about a quarter of a ton of anthracite coal and an eighth of a cord of kindling wood per month, would be required; or, of mainly hard wood and no coal, about four cords per annum. The minimum aggregate expenses, including rents, etc., may be roughly estimated at \$90 to \$100 per month, exclusive of servant's wages, clothing, etc. (The estimates are made for six adults, a servant, if kept, counting as one).

To escape the Scylla of ordinary domestic

life, some persons drift on a boarding house Charybdis. The expense in this case, would perhaps be a little greater; but in the case of families, accustomed to the use of uncooked fruit, graham flour and other sanitary articles, the deterioration in palatableness of food and in health would probably be very marked. Where there are no small children, or where the continual vicinage of bricks and absence of verdure is not a source of decided discomfort, a large restaurant in a city may be available. Hotels are usually too expensive, being mostly adapted for travelers, who remain but a short time, and, being in central, therefore, costly locations. Besides, the labor of providing for transient guests is unavoidably greater than is required for permanent inmates. I have been unable to procure any hotel statistics; but the considerations, above mentioned evidently restrict the availability of hotels, as at present located and conducted, to comparatively very few persons.

That there is economy of some sort in co-operative domestic life, is evident both from a priori and a posteriori reasoning. The data for the latter process, though limited and difficult to obtain, are sufficient. In the Oneida community, which comprises 173 adults and 26 children, on a domain in Central New York, where there is a branch of 33 adults, a mile and a half distant, the following are the statistics of domestic labor, as nearly as can be estimated:

Preparing food, 10 persons, each seven hours per day; dining room services, five persons, three hours per day; table waiting, six persons, one hour per day; dish washing, four persons, three hours per day; small chores, four persons, one-half hour per day [These estimates are for the central community of 199 persons]. The washing for the 232 persons, comprising both centre and branch, occupies nine persons seven hours per day, five days in the week. Fuel for cooking, per month, two cords of wood, 38 bushels (about one and a half ton) anthracite coal.

Estimating provisions, whether raised on the place or purchased, at market value and including abundance of fruit, the expense of provisions per head is considered to be \$86.44 per year, or \$7.20 per month. A very inferior city dietary in a single family household, would be likely to cost \$8.00 to \$10.00 a month, per head; but no basis for adequate comparison seems to exist in regard to this item.

Reducing the household labor of this community, above specified, to days of ten hours, and deducting a percentage on the washing of the branch community, it appears that household labor for 200 persons, where the kitchen and dining-room are in common, involves per day 14-6-10 days labor, or on days of eight hours each, 18 1/2 days. This is a percentage of 7-3-10 in the one case and 9 1/2 in the other. Assuming that the separate kitchen and appendages involve the labor of one person to attend on six (a low estimate, I think) or 16 1/2 per cent, the gain is 7 1/2 to 9 1/2 per cent. In other words, more than half the labor of the household is thrown away by the system of separate kitchens, securing nothing like half the result in health or comfort.

In comparing the fuel expenses, it becomes necessary to reduce the whole consumption to wood, or coal. Assuming one ton of anthracite equal, for cooking purposes, to 1 1/2 cords hard wood, this will give 4 1/2 cords of wood per month for 200 persons with common kitchen, against at least three eighths of a cord per month for a separate family kitchen; 200 persons living in families of six each, with separate kitchens, would therefore require 12 1/2 cords of wood, making the loss on separate kitchens about two thirds of the fuel. Or reducing both to coal we have 2 1/2 tons of coal for 200 persons with common kitchen, 8 1/2 tons for 200 persons with separate kitchens. The substitution of co-operative kitchens and dining-rooms for small family kitchens would, furthermore, involve a saving of at least twenty-five per cent in rents.

The economies of co-operative life may then be regarded as almost mathematically provable, and as statistically proved. But, as in the calculation of mechanical powers, the results of mathematical propositions are largely modified by retarding and disturbing forces, so, in elaborating plans for social reforms, results based upon the supposition that "man is a rational animal," must be even more largely modified by influences flowing from human imperfections and excrencences. That blind selfishness, which, in savage life, directly destroys the product of labor, thus restricting production almost to the minimum of physical needs, in a hybrid satanic civilization subjects that labor to exploitation. Great warriors are superseded by great monopolists, their unorganized followers by an organized commercial banditti, who consider it wiser to fleck from labor two-thirds of its earnings by legalized villany, than to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, by more barefaced exactions. Like other vermin, however, they spoil ten times as much as they obtain. When such as these occupy highest seats in synagogues and senates, it is no marvel that a spirit of selfishness should so pervade the mass as to cause two-thirds of domestic labor and about one-half cash earnings to be thrown away, rather than that steps should be taken to secure the largest possible result for all, and the largest equitable result for each.

If, in establishing a co-operative kitchen and dining room, the expenses should be equally divided at so much per head, it might be found that much of the gain on purchase and preparation would be lost in extravagance of consumption. If, to avoid this, food were charged by the dish, the extra labor required for such minute sub-divisions and calculations would in some degree neutralize the saving of labor in preparation. To realize the full economies of such an association, domestic works should be mainly done by its members; but, among blindly selfish persons, much unpleasant discussion would be liable to arise as to the amount of compensation each should receive, the extent to which each might or should work, etc. To secure success, the selfishness of individual participants, if not quiescent, must at least be enlightened enough to comprehend that only so far as the advantages of all are intelligently sought by each, can benefit result to any.

The want of suitable buildings, though diminishing the economies of co-operative life, is no serious obstacle. A demand for such buildings would soon produce a supply, while ordinary buildings could be made available in a high degree by slight modifications. Buildings in a hollow square, having the cook house, dining room, laundry, sewing and knitting machines, etc., in the centre, would form, perhaps, the most available transition from the present to the future.

Diversities of taste and habits would be no serious obstacle, if known beforehand, as they readily could be. The formation of Housekeepers' clubs would enable this and other details to be satisfactorily understood and adjusted. Voluntary associations should be, as far as practicable, constituted of persons in some degree similar in general tastes, habits and wants. But no association would be likely to succeed where any member should

imagine that he had a right, in the smallest degree, to infringe on the perfect freedom of any other member, except in regard to the business of the association; or, to speak more exactly, such tendencies on the part of any member, would operate very powerfully against the success of the enterprise, unless promptly repressed by the public opinion of the majority of participants. Moreover, the private rooms of any person or family, and the time of each person, should be inviolably sacred. People live in separate homes and incur the enormous expense and labor of family kitchens, because, at whatever cost, even he humblest will have privacy if they can. Whenever it is demonstrated that the same degree of privacy can be secured without this cost, the improved mechanism must inevitably supersede present confusion and discomfort.

One of the most important advantages of the Unitary Home could be partially secured by an arrangement common in (probably) every town and city in England. The housewife makes up her loaf of bread, cake, pie, meat and potatoes, or other article, sends it to the nearest bakery (which, owing to the generality of this custom, is not far) and, for one or two cents, gets it cooked to perfection, with much saving of time, temper, strength and fuel. An American housekeeper would save largely of all these by paying ten cents for like accommodation, and were the practice general in a neighborhood, the baker would find it remunerative.

To sum up (irrespective of the palliative last mentioned): Co-operative life is superior to the present, in economy of time, of labor and of means; it is far superior in comfort and in health. The difficulty in regard to suitable buildings is not insurmountable, and the demand for such would soon generate a supply. Difficulties, arising from diversities of tastes, habits and means, can be best arranged by the formation of "housekeepers' clubs." Disorders, which may be fatal to success, can only be avoided by the full recognition, on the part of each and all participants in associative life, of the principle of individual sovereignty at one's own cost, the only alternative to this entire freedom, as a condition of success, being an equally entire despotism.

Written for The Universe.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

BY J. M. TROWBRIDGE.

Truth has valient champions who do battle for it, with weapons keen, and temper true. Its legions, growing more numerous, fear not the hosts of Error, but meet the vices of the age, by opening the avenues that lead thereto.

The time has come, in which the social condition of society must be laid open before the gaze of an astonished world. For it is a lamentable fact, that few know of the extent, to which vice is carried in its many forms throughout society.

Few are aware of the incalculable misery, entailed upon humanity, by the vile wrongs perpetrated in the name, and under the relation, which should be the most sacred known to mortals.

The greatest and principal reason is, that the education of our time is of a superficial nature. First principles are not sought after. Crime, slavery, and consequent misery, are known to exist; the reason is ascribed to certain conditions, which appear on the surface of society, those conditions being only the result of other, and more important elements, lying at the heart of the social system— which are kept carefully concealed, so that only an erroneous opinion is formed, of their nature and power.

There are talented minds, which have delved in the rich mines of a developing humanity, and have found scientific truths, that must be heeded and generally understood, before society can be purified, and redeemed from the thralldom of hoary errors, fastened upon it.

Yet such is the education of to-day, that the great truths which are the foundation of being, cannot be publicly promulgated, by these gifted minds, without the censure of those who ought to be the foremost champions of these truths.

In order that any truth may be known and adhered to, it becomes necessary to contrast it with the errors that lie in its way; otherwise it would not be understood. Every reasoning mind must admit, that reforms are necessary in the social system; but the great mass do not reason on these subjects, hence, it becomes an imperative necessity, that the deformity, under which the social relations are groaning, should and must be opened to view, that all may know of the crimes committed under sanction of a system, most sacred in its true character.

The reproduction of the race involves many important considerations; and it is an immutable law, that as these considerations are carried out, so will the result be. If a child is conceived in sin, it will be born in iniquity, and the most careful rearing will not hide its deformity.

Society must be reformed by conforming to right; and the first step to be taken is, to have her who shapes the destiny of the race, enjoy her rights to their outer bounds. The first and most important right of woman is the right to herself, and the consequent right of the full control of her own actions. She cannot submit to the control of any other person, in the sacred relation of mother, and the relations leading thereto, without entailing, in a greater or less degree, misery upon her offspring. Yet, how often this condition is forced upon her by him who should be the champion of her freedom!—the direct result is that, through her allotted time, she goes in sorrow, and with a loathing of the condition, often made still worse, by the cowardly act of her "natural protector," who has not sufficient moral courage to fight down the unholy passions within him; no, not even for the happiness of her loved ones? The child, being begotten in lust, grows, in its foetal development, in hate; brought forth in sorrow and misery, bearing the unmistakable marks of the off-putted acts of its cowardly father, its characteristics are in exact conformity to the education it has received.

Still, in face of these every day facts, priests and people wonder that debauchery and crime are so prevalent; there is no wonder to the scientific reasoners, for they know that unhallowed causes bring, unmistakably, unholy results.

When some individual would point out the hoary errors of time-honored customs, and bring forth these errors, that they may be seen and avoided, a holy horror seems to pervade the souls of men. Some utter pious (?) prayers against the unfolding of these secret recesses of vice, and crime; others curse

loud and deep, the invasion of their morbid pleasure grounds.

The battle rages. The champions of truth are girding their armor, and without fear or favor, they will conquer; and the "slaves of centuries shall go free. The errors of old systems must be tried and banished, by the efforts of those who fear not to expose their demon forms.

Written for The Universe.

INFIDELITY AND WOMAN-SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

The papers reported W. F. Jamieson as taking grounds against the Woman Suffrage movement, in his ten minutes speech at the last convention held in this city. Mr. Jamieson writes to the *Woman's Advocate*, correcting this mistake, whereupon the *Chicago Times*, with its usual veracity, says: "Mrs. W. F. Jamieson writes to the *Woman's Advocate*, repudiating the idea that suffrage for woman, is a Christian movement. She says: Is it not Mohammedan as well? are Infidels to be excluded? When will people have done with this cant about every reform, that promises to become popular, being a Christian movement? and this running to Bibles, to find what they say concerning measures that their own sense of justice already endorses?"

Now the fact is, Mrs. Jamieson did not write at all, but Mr. Jamieson. It matters not, though, whether these questions were propounded by a man, or woman; it is quite time they were carefully considered. There should be such a nobility of principle among these women, that it would render them incapable of ignoring any friend of progress, be he Jew, Mohammedan, Christian or Infidel.

One hundred years ago Mary Wolstoncraft lived, suffered, wrote and died; and today some of the more advanced leaders of this movement, are only coming up to where she stood. Her book, written on "Woman's Rights," and which Mrs. Stanton has published in the *Revolution*, contains all of the arguments advanced by the advocates of Woman Suffrage to day. The world called her infidel. They called her even more than that! The poet Shelly, who married her daughter, has written some beautiful things for woman, but Shelly was an infidel! The English Positivists are called Infidels; and the leader of this school of liberalists, John Stuart Mill, has written one of the best books ever written, for woman.

But just over the water, we have a Dr. Bushnell, a Reverend gentleman; and he has written a book against woman's social, religious or political preferment. In this book he claims that the present movement is a legitimate outgrowth of the unfortunate philosophy of the woods, as he styles the noble Declaration of Independence, uttered by the heroes of 1776.

But these English Positivists are the most ultra-radicalists. The charges made against them are, that "they worship women, and are atheists."

The promulgators of new ideas, have always been infidels to the times in which they lived, although the future finds them orthodox enough. Henry Ward Beecher, with his keen perception, looks ahead into the future and comes out boldly for woman's rights. It is no more than he did for slavery. Some one said to him "the Bible is in favor of slavery." "So much the worse for the Bible, then," he replied.

And that reminds me of Eleanor Kirk. Some one took her to task about one of the characters, a minister, in the story of "Up Broadway," published in the *Revolution*. "It will injure the Christian religion," said this critic. "Well then," she replied, "if telling the truth can injure it, why! let the Christian religion be injured!" Then there is Ernestine L. Rose, a Polish lady, who has been years working for woman. And she is an Infidel! Whether Mrs. Stanton is, or no, we cannot say; but some one wrote her in regard to her views on marriage, and she replied through the *Revolution*,—"My ideas are substantially those of Robert Dale Owen, published by Horace Greely in his 'Recollections of a busy life.' And Orthodox calls Robert Dale Owen an Infidel! Our Robert Colver, a fine worker for woman-suffrage; but Unitarians are infidels to Trinitarians. Rev E. D. Chapin is one of our advocates; but it is not a long time since old Puritanical Orthodoxy could not take Universalists by the hand without gloves. Not many of them do it now."

There is not the least doubt but that the noble ones, who have first led off in this movement, have been what the world called infidels. Theodore Parker was one of the first to give his voice for woman in this country, and he was an Infidel, and so dangerous a one, in the eyes of orthodoxy, that Beecher's Brooklyn flock were vastly displeased at his occupying Parker's pulpit.

It is evidently, then, improper, because untrue, to call this a Christian movement. It is just such a one, as all of the world's reforms have been: growing up out of the progressive necessities of the age, and tending in its results to the establishment of a religion of Nature—a religion, which, by imperfect teaching, has been foretold in all nations, in all ages. In this religion will be embodied all the good taught by all reformers, as Plato, Confucius, Christ, or Mahomet.

It should matter no more to us to day, that Paul said—"Women, keep silence in your churches,"—"If you want to chatter anything (as Lucy Stone interprets it), you can ask your husbands at home"—than these words uttered by an old heathen philosopher, a thousand, or two, years ago—"Better that one thousand women should perish, than one man cease to see the light." We do not care a fig what either of them thought! They cannot assume our individuality, and thank Heaven, we are not responsible for their shortcomings! This frantic grasping, if they may be allowed the expression, of woman after the clergy, is simply ridiculous.

If they will come forward and work with us for the right, we will be glad to work with them; if not, we can work on alone, with our infidel-friends, who are always progressionists; and, after a while, the Church and the clergy, composed of its Drs. Todds, will swing around and tell us complacently "we always thought so."

In the meantime let us not refuse help from any source, bearing in mind Burns' exquisite sentiment, which is not half enough recognized, a d which is as true for religion as anything else,—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gold for a' that."

A man's a man for a' that.

Chicago, Ill.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—A Polish sect commit assassination to propitiate the Deity.

—The Unitarians, have 315 societies and 382 ministers in the United States.

—An appeal to tourists has been published in several of the papers of Switzerland, asking them to observe the Sabbath.

—The Moravian statistics show 4,895 communicants are in Germany, 3,208 in Great Britain, and 6,768 in North America.

—Five Irish Roman Catholic priests have, during the last month, been received into the Irish Episcopal Church in Dublin.

—A religious club, after discussing "Christ's Fast in the Wilderness," came to the conclusion that he subsisted on blackberries.

—An Anglo-Indian surgeon, named Atmaran Sadashiva Jayakur, has inflicted an irreparable blow upon paganism by embracing Christianity.

—A magnificent synagogue is being built at St. Petersburg, which will be one of the monuments of the city, and will cost 1,000,000 of silver roubles.

—"What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" asked a Superintendent of a Sunday School. "They dried themselves!" said a shrill-voiced little girl.

—A certain sop, who was arguing with a bluff clergyman on the immortality of the soul, asked him: "Now, where do you think I shall go after death?" "Wherever your tailor goes," was the calm reply.

—The most significant remark that is known to have fallen from the lips of an Englishman, is that, by Mr. Disraeli, to the effect that the establishment of the English Church will be the next thing compelling the attention of the Liberals.

—A clergyman addressed his female auditors as follows: "Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female, after resurrection, for it was only that the glad tidings might be spread the sooner."

—"I sell peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy-shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you wants confections you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

—The Rev. Dr. Todd, having written a harsh criticism of Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar," an indignant lady of Portland, Maine, wrote to him should write a book himself, according to his peculiar theological notions, and name it "The Gates Slammed and Bolted."

—The first religious newspaper issued was the *Herold of Gospel Light*, which was published by Elias Smith, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1808.—Elias Smith believed and taught that man is mortal, and that the end of the wicked is that they shall perish forever!

—One hundred and ten thousand pilgrims are estimated to have assembled at Mount Ararat, in the late Mecca pilgrimage, or about 25,000 more than in 1868. The public health is reported to have been perfectly good, both among the pilgrims and in the neighborhood of Mecca.

—How is this for a verdict? In Erie, a minister of the gospel has recently been on trial on the following counts: 1. Cheating in a cow trade; 2. Grossly defaming a young lady; 3. Immoral conduct. Verdict: first count, *Proved*; second count, *Proved*; third count, not established!

—Tom King, late of the London prize ring, is now the Rev. Thomas King, of Wales; instead of pounding, he now preaches, and he only wrestles in prayer. Notice is made in one of the Welsh newspapers of Thomas' exhortations, and, as we should suppose, his style is stated to be "very forcible, bold and earnest."

—A colored preacher in Louisville, the other night, denounced two sisters of his congregation, mother and daughter, holding them up as horrible examples. The audience, after waiting for him on the sidewalk, after services, and then and there gave him a severe beating with horsewhips. They were arrested and fined \$5.

—The Bohemian clergy have written an address which they propose to submit to the Roman Curia. They say that "The Council should not proclaim the infallibility of the Pope. This is the sincere wish of the most learned, intelligent, and earnest of the adherents of the holy chair. Such a step would only give rise to ridicule among believers."

—"The Church Union has a timely rebuke for those ministers who use any of the names of the Almighty, in their public preaching, in an irreverent, or light way. The use of such expressions, 'My Lord!', 'O my God!' as common expletives, cannot be too strongly reprehended. Let us beware of ministerial anarchy!"—*Advocate Christian Times*.

—In Miller County, Cal., not long ago, a man was dying, and a clergyman was sent for to administer spiritual comfort. Learning against a bureau, and all the time praying with great fervor, the preacher abstracted from the drawer two heavy, old-fashioned silver spoons, which he managed to carry off without being observed. The thief, however was soon after found.

—Old Billy W. was dying. He was an ignorant man, and a very wicked one. Dr. D. was an excellent physician, and a very pious man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The doctor approached the bedside, and in a very solemn tone remarked, "My dear fellow, man cannot live by bread alone." "No," said the old fellow, slightly reviving, "he's blest to have a few vegetables." The subject was dropped.

—The Catholics of Meriden, Conn., are in a high state of excitement over the refusal of Rev. Father Walsh to read service over the remains of Robert Burns, a prominent man of his congregation. The ground of refusal is that the funeral was attended by a long line of carriages against the Rev. Father's command, he having decided to discontinue all display at funerals, and to limit the number of carriages, proper at such a time, to four. The man corpse buried without aid of priest or sexton.

—A North Adams, Mass., deacon was somewhat surprised on returning from his church on Sunday, the 13th inst., to find a dozen cows of a neighbor in his garden, feasting on green corn and other vegetables. The neighbor was notified, but being too conscientious to drive cows on Sunday, refused to take care of them, whereupon the deacon concluded to drive them out himself.—The owner then, on seeing his cattle heading, as he feared, for the pound, came out and remonstrated in high terms, severely censuring the religion of a man who had no higher motives than to drive cattle through the street on Sunday.

The Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: "I have obtained, from an official source, some very precise information as to the attitude assumed by the various sections of the Catholic Episcopate in respect to the Council. The Holy See

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TYRO."—You ask for advice as to what course of reading it would be well to follow, on leaving school. That depends much upon your tendencies, and power of assimilating what tendencies, and power of assimilating what you read. A safe, general rule would be to avoid all novels, except such as are written by the masters of fiction; as Charles Dickens, Thackeray and Victor Hugo. Among women, you will be pleased with Dinah Maria Mulock, Miss Evans, (author of "Adam Bede") "The Mill on the Floss" etc.) Mrs. Stowe and a few others. Read Irving and Hawthorne; Walter Scott, also, if you care to wade through his many works; and such old writers of prose as are now standard. Do not neglect Shakespeare, if you wish a thorough knowledge of the power and compass of the English language. Follow up your prose course with a judicious selection of poems. Read the Brownings, Tennyson, Wordsworth, etc.; and be sure that you read them all with care. Nearly every thought of theirs is pure gold. It is well to read History, Biography, and dissertations on Theological questions, now and then. If you can get access to the "Cyclopedia of English Literature," you will there find each author placed in his true niche in History; unless it may be the modern ones, that have not been decided upon fully by the world of readers. From such data you can make your own selection. As a last word, do not read too much. Two hours a day of judicious study, are worth much more in the long run than eight hours of greedy cramming.

"M. J."—Insects very frequently display so much perception and ability, that no thinking mind can venture to affirm that they are devoid of reason. We once observed an ant dragging a worm over the mossy surface of an old log. It came, at last, to a mountain of moss so high that it could not surmount it; when from some distance away, another ant hurried to the rescue. No. 3, having arrived, seized the worm, and having assisted No. 1, in getting over the difficulty, carried it on alone, until he too found something in his way. Then No. 1, six inches off, hurried on, in its turn, and having taken hold of the worm, both ants trudged along bearing the burden most amicably, until their haunt was safely reached.

We, for our part, call such an exhibition of ability to comprehend and master difficulties, proof of reasoning power, even in a couple of ants; it would certainly be so considered, if the same fact had been observed in a couple of children.

"MARGARET."—Your question is deep as human suffering itself. "Ought not a mother to pray for the death of a daughter, given over to prostitution, and apparently past reform?" Four daughters, dear friend, will carry her conditions with her, doubtless, when she enters upon a spiritual existence. But there is balm for such diseases in God's economy;—for it is disease and most probably physical too, that has sent your daughter through such filthy ways, and left her, shorn of strength, in that fearful slough. Leave her in the hands of God's physicians. Pray, if you will, but let it be that good angels may be strong enough to lift her up and cleanse her. In the mean time, remember that dear mother is to be one of her "good angels," and tenderly talk with her. Your words may accomplish nothing, as you can discover, but a drop of dew does its work upon a withered field, and no healing influence is wasted in all the Universe.

"A LITTLE GIRL."—"Did Gerald do right in punching a hole in my ball, and did I do right when I struck him for doing it?" My little dear, we must say "no" to both questions. A true gentleman, (and Gerald will see the time he will wish to be thought one,) never injures the property of others if he can avoid it. He ought to get you a new ball with his first pocket-money, and we trust he will. But a true lady—you must be a lady, you know—restrains her anger, and tries to forgive even greater wrongs than "punching balls." In all your life, little girl, never strike with your hands; but talk freely with those that wrong you, and show them kindly that you cannot submit to abuse. If they persist in wronging you, leave their society, not angrily, but decidedly; and they may be sorry and return to you in time.

"JAGUERS."—Our "Editorial opinion" about the signs of the times in France, is of very little consequence we fear;—as it is quite impossible for an American to know much of the real feeling of the common people there, while the newspapers are withheld, in a measure, from the exercise of the right of free speech. It seems probable that, unless Napoleon III. passes to spirit-life soon, the elements of discontent now at work, will rise in some grand lava-tide and overthrow all his symbols of power. France is a volcano at the best, and must be convulsed occasionally, until its heart of fire shall be quenched.

"Q. U. N."—"What is a cyclone?"—It is a wild wind that visits tropical countries, taking an extensive circular sweep, being in fact a double whirlwind. Vessels caught in such a tempest, endeavor usually to keep in the center of the cyclone, moving in the direction of its forward track. In this way, they may possibly avoid its actual force and escape shipwreck. Nothing along its path is saved from destruction. There is no wind so terrible, except that awful tempest that visits the steppes of Russia about once or twice a century, and devastates the whole land.

"ELLEN."—A lady should never engage herself to two gentlemen at once. So doing, she becomes false to both, whichever way her inclinations are. If you feel that you "cannot be happy in all your future life," without your first lover, the feeling you have for the second one is probably a transient one. In that case, though you may suffer, tell both how wrongly you have done, ask forgiveness of both, and cling to the one whom you secretly prefer. He will forgive if he loves you; but never try him in this way again.

"MAY."—"What tooth-powder do we recommend?" A very nice and beneficial powder can be made of half an ounce of myrrh, half an ounce of powdered orris root, half an ounce of prepared chalk and a little shaved castile soap. For a harmless whitener of the teeth, take finely pulverized charcoal and mix it with strained honey.

"ALLEN D."—We have no recollection of any day fixed by the Adventists or "Millerites," for the ending of the world, prior to the Autumn of 1844. At that time the "tenth day of the seventh month" (scripture reckoning,) was selected for the grand bonfire.

"HARRY."—For "obstinate toothache," have the teeth removed, filled, kept clean, and be very careful to keep the stomach in healthy condition. Deny your appetite, and you will suffer less pain. *Verbum Sapientis.*

"A. BURNOWS."—The Philippine Islands were discovered by Magellan, in 1521. It was there that he lost his life.

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

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

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

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

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 (\$5.00) for the same; or Ten Trial Subscriptions with the money, \$5.00.

—The "electric" GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN spoke at Farwell Hall on Saturday night and at Library Hall on Sunday night last. With only forty-eight hours' notice, and a charge of 50 and 25 cents for seats, he was received by large and enthusiastic audiences in both halls. Those who have never heard this "egotist," "lunatic," and "charlatan," (as some of the prominent political journals variously style him,) should hear him and judge for themselves as to his status. To our mind, GEORGE FRANCIS is on a high "mission of destin," with inspirations always tending toward the good of humanity. He hates "stoddy," and hits it whenever he finds it, in politics, morals, or religion. The political newspapers give him little applause, as he is not true to either when he finds either faithless to Right and Justice. We especially bespeak for G. F., the "right hand of fellowship" among Spiritualists. He has done and is doing an immense amount of effective work for progress.

P. S.—We just learn that Mr. TRAIN is to return to Chicago, to speak again next Sunday night. He has spoken over two hundred nights since his release from a British jail.

—Spiritualists, at their public gatherings, seem demon-bent upon some definition of "position" on the social questions of the day, and often make bad work, all being not yet fully relieved of old-fashioned prejudices, or seeming to think it incumbent upon them to "protect Spiritualism" from the damaging radicalism of some of its advocates. In the resolutions of the recent Ohio State Convention, published elsewhere, is one "gotten up" for one of the above reasons; but we fail to see that it is any more lucid or explicit than some adopted by other bodies, which have usually failed to enlighten anybody. It is unfortunate that, where the views of the authors of these "platforms" are not vague and indefinite, they feel induced—as is done by some of the Spiritualist lecturers—to adopt forms of expression that conceal their real ideas, or are susceptible of various interpretations, intended to convey one idea to one person and a different one to another.

—We are informed that the *Western Soldier's Friend*—a very spirited little weekly, edited and published by Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Haviland, and just removed from Davenport, Iowa, to Chicago—recently published a formidable criticism of THE UNIVERSE from the pen of Mrs. H. We have not seen it, and would like the number containing it. When you criticize, give us the benefit of your views. We do not fear honest censure.

—A prominent Western literary woman writes us:—"I receive THE UNIVERSE regularly, and think it improves greatly—as no doubt you intended it should. Its mission seem to be to startle one into thinking for one's self on subjects which common consent has heretofore left to the musty decision of our remote ancestors."

—The Chicago *Sunday Times* recently devoted over a half-column of its valuable editorial space to THE UNIVERSE, with the evident design of squelching the institution. There were several very serious mis-statements therein, to which we purpose to give due attention.

—The spirit artist, Mr. M. MILLESOX, has returned to New York from his rusticating tour, and opened a studio at 658 Broadway. Mr. M.'s drawings are very curious and interesting studies. Many tests have been furnished through his likenesses of deceased persons.

—We are pleased to give liberal extracts from Mr. SARGENT's new poem, "The Woman Who Dared," on our first page in this issue. Mr. SARGENT's contributions to THE UNIVERSE will commence soon.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—VII.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.—FARNLEY HALL.—ENGLISH BEGGARS.—YORK.—REMINISCENCES OF ROYALTY.—ROMAN RECORDS AND RELICS.—JOURNEY TO EDINBURGH.—SCENERY.—"MODERN ATHENS"—CHAMBERS' PUBLISHING HOUSE.—GLASGOW.—DAVID DUGUID, THE ARTIST-MEDIUM.—IN LONDON.—SPURGEON.—SPIRITUAL PERIODICALS, ETC.

LONDON, England, Sept. 25, 1869.

Railway traveling is very different in England and Scotland from that in America. Though all speak the same language, dialects are distinguishable and provincialisms exceedingly prominent. Railway depots are called stations,—conductors, guards—cars, coaches—baggage-cars, luggage-vans,—trunks, boxes (which, instead of being checked, involving responsibility, are simply labeled). The engines are generally smaller, the grading less, the track more level, the tunnels and deep cuts more numerous, and the speed on the first class trains greater than is customary in our country; but they have no water-tanks in stations nor on board the trains; neither have they cars for sleeping or culinary purposes. In construction, English cars or coaches are nearly square, obliging just half the passengers to ride backwards. Parliament has an act, requiring each railway company to include a train each day, conveying passengers at one penny per mile. These, called the third-class coaches, are generally crowded. The officers and guards on all these routes are exceedingly gentlemanly and communicative to travelers.

FARNLEY HALL.

Palatial are the residences of the noblemen, and inviting these old English Esquires' homes, surrounded by velvety lawns, gardens and parks, comprising hundreds and sometimes thousands of acres, abounding in deer, wild game and scenery of almost every description.

Accompanied by our excellent friend, Thomas Etchell, of Huddersfield, we visited Farnley Hall, only a little distance from Marsden Moor, famous as one of the battle-grounds in Oliver Cromwell's time. A part of the building was erected in 1624. The outlook upon the distant hills is magnificent, and hundreds of paintings grace the walls, by Van Dyke, Sir J. Reynolds, Rubens, Snyder, Turner, and the more ancient masters. We saw the veritable swords of Lambert, Fairfax and Cromwell. We also saw the table at which Cromwell dined the day before the decisive battle of the Moor in 1644—saw the watch he carried, and the broad-brimmed hat he wore upon the field. Let the present glory in preserving peace-relics for the eyes of posterity!

The occupant of this mansion in Yorkshire, that overlooks one of the sweetest valleys in the kingdom, is J. H. Fawkes, one of those old leading, liberal Whigs, who took up to Parliament the great petition of 1832.

THE POOR.

What comparisons this princely affluence generates! what a lesson of life's inequalities it presents, as related to those beggars that haunted me in Manchester, and persist in following me in evening-time, for long distances through London's streets—reciting the most terrible life-dramas of misfortune, sickness and famine. They seem to scent the beefs of such as can be pressed to give. Some are doubtless impostors, others worthy and needy,—all God's children. How can we pass them by, then, or snarl at their piteous pleadings! O, christian England, feed your hungry, educate your ignorant, and seek to equalize, to some extent at least, this world's comforts. Dear souls—"beggars," the world calls you—remember there is an endless future, a realm of compensation, where "every wrong thing shall be righted."

"Over the river, a fathomless river,
Is the land where no shadow is needed or seen;
Where the leaves of the forest-trees wither, no never
And the fruits are the forest, the pastures all green."

YORK.—ITS ANCIENT HISTORY AND RELICS.

Antiquarians have been more deeply interested in the old city of York, Yorkshire, than any other in England. It was at one time the capital of the kingdom. Parliaments were held here by King Edward I, in 1298 and 1299. Edward IV. was crowned in the Minster in 1464, and Richard III. in 1483, by Archbishop Rotherham. During the rupture between the King and the Parliament, Charles I. held his fragment of a parliament in this city. Here also Edward III. in 1327, assembled an army of 60,000 men to oppose Robert Bruce, who reports said, was ravaging the northern part of the kingdom. To go further back, the city is famous for having been the residence for a time of the Roman Emperor Severus, who after conquering the native northern tribes, and building a wall of great strength, eighty miles in length, issued his coin with the title of *Britannicus Maximus*. The Roman Emperor Constantine also visited York, dying here A. D. 336. His son and successor, Constantine the Great, was present, and was immediately saluted as Emperor and invested with the purple robe. Some historians aver that Constantine was born in York. In the year 430 the Roman power removed from the island, and the Britons, beset by the Scots and Picts, called to their aid the Saxons, which resulted in bloody conflicts and the further mingling of races.

The Roman relics, found and preserved in the antiquarian rooms, are deeply interesting, because exhibiting a skill so unique and exquisite. The pounding-vessels, the vases, the lamps, the earthenware, the coins, necklaces, cinerary urns, sacred altars, and stone coffins, brought us into a sort of fellowship with these proud old Romans, who held the mastery of Britain for over four hundred years.

SPIRIT OF AARON NITE.

York was a walled city. A large portion of the wall remains. Walking around thereon, casting my eyes down to the tile-roofed buildings, listening to the clatter of working-men's wooden shoes, watching—as they crossed a distant lawn—the master-huntsman and "whipper-in" of a pack of hounds for training, looking to the tower of the Minster, rising grandly in the distance—then away to the old castle, overgrown with elder and yew, ivies and mosses, and further on to the river Ouse, a little back from which are the mouldering remains of St. Mary's Abbey—seeing these—all these once more, I thought of Aaron Nite—*a blessed spirit-friend*, with whom I have conversed through the entranced organism of Dr. E. C. Dunn, at intervals, and sometimes daily, for over ten years.

During this term of years, Friend Nite had often told me of his birth place in Yorkshire, nearly two hundred years since, of his clerical brother, Rev. James Knight, of the river

Ouse, of the York Minster, the magnificent east window, the virgin Mary with hissing serpents under her feet, St. John falling at the angel's feet, and the elders with their harps upon the sea of glass, the castle a little distance from the minster, the parks, the fox-hunting, the steeple-chasing of his time etc. etc. Though having perfect faith and confidence in Aaron Nite—(being a natural man, he prefers the natural, common-sense method of spelling his name *Nite*) finding him as a spirit, through all these years, sincere, truthful and spiritually exalted, it did my soul good to verify with my own eyes, and localize with my physical senses the sights and scenery he had so often described to me in Yorkshire—a place that neither myself nor the medium (at the time of his first entrancing this young man in Battle Creek, Mich.) knew was in existence. The test—the identification of the spirit is wonderful. Not only was it our good fortune to find the localities, and church designs; but, accompanied by Robert Green, Esq., of Brotherton, father of E. H. Green, now in New York, we repaired to the "Will office," where, after long searching, aided by the clerk, we found the *Brother's name*, Rev. James Knight, A. M., who, as Aaron had frequently informed us, preached in London, York and other prominent cities. This is the record transcribed in the clerks' hand:

"Twenty fourth of Oct. 1714, James, Knight A. M. ordained deacon in the Savoy Chapel, London, and priest in the same Chapel on the following Sunday."

From the Institution Book in the Archiepiscopal Registry, York.

Yorkshire, England.

NORTHWARD TO EDINBURGH.

Leaving York the country soon grows more variegated and hilly. We saw but few fruit-trees. The farms were small, but choicely tiled.

"Traced like a map the landscape lies,
In cult'd beauty stretching wide."

All along the route, women were at work in the harvest-fields. Hedge-rows faded away into stone walls. Passing into Scotland the railway hugs the German Sea for a long distance. The waters were dotted with herring "fishing-smacks." The view of *Past Castle*, rendered immortal in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, was exceedingly fine. It stands upon the edge of a bold cliff, overlooking these northern waters. Noticing women gleaming in fields recently stripped of their waving burdens and seeing the white hamlets of the cotters (working-men, who, owning no lands, toil for small daily wages) we appreciated more consciously than ever the beauty and life-likeness of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday night." These cottages, generally small, are built of stone, neatly white-washed, and surrounded by ornamental shrubbery, exhibiting a fine taste for the beautiful. Approaching Edinburgh we caught a glimpse of *Bas Rock*, a sort of Van Dieman's Land, where Scotland, in feudal times, banished prisoners for safe-keeping till the announcements of judicial decisions. Alive to the dawn of that coming era, when there will be neither prisoners nor prisoners, it had to us a cold, dismal look.

EDINBURGH.—MODERN ATHENS.

Passing by the picturesque and the magnificent, it is but justice done to say, that in aesthetic tendency, intellectual power, and profundity of condition, Edinburgh is Patriarch among British cities. As a focus of precious memories it is dear to all Scotchmen. Numbering nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, its situation, its adjacent mountain eminences, its castle, tower, Parliament house, monument, cathedral and church-spires rising into sunlight from gardens and belts of foliage, are all secondary to its school of art, seminaries of learning and world-famed University.

After visiting John Knox's house, one of the oldest buildings in the city, the Antiquarian Museum, taking a good look at the "repentance stool" which the earnest Jenny Geddes hurled at the head of the Dean of St. Giles, when he commenced reading the Liturgy, and seeing the "Ragged School," founded by the philanthropic efforts of Dr. Guthrie, we repaired to the Publishing House of William and Robert Chambers. It is situated only a little distance from the Parliament buildings. It is no longer a secret in certain literary circles, that Robert Chambers is the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." In the scientific department, he was assisted by Prof. Nichol, and other gentlemen connected with the Edinburgh University. In the celebrated suit at law between D. D. Home and Mrs. Lyon, Mr. Chambers testified, like a true man, in favor of Mr. Home, the medium—much to the surprise of sectarian parties. A recent author writes of Edinburgh and its literature, thus:

"The poet trembles before the Edinburgh critics. The singer respects the delicacy of the Edinburgh ear. Coarse London may roar with applause; fastidious Edinburgh sniffs disdain, and sneers reputations away. London is the stomach of the empire—Edinburgh the quick, subtle, far-seeing brain." "Edinburgh is not only in point of beauty the first of British cities—but, considering its population, the general tone of its society is more intellectual than that of any other. In no other city will you find so general an appreciation of books, art, music, and objects of antiquarian interest. It is peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and the counting-house. It is a Weimar without a Goethe—Boston without its extreme radicalism."

GLASGOW.—PAINTING MEDIUM.

The good friends we meet in this great, stirring city, the flowing Clyde, the crumbling castles, the highland scenery, all linger like fairy dreams in our soul's memory-chambers. But nothing interested us more than the painting mediumship of David Duguid, a quiet, timid man of Glasgow. The fact of his painting in oils in a trance, eyes shut and bandaged, believers or unbelievers present, the gas turned off or in full light, astonishes and astounds the most dogged skeptics. Narrow sectarists, of course, solved the problem at once—"It's the devil!" Writing our name on a "card-board" he painted upon the other side, in oils, and presented us, in eight minutes and a half, a beautiful picture. The room was made so dark that we could only discern his form. Scotland has long been famous for its seers, and gifts of "second-sight," especially among the Highlanders.

SPURGEON.

With no time to write of St. Paul's proud monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren; of Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, the Tower, the Monument, the Bank, the parks, the beggars, the "seven dials," etc., we hasten to a hasty sketch of Spurgeon, who, in some respects, sadly disappointed us. In real stirring eloquence and originality of illustration, he affords a sorry comparison to the inimitable Henry Ward Beecher. He preached "Hell" in the old, coarse, vulgar way—declaring that it was "just as hot now as when the smoke of its torment began to ascend"; and, further, he assured the sinners that the "Lamb" of God would "become a lion at the day of judgment." In organic structure, he is decidedly English, portly, dignified, and gifted with a full, clear, bell-like voice, heard distinctly by the eight thousand that congregated each Sunday, to listen and to worship. The church-edifice, plain, yet

elegant in finish, is in the form of an oblong sphere. There is no organ, no stringed instruments. Mr. Spurgeon will have nothing but congregational singing. It was uplifting to hear these thousands, each a book in hand, join, with one accord, in the words:

"The bill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

No matter how Hell-ward a sermon in doctrine or tendency, the songs, the hymns, the prayers breathed by priest and people, all look Heaven-ward. Spurgeon, energetic and magnetic, explains the chapters as he reads them, lines and comments upon the hymns, prays with a genuine blow-force, and, in a word, is an indomitable worker. Here lies the secret of his success.

SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

England and the Continent are printing a fine number of journals devoted to the interests of Spiritualism, psychology and magnetism. We find the following lying upon the tables in Mr. J. Burns' Progressive Library Institution:

1. The Spiritual Magazine, Monthly, London J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row.
2. Human Nature, Monthly, London, J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row.
3. Daybreak, Monthly, London, J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row.
4. The Spiritualist, Semi-Monthly, London, J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row.
5. Revu Spiritiste, par Allan Kardec, Monthly, Paris, M. Pierart Rue de Lille, 7.
6. Revue Spirituelle, M. Pierart, Joinville le Pont, 2, Paris.
7. Monde Invisible, M. M. Lachatre, Paris, 38 Boulevard de Sebastopol.
8. Le Progress Spiritueliste, Paris, Rue Volodo, 13.
9. Le Magnésisme Universel, once or more Monthly, Paris, 15 Rue J. J. Rousseau.
10. L'Avenir, Weekly, Paris, 22 Rue Breda.
11. Spiritisme a Lyon, fortnightly, Lyons, cours Lafayette.
12. La Verite, Lyons 48 Rue de la Charite.
13. Le Magnésisme, Monthly, Geneva, 9 Rue de Mont Blanc.
14. L'Union Spirite, Bordeaux, 57 Cotes de Aquitaine.
15. Licht des Jenseits, Monthly, Vienna, 7 Singerstrasse.
16. Psyche, P. H. Hoffner, Grossen, Hayne, Saxony.
17. Il Veggente, Florence, via Pietra Piana 40.
18. La Salute, Semi-Monthly, Bologna, 1748 via Venezia.
19. Annali dello Spiritismo, Monthly, Turin, 2 via S. Domenico.
20. L'Epoche Nicova, Turin, via Nuova.
21. La Voce de Dio, Monthly, Signor G. Modica, Sorci, Sicily.
22. El Criterio Espiritista, Madrid, Calle del Vico Santa Maria, 25.
23. El Spiritismo, Semi-Monthly, Seville, Calle de Genova, 54.
24. Revista Espiritista, Barcelona, Calle de Barea 30.

Leaving England by way of France, Switzerland, Italy, and Constantinople, for Trebisond, Asia Minor, I can but express an appreciative gratitude touching many personal kindnesses received from Spiritualists, Liberalists and those engaged in the reform movements of the age. Truly, God is good, and humanity is made in his image. J. M. P.

Written for The Universe.

A REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT, AND DREAM.

BY ORRA.

Fifteen years ago, before my mind had become illumined by the light of Spiritualism, I stood by the dying bed of my father—faith nearly drowned in a sea of intense feeling, and every thought merged into the overmastering one of grief. While I thus stood, conscious of no external thing but the dying form upon which my gaze was riveted, I slowly turned as if moved by some power beyond myself, and saw, sitting at the foot of the bed, an old neighbor, a rigid Catholic, who had it appeared, left his work and come in without knocking, to see my father breathe his last. As my eyes dropped unwittingly upon him, some one seemed to whisper distinctly in my ear, "Look! at him! before three days and nights have passed, he will have entered the spirit-land." I seemed to hear the announcement wearily and without interest, until it was distinctly repeated; then a sudden shock visited me and I questioned, "Must I tell him?" "It will not matter," said the mysterious whisperer, "he must take his chance of growth with the rest; but cannot emerge into immediate sunlight, as your dearly-loved father is about to do."

By this time I was fully aroused from my trance of thought, and able to reason, within myself, as to the credibility of the impressions so singularly received. "It must be," I thought, "that my mind, dwelling upon loss with such intensity, has unconsciously drawn the external into its whirlpool of feeling, and confounded life with death in this manner." After this, all memory of the subject passed from my mind. The death, the arrangements for burial, the long journey to a distant cemetery, the mournful return, and the extreme exhaustion accompanying intense sorrow, effectually kept my mind from harboring the faintest thought of the viewless whisperer of such apparently improbable tidings. I retired to rest Thursday night, (my father had passed away Tuesday morning,) and fell into a dreamless sleep which lasted until early day. Then I suddenly, through my slumber, felt the presence of a spirit, who seemed to draw me away with him and to say, "Behold! and learn what is in store for the false teachers of humanity." Out of the darkness there seemed to grow into visibility a group of seven or eight men, who were looking about them with anxious faces, and seemed to be asking, "Where shall we go? What shall we do?" Before them stood a Catholic priest, upon whose countenance the utmost humiliation and abject feeling appeared. He seemed to have been summoned by them and—unable to answer their eager questions—to be sensible that his former teachings had merited only contempt. Suddenly bursting out from the group, appeared the well-known form and face of our old neighbor McLaughlin. He was draped in scarlet from head to foot, and that, combined with the expression of his face, made his appearance absolutely ferocious. "You have lied to me," he seemed to say. "But for your religion, I should not have been here. You alone are the cause of my death, and you shall make amends."

The priest lifted his head as if to reply; but the voice, the accusing attitude, his own sense of the wrong done, overcame him; he buried his face in the folds of his cloak, as one in whom shame masters all other feeling, and made no reply. My dream ended. Suddenly my brother called me from the lower room. The broad sunlight pouring into my room, was in strange contrast with the vision from whose darkness I had emerged; but while I lay wondering and doubting as to its truth, my brother ran half way up stairs

and called to me excitedly—"Mr. McLaughlin died last night, at three o'clock."

It was true. The season of Lent had borne heavily upon him, for he had subjected himself to the most rigorous fastings and penalties; and these, combined with hard labor for the support of his family, and the use of stimulants needed to give strength for his work, had been the means of removing him from material life. I drew my own lesson from the vision; it was at least an unusual one and suggestive enough as to the chagrin that may overtake our benighted Theologians, on their entrance to spirit-life.

Written for The Universe.
DESPERATE LEAP OF A MODERN JOSEPH.

On last evening, one Louis G. Smith, a real-estate agent, leaped from the third-story window of a building to the sidewalk beneath, a distance of at least 30 feet. Great excitement prevailed among the crowd attracted thither, but it was soon learned that the young Sam Patch, though much demoralized by his sudden lighting, was not seriously injured.

During the evening, he was enticed by a "young lady" to the room in the building above mentioned. While there, two other "young ladies" entered the room, and behaved very unrespectably. Mr. Smith, being an extremely moral young gentleman, was loth to tarry longer in the presence of the wicked Formosas, in whom he had been so much deceived. He was about to depart, saying "not for Joe," but they interpreted his way to the door, and finally locked the only means of egress. Smith was sorely tempted, but after a moment's delay, resolved that he would not be ensnared in the coils of the sirens. Only one chance was left him for escape; so raising the window, he made the awful leap, which but for a lucky chance would have dashed him to death. But the most singular part of the affair remains to be told. After the crowd had begun to disperse, a policeman put in his appearance, and finding Smith, able to use his pedal extremities, marched him to the police station, where he was booked disorderly.—Chicago Morning Paper.

St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee papers, make a note of this, and never again dare to say "Chicago is an immoral city!"

Can you find a solitary instance such as this, in any one of your cities? I think not. The noble hero's name was Smith. Ever, after this, let the name of Smith be spoken with reverence by the good of our sex. Now, it is possible there may be others of that name in this city. The question arises, "Are all the Smiths such model men? If so, my advice to every unmarried lady is, try, if possible, to marry a Smith. If you are so unfortunate as to be married already, get a divorce, (you will have no trouble in finding good and sufficient cause, unless you are uncommonly fortunate in your marriage relations;) and look about you for a Smith. Your happiness will then, in this life, be complete.

Was this Smith a married man? Alas! I fear not. I am afraid, even in this moral city, one could fail to find a married man who could resist the attractions of one young lady to say nothing of three? The Joseph of "Scripture" was a very good young man; but he would be nowhere, when this Mr. Smith was around; couldn't hold a candle, to him; shouldn't be spoken of in the same breath.

Said to relate, our police-force do not seem to be accustomed to such immaculate purity; and what did they do but march the young man off to the armory. Well, I confess, this is a new way of treating people who are trying to do right! I have heard of their arresting men for too much attention to the gentle sex; but I must say, this is the first instance I ever knew of a man being arrested for "fleeing from temptation." Angels and ministers of grace defend us, if this is to be the future course of those whom we look upon as the guardians of the public safety! It is high time, I think, that our police-force should be reconstructed.

Now, Mr. Editor, shall I tell you what I would do if I had my say in this matter? I would, at once set about raising a fund for this Smith's benefit; and I wouldn't stop until I made him a millionaire. He should never want for any thing money could buy, for the remainder of his natural life; and when the breath did, at last, leave his body, I would have him embalmed, and placed, as a monument, in the most prominent part of our city; and, if I had a hundred children, they should be made daily to prostrate themselves before that monument, and worship it as devoutly as the Catholics worship their patron saints. Seriously, Mr. Editor, do you really think there are any more such men in Chicago—by the name of Smith, or any other name? There is, you know, no old quotation which says, "A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet."

FERNIANA.

Written for The Universe.

WHOM DO THEY BELONG TO?

Whom do the children belong to? I ask this question because it is one that concerns every parent and every child. It is only just to those unfortunate mothers who have gathered around them their half-dozen or more little-ones, (too frequently the unwelcome fruit of an unhappy marriage,) that they should have the sacred right to minister to their own—to feel the dear little arms about their necks; even though they may have been forced to cast off the legal chains that bound them to their husbands.

Why is it that the only child legally mothered is the one born out of wedlock? And why will society persistently take the part of the husband and father against her, who has borne all the suffering of child-birth, and the care and trouble her offspring inevitably brought.

O Society, a day of reckoning is about to dawn above your "sacred institutions!" The world must see what the dire effects of your false teachings have been.

I have, in asking this question, struck at the root of a tender plant. In some future time I would enlarge upon these few hints, and suggest a better way of dealing with the sorrowful mothers of unfortunately-born children, than the world has yet practiced.

ADDIE L. BALLOT.

—The Michigan papers are publishing "exposures" of one "Fay, the medium." While they believe that H. Melville Fay has some mediumistic power, Spiritualists who know him regard him as more trickster than medium. He has been "exposed" a thousand or more times.

—We call attention to an article on a subject of much interest and in part, published on the third page of this issue,

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 16, 1888.

LETTER FROM OUR "HELEN."

To the Editor of The Universe.

Toronto, Canada, Sunday, Sep. 12, 1889.

I pick up an obscure little sheet—date Sept. 10th—called the "Mitchell Advocate," and County of Perth General Advertiser, published in the town of Mitchell, in this vicinity; and the following bit of delectation meets my sensitiveness at once—

"*Disgraced.*—There is a disgraceful sheet, published in Chicago, which advocates the abolition of marriage, and holds that no woman should be under man's control. It is written by women—some of whom, to judge by their writings, are a disgrace to their sex. Bloomerism and every thing that is vulgar, is warmly advocated in this print, and it gives the interesting information that Miss Anna Dickinson, while in the Yosemite valley, wore a full Bloomer costume, rode astride a man's saddle, and climbed to the highest places—as high and as far as the strongest men."

Of course that brilliant tirade is intended as a crushing disposal of THE UNIVERSE; further it must mean me—in connection with those women who write for it and are a "disgrace to their sex"—otherwise I would not condescend to pick up so dirty a glove, thrown down in so cowardly a manner. Why didn't the intelligent scribbler say out boldly, that he meant THE UNIVERSE, instead of leaving a trap open for him to drop into in case some woman writer of that paper should call him out?

In regard to the first item in the enumeration of evils, viz: the abolition of marriage and woman's emancipation from man's control, one need not wonder at those ideas meeting the ignorance and tyranny of the generality of men with stunning force, and, as it were, depriving them of the little sense they may have been possessed of. They are revolutionary in their tendency; consequently to the masses they are wicked. To the conservative go-betweeners they are premature; and only to the progressive few do they contain the fire from heaven—an immortal principle of everlasting blessing to groping souls in probation here. How could we hope, then, to make ourselves understood by the scissor-man of the Mitchell Advocate? He will doubtless be carried along with the tide, never dreaming to what he is tending, until he finds certain evils have worked their own cure; and then he will be ready to exclaim with the popular voice, "How wonderful are the ways of God!" Yet he will cast no backward regards at the victims he helped burn at the stake of his blind bigotry; because, as he can not see much ahead of his nose, he never looks back of his ears, which might be ascertained to be of a good size, without the aid of a microscope. All such followers in a beaten track never know what is good for them, until they are in the midst of the acorns, munching them with grunts of satisfaction, like a hog; and still like a hog never look up to see who thrashed them a parrot, though they learn to repeat, like a parrot, the popular phrase "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord!"

How it is possible for thinking people of the present day, who profess to take any interest in their kind, to look about and observe all the wretched results of the present legal marriage system, all its evil tendencies, even unto the "third and fourth generation" of them that get entangled therein, and then pronounce it a wise and good institution, is a mystery. But, when driven to their last outpost in arguing this question, they say—"Marriage is the safeguard of society!" Out upon a safeguard, maintained at the expense of human souls! If there were any way under the sun of getting woman out from under the heel of man and Mrs. Grundy, except by the abolition of marriage, why then, the institution might be rendered tolerable. If woman were not so great a slave to man and society, if she were not compelled to accept her legal prostitution, with her marriage certificate, if she were to become no more responsible for herself than man is for himself, then marriage would not be the one-sided curse it is. No doubt the talented glenier of the Mitchell Advocate and all his ilk, clinging to the institution with such deathly tenacity because of its one-sidedness, its carte blanche to them to "demand a pure and unstained woman in marriage" and to make her, ever after, a partaker of their beastliness,—a slave to their passions, and a "breeder of sinners."

There is no longer a doubt, in the face of daily occurring evidence, that marriage, as it exists, is evil; that it needs reform if not revolution; and the signs portend that revolution is the term. No good to cry out, premature! premature! which is but an ill-rigged scarecrow; for nothing is or can be premature, that tends toward the ultimate good of souls. By giving people large liberty, after education, license is not a natural consequence. It is safe to assume that without the irksome bond of marriage, prostitution would die out of our lives; for women, by demanding purity in marriage—true marriage—would have it in their power to refine and ennoble, in fact, whereas, now, much of that talk of her purifying influence upon men is but a sham. How many husbands are restrained from debaucheries by the pure influence of their refined and faithful wives? How long can wives remain pure in these days of man's perfect freedom to visit any brothel he votes to license! And how long can the offspring of such diseased combinations, be in the image of God? The present legal marriage system is the foundation of all social crimes; for it gives existence to distorted human natures that prey upon society; and not until men and women purify themselves in their relations to each other, can they bring forth pure offspring to bless and benefit their race.

How little the genius of the Mitchell Advocate comprehends the nature of our plea! To his diseased sense it seems, that we are asking for a wider range for our lower natures to revel in. We cannot blame him, however; he speaks out of the fullness of his brains, and it is not our fault that they hold but a spoonful. Men can but judge us by themselves, therefore they reason, in their selfishness, that the abolition of marriage would be to us what its legality is to them—license to degrade our nature—God forbid! A woman's purity and single-heartedness is a profound mystery to men. Our plea is for the preservation of that purity and single-heartedness. Give woman the holy right to withdraw herself from the embrace and power of a brutal husband; give her the right to demand chastity in him, as he in her, and is there one so sunk in his flesh-pots as to say it were not well?

No doubt this idea of chastity in men is

amusing to the mass of them, "a rich joke," to be laughed at in their clubs, over their poison cups; to be winked at in their horrible debaucheries with fallen women, who hate the sight of them, and shrink from their contact, lost as they are; but who must live! My dear Sir, it will not be such a joke when the time shall come, when you must be pure to enjoy the love of a pure woman. And that time will be when your rights in marriage are no higher than a woman's; when the present legal marriage is abolished, to the discomfiture of such men as write for such papers, as the Mitchell Advocate.

In regard to THE UNIVERSE advocating Bloomerism and "everything else vulgar"—one is puzzled to see the application to the only sensible, convenient and healthful costume our sex has ever worn. If it is right and proper for a man to so attire himself, as to get the most enjoyment out of life he can, and not be worried and fretted all the time because of his dress,—why is it vulgar in a woman to attempt the same wholesome achievement? The Bloomer costume is pretty, and, if you will have it, Sir, it is very modest indeed, compared with the ridiculous rig-ups our women wear to-day. Make the Bloomer costume the fashion, and the occupation of corner loungers would be gone; for then there would be no ankles to be seen at crossings, and women could get up and down stairs in public places without having their sense of decency shocked by men at the foot.

For pure decency the Bloomer is the dress; but while women are content to minister to the lower instincts of men, let them wear their present dress; and if Nature has not blessed them with fine proportions, why, art will supply the need! The Bloomer will entirely obviate all necessity for art. It is full and free where it ought to be, only, and confined where there is danger of a woman's displaying too much of her person. If any one will prove that the Bloomer costume is not infinitely modest, compared with the low-necked, open-skirted,—and as if that were not enough—the hoop-distended dresses of the present, I will yield the point at once, and with no further cavil.

Touching that bone of contention, Miss Anna Dickinson, as I have advocated her right to the Bloomer dress, why should she not ride astride a man's saddle and climb to the highest places in the Yosemite Valley? Can the gentleman from Mitchell tell me why she should not? Riding astride in dangerous passes is certainly safer, if it be not as graceful as the other way; and, with Bloomers on, there is no danger of immodest displays. Then, for the poor horse it is a benefit; for all know that a side saddle is bad for horses. As for the climbing high places, with Bloomers on—modest and comfortable Bloomers,—will the member from Mitchell tell me where he's vulgarly in that?

Verily, the member from Mitchell tells me of a most vulgar-minded man, one of those everlasting fools who will rush in, where angels fear to tread. I wish he had to go through the Yosemite Valley on a side-saddle with hoops and a yard of train at his heels!

HELEN.

Written for The Universe.

WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?

Two years ago I was present at the wedding of two persons, with whom I had been acquainted for a number of years and heartily joined in wishing joy and prosperity. They were not a young couple, adventuring into unknown seas, without chart or compass; as both had previously been married, and had children who had arrived to the years of maturity.

The lady had for eighteen years been a widow, depending upon her needle for a livelihood, and striving to rear her children to become useful members of society. Living a life of poverty, sometimes in want, she maintained "the struggle for existence," never despairing nor losing hope, but nobly and heroically persevering and making no numbered sacrifices for her children's sake.

The gentleman was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, who, being in pursuit of a housekeeper, sought her out and offered her "his heart and hand" and a home. Her only remaining child having married, she accepted the offer, not in a mercenary spirit, nor to gain a home—for that she now had; but because the offer and the attention bestowed, had warmed her heart and recalled days of the past and feelings long buried. It was remarked by many of her acquaintances that she appeared ten years younger on the morning of her marriage, and she entered upon the duties of her new home with a cheerful and trusting spirit, her only thought being to aid and bless her husband in their march together down the hill of life, and merit the trust expressed in his choice.

I frequently visited them and found him "a good provider" and surrounded with many comforts. Though somewhat peculiar, I esteemed him as a good worthy man and an average husband. He was a member of the Congregational Church, and had family prayer, both night and morning, as well as grace before every meal. Therefore you can judge of my surprise to recently receive a letter from her, relating trials and hardships, hard to be borne by one who had sought affection and confidence.

Her husband has been in the habit of using opium for the past 30 years, and is often morose and gloomy for days together. He objects to her receiving calls or visiting any of her neighbors. Her habits and opinions have all to bend to suit his ways, etc. But these are trivial matters, as they are more or less to be expected in nearly every matrimonial venture. The "last straw" that induced her to write and reveal her hidden skeleton was the knowledge of the fact that, a week before his marriage with her, he had made a will leaving his property to his two sons, both of whom have reached years of maturity; one being a physician with a lucrative practice. She asks if this could deprive her of her dower, in case she should survive him, and she began to turn penniless on the world. She has no children by him, as he was very anxious "to get a woman past child-bearing," as he once expressed it.

Though her fear as to the power of the will to deprive her of all claims is erroneous, what a condition does it reveal! She has had the conviction slowly forced upon her that he married her from motives of "economy." He desired a housekeeper.

Dr. J. G. Holland tells us that the chief end of woman is marriage—to secure a home and protector; and that once attained, what more can she desire?

If she had entered his family as housekeeper with a stated remuneration, she would have had the name "house," and been far more independent, and better off to-day, than she is as wife and "mistress." But he was

too frugal a man for that. He knew that, by marriage, she would have all the work of a housekeeper to do and need only her board and clothes! And more than this, not only her time, but her person was his, his for life.

Was he an extraordinarily mean man? Not at all. How many husbands are there who are not called mean, who never furnish more than board and clothes to their wives? How many women are there who never have money that they can call their own, and even that for their "clothes" being obtained by stratagem?

This is by no means an exceptional case. If not revealed by herself in a letter, written only to solicit advice as to what duty demanded of her, I could never have learned it from her neighbors; for every woman has ways of her own for concealing her condition as an enviable one. Though in law a wife, she is not, in fact, a slave, bound by indissoluble ties to the man who selected her, from among her sex, to perform the work she has to do? A slave may seem a harsh term, but it is not a just one; and like other slaves, has she any redress, or any other outlet to her condition than the slave's *dernier resort*, to RUN AWAY?

DYER D. LUM.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF A NEGRO GIRL BY CHRISTIANS.

There is no end to human brutality, and it sometimes happens that men of wealth and position get a fit of this sort into their heads and hearts, and beat hollow the low roughs of the Five Points. Such a case has happened at Paterson, and the monster who is chief actor in the cowardly drama, is a wealthy store keeper. About eighteen months ago he and his wife engaged a bright-looking colored girl from the Colored Orphan Asylum in New York, as maid of all work in the house; and from the first moment of her entrance upon the new duties, these vile people began to ill-treat her systematically, never losing an opportunity to injure and degrade her; and when there was nothing that they could make a handle of, they invented something. In July they professed to have missed some money, and charged the girl with stealing it. She declared that she knew nothing about it, and to compel her to make a confession, will it be credited that this man and woman, in a civilized community, and calling themselves Christians, resorted to the cruel devices of the Inquisition, and put the poor girl to the torture!

First of all, they whipped her until nature could hold out no longer, and she fainted; then they hoisted her up on a strong cord, and having tied it to the poor creature's thumbs, they slung her to a beam on the ceiling of the garret, so that her feet barely touched the floor, and there left her to her agony, from 9 o'clock at night until 4 the next morning, when the man-monster went to his business. But this was velvet work compared with what followed. When the female monster awoke, she sought her mate, and they invented a new mode of torture. Like wild beasts that have tasted human blood, they were ravenous for more, and they put their utmost ingenuity to the stretch to punish her. They now tied a strap around her neck, and gradually drew it tighter and tighter, so as to choke her within an inch of her life, making their calculations as to how far they could go without killing her by the gradations of horrible fixedness in her bloodshot eyes.

But they could not get her to confess to a crime that she said she never committed, and which it is morally certain that she never did commit. Every time they asked her to "own up," and got the reply that she had nothing to own, they tightened the thumb-screws, and finally, by the aid of a little monster, belonging to the man-monster and his dam, they bound her hands behind her at the wrists, and hauled her once more up to the garret, rafter by means of the reins of an old harness, which they lashed around her waist.

In vain did the unhappy young girl cry aloud in her agony to be released, calling God to witness that she was innocent. Her cries were unheeded, and her obstinacy at last so infuriated the wild beasts, who had her in their den at the top of the house, that they measured their distance so as to get the exact spot where the lash would inflict the bloodiest wounds, and then with a "black rawhide," as she describes it, they took it in turn to mangle her poor body.

But the dreadful outrage was not yet complete. Malice and cruelty had not yet done their worst, and she was now told that she should remain there impaled between the floor and the roof, until she died or confessed.

One's blood runs over at the dreadful crime. There she hung, according to her own account, from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the week following—gagged, hand-bound, lashed to the waist, hungry and thirsty, and at the very point of death.

The man-monster now told his dam to feed the poor thing, not out of compassion for her sufferings, but for fear that she should die, and they be hung as her murderers. So they gave her a crust of bread, but refused to cut her down, and kept her there another week—fifteen days and nights in all—lashing her mercilessly every night before they went on their knees to family prayers.

Once she fainted, and when consciousness was restored the brutal man was kicking her to amuse himself and gratify his hatred of black flesh.

She had to sleep in agony caused by the whips and ropes that bound her, and in a standing position all those long, weary, cruel days.

At last she felt she could endure no more, and must die. So she confessed she had taken the money, but when asked what she had done with it, she said she did not know—she had never seen any money about the house at all.

Then to crown the fiendish transactions, these respectable people appeared at the bar of a Paterson Judge, and charged her with theft on her own confession, and she was imprisoned two weeks, after having suffered all that horrible and unheard of cruelty. The crimes of these guilty wretches, however, found them out at last. The grand jury heard the girl's story, and indicted her semi-murderers. Her person was examined, and her back was found to be cut literally in pieces. There were deep furrows where the lash had embedded itself and the wounds were festering and bloody. The warder of the jail said that the raw flesh was rolled up over her thumbs where the rope had been tied, and that she was cut all over with cruel wounds.

But what punishment was inflicted upon this wealthy Christian, for re-enacting one of the grossest and wickedest of the alleged Southern crimes? The man-monster was fined \$160, and his dam \$30. She was only a poor nigger girl!—N. Y. Commonwealth, October 4th.

ACTION OF THE OHIO ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

GENERAL STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

Spiritualism is the knowledge of everything pertaining to the spiritual nature of man, and as spirit is the moving force of the universe, in its widest scope it grasps the domain of nature. It embraces all that is known and all that ever can be known. It is cosmopolitan.

Those who believe that departed spirits communicate with man, however else they disagree, are Spiritualists; but only as they cultivate the noble faculties, and harmonize their lives, are they entitled to the name in its highest meaning.

There are certain fundamental principles on which all agree, as forming the basis of the Spiritual philosophy:

Man is a duality—a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding organs, and mental development.

This spiritual being is immortal.

Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally nor intellectually.

The spirit world holds the same relations to the spirit that the material world does to the physical man.

The spirit there, as here, works out its own salvation, receiving the reward of well doing, and suffering for wrongful actions.

There is never any arbitrary decree or final judgment, and no atonement for wrong except through the suffering of the guilty.

Salvation is only attainable through growth. The knowledge, attainment and experience, of the earth-life form the basis of the spirit life.

Growth is the endless destiny of individual spirits.

In the spirit world, as on earth, we receive all we are capable of receiving, all seeking congenial employments and gratifying their tastes.

Hell and heaven are not places, but conditions of mind. Inharmonious is hell, harmony heaven.

All spiritual beings were eliminated from physical bodies.

There are all grades, from the sage of ten thousand years to the idiot and infant.

They are often near those they love, and strive to waken, protect and influence them.

This influence may be for evil as well as for good.

Communications from spirits must thus be fallible, partaking of the nature of their source.

The spiritual communications of all ages emanate from this one source, and must be alike tried by the test of reason.

As love rules supreme in the spiritual as well as physical realm, there can be no miracle.

There can be nothing supernatural.

As all force emanates from spirit, spirit is the reality, and individualized spirit the highest type of creation. In this sense mankind become brethren, commencing and continuing their progress on the same plane of development. In this sense all men are divine, and are endowed with infinite capabilities.

Spiritualism encourages the loftiest spiritual aspirations, energizes the soul by presenting only exalted motives, prompts to highest endeavors, and inculcates noble self-reliance.

It frees man from the bondage of authority of book and creed. Its only authority is truth, its interpreter, reason.

It seeks for a whole and complete cultivation of man—physically, morally and intellectually.

It is an all-embracing eclecticism, receiving all that is good, and rejecting all that is bad.

As the departed take deep interest in the affairs of earth, they mingle in all the reforms of the day. The temperance movement, woman's rights, the high duties and responsibilities of parentage, abolition of all slavery, the thorough education of all, the establishment of universal peace, the promulgation of correct religious views in contradiction to prevailing errors, and all movements for the elevation and improvement of mankind, claim its attention.

It can have no creed. Every individual must be a law unto himself, and draft his own creed, but not seek to force such on others.

If Spiritualists organize, it is because organization is the best method to reach desirable results, and the means by which each receives the combined strength of all.

Such organization must be based on absolute personal freedom, and unquestioned right to individual opinion and action, so far as the rights of others remain inviolate. There must be agreement to differ.

It is not the aim of Spiritualism to build up an isolated sect, but to enter into and vivify, by its inspiring truth, all organizations, whether of church or state, and urge them forward.

RESOLUTIONS ON EDUCATION. Whereas, Freedom to expand the mind, in all directions, untrammelled by restraints of religious dogmas, is the birthright of every child; as parents we being responsible for the mental food we furnish; and the Children's Progressive Lyceum supplying the only school which children can attend where principles, not dogmas, are taught; in its plan being susceptible of infinite modification and improvement to suit the wants of all; and, especially, to cultivate individuality, and manliness of character;

Resolved, That we regard the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement as the most important and fundamental of any effort connected with Spiritualism; and that it should be cherished with the united energy of Spiritualists everywhere.

Resolved, That the question of woman's rights resolves itself into this plain statement: That the sphere of woman embraces all positions, occupations and professions, which she can fill with ability and success; and that all laws, customs and usages, which, in the slightest degree, impede her taking such positions, and following such occupations or professions, are opposed to the best interests of true and just government; that as an equal participant as governed, she should be an equal participant as governing.

Resolved, That a great reform is demanded in the method of treating criminals; that the demands of justice should not be satisfied with the simple protection of society, but require the education and reform of the criminal; that such reform should be the only passport from the place of confinement.

Resolved, That liberty is not license; that Spiritualism truly lived, tends to correct all excesses and abuses which relate to social life; that everything which recognizes what is commonly called "free-love" or "free-lust,"

we most emphatically repudiate; and we regard all assertions of the existing sympathy between it and Spiritualism, as gross calumnies.

Resolved, That while we fully appreciate the benefits of mediumship and spiritual influx, we nevertheless are not unmindful of the necessity of a thorough scientific education, and the fullest mental culture, for all those who become, or desire to become, exponents of the Spiritual philosophy.

Resolved, That we will aid, as far as possible, a practical system of general education, regardless of existing prejudices against race, sex or color.

Resolved, That we inflexibly oppose the reading of the so-called Word of God, and the making of oral prayers, in our common schools; that an entire change in the books now in use in the primary and other departments of learning, freeing them from every taint of sectarianism, is earnestly recommended.

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 upon which the new social structure must be reared.]

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

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

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

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive or, at least, only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no honied words, no 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 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's suffrage"—to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system inviolate as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its deformities and all its virtues—all its basest and its highest uses—all 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!—who fears? We need a flood; the fifth years Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on! What cannot stand had best be gone!

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—Massachusetts has 40,000 more women than men. What shall she do with them?

—A Minnesota couple have separated quietly, by mutual consent, after a wedded life of one week.

—A negro, who had attempted to outrage a white woman, was taken from the jail at Somerville, Tennessee, last week, and hung.

—Nineteen bills for divorce have been filed for the October term of the Circuit Court of Livingston county, Ill., to be held at Pontiac.

—A correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) Times thinks divorce should be made cheaper, so as to bring it within reach of the poor.

—Hilger, a man who outraged girls in Syracuse, N. Y., his own daughter entailing them to his room, has fled, it is supposed, to Liverpool.

—A "domestic infidelity" case has been decided in the Sandwich Islands. The false wife had her ears cut off, and the gay deceiver lost his fingers in the same way, by the executioner.

—Henry Toussy, convicted of having committed a gross outrage upon the person of Mrs. Prosser, in Calumet county, Wis., in September, 1888, has been sentenced to twenty years in the State Prison.

—The officers of justice, in different parts of the country, acting in concert, are about to make a "corner" for the unscrupulous lawyers who have, for years past, been reaping fortunes by obtaining divorces illegitimately.

—In Boston, the other day, a girl dashed a violin in a young man's face, and so cruelly destroyed his eyes he is now an inmate of an asylum for the blind because he refused to acknowledge himself the father of her illegitimate child.

—In Henry county, Kentucky, a few days ago, Joseph Huelscher threw a piece of old iron through a window, at his wife, when she instantly seized a shot-gun and shot him in the back, so that he is in a critical condition, but is nursed by his dangerous companion.

—The wife of a saloon keeper in Quincy, Ill., lately attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but failed in consequence of the dose not being large enough. She was acting as bartender in her husband's saloon, and the insults which she was subject to in that position caused her to commit the act.

—A divorce is related as having taken place in Missouri. The parties were aged, respectively ninety-four and eighty-seven years, and had lived together seventy years. There was no particular cause for the divorce, but they divided the property between them and went their separate ways, without applying to the courts.

—A Frenchman named Bonsart, of West Hoboken, quarreled with his wife on a ferryboat, and then threw himself overboard. When he found that he stood an excellent chance of drowning, he shouted lustily for help, and was rescued from his perilous position. The woman looked on complacently while he was struggling in the water.

—George B. Emerson, alias Carten, a mechanic in Holyoke, Mass., has four wives living—one in Maine, another in New Hampshire, a third in Iowa, and a fourth in Michigan. The woman he married in Michigan—his last acquisition—lived with him till quite recently, when she discovered his true character, and returned to her home in Michigan. Emerson, who is a native of New Hampshire, and about forty years of age, has since left for parts unknown.

—The movement in favor of woman's suffrage has reached a more advanced state in England than in this country. Women now have the privilege of voting in municipal affairs, and there are already between two and three thousand female voters on the municipal register at Leicester, the total number on the roll being only about sixteen thousand. There is a strong woman's rights party in Leicester, and the new voters are forming associations so as to make the most of their lately acquired privilege.

—About a year ago a quiet, inoffensive plasterer established himself in La Crosse, Wis. He brought with him a charmingly looking "wife." But a few months ago this happy couple were visited by a daughter, young and pretty. A few weeks passed away, and the husband of the latter lady, came in quest of his fair wife, whom he supposed visited her parents, but found that his wife, the daughter, had married a man married with her father. And now it comes to light that the first pair, that appeared, were elopers, each having a partner and children in Clinton, Iowa, and that the younger woman is a daughter of the elder one.—La Crosse, Wis., Democrat.

—In the month of June last, at Portland, Me., by reason of one Parker's affection for a Mrs. Baker, the jealousy of Mrs. P. was roused to such an extent that, on a certain occasion, encountering the guilty couple at their private place, she went through the *triste* formality of firing a bullet through Mrs. Baker's body. The unfortunate lady died shortly afterward, and her ex-husband was committed to the Portland jail to await her trial for murder. In due time a body of twelve assembled at the Court House, heard the story of Parker's infidelity and Mrs. P.'s wrongs, listened to the eloquent speeches of counsel, nodded half asleep over the judge's charge, retired to the jury room, and came back at a quick step to say that the prisoner was not guilty.

—Cincinnati papers say that a singular petition was recently filed in the Clerk's office of Hamilton County. A young girl, who says she is 17 years of age, brings suit against a woman and her husband, who keep a house of bad fame in Cincinnati, seeking to recover from them damages in the sum of \$5,0

Splendid Offers

TO
LECTURERS AND OTHERSFOR
PROCURING SUBSCRIBERS

The Universe!

How to Procure Watches, Books, Sewing Machines, Works of Art, Silver and Plated Ware, Gold Pens, etc., etc., at Little Outlay of Time and Influence!

No Flash Goods—Articles of Substantial Value—Warranted as Represented!

We believe in paying handsomely those who can give their time in aiding to extend the circulation of a paper. Of course it is a good work—that of introducing good papers where they have not before been taken. But in addition to the satisfaction of thus doing good, it is right that one should be compensated. Many wonder how we can give such seemingly extravagant premiums. By contracting for large amounts, we are enabled to buy in some cases even at less than wholesale prices, and often pay a part of that in advertising, and we arrange our offers according to what the articles cost us; hence, we often give premiums nearly equal in value to the whole amount we receive for the subscriptions. There is no deception—the premiums offered are the best of their kind—exactly what they are represented, and are rated at their actual retail prices in Chicago, which are often lower than the same are sold elsewhere, in distant places by smaller dealers.

It will be seen that premiums are given for clubs of all sizes, so none work or 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 are 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 papers. 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, for instance, or one-half the number required, you will be entitled to three-fourths or one-half your premium, and can have it by paying the other 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.

Grover and Baker Sewing Machines.

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: Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch. Perfection and Simplicity of Machinery. Using both Threads Directly from the Spools. No fastening of Seams by Hand, and No Waste of Thread. Wide range of Application, without Change of Adjustment. The Seam retains its Beauty and Firmness after Washing and Ironing. Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Sewing Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and Ornamental Work.

The Grover & Baker Machines are deservedly popular throughout the world, as the best adapted to all family uses. The cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker at the Paris World's Exposition, 1889. The company manufacture a Shuttle or Lock-Stitch Machine, also, and those who do not like the Elastic stitch can have that instead.

Gold and Silver Watches.

We offer a number of styles of Watches, from which the wants of any one may be suited, including the National (or Elgin), the American (or Waltham), and Imported (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, in 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 us 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.

Prang's Chromo-Lithographs.

These are the finest and most popular articles in the art line, next to oil painting. 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:

Cherries and Basket—From V. Granberg; a very fine picture..... \$7.00
Strawberries and Basket—A companion to the above and equally beautiful..... 7.40
Early Autumn on Esopus Creek—A fine landscape from a painting by A. T. Blich..... 6.00
Late Autumn in the White Mountains—A companion to the above, by the same artist..... 6.00
Group of Children—A copy of an oil painting by A. F. Tait..... 5.00
Group of the above, from the same artist..... 5.00
Group of the above—A companion to the above, one of the most attractive of Mr. Tait's works..... 5.00
The Poultry Yard—After an oil painting by H. Lemmens, the celebrated French town painter; one of his best creations..... 5.00
Under the Apple Tree—A companion picture to the above, by the same artist..... 5.00
Poultry Life A/ Companion picture in miniature Poultry Life B/ Picture, from E. Lemmens. Price per pair..... 4.50

These are of similar execution to the full chromos, but worked with a less number of colors, and are, none the less, quite their equal in finish and richness. Morning—A superb cattle piece, after Rosa Bonheur's Morning in the Highlands..... 45.00
Evening—A companion to the above, after Rosa Bonheur's "Bonnie's Briton"..... 5.00
The Twins—A picture of a sheep and her two lambs, resting on a hillside..... 2.00
Scottish Terrier and Puppies—A fine life-like picture..... 2.00
Apple Blossom—A companion to the above..... 1.00

Piquette Pens, of which C. H. Dunks, 157 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, is the manufacturer for the United States. The pens that we are sending out are all of the first and best quality, diamond pointed, of 18 carats fine gold, and are warranted one year. If not of the style we offer, any person may be suited. It should be stated as nearly as possible what kind of pen, whether stiff or otherwise, is wanted. Each pen will have a beautiful holder and box.

Webster's Dictionaries.

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 ninety-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 \$8 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 are first-class, as sold by J. G. LANGUTH, 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. The Old Testament, or Chronology of the celebrated painting, "Mamma in Heaven," is a beautiful picture.

The *Universal Clothes Wringer* is the most popular and largely sold wringer manufactured. It is durable, having cog-wheels, and is fully warranted.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC INSTITUTE.

153 S. Clark St., Rooms 5 and 6, Chicago, Ill.

From twenty years' practice, is enabled to cure diseases and injuries, of recent or long standing, in a short time, without pain or drugs, by means of the scientific application of *Electricity, Medicine and Galvanic Bath, and Static Electricity*. Consultation and Electrolytic Examinations, at the Office, Free, by letter, \$2.00. Medical Electricity taught. 139

WHAT ANSWER?

BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.

"It is one of the books which belong to the class of deeds not words."—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"The book is alive with noble thoughts and generous feeling."—Lydia Maria Child.

"God bless Anna Dickinson for this beautiful and effective testimony against the infernal spirit of caste."—Gerrit Smith.

"Pervaded by a sublime sympathy with the oppressed, and by a high and beneficent purpose."—Fred Douglass.

Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price, \$1.50.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison St., Chicago.

* For \$5.00 sent by any person, for this Universe (for two yearly or ten trial subscriptions), we will forward, postage paid, a copy of either "Dawn," Mrs. Corbin's "Rebecca," or Anna Dickinson's "What Answer?" as a premium.

H. N. F. LEWIS, 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

A NEW BOOK JUST FROM THE PRESS.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison St., Chicago.

THE SEEDS OF A PHYSICIAN;

OR,

The Seeds and Fruits of Crime."

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

A wonderfully interesting book. Society is un-
dermined. Individual miseries and the great crimes
caused by circumstances are brought to light. Mr.
Davis has, after twenty years, fulfilled his promise.
(See his sketch of a night visit to a Cave on Long
Island, detailed in "The Texas Lure").

In this volume the reader is introduced to distinguish-
ing men and noted women in New Orleans, Cuba,
Paris, and New York. The startling trials and
tragic events of their lives are truthfully recorded.

This book is as attractive as the most thrilling ro-
mance, and yet it explains the prevailing crime of
theft, murder, suicide, feuds, infanticide, and
the other nameless evils which afflict society and
alarm the friends of humanity. It is, therefore,
a good book for everybody. It will have a very
extensive sale.

Price \$1.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

JUST ISSUED.

SEERS OF THE AGES:

Ancient, Mediæval and Modern

SPIRITUALISM.

A BOOK OF

Great Research.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

This volume, of nearly 400 pages, traces the
phenomena of SPIRITUALISM through India,
Egypt, Persia, Syria, Parthia, Greece, Rome, down
to Christ's time.

TREATING OF THE MYSTIC JESUS,
TREATING OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS,
TREATING OF THE NATURAL JESUS.

How begotten? Where was he from twelve to
thirty? Was he an Essene?

Mediæval Spiritualism.

Gymnosophists, Hierophants, Magicians, Pro-
phets, Apostles, Seers, Sib. is, etc., Spiritual Medi-
ums; Their Persecutions by the Christian Church,
and frequent Martyrdom.

Modern Spiritualism.

The Wave commencing in Rochester; Its Present
Condition; Address from the President in its Favor;
Testimonies of the Poets; Testimonies of its Truth
from the Clergy; Beecher, Chapin, Heworth, etc.

Its Doctrines Systematized.

What Spiritualists believe concerning
GOD, JESUS CHRIST, THE HOLY GHOST,
BAPTISM, FAITH, REPENTANCE,
HEAVEN.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS,
JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT,
SALVATION, PROGRESSION,
THE SPIRIT WORLD,
THE NATURE OF LOVE,
THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY
OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

It is dedicated to ARNOLD NITE, a spirit, with Horo-
scope, by Rev. J. O. BARRETT.

Bound in beveled boards. Price, \$2.00—sent post-
paid on receipt of \$2.00.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO., 113 Madison Street, Chicago.

HELL, EVIL SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PUNISHMENT, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

NATIONAL BOOK AND NEWS CO.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

(UNIVERSE OFFICE.)

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

113 Madison St., Chicago.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 16, 1899.

Written for The Universe.
ASPIRATIONS.

BY H. M. RICHARDS.

These are gifts my soul doth ask:
Strength for each allotted task;
Power to work for others' good—
Helping all Earth's brotherhood.

Not the dreamer's work unmeaning;
Not as one the evil screening;
But, with life of earnest labor,
Working well for self and neighbor;
Loving God as found in man—
Doing for him all I can;
Losing self in others' needs;
All my thoughts outwrought in deeds.

Recognizing, while on earth,
Spirits of the higher birth,
They who come with helping hand,
Guiding toward the better land.

One best gift I yet desire,
Sweet submission to my Sire;
This, in hours of darkest grief,
Only brings the soul relief;

This can give us strength and power;
This can cheer the saddest hour;
Till through clouds of Earth's dark even,
We, at last, find rest in Heaven.

Chicago, Ill.

"DRIFT."

Washed ashore!

There was a crowd on the beach that morning. A sullen sun struggle through the gray clouds, and looked down upon the scene—a frail spar or two floated out to sea—a dismantled hulk tossed in the distance on the still heaving billows, the debris of a wreck.

On the beach the wan sunlight fell upon a ghastly spectacle. From the sand and seaweed where they lay, dead faces looked up, cold and white—eyes whose light of life had gone out last night when the fierce tongues of flame had lit up the strife and torment of sea and air—eyes whose last of earth had been that dissolved view of flame and wreck, and boiling waters.

"Here, Steve, lend a hand."

"Och, it's dead she is entirely. Look till this boy, an' there's breath—life in him. Where's the whisky? Sure an' it'll call back the life if it's within hearin'."

"Here's Charlie. Make way for Doctor Charlie," some of the men called out, with that fondness in the tone which denoted a general favorite.

A young man with a grave and eager face drew near. The east wind raised brown curls from off a brow white and smooth as a child's. The eyes, brown and fearless, seemed to look far into the depths of being, to scan motives, to read the strange hieroglyphics of the human heart. None of those rough men would have lied to Doctor Charlie; but they would never owned to it was because they feared him, but because they loved him.

He stopped by the body of a young woman. "Och, an' she'll never draw breath again," one said.

But Dr. Charlie was not so sure. He held a hand, white and cold as marble, for a moment in his own; he looked at the rigid face, where the yellow hair, glittering like sunshine in the dun, chill day, was washed back, and fell in tangled masses, in which the seaweed clung.

A fair face, full of some pathetic history, that seemed written in every line—a white, calm face, which seemed never to have found peace before. Would it be a mercy to break that awful calm with the jar of earth again? Dr. Charlie did not pause; he set the men at work in every direction; he ordered restoratives; he prescribed various remedies; he put the men to various tasks in the way of rubbing with spirits. But this woman, the only woman saved, for he had detected a faint sign of life—what should be done with her?

"She must be taken to the nearest house, that is a ; and they must take her in," decided Dr. Charlie.

The nearest house was a neat, little, white box, with a bit of a garden in front, and tiny walks, bordered with whitewashed oyster-shells. All was prim and precise as the mistress, who stood shading her eyes with a thin hand as the men bore the ghastly burden to the gate.

Dr. Charlie opened it without pause.

"I counted on your humanity, Miss Hepsy," he said. "If this poor girl's life's to be saved, there's no time to be lost."

Miss Hepsy looked at the white, fixed face, the closed eyes, with the dim, purple shadows beneath, the marble hands folded on the breast, as if death had fixed them there their act of an eternal prayer.

"Poor creature!" she said; "she's seen heaps of trouble, I'll be bound; but she looks as if it was all over now. Come in, come in. I suppose, as it's a matter of life and death, I can't ask you to wipe yer feet on the mat. Lor' bless me! such a passle of dirty boots never walked into my house in my life. Orful dirty men folks are, to be sure!"

But Miss Hepsy, though she longed intensely to wash out the mud tracks at once, controlled her desires and made herself useful. With a sigh of relief, she saw the men go out, leaving Dr. Charlie and herself with the still insensible girl. They chafed her hand, and forced brandy between her lips.

"Why, bless us, she's married!" cried Miss Hepsy, holding up the right hand, where a thin thread of a gold ring glittered. "The poor young thing! One heart will be sore after her."

"Oh, we'll save her," said Dr. Earnshaw. "There is more flexibility now, and a feeble pulse."

Even as he spoke, he had a strange sensation about this girl—as if he were somehow controlling her fate, and bringing her back to a world of sorrow. If those white lips could speak, might they not say, "Let me go—let me glide out of all the ills of life into the great peace of death!" Perhaps the untraveled glooms and avenues of death might be sweeter to this weary soul than any path of life, and yet he was forcing her back into earth's thorny ways. It seemed but a vague

speculation. Yet this woman appealed to his inmost sympathies as one who had come through great tribulation.

A warmer thing began to hover over the white face. He saw a faint tremble in the golden curve of the eyelids—a pale rose-tint touched the lips.

Miss Hepsy had wound up the damp yellow hair into a great coil that seemed like a glittering crown. What a rare and lovely face it was, with the beauty of a lily in the sun!

"I declare if she don't look like one of them 'ere sculp'ed saints," said Miss Hepsy, admiringly. "She's too poaty to be thrown about on beaches like an old chip."

Miss Hepsy talked as if the storm and waves should have had respect for looks in their wild frolics, an idea which made Dr. Earnshaw smile.

"We'll have her all right in no time," he said, "and as pretty as ever, in spite of the liberties of the waves, with your good nursing, Miss Hepsy," and he bowed.

"I do hate mortally to be messing over sick vittles, to be sure," said Miss Hepsy; "but—"

"A work of mercy," suggested Dr. Charlie; "and for the expense I'll be responsible."

So the maiden lady's mind was set at rest, and she went down stairs at once to concoct something stimulating and nourishing for the invalid.

Dr. Earnshaw remained alone, watching the strange mysterious process of returning animation.

Where had the life gone that was now by slow and subtle changes coming back to this beautiful casket? Where had it found an abiding place—to what far realms of earth or air?

A stir—a convulsive thrill—a broken exclamation disturbed his thoughts. With strange spasmodic strength the girl raised her head, and reached out her hands. The blue eyes, dark with pain and dilated with terror, fixed themselves on Dr. Charlie's face.

"Where—where is it?" she cried.

Dr. Earnshaw touched her brow with the caressing touch we give to a child we love.

"My poor girl," he asked, "what is it?" She looked at him with a strange terror, and a strong shudder convulsed her frame. Some half-uttered word died on the lips, which faded once more to their ashen hue. The faint rose-tint flitted away from cheek and lip again, and she fell back on the bed in a dead swoon.

"Ah, all my work to do over again," said Dr. Charlie, with a sigh, as he plied her patiently with more restoratives. "I think I was right about the poor girl. Life has not been all sunshine and roses to her. No wonder she is not in a hurry to come back to it."

But she did come back to it in time. She took up the burden, whatever it was, at last. Not in the old way, but quietly, and with a deep sigh, she opened her eyes. She did not say one word.

"Now I will leave her to you, Miss Hepsy," Dr. Earnshaw said. "With feeding up she'll get on. Don't let her talk much yet awhile."

"Lor' bless ye, doctor!" said Miss Hepsy, bustling about with her bowl of gruel, "why should I want her to talk? I hain't the least curiosity in the world. It would be all one to me if she was deaf and dumb, for as prying an' finny" out was concerned; not as I'd wish her afflicted, poor thing! Now, some folks would."

"I know; it's all right," said the doctor. "I'll call in the morning. I must see to the others."

The girl's eyes followed him wistfully as he passed out of the room. Some unspoken question seemed to hover on her lips.

"Speak out, if you feel it would ease your mind," Miss Hepsy said, aching to know all about her strange guest.

"Thank you. I will sleep if you please," and the wistful eyes closed wearily. But Miss Hepsy saw a slight shudder, and heard the word "others" repeated.

"I reckon she's in a bad way about somebody on that 'ere boat," Miss Hepsy decided; "but if she won't speak out free, I can't help her. Should think she would nigh about bust up with the thinking she keeps up, without opening them lips."

For the patient literally obeyed the doctor's orders, and kept quiet all day, swallowing all that was offered with a low "Thank you," and then turning wearily to the wall, as if he never cared to look at anything in the world again. But life and color and strength came back as if she had prayed for them all, instead of lying there in such stony indifference.

"Oh, yes; she's well enough," Miss Hepsy replied to the doctor's inquiry at the door in the morning; "and I reckon you won't find her wuss for talkin'. Why, she hasn't propounded a single question to me, but takes it all as natural—bein' here as if I'd raised her. Now that ain't in natur—not as I take it."

"Well, she's very weak," Dr. Charlie began.

"Oh fiddlesticks," Miss Hepsy said, with an indignant sniff; "if I should wake up in heaven some mornin', do you think I'd make no remarks, but make out I'd been an angel all my life? It's my opinion."

"Don't form a hasty opinion, my dear madame. We'll know in time," interrupted Dr. Earnshaw; "and, of course as she's an inmate of your house, I shall feel bound to tell you what I find out."

This was said in a low and confidential tone, that mollified the lady considerably. The smile that illumined her thin face was like a ray of bleak wintry sunshine, and she went up before the doctor with some alacrity.

"My dear," she said, throwing open the door, "I don't know whether you'll recognize him ag'in, but here's the gentleman who saved your life, by the blessing of God."

The young girl raised a pair of sad eyes to Dr. Charlie's face, and seeming to find it pleasant to look at him, did not turn away. A faint color came to her cheek as he took her hand.

"What! sitting up already," he said cheerily. "This speedy recovery is a great compliment to my skill!"

She appeared weak enough, though, bolstered up in an old crimson-stuffed chair, her delicate face looking like a clear-cut white cameo against it. Miss Hepsy had done best with blue merino dress, but it looked old and worn, with carefully darned places here and there.

"I must get well. I have no time to be sick."

"No time! Ah, we all take time for that; and last night you were very near death. It takes time to come back from that."

"I wish to God I had died!" exclaimed the girl with a violence that made Dr. E. start and drop her hand. He was glad Miss Hepsy had gone out of the room.

But by a great effort the girl calmed herself. She looked like a girl in spite of the glittering thread of gold on her finger, which proclaimed her a married woman.

"Excuse me, Dr.; you have been very

kind to me—you ment it for kindness; but never mind, tell me about the others?"

"You had better not talk of those terrible scenes yet," Dr. Charlie said calmly; the mere memory of such a shock is enough to unsettle you."

"You must tell me—I shall not get well if you don't," she said nervously, and Dr. Charlie thought she was anxious about her husband.

"Was any one dear to you on board?" he asked.

A strange look flitted across the beautiful face.

"My husband was there."

Ah! here was a new task for the poor doctor. How could he break the terrible news to this poor young wife? He knew that not one of your four men saved could be her husband; he had seen them all that morning, and knew all about them.

"What was his name?"

"Never mind; don't ask me yet; but tell me how soon I shall be able to move. I have no money. I can never pay this good woman for her care. I cannot afford to rest. How soon can I go?"

Doctor Charlie felt such an infinite pity overcome him as he looked at the frail creature lying in the chair that he could hardly speak.

"You must not talk of moving," he said; "it would be death. When you are able—I— you saw, I suppose"—with extreme hesitation.

"Oh, yes; but I must get away from here," the young girl said in a nervous way, clasping her thin white hand together with a sort of repression of inward pain which the gentleman felt with a thrill of sympathy.

"Promise me to be content one week, and we will see," said Dr. Charlie, and he hoped much from that week.

At the end of it, Dr. Charlie came in with his usual cheery laugh.

"Well, Miss Hepsy," he cried out, "all my patients from the wreck are off my hands but this one. I saw the last fellow off with his mother just now. Oh, how she hung around his neck and thanked me!"

"Did they all go off with friends?" said a low voice from the window, and the doctor thought it must be as a death knell to her hopes when he said:

"Yes."

Miss Hepsy bustled down to get tea, and the doctor sat silently waiting to think of some word of comfort, but the woman broke the silence:

"I know what you are thinking about," she said; but you are mistaken. I am glad—glad!"

Then the doctor was too much surprised to speak.

"Perhaps you have never heard, in this favored country, of husbands who are brutes," she went on, rapidly—"man-cowards, who vent every malignant feeling, every disappointment on the poor woman whom the law has given them. Talk of slavery as the English do—there are no worse slaves than most of the wives of their working men. I know—I have endured it for two years. Ah, it is over—I am free!"

"But," said Dr. Charlie, still hesitating, "excuse me—you do not speak like the wife of a working man—your language?"

"I will tell you all. You have been kind to me," said the poor creature, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes glittering with excitement. "I shall feel better to talk to some one. I have had some education, but I've always been miserably poor. The first I can recollect is living in one of those tenement houses in London—in a stu y, close room, where we cooked and slept. My mothersewed half the night; but she taught me. She had seen better days, but had run away to marry a dissipated and improvident man. She was a widow, and her friends had cast her off. I remember one dreadful November day, when a kind of sleety rain was falling. We had no fire, and the sharp wind crept through every crack and pinched us with the cold. I think my mother must have been in a despairing mood for days, but it had made no great impression on my childish mind. I stood at the window drearily looking out at the puddles of slush and water that made dirty dimples in them now and then. Oh, how it all comes back to me to-day! My mother came toward me."

"Here, Nell," she said, 'put this shawl about you, for you look nigh clemmed with cold.'"

"And what will you do, mother?" I asked, for she was taking the shawl from about her own shoulders.

"Oh, I'm warm enough," she answered. "I feel as if I had fire in my veins; besides, I'm going to drink this, and I'll never feel cold again."

"She was dropping some dark stuff out of a vial when she said this, and I cried out:—"

"Give me some, too, mother, of the wonderful stuff."

"But she smiled—oh, such a bitter smile! I felt, child as I was, that something was wrong, and I watched her, half afraid, as she sat silent for a time with her head on her hand. Then I heard her say:

"Poor little Nell! Poor little Nell!"

"She often said such pitying words, but something in the tone then seemed to stir my heart. I ran over to her and leaned my head on her knee. She looked sick and white."

"You've got an aunt, child," she muttered. "Well, I don't care," I answered; "I don't want her."

"But you will want her, dear, and—I think—she'll forgive you then—when I'm gone—people can't be angry with the dead—I believe—and she's very comfortable—you'll be better off."

"Then I noticed the change in my mother's face—the strange, convulsed new face that seemed to have taken the place of the old familiar one, and my childish screams of grief and terror brought in a crowd. But I make my story too long. She was dead!—dead by her own hand! The dark drops were laudanum. Don't think she was a sinner," cried the poor girl, fiercely, turning on the doctor—"don't judge her."

"I will not, I assure you. God forbid," said Dr. Charlie. "Do not go on—"

"I will make the rest short," she said. "I went to my aunt's—a grim, iron-gray old maid. She had once been on the eve of being married, and had even her wedding dress made, when the gentleman found his courage fail, and left for parts unknown. Her fierceness against the other sex amounted almost to insanity. 'No followers, girl,' she said, sternly, when I first went to her. I was only twelve, and didn't understand what she meant, but as I grew older she made the matter plain in many a tirade and lecture. I had a miserable life of it, but even so I should not have left it for"—here the voice stopped for a moment—"Oh, let me get over it," she went on impatiently; "I had to work hard enough, but I had enough to eat, and I ought to have been happy—with some scorn in the tones). 'One day I happened to be caught in the rain. A young man who—well, who had expressed some admiration for me, overtook me and held an umbrella over me to my aunt's door. I had never specially cared

for Jim Bates—a beetle-browed, black-haired fellow, with a awful gloomy eyes; but he seemed very good-natured, and I could not refuse the shelter of his umbrella in a pelting storm."

"Oh, how long I'm making this! My aunt met me with a scathing look."

"Turn about—tramp!" she screamed; 'Is this the head of all I've done for you?' and she went on in the most fearful way, raving like a delirious person."

"So she turned me out—out into the fearful storm, and I had not a friend."

The doctor exclaimed, "Poor child!" and he never once looked at his watch, or thought of his other patients.

"But the young man, Jim Bates was not far off. He soon came back. He had offered himself to me once before, and he did so again at once, with the rain dripping down on him, and making rivulets in his black hair. I was reckless. I said 'Yes,' then, though I had said 'No,' before, and he took me to his mother's. As soon as it could be arranged, we were married. Then began for me a hell upon earth. Passionate, stupid, obstinate, cruel—I need not go on. We set sail for this country, where we hoped to get work. The storm came. I welcomed it as an angel from God, sent to bring me deliverance. Don't shudder or hate me when I tell you that I sprang first into the seething waves. I wanted no life-preserver; I rushed into their friendly, cool arms. You—you brought me back. How could you atone for that if you had not brought me the good tidings that my tyrant is gone?"

And poor Nell leaned back wearily in her chair, tired, but with something of the old pain gone from her pale face. Her pathetic eyes seemed still asking for all she had missed in life—true happiness, true love—but her lips were silent. The next moment it was all within her grasp. Dr. Charlie felt a great tide of pity and love pour into his heart. All his prudence was swamped by that flood. The beautiful face before him shone like one of Raphael's Madonnas; rosy white it gleamed against the old crimson chair.

"Let me save you from the storms of life from this time," he said, leaning down; and putting his hand softly on the golden hair.

Nell looked at him with wide blue eyes. It was an odd time for a proposal—just after announcing the death of one husband. But Dr. Charlie had never thought of her as a married woman: she was to him a fair, young girl, a waif cast upon the sea-waves for him—his own—his ocean treasure—he had saved her.

Nell looked at his frank, earnest face, and shivered a little beneath the fervent glance.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "find some fresher matter; mine has gone through so much! I think I can never feel again!"

But Dr. Charlie thought no other heart would do as well; and when Miss Hepsy came up to the door—not to listen, of course, she scorned the action, but to see if anything were needed—she heard, quite accidentally, these words:

"Oh, no; not more than six months!"

And the patient's voice softly said:

"Six months at least, doctor!"

"Well, that's mighty queer," Miss Hepsy reflected. "I wonder if he's talking about his bill? But that ain't a bit like Dr. Charlie, to be insistin' on his money."

So Nellie Bates stayed in the little seacoast town, and found work to do. Indeed, Dr. Charlie had handkerchiefs innumerable to him, enough to have supplied a whole tribe of Kickapoos, if savages had ever been prejudiced by education in favor of such articles.

Miss Hepsy grew more friendly, for Nellie was a charming little person, and in the sunshine of happiness grew so bright that she seemed like a sunbeam herself. Still, there were many curious comments on the day of the wedding, especially by disappointed young ladies who had sat their caps for Dr. Charlie.

"The artful baggage," one said; "do you know, they say she is a widow?"

"With old Weller, I say, 'beware of widows,' for her companion replied."

"Sakes alive! how does he know that her husband is really dead?" Miss Hepsy whispered, in confidence, to a friend; "would be mighty inconvenient to have his comin' back after awhile, 'cos it ain't likely he'd have as good manners as that Enoch Arden fellow, who jest went off an' died sensibly in the nick of time without sayin' nothin' to nobody."

But Dr. Earnshaw had not taken the serious step of marriage without making many inquiries, and settling the matter to his own satisfaction. He felt a happiness that makes the heart afraid; still he trembled at some unseen shadow; he felt an unreality about it all, as if he were the victim of a strange dream. Yet, there, at his fireside and table, sat the beautiful woman he called his wife, growing dearer to him day by day. At last, when baby lips crowed a welcome to him on his return from weary rides, and dimpled baby hands were stretched out to greet him, he felt almost as if earth had no more bliss to give.

And to Nellie Earnshaw this new life was as if the gates of Paradise had opened for her—as if she had died in the stormy waves of ocean on that tempestuous night and awakened in heaven. She sung about the house like a bird; she bloomed into new beauty like a transplanted flower.

One night—a night of storm and darkness—she was listening for her husband's step; baby Charlie was asleep in his crib; the lamplight kindled up faint gold gleams on the little rings of flossy hair that lay on his white forehead. How cozy and comfortable all looked!—the bright fire, the warm curtains, the pictures on the wall, while the rain beat against the window, and the wind whistled outside.

Nellie sat thinking of the hard and cruel past, and how God had lifted her out of it to a pleasurable home, and given her a goodly heritage. Oh, the bitter, ping ing, cruel time! What a dream it seemed to her now!

She went down to see that the supper-table looked bright—Dr. Charlie must have a cup of hot coffee after his ride. The girl stood at the door, where a course looking man was inquiring for the doctor.

"He is out," said the girl.

Mrs. Earnshaw's face had grown suddenly like the face of a corpse.

The man stepped boldly forward.

"The mistress will do as well. I'll speak to her."

The girl was going to expostulate, but Mrs. Earnshaw came forward.

"I will see the man, Jane," she said in a low voice. "He can leave his message with me."

And the man shot a fiery glance at her from beneath his black brows, but walked quietly enough into the doctor's office.

Once in and the door shut, he turned fiercely upon her with an oath:

"Faith you carry it off bravely, my girl, and you open to the charge of bigamy."

"I believed you dead, Jim—as God is in heaven I did!" cried Nellie, too faint and sick to speak.

And duce glad you were to believe it, and short mourning you made," the man

said, coming up to her with a threatening gesture, which brought back—oh, so vividly—all the dreadful past. "I thought you were at the bottom, too, or I'd hunted you up long ago; but I was faithful to your memory,"—(with a sneer.)

The man had been drinking; his horrible hot breath seemed to sicken her. Poor Nellie! all the refinement of the present only made the past seem more intolerable. She loathed him with dread unutterable.

"Oh, here's an affectionate welcome after two years' absence. Come, pack up! I want you now. I've let that blasted doctor have you long enough. You can't keep house for him any more. Pack up everything, and all the spare money you can find! You ought to have wages, you know."

Was the solid earth slipping away beneath her feet? Was a thick curtain of darkness let down over all the world? Poor Nellie grasped the arm of the chair to steady herself, for all seemed reeling around her. She felt as if death itself had grasped her heart with an icy hand, and she hoped it might be so. Oh, if life could indeed go now before she must go back to that horrible existence and leave all she loved behind!

But death did not come. She felt life throbbing again tremulously in her veins; she felt a ringing in her ears, as if all the bells of churches far away were tolling for her dead hopes. She faltered:

"What do you ask, Jim? You don't want me—I am a burden—you have often said it—let me be in peace."

"Well, this is virtue! this is my sainted Nell! And you'd live that way, would you, you baggage?" and he swore a terrible oath. Come, my principles won't allow it. I ain't sunk so low yet. You thought I was dead! You wanted to think so, I dare say; if you believed it, the affair isn't so bad as it might be; but if you bought me off now and stayed, do you know what you'd be, my girl?"

Poor Nellie shuddered, weakly. She felt the truth; but right and wrong were strangely confused in her mind. To go back to squalor, misery and blows with this brute, could not seem right; to stay where all her best hopes, her love, her darling, with his fond eyes looking down at her, his white forehead, and his brown curls, that she knew by heart. Oh, if she could only spring to the arms and die there!

And her baby—her Prince Charlie—she could not speak of him. She trembled lest his baby-cry should reach the ear of her companion, and awaken a torrent of coarse invective and blasphemy. She could not leave him—she would not. She would fly to the ends of the earth, and hide in its most forsaken spots first—she would work for him till she dropped dead first.

This was the first gleam of hope—a pale, wan hope that entered the poor woman's mind. She could not stay where she was. This fierce, gloomy-eyed man could claim her, body and soul—was so nominated in the bond—but she would elude him, and find at least peace, if not happiness, in some obscure corner of the world!

The rain beat down sullenly now, and a wild wind shook the tree-tops. Mrs. Earnshaw trembled at the sounds. If the doctor came now—oh, how would the parting be!

"Where are you staying, Jim?" she asked.

"At the Cottage Hotel; rather low, eh? Well, I like it low. I'm low myself."

"I'll meet you there."

"No, you don't. I'll keep an eye on you, my lady."

"Can't you trust me, Jim?" poor Nellie said, quaking with fear. "You know I can stay here. If I don't meet you at tea, come here in the morning. I give you leave. Come and claim me then. I only want to do things quietly. I expect Dr. Earnshaw every minute, and then what an awful scene! I can't bear it. You must go now. I must have some time to myself."

"To pack up, eh? Oh, very well—I'm agreeable. Pack up a good deal; I'll allow every convenience for that 'ere operation. I think I've got you sure enough, for the law's on my side," and the big burly fellow staggered to his feet with a parting oath, by way of benediction.

Poor Nellie did not stop longer. She rushed up-stairs, and began putting her things together with frantic haste. Prince Charlie woke and began to watch his mother with laughing blue eyes, as if all her movements were part of a play, enacted for his benefit.

Should she write a line to explain? No; there was no time for that. She could send a few lines from the next stopping-place. Oh, how desolate her darling would be when he came to his lonely home that night—wife and child both gone!

She took up an old photograph, and kissed it again and again. In all her frantic hurry she took time for that. She looked round the pretty room full of beautiful tokens of his love with frenzied eyes—so pure and fresh it was—a lily of a room. She thought of the bare, cold places that must soon be her home—the