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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

"All things are engaged in writing their own history. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For The Spiritual Republic.

### The Better Way.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

When trouble came to my childish heart  
I prayed that the grave would take me,  
And fold me in from the world apart  
Where never a war could wake me.  
That was the cry of a foolish child  
Stung by the bees in the roses,  
A child who dreamed that our sorrows wild  
Die too when the grave uncloses.

But now I know 'tis a coward's part  
To mourn when a sorrow biteth:  
Better be up with a valiant arm  
Slaying the wrong which smiteth.  
What availeth a flood of tears?  
What availeth a world's hearts breaking?  
Ah! the Christs of these sin-stained years  
Pause not while their hearts are aching!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois, on January 5th, 1867, by Mrs. C. F. Corbin.

## A WOMAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

### CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

The church in Wyndham happened to be, at that time, without a supply. But in an adjoining county lived a cousin of Mr. Darrell, a man of eminence in his profession, of sound theological views, and every way a man to be trusted. To Mr. Linscott he would apply. He sat down, therefore, and wrote him a letter, stating that since the death of their little boy, his wife had seemed to be suffering in health; the doctor had been consulted, but could do nothing. It was evidently a case of spiritual malady. Would Mr. Linscott pay them a visit, merely in a casual way, saying nothing about this letter or its contents, and see if he could not so argue the matter as to bring Mrs. Darrell into a calmer and more resigned frame of mind?

Mr. Linscott hadn't a doubt of his ability to do so, and well pleased to be able to render a service to his cousin Darrell, he harnessed his shiny black horse into his shiny black chaise, and rode over to Wyndham. He was a handsome man, erect, imposing, with clear complexion, ruddy cheeks, and coal black eyes and hair. He was not an unkindly man, but his chief characteristic was his firmness. He had his own ideas, good ideas in the main, though possibly narrow, and he stood by them.

It was after dinner, when Mr. Darrell had returned to the office, that he found his first opportunity of opening his mission to Mrs. Darrell. They were sitting in the library, Laura looking the exact counterpart of her picture over the mantel, in the white robe pinner with the clustered garnets, except that she was so pale, so thin, so chastened in expression.

"Cousin Laura," said Mr. Linscott, "it seems to me you are not looking quite as well as usual this summer. You have less color, less spirit. I hope your health is not suffering?"

"The summer heat seems to have affected me rather more than usual," she said, instinctively recognizing the man's purpose, and as instinctively shrinking from it.

"Can't the doctor afford you any relief?"

"Medicine, so far, doesn't seem to have benefited me very much."

"I hope your spiritual state is quite satisfactory. Do you find your usual enjoyment in religious exercises?"

Laura hesitated. This was not the kind of man to whom she could reveal the inner sanctuary of her heart; yet all the more because she knew that she was at present more than usually sensitive upon the subject, she felt that perhaps she ought to conquer her sensitiveness. She replied, not, it must be confessed, in any very confidential way,

"At times, I have."

"And not always? I hope there is no shadow of coldness or distrust between you and your Heavenly Father?"

"I believe Job didn't always enjoy unclouded sunshine. I confess that I have sympathized with that worthy more than usually of late."

"Your affliction has no doubt been very great, but there is strength in heaven for all times of trial, if we but make

the proper application for it. Christ is able and willing at all times to uphold and support us, if we call on him."

Laura was silent for a moment. "It seems to me," she said, at length, "that we get that strength very much in the same way that the prophets and apostles of old received their inspiration; that is, through a certain harmony of the physical and spiritual forces. When that harmony is disturbed, we are left in darkness; when it prevails, we have the open vision."

"The Bible makes no such limitations of God's power. It tells us all things are possible with Him."

"Yet experience proves that He works by law; and that seems to me to be the law in this case. I know that my Heavenly Father still lives and still loves me. I trust Him still, and at times I gain sweet assurances of His presence and blessing; but on the whole I am in a low, doubtful, deaused frame of mind, which, it seems to me, is more caused by material than spiritual conditions."

"Let us investigate that matter a little. When you lost your little boy, what was the state of your mind concerning that dispensation of God's providence?"

"I felt at first as I suppose most mothers do under similar circumstances: so heart-broken, so crazed with grief, that I hardly knew where to look for help; hardly believed that the universe could hold relief for pain so poignant. Afterwards, as I got calmer, I felt that mine was not an isolated case, and that I must submit humbly and resignedly to the will of my Father in heaven. It was very hard to do, but God is higher than I, in love as in wisdom. I know and feel it."

"I must think, Cousin Laura, that there is still some withholding on your part, or the blessing would come. God's promises are never made in vain."

"Mr. Linscott, that blessing has come, in such measure as I cannot express. In that respect my doubt and my weakness and my darkness have not been in vain, for upon them my Father has drawn, as in strong relief, the lines of His wise and tender purposes. I cannot tell you, I cannot tell any person the visions of heavenly wisdom I have had at times. I tell you I know, as I never did before, that my Father lives; that He loves me, and that in His own good time and way He will bring me out of my present darkness, and that for this season of sorrow He will give me, nay, is giving me, compensations of priceless value. My soul is stronger to-day to love, to sorrow, to pity, to sympathize, than it ever was before. I see more clearly the reasons of God's dealing with me. I can look farther into heavenly mysteries; I can fathom more deeply heavenly purposes. Yet while spiritually I have this solemn and serene trust, physically I pine, I languish, I daily die. Therefore I am not happy; therefore I cry out with Job, 'Why is light given to a man from whom the way is hid?'"

Mr. Linscott was silent. "God is dealing with you, sister, after a fashion of His own," he said, at length; "and when God speaks, it becomes us to lay our hands upon our mouths and our mouths in the dust."

He was obliged to report to Mr. Darrell that Cousin Laura's spiritual state seemed hopeful. God was dealing mysteriously with her, but there was good evidence that He had not forsaken her. "We must trust to time," he said. "I have often found before now, that the ways of God with women were seemingly deeper than with men—probably because of their weaker natures."

Ralph Darrell knew enough of his wife to feel certain that her nature, whatever else it might be, was no weaker than his, than Mr. Linscott's, than that of any average man he knew. Therefore he said to himself:

"It's just because they are so queer and wilful. Laura, at least, ought to have more good sense; to behave like a reasonable woman."

According to the universal showing of men, women are not reasonable beings, but creatures of feeling, emotion, intuition. This when they ask equality with man; but let them once be pushed to the walls in any of the thousand struggles which women have constantly to meet as women, and if they show any signs of emotional weakness, it is suddenly remembered against them that they are, or ought to be, reasonable creatures. But Ralph Darrell was not so cruel as some men. He worked himself into a generous mood towards his wife, and magnanimously forgave her.

## CHAPTER X.

### AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Three months in the quiet air of Wyndham had done much for Rebecca. There is scarcely any trouble so deep, any state of the mental and spiritual forces so disorganized, that steady genial employment, correct habits of living and

the quiet loving influences of nature, will not do much to ameliorate it. If there be added to these a reverent and childlike trust in God our Father, and a constant recognition of His love as manifested in His Providence, trouble becomes, if not powerless, then the minister of high and holy things, for which no price that human beings can pay is too exorbitant.

Gradually, under these combined influences, light was coming back to Rebecca's eye, color to her cheek, elasticity to her step, and though she still passed weary hours of retrospection, still, as she went about her daily tasks, stifled many secret heart-throes, her life on the whole, caught many hues of brightness, and the blessings she was constantly bestowing upon others, returned in even measure to herself.

Mrs. Darrell's cook was a middle aged woman, who had been for years in the service of the Gladstone family. When the great house had been shut up, Nancy felt almost as much disinherited as Abraham himself. But Mrs. Darrell, too well pleased to obtain the services of a faithful and capable housekeeper, not to be willing to make a proper return for them, had offered Nancy a home in her house, and here she had ever since remained.

Nancy was one of that almost extinct race, a well-trained American domestic. She had been the daughter of a small farmer, whose children happening to be mostly girls instead of boys, had been obliged to earn their own living. In the days, when factories had not yet become synonyms for Paradise, domestic service was the principal refuge of girls so situated, and it was then possible to find the reliable character and steady good sense for which New Englanders are noted, in the young woman who offered herself as domestic help. Commencing thus, and failing, for some reason best known to herself, of marriage, Nancy was still pursuing her avocation, and had won for herself the respect of her superiors, and a certain position, half-way between that of an ordinary servant, and the wife of a mechanic or small tradesman. With such a person, it was not difficult for Rebecca to associate and still maintain her self-respect. Indeed, Nancy was too thoroughly respectful in her nature not at once to accord to the nursery maid, the superior honor which she felt to be her due! Therefore, Rebecca's position in the family, though it entailed its constant and somewhat wearing duties, and was after all essentially the place of a servant, had still such advantages of comfort and independence as she could scarcely have found elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell were no more generous than thousands of employers would be if they could gain such trusty intelligent service as Rebecca rendered, yet they did thoroughly appreciate the blessing they enjoyed, and daily acknowledged it.

"Laura," said Mr. Darrell, as he came into the breakfast room one morning, and noticed how fresh and neat everything looked; how the window curtains were adjusted to give just the most agreeable light, and the silver on the sideboard was arranged in just the most tasteful way, and a glass of fresh flowers on the side-table, brightened and cheered the room as only flowers can; "Laura, what a treasure that new girl of yours is. Why she really carries us back to the days when you did your own housekeeping, and you made the presence of a refined woman felt everywhere. Now that you've got a good girl, do keep her. Wages are no sort of object."

"Rebecca is a refined woman," said Mrs. Darrell. "That she ever came to seek service is a great wonder in this country. She values self-respect and a few privileges, more than wages."

"Very well, then, it is better to put one's self out a little to please her than let her go. Make her position pleasant as well as her wages satisfactory, for we really can't afford to lose her."

It fell out, therefore, that the work was so arranged that Rebecca found some spare time in every week, for reading, or sewing, or walking, or even visiting. Of the last she had little to do beyond an occasional hour with Mrs. Moss, or rarely, a shorter visit to Miss Joanna's nursery. For Miss Joanna, finding how apt Rebecca was with children, had invited, and even urged her to drop in now and then upon her little charge, and Rebecca, at first, with a painful distrust of herself, but with increasing confidence as the weeks passed, occasionally accepted the invitation.

The baby's clothes, when she had come to Wyndham, had all been marked with a C. Wherefore, the doctor who had been requested by his sister to name the child, called her Catherine. Miss Joanna was greatly pleased, but very soon shortened the stately baptismal to Kitty. Not so the

doctor, who had no liking for the fashion of abbreviations and invariably spoke of the child by her full name.

But Kitty was nevertheless a great pet with him as with the rest of the family, and was as tenderly watched over as a child could be.

One bright June afternoon, Rebecca set out to do some errands at the village store, and call on Mrs. Moss. Going past the plain old fashioned house where the doctor and his sister resided, she espied Miss Joanna and little Kitty on the lawn, the latter lying in her buggy, while Miss Joanna sat beside her knitting an afghan. Joanna Gaines was a woman deserving of description.

She was taller than her sister, thinner and more angular. Her features were strongly cast, and at first view, she was always pronounced incomparably less beautiful than Laura. But her complexion, though pale, was very fine, and the faint color that sometimes stained her cheek, was of that exquisite rose, seen only with the finest organizations, and with them but on rare occasions. Her eyes, too, had a soft, peculiar light, not brilliant, or in the least alluring, unless one observed closely its coy coming and going, and then it was most captivating. A certain dainty tenderness of manner, tempered by a shy reserve, was, to those who knew her best, an indescribable charm. While the coarser multitude held what of her they could not understand, in reverent admiration. With so much refined feeling, she joined the staunch good sense of her family, so that though circumstances had confirmed her natural leaning to habits of seclusion, she had never grown morbid or melancholy, and now that a new and most deep and pure interest was given her in life, she seemed always to have been the most gracefully genial, and delicately fascinating person you had ever known.

Some strong instinct arrested Rebecca's feet, as she looked up at the pretty picture of the baby-carriage standing in the shadow of a great elm, dappled all over with flickering gloom and brightness, and the gentle woman sitting beside it, pausing now and then at her work, to coo a greeting to the rosy child.

She stood for a moment with her hand upon her heart, the shadow of a great longing settling upon her features. Presently Miss Joanna saw her and called,

"Come in Rebecca, and see how pretty little Kitty looks in her short dresses."

Rebecca cleared her face of that sad look, and pressing back the tears that were so ready to flow, walked up the graveled path, and stooping, kissed the pretty baby. Five minutes of nursery chat followed, and then the doctor appeared at the doorway of the house.

"Good afternoon, Rebecca," he said, in his grave way, ignoring now as always the abbreviation of her name which Maude Darrell had made a law to every one but her uncle.

Rebecca returned the salutation and added a remark about the baby.

"Yes, Catherine thrives very well. Better, I think, than she would have in the city alms-house. Joanna—looks—motherly. I think she is getting to look very motherly."

Rebecca smiled, and the faint color trickled up into Joanna's white cheek.

"I think," said the doctor, who loved to have the conversation mostly to himself, "I think a woman should always look motherly if she can. I don't know what better a woman can be than a mother, and if she hasn't any children of her own, why let her be a mother to somebody's else children. Joanna is trying it. I think—she—likes—it."

"Yes," said Joanna, demurely, "I used to have thoughts of writing poetry, or going on a mission or something of that sort. I've given all that up now."

"Humph!" said the doctor, "All things have their uses. Literary women have their uses. They make work for the doctors, for one thing. They tear their nervous systems all—to—pieces. Never knew one that was healthy in my life. They make their husbands—if they have any—miserable, and it's ten to one if they earn—enough—to—pay—their—washerwoman. They'd better be tending babies."

"You are not thinking of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Browning now," said Joanna, quietly.

"If women will write good books," said the doctor. "I've no objections. A good workman is never to be despised. A poet is as likely to be a woman as a man, for all I know. If the poet soul gets into the woman's brain, why it's like a flower, it must blossom. Who shall hinder? But after all it seems to me that women don't see clearly when they rank the poet before the mother, in use or in honor. It is with that as with everything else. There are so many do-bsters at the trade. A good mother need bow to no poet."

"Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Browning are both mothers," said Rebecca, "and the latter, at least, has written, 'No perfect artist ever was developed from an imperfect woman.' And the writings of the other are full of inspirations which could never have come to any other soul than a mother's."

"And they have been, so far as we know, happy wives and happy mothers," said Joanna. "The proverbial misery of literary marriages doesn't seem to attend them."

"I think," said Rebecca, "the great trouble with literary women in regard to marriage has been that they have not been careful to observe the order of nature in regard to their gifts, but have ranked those of the intellect

over purely feminine endowments. Nature will not be ignored. Women must be content to be women first—after that, scribes."

While she was speaking the doctor was looking at her from under his bushy eyebrows with a steady, searching glance. As she concluded, he drew on his driving gloves, as if about ready to take leave of the group.

"Rebecca," he said, eyeing her walking-shoes, "were you going down town?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, "to the store and to Mrs. Moss'."

The doctor whistled and looked off at the sky, as if prospecting the weather, while the two women concluded their chat. Then he asked, with a certain shy gravity which yet overlaid a tender meaning,

"I am going that way; will you ride with me?"

"With pleasure," she replied; "I shall enjoy a drive exceedingly."

As they walked side by side down the graveled path, that same shy courtesy in the doctor, that nameless something, which reminded her of Joanna's tender fascinations, flashed a vision across Rebecca's mind of what it might be to her to live in this house—to be a sharer in its joys and its anxieties; to lean with true respect and fervent gratitude upon this strong, well-trying arm. It would not be the paradise of a love-lorn maiden's dream; but might it not be something yet deeper, more restful, more satisfying. The vision lasted but a moment—it faded before it was scarcely formed. But she sighed, as women will sigh whose feet are called to tread in lonely paths.

Moses Moss' cottage stood just beyond the town, and the doctor chose a by-road to it, that day, a little round-about, but lying through the woods, whose dim and solemn depths were overflowed just now by pink seas of blossoming laurel.

"I always like to ride through the wood when the laurels are in blossom," said the doctor. "I don't mind flowers much generally. I'm not at all sentimental; but there is something in the freshness and abundance of the laurels which reminds me of my youth. Youth is a man's spring-time; and if there is anything of the man about him he is apt then to be about as full of promise and anticipation as these laurels are. The laurel blossoms fade away, like the promise of most men's lives, into something very tame and commonplace. All the same, I like to see them in their prime."

"Yes," said Rebecca, "and the promise of your life, I am sure, has been well redeemed."

"In a measure, perhaps. But the heart knoweth its own bitterness. I had a good many dreams in my youth which have never been fulfilled. I don't complain. I don't complain. Maybe some other lives have been the richer for the poverty of mine. If they have, it is all right, and I don't complain. But a man of my years, with so many old friends dropping off and no new ties forming, has his times of feeling the need of companionship." There was a little pause, during which the doctor whistled pensively. "I suppose, Rebecca," he said, "I seem very old to you?"

He looked around at her shyly, with an interest in her answer which he did not attempt to conceal.

"Some lives," she said, "are so full of the best forces, energy, skill and a broad, open charity, that, instead of growing old, they seem only to ripen with years. So, though I know that you are past the meridian of your life, it never seems to me that you are old, but only mature."

The answer pleased the doctor; and yet it came so frankly, with no timid, girlish blush; no flutter of pleased embarrassment at being asked, that he dared not presume upon it. More and more this woman puzzled and interested him. There was a purity about her like that which we associate with children; yet, by that subtle test of magnetism which we all possess in a greater or less degree, he knew that her experiences had been those of a mature woman. At the same time she was not old—twenty-five at the farthest, the doctor thought. She was naturally of a fond, loving, trusting nature, yet her discretion, her capacity to carry herself with perfect poise and self-possession through the most embarrassing circumstances, were wonderful for anything but a thoroughly tried and mature woman.

There was some farther chat between them, mostly of a quiet, intimate nature, which made Rebecca feel that she had been taken nearer to the doctor's affectional life than strangers were usually permitted to go, and that there was an unsuspected fountain of warmth and fullness somewhere in his nature, and then they reached Mrs. Moss' door, and parted.

The doctor drove away in a happy vein, which made the sunshine seem more golden and tinted the landscape to his eyes with softer hues.

There is scarcely anything, I think, more touching than an old man's dream of love. It lacks entirely the brilliant hues and strong groupings of thirty years before; but, like the landscape of the Indian summer, it has a pure and peaceful charm that is all its own. As the old chaise rattled over the flinty roads that afternoon the doctor saw no waving fields of corn on either side of him—heard no piping thrush in the alder thickets by the way. He was living in a differ-

ent world. A young man dreams of being beloved; an old man dreams of loving. And so the doctor dreamed of making more bright and beautiful his ancient home, that a young life might find more fitting welcome there; of a thousand tender little devices for banishing the grief and sadness from that gentle heart, and basking with very Epicurean delight in the thought of winning an untroubled glow of sunshine to settle in those deep brown eyes, and ray out each day its joy and gratitude for him.

Just then the old gray stumbled, and recalled by this incident to the outer world, he noticed that he was passing the deserted Gladstone mansion. The fact changed the current of the doctor's meditations. "H—m! h—m!" he said; "I must see Marston when I go to New York. If that man ever knew Rebecca it is ten to one I can find out by him. I must attend to that matter. The girl herself is all right; nothing bad about her; but there is something wrong about her circumstances. I must find out what it is. At my time of life it won't do to make a fool of myself. I can't go to New York just yet; but I must attend to it when I do go."

Again and again the doctor had thought this affair over. At first as a mere matter of speculation; afterwards with a nearer interest. If there was one thing which the doctor was more sensitive about than all others, it was his good name. The family record was an untarnished one. For fifty years he himself had kept it without stain; he had even, he hoped, added something to its original luster. At his age he might safely predict that it would never be disgraced by his sins; but many a man has overturned the goodly structure of a lifetime by a single act of weakness or folly committed when his hair had grown white.

Dr. Gaines had wonderful good sense. He meant to be very careful that no momentary weakness should betray him into an act which he might repent vainly through long repining years.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MAKING OF MEN.

The advent of Rebecca in Mrs. Moss' kitchen was always a hilarious event. Seen from afar her approach gave rise to an indiscriminate process of brushing, and dusting, and putting to rights. Once seated and divested of her outer garments, a vigorous and combined assault of all the small fry was made, until she was forced to tell them a story, or dress a rag baby, or at the very least to tie paper shoes on "Diany" and set that feline worthy dancing for their amusement. This last was a feat that no one could accomplish but Rebecca, for no one else had that rare talent which is a combination of force and flattery, and which alone is equal to the disposition of cats. Some one or all of these propitiations being rendered, the children were usually dispersed into the yard with a piece of gingerbread by way of bribe, and then ensued a long confidential talk between Rebecca and Mrs. Moss.

On this particular day, Rebecca had come provided with sundry small bits of bright colored cloth and tiny tinsel buttons by means of which she intended to put Pamela into gorgeous array. Behold her therefore seated in the low, straight-backed, chintz covered rocking-chair, Diana curled comfortably in her lap and purring in long meter, and the scissors and needle in her hand while she fashioned a dainty waist of red merino, for the rag effigy known as Pamela.

"Miss Rebecca," asked Belinda, the five year old, confidentially, "don't you think Diana is a beautiful cat."

"Very," said Rebecca, assuringly, "and she purrs the loudest of any cat I ever saw."

"I don't care," said Jane, incipient bellehood rearing its ambitious crest in her soul, "Fanny Ellery has got a splendid tabby, and you know yourself Miss Rebecca, Maude Darrell has got a new Maltese, with double paws. Diana is real old fashioned, and I think we ought to have a new cat."

Then followed a long confidential talk with Rebecca concerning the possibilities of inducing Maude to part with one of the Maltese cat's (supposititious) kittens, which ended in Rebecca promising in case the supposed emergency arose to use her best endeavors to procure one. For which reason Jane felt better able to hold up her head for several days thereafter.

In the midst of this discussion Theodore burst into the room from the potato field where he had been hoeing.

His greeting was a noisy but hearty one. The next moment he caught sight of Rebecca's work.

"I say old, maid, what are you making there?" he exclaimed. "Jackets for the little tanagers down by the alders, I swear; I'll go fetch in the young devils to try on their loggery!" and with that he was off like a shot to the brook, and in spite of exclamations and protestations, he laid the pretty round nest with its still unfeathered occupants into Rebecca's lap.

Mrs. Moss was greatly distressed. "Theodore," she exclaimed, "how can you? What does make you such a cruel, hard-hearted boy?"

"Cruel! that's a good joke. Why I brought them for Diany's supper. Here, old lady, they're young and tender. Let's hear you crack their bones." And he held the

piping younglings over Diana's nose, and only that Rebecca asserted her womanly dignity, and gently ordered boy and cat and birds out of the house, the sacrifice would have been completed before their very eyes.

Poor Mrs. Moss sighed deeply, and turned the whole brood out of doors with a command for them not to set their feet into the house for the next hour.

"Miss Rebecca," she said, when quiet reigned, "I do wish I knew what to do with that boy. He is the greatest trial of my life. 'Taint two weeks ago that his father gave him a terrible thrashing, and sent him to bed without his supper. The next morning he wasn't to be found, and he staid away two nights. I declare I thought I should go crazy, but he came back at last, and what do you suppose he said. He came in just at the gray of the dusk, when he knew his father'd be out of the house and the children, too, and he came along kind o' quiet by my side, and he says 'good evenin', mother.'

"'Why, Theodore,' says I, half-scar't to death. 'Where have you been?'

"'Where I never'd a' come back from mother,' says he, 'if 't hadn't been for you. Did you lie awake last night and night before thinking about me?'

"Says I, 'Theodore, I never slept a blessed wink, neither night.'

"Says he, 'I knew it, mother, and I couldn't sleep a thinkin' of it. But father, he didn't lie awake none. Oh! you needn't tell me, I know.'

"'Yes, he did,' says I, 'Theodore, yes, he did. Your father was troubled, too, but he thought he did his duty when he whipped you, and Theodore, I don't know but he did.'

"'Mother,' says he, 'I often need whipping I s'pose I do, I know I often do wrong, and if you'd whip me I wouldn't say a word if it was twice as hard, but I never will let him whip me again as long as I live. He can't do it now unless I choose, for I'm as strong as he any day, and he never shall again. But when I'm wicked you just lay your little finger on me and I'll stop.'

"But la! the boy can't always stop. He wa'n't made so. He was born in just a year after I was married, and in that time I'd had a good deal to contend with. Ye see, my father was a farmer and well enough off, but he had a good many children, and so of course the most any of us ever got was our bringin' up. Still we had a *good* bringin' up and a better education than was common in them times, especially for girls. I was just about nineteen when Moses came a courtin' me. I knew he was poor, but then he was a good stout young man and had red cheeks and curly hair, and I didn't know no harm of him. My father and brothers were all steady, industrious folks and made a good living, and I didn't sort o' realize but what all men was just so. So I married Moses. Well, we hadn't been married a month before I found out that he would drink. Then all along during that year it came out that he wa'n't no great worker, and that if we had children I'd got to do the biggest part of bringin' 'em up. Now it wa'n't that I didn't want to work, for I was always willing that way, but it was *the being disappointed in him*, that cut me. Then a good many girls that I'd been brought up right along side of, had done a sight better'n I had, and they kind o' set themselves up over me. I'd always had a proud spirit and carried my head pretty high, and they was mighty glad to get a chance to crow over me; and the upshot of it was, that all that summer before Theodore was born I had spells of feelin' just as if I could tear things all to pieces. I guess Moses had his patience pretty well tried with me; but then he *is* patient and don't never scold as some men do, even when he's in liquor. He ain't the worst man there is on the whole; and I think't likely as not is just the right man for me after all. But you see, looking back to them days, I know just exactly what it is that makes Theodore the boy he is; and I can kind o' pity him and have patience with him, when his father can't see nothing in him but just the very Evil One.

"It aint no wonder to me that men don't understand women. They've always called them queer and inconsistent and always will, till they find out how much there is in a woman's life that they don't know and never can. A woman knows what's in a man better than he does himself, for she's naturally the mother of man. She knows better than anybody else but the Great Maker, what goes to the making of a man, but a woman carries a secret with her from the day she is a woman to the day she dies, which no man can wholly understand. So why shouldn't men find 'em queer? But it is *great* presumption for them to set themselves up over women on that account, for its just like boasting of their ignorance."

"But you know that men assert that the badge of womanhood is the badge of shame and weakness."

"Well that's more than they can prove. A woman isn't so strong to dig potatoes as a man; but she's a great deal stronger to bear suffering, to rule her own spirit, and so to rule her family. A great deal stronger in faith, and hope, and courage, and love; and which is the better kind of strength, I'd like to know. As for the shame of it, when you'll show me a man who is ashamed of having had a *good* mother, then I'll own that his mother ought to be ashamed of having borne him. Otherwise I do say, there aint any-

body in this world that can take higher rank than a good mother. And if she's set apart by nature to that office, purified and refined from month to month and year by year made less strong that she may be less gross, is that any disgrace to her? I tell you it's just because women don't think enough of these things for themselves, but take the low estimate men form of them for gospel, and then live down to it, that woman's calling is no more honored in the world. And so women when they get ambitious, try to be men or as near to it as they can come; never thinking that a noble woman is something with a great deal more in it than any manhood? That's what makes me so out of patience with these woman's rights folks."

"Mrs. Moss, why don't women who know and feel these things, mother's who through years of suffering and experience have learned them to be facts, why dont they say more about them?"

"Well, it is the nature of a woman to hide things. I wouldn't say what I've said to you to any man, and there's plenty more like me. God made us so, and I suppose He knew what He was about when He did it. Its a *woman's secret* and one which never has been fully told."

"But it seems to me that it ought to be told openly for the very good of men themselves that they may learn more deeply to reverence and cherish that which is after all the highest gift bestowed upon the race.

"I suppose sometime it will be, when men are fit to receive it. It is no use to throw pearls before swine, you know. But I tell you there's many a woman who has lived and suffered years and years, having her children and bringing them up, with little help from her husband, doing the work of two and making her hair gray before its time, who never could have lived if in some silent, dumb way she hadn't felt all these things to be true. It is God's gift to woman to see when man is blind. And if he don't choose to take the light from her, he plods on in the dark, while she goes singing in the day, and gets called crazy for it, too. Why there's plenty of men who don't know any more about the real lives of the women that live in their houses, than they know about Timbuctoo. If my husband was to hear me talk as I'm talking now, he'd think I was stark mad."

"Very possibly," said Rebecca, "for I own myself quite surprised that a woman who has always had so much work to do as you have, should have found so much time to think, or should have gained so much wisdom by thinking."

"I tell you, Miss Rebecca, when a woman is sitting up all night by herself with her sick child, she aint never alone. I don't care how humble her home is, there's visitors from heaven in it. They comfort and they soothe, and they teach such lessons as you don't find nowhere's else. You may talk about wise men, and godly men, but I tell you that there's poor distressed mothers that has been nearer to heaven and had heaven's wisdom brought nearer to them than any man ever did. But to come back to my boy Theodore. I'm fully convinced that he'll come out all right, if only his father don't prove to be the ruin of him. He tells him he'll certainly come to States' prison or the gallows, and whips him, and scolds him beyond reason, and it does try me so sometimes that it seems to me I shall give up altogether. But then if a mother ever gave up, what would the world come to. He don't love to go to school, and I'm afraid it don't do him much good to go, and he hates to work out on the farm. I do wish I could get him something to do that he would like, for then I think he would have some ambition, and begin to show out the good that I really think there is in him."

"He is young yet," said Rebecca, "and we must have patience. In the course of a year or two I hav'nt a doubt but he'll find something to do. It is a hard time for you just now I suppose, because he is so large it costs something to keep him, and his father naturally thinks he ought to be turning his time to account. But he must be made to be patient, that is if that miracle can be wrought. Men are not naturally patient you know."

"Yes, and you see his father is bent upon making a shoemaker of him, and that he never will be. Didn't I use to hate the sight of that bench and the sound of the hammer and the very smell of the wax and the leather, after Jane Meredith called me right in the sewing society before all the folks, a cobbler's wife. I know that Theodore would kill himself before he'd ever be a cobbler. But his father can't know it."

"I'll tell you," said Rebecca, "I'll have a talk with Mr. Moss about Theodore."

"I do wish you would; a word from you will be worth a whole sermon from me. He needn't know, of course, that I've said anything to you."

"Oh! certainly not. I'll see him perhaps this very evening as I go home. I shall be apt to meet him coming from the village."

It was near sunset and the children began to come in clamorous for supper. Pamela was already dressed in the most approved style, and it was quite time that Rebecca should go home. There was a quiet good-bye with Mrs. Moss and a boisterous farewell with the children, and a promise to come again, and then she stepped out into the soft, dewy twilight. At the gate, however, she met Moses

and remembered her promise. Moses had a thorough respect for Rebecca, mingled with gratitude; and he always felt that his dwelling had been honored when she had paid it a visit. After passing a remark or two she said carelessly, "What a fine boy Theodore is growing, Mr. Moss. He's as handsome as a picture, "which in truth was no great exaggeration," and smart too. You must look out for him. If you give him a good chance at business by and by, he will make his fortune. He'll be a son for you to lean upon in your old age."

"Do you think so," said Moses, "he's a masterful unruly fellow now."

"Oh! he has plenty of spirit I know. That's the very reason I say he will never settle down to any sort of humdrum life. He'll push his fortune with a will, one of these days."

"Maybe," said Moses. "I know if I'd had more spunk at his age, I might have been something more than a cobbler all my life."

Rebecca passed on and left Moses meditating over the gate. That was the last of his trying to make a cobbler of Theodore.

Rebecca walked homeward slowly through the rich June dusk, the new moon shining silvery and clear over her right shoulder—she playfully marked the omen—and stars came glinting out in the wide azure fields above. Violets and wild honeysuckle made the cool night air heavy with their sweetness, and from the pine grove over which the moon's soft sickle hung, night-birds screamed, and the distance and the dewy air softened the dissonance of their voices to something that was wild and wailing and half prophetic.

"It is a noble thing to be a woman," thought Rebecca; "to be a worker in spiritual rather than material things; to be born to an unselfish rather than a selfish vocation. Let the dead past bury the dead. I have still my womanhood. Living true to that, my life may gather yet some few stray gleams of sunshine."

She looked abroad over the soft landscape drawn in shadow and overhung, with rosy light, and something of its infinite beauty and repose entered into her soul. Some dim association brought to her mind a quaint passage which she had read in Plato years ago, and she repeated it aloud:

"Man's soul in a former state was winged and soared among the gods. And so it comes to pass in this life that when the soul, by the power of music, or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain, as of wings trying to come forth; even as in children teething."

Palpitating echoes in the air caught the murmur and wafted it back to her, and a voice seemed to whisper—

"Raise thy wings, oh, spirit! If the material atmosphere returns thy voice to thee, shall not the spiritual ether respond also to thine efforts. Have patience—wait."

The doctor's conversation recurred to her mind, but that brought only painful associations.

"It is not for me," she said, "to wrong any good man by encouraging him to love me. What I have suffered I have suffered alone. I thank God that no human heart has thus far borne a single pang for me. Alone, please God, I will suffer to the end rather than bring the shadow of disgrace to any man's hearthstone. And yet—"

Oh! weary heart, boast not thy strength or thy weakness. God alone knoweth either the one or the other.

Coming in sight of the house she saw Nancy sitting in the kitchen porch socially entertaining Lucretia, who had run over for a few minutes' chat.

"This delicious twilight brings out the night-birds," thought Rebecca; and then she fell to pitying the forlorn and loveless state of these two ancient spinsters. How narrow their horizons! How contracted their sympathies! What failures their lives had been in richness, and blessing, and inspiration. They had known so little suffering. They had gathered so little increase. Welcome pain! welcome reproach! welcome unrequited weariness—rather than this stagnation—this death in life. Mrs. Moss, with her shiftless husband and her brood of turbulent children, was a queen to them.

As she passed them she caught a quaint and characteristic bit of dialogue. Lucretia had been recounting her trials. People in the village, shameless gossips! had been spreading scandalous reports to the effect that she had been trying to inveigle Joel, the doctor's man, into matrimony. It had gone so far that the doctor had twitted her of it that very day. She was afraid Nancy might have a hand in it. She had always thought Nancy had had an eye on him herself ever since they lived at Mr. Gladstone's together, and she had come right over to see.

Nancy had emphatically cleared her skirts of the misdemeanor, and then Lucretia had launched out into terrible invectives against whoever had so sinned.

"Never mind," said Nancy, consolingly; "they'll get their reward in the next world, if they don't in this. That is always such a comfort."

"No, they won't," said Lucretia, tartly. "Just before they die they'll, like as not, repent and be forgiven; and that's what provokes me."

The moon was flinging a single silvery beam into Rebec-

ca's chamber. When she had thrown off her bonnet, she knelt in the white circle of its radiance and thanked God—not for peace, but for pain; not for contentment, but for aspiration.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SILENT SHREW.

One warm Sabbath in July, Wyndham was electrified by a new sensation. Mrs. Abraham Gladstone had fainted in church. It is not to be supposed that this was the first indication which that lady had shown of "feeling the heat" in an unusual manner. For nearly a month, she had given unmistakable evidence of unusual sensitiveness in that direction. She persisted in all weathers, in sleeping with her chamber windows wide open, somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Gladstone, who was subject to colds in the head. All day long, and every day, she kept the house in an equally well-ventilated condition, at least, so it seemed to Mr. Gladstone, who never entered it but he found a breeze like a north-wester careering through it, which, while it was sometimes welcome, at others produced the sensation of a cold shower-bath. Mr. Gladstone suggested fans, which suggestion being received in silence, he brought home and distributed through the house, a half dozen substantial palm leaves. Not one of them that he could discover was ever removed from the place where he had put it; but still the doors and windows were so set as to fan the house with incessant draughts. Years of experience had taught Mr. Gladstone the utter uselessness of expostulations. Mrs. Gladstone never talked but she had a habit of self-defence akin to that of some otherwise impatient animals. She filled the house with the odor of her martyrdom, to that extent that no person with ordinary olfactory sensibility could abide in it. Mr. Gladstone was convinced that it wasn't palm leaves that she wanted, and possessed himself with the requisite patience to find out what it was. On that memorable Sunday, when she had fainted and been carried out by the gentlemen, she had been arrayed in her best, including the blue silk, and the lace flounce. When, therefore, Mr. Gladstone had suggested:

"Melissa, if you would use a fan, I think you wouldn't get so faint;" and the suggestion had been received with the accustomed silence, it occurred to him by some subtle law of association that the quaint old combination of wire and turkey feathers which did duty in their pew, as a moderator of the weather, would not accord perfectly with Mrs. Gladstone's attire. Mrs. Gladstone, he knew, was a martyr to the proprieties. He felt certain that she would die, or at the least, faint in the most graceful and approved style before she would consent to use a thing in the least degree inferior to what she considered due to her position. Mr. Gladstone felt relieved, and without another word went right away to Parker's, and bought a fan of scarlet silk and sandal wood, which he brought home and duly presented to his wife.

She was sitting on the sofa in their little sitting-room; the pretty basket work stand which she so delighted in, drawn close beside her, and Echo snuggled in the corner of the sofa, and covered over with his gay colored afghan. Nothing could be cosier or more tempting than the picture thus presented.

"Melissa," said Mr. Gladstone, sitting down beside her, "I was in at Parker's to-day, and saw a pretty fan, at least I thought it pretty, and as I have noticed lately that you have no handsome fan, I bought it for you. I hope it will please you."

Mrs. Gladstone took the opened box which contained the fan, and glancing at it, without ever taking it out, laid it into the work basket.

"It is very pretty."

It was not, all things considered, a very satisfactory acceptance, but then Abraham reflected that his wife was not a talker, a fact upon which he had prided himself not a little before their marriage—he had learnt wisdom since—and strove to be content.

Melissa certainly looked very pretty that evening. She was always faultlessly neat, and tasteful in her appearance. She was, besides, a good housekeeper, and very exact and conscientious about nearly all the details of her manner and conduct. For instance, she would have cut off her hand or more expressive still, would have doned herself, for a season, of any darling elegance in dress, before she would run in debt; and no man had less cause than Abraham Gladstone to complain of his wife's conduct towards her gentlemen acquaintances. It had sometimes occurred to Abraham that a larger and more liberal soul might have been less guarded at some of these points, without, at the same time, trespassing against any reasonable bounds. However, that he felt might be drawing rather too fine a line; and he satisfied himself with saying that on the whole Melissa was in these respects, a model-wife.

Then she was his first love; all the romance and sentiment of his youth had clustered about her, and you know

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

On this particular evening, Abraham felt a kindly return of the love of his youth; and as Melissa sat there, stitching

bushy at some delicate trifle of muslin, he was strongly tempted to be affectionate. So putting his arm about her waist, he said:

"Melissa, I think you might lay aside that work for a few minutes, and just make yourself entertaining. I don't know when I've held your hand in mine for a minute, as I used to, before we were married."

His purpose was very apparent, but then, it was also very innocent. With a scarcely perceptible motion, she drew herself away from him, and replied in that calm, even voice—the voice that never scolded,

"Mr. Gladstone, you forget yourself."

Abraham's dream dissolved in an instant. He kissed her, because he would kiss her; she receiving the caress under a silent protest, and then he found a book, and taking refuge in an easy chair, beguiled the remainder of the evening with a Treatise on the Marriage Contract.

Abraham watched carefully for the first appearance in public of the new fan. He watched in vain. He had a well founded belief that it had never been taken from its box. At last, after several weeks had elapsed, during which, however, the house had returned to its normal condition respecting ventilation, he one day inquired:

"Melissa, why do you never carry your new fan?"

"The odor of sandal wood is very offensive to me."

"Why in the name of all the saints didn't you tell me that before?"

"I supposed you knew it."

Abraham shut his teeth together. It was of no use to talk. He couldn't say anything to acceptance unless he were to say exactly the thing which she was bent upon making him say, and what that was he had not as yet the most remote idea. He made a blind effort, fortunately in the right direction.

"If you never intend to use the fan, perhaps you had better take it to Parker, and ask him to exchange it for one you can use."

"I think the price of this fan was six dollars. He has one for twelve, that would suit me precisely, but that, I am aware is more than you are able to pay."

"Not at all," said Abraham, "anything for peace," and he took out the money and gave it to her at once. He was presently made to regret the last exclamation, for her martyr-like silence recalled it to him every hour of that day, and many days thereafter.

Mrs. Gladstone went down to Parker's the next morning, and exchanged the red fan for a blue one, the exact shade of her dress with elegantly cut pearl sticks. When the coveted article was fairly in her possession—

"Now," she said to herself, "if Lucy Ellery should be married this fall, as I think she will, I am ready for the wedding. I can go as well dressed as Mrs. Darrell, if not better."

It was a most important and desirable consummation.

To Abraham, meanwhile, the bitterest part of his poverty was the poverty of his homelife. He was struggling manfully with his pecuniary burden. He had many discouragements but against them all he made headway. There were days, it is true, when his labor was hard and exhausting; when from those who were his open friends, he experienced secret enmity, when the selfishness, the rivalry, the combativeness that must enter largely into the life of the successful man, made sad inroads upon his patience, his temper, his faith. At such times he fully realized how it was that woman was made a help meet for man; a fountain of spiritual strength in reserve, a portion of heavenly grace and benediction, incarnated and placed in his home for the daily and hourly reinforcement of his spiritual nature. In his own peculiar nook at home, hung a little copy of Ary Schaffer's Dante and Beatrice, and to his hungry soul there seemed a peculiar significance in the attitudes of the figures. The poet looks up to the woman, the woman looks up to heaven, and as he studied the picture, he saw plainly how the struggles of a man's hard, material life make him unfit for the direct influence of the heavenly wisdom. His eyes grow blurred with looking so much through vapors, his senses grow dulled with the constant giving and receiving of blows. How fit and meet then, that in the sacred refuge of home, shall be one whose very offices keep alive constantly her spiritual nature, and through whose innocent caresses and pure endearments, heaven's blessings may descend to his weary soul. The man who looks thus upon his wife, will never regard her physical weakness or incapacity as a proof of inferiority. If earth were all, if there were no heaven above us, the giant would be the highest type of human life. If we take the spiritual world into the account, who is so near it, who draws so fully and so freely from it as the true perfected woman?

One step farther. If Mrs. Gladstone was a stunted, abortive, imperfect specimen of womankind, who made her so to differ from nobler representatives of her sex? Not herself, surely, for she was essentially what she was born and what circumstances had made her. If her soul was dark and narrow, and conditioned all round by strong desires and ingrained prejudices, it was nevertheless just what was given her by her parents, modified by some months, more or less, of ante-natal experience. A deep seer has said, "The gate of gifts closes at one's birth;"

and to her forming had gone little that was broad, or wise, or tender, or true. Is it best by ignorance and unwise restraint to multiply such mothers upon the face of the earth?

Cultivation may do much—the Spirit of God may do much more—but no power of God Himself has ever been made manifest that can change the essential and ingrained attributes of a human soul. The man or the woman that is born narrow, or sensual, or arbitrary, may be modified by after influences, but can never become, in any large sense, truly broad, or pure, or gentle.

On a day of this same July, Rebecca took Evelyn out on a berrying excursion along the roadside. The bushes were few, and their success was not cheering. Just as they were about to turn their steps homeward, however, a carriage appeared upon the road, and Mr. Gladstone's voice cried out in its gayest tone to Evelyn:

"How, now, little one? Raspberries are scarce here, are they not?"

Mr. Gladstone was fond of children, and had somehow a special predilection for Evelyn Darrell, which, with the usual spontaneity of children, she cordially returned.

"Yes, indeed," replied Evelyn. "Mr. Gladstone, where are your raspberry bushes? You told me that you had the finest in town."

"So I have. Jump into the buggy with me, and I'll show them to you."

"Come, Rebecca," said Eva eagerly.

Rebecca hesitated for a moment. Then reflecting that what would be discretion in a young lady might seem mere prudery in a children's nurse, she followed the lead of the impatient child. Mr. Gladstone noticed that momentary hesitation. It led him to bestow more attention upon Rebecca than he might otherwise have done. His instantaneous reflection was—

"What a very ladylike looking person for a child's nurse."

He had intended to lift Eva over the wheel without himself alighting, but that glance at Rebecca changed his resolution, and he sprang out and assisted them both into the vehicle. All this was by-play, however. His main object was evidently to enjoy a chat and a frolic with Evelyn.

"My raspberry bushes are out in a field," he said, "and I haven't the least idea how I am to get a young lady like you over the fence."

"Oh! but I can climb any fence in this town. My uncle says I'm a romp."

"Oh! the doctor's an old foggy."

"An old what! Mr. Gladstone, is n't that slang?"

"There! I knew I should shock such a prim young woman as you are. I'm about sorry I offered to show you the raspberries after all."

"Mr. Gladstone, you are not the least sorry—you know you are not. But you don't like my uncle, and I do."

"On the contrary, I like him immensely—all the better because he has such a charming little niece."

"You are flattering me, and I shall tell Mrs. Gladstone," said Evelyn, whom his raillery had provoked to play the prude.

"Ah! no you will not," said Mr. Gladstone. "I shall kiss you—first on one cheek, like that! and then on the other, so! and you will not dare to tell Mrs. Gladstone even then."

Evelyn screamed, and just then they arrived at the field. Mr. Gladstone alighted and hitched the horse, prophesying all the time that he should never be able to get Evelyn over the fence. But finally he lifted her out in his arms, and, giving a spring, jumped the fence himself and set her safely down upon the other side.

"Now," he said, "you must excuse me a moment, while I go back for your governess."

He went over the fence this time a little more circumspectly, and politely assisted Rebecca.

Rebecca had listened all the while to the cheery sound of his voice, and felt what a large, pure, noble soul it was that could so disport itself with a little child. As he suddenly turned to come towards her, however, there was something in his manner, or perhaps some expression of his face, which struck her as painfully familiar.

(To be continued.)

A few drops of vinegar will spoil a vessel of milk; but double the quantity of milk will not restore it again. So it is with harsh words. A few of them will sour the disposition, and make more minds unhappy than a whole sermon will restore to happiness again. Have you not seen the bad effects of harsh language? How many sunny dispositions has it destroyed? How many hearts has it caused to ache? Not so with pleasant words. When a person has been provoked, you may speak kindly to him for an hour before you can restore him to himself. Be careful how you speak. Do not use harsh words if you can possibly help it. If you can not gain your object by kindness, we are sure you will not by harshness. Oh, that all would be kind and good, and not harsh and cross. We should see the effects of goodness all around us—in bright looks, cheerful hearts, and sunny dispositions.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

"There is no other authority than that of thought; existence itself is known only by thought, and, for myself, I am, only because I think. All truth exists for me only upon this ground, that it becomes evident to me in the free exercise of my thought."

For The Spiritual Republic.

Worship.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

In the first number of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, "a noble Universalist Brother" asks, "But when we come to Spiritualism, do you not think that prominence is not assigned to the religious faculties that ought to be. Are not prayer and divine worship indispensable to the public welfare? \* \* Man, the world over, is a worshipful being. It is as natural to pray as to sing, to cry or to laugh. \* \* But Spiritualism should have its religious, as well as its purely demonstrative side."

Now to a close and critical thinker, this passage sounds strange, coming as it does, from the pen of a Christian Clergyman. In front of this sentiment, thus candidly and genially expressed, place the following words, said to have been uttered by Jesus, the assumed teacher of all-Christian clergymen—"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." Mathew vi: 5, 6.

And when to this clear and express command, we add the fact that we have no account of an example of public prayer by Jesus, before his assemblies, as a mode of worship, who can resist the conviction that public prayer as a stated mode of public worship, is a direct violation of the teachings and practice of Jesus? If Jesus was a Christian, (which he was not evidently in the modern acceptance of the term) then public prayer is anti-Christian. The clergy of all Christendom are living in continued violation of this emphatic teaching and practice of the celebrated Nazarene. And it puzzles me to see how "A noble Universalist Clergyman" or any other clergyman, educated by the New Testament, can engage in, or recommend public prayer, unless, indeed, he has become the creature of a habit, practiced by the church without any good authority therefor.

Will it be said that Jesus gave a special form of prayer? I answer that this prayer immediately succeeded the command to pray only in secret. It was meant to be heard by no second ear. Mathew, Mark, and Luke, represent Jesus as going away from his disciples, to pray three several times—just before the betrayal of Judas. He would not pray in the immediate presence of his disciples—his dearest friends even. When he returns to them, he finds them fast asleep. It is true, John puts into his mouth, a far different and longer prayer than either of the other evangelists; he does not say, but only leaves us to infer that he uttered this prayer in the presence of his disciples. But such an inference cannot be justified, for it would be an express and direct contradiction to all his previous teaching on the subject. Nor can his last words on the cross be construed into an example of prayer as a public form of worship. The utterance on the cross, was the spontaneous groan and agony of the soul in its last struggle to hold on to physical life, from which in the full flush and strength of manhood, it was being violently sundered. What a travesty of all worship would it be to quote these last words of human agony as an example of public worship! There is no New Testament authority derived from Jesus, for such a mode of public worship. The whole Christian World is infidel to the teaching and example of Jesus on this point.

Nor is this all: Our Universalist Bro. gives us no reasons for introducing public prayer into Spiritual Meetings—either from Jesus or from philosophy—except perhaps, this—"It is as natural to pray as to sing, etc."

To this, I answer: Fetichism, and Polytheism, and many other exploded isms, with their forms of worship, are "natural" to certain conditions of mind and of ignorance. But this forms no reason why the nineteenth century should adopt them. It is also equally natural to outgrow Fetichism, to rise above it in idea and in action. It was natural to man in the time of the Ptolemies, to imagine the stars to be carried round in their orbits by a system of wooden wheel-works. It was again, in a later age, natural to evolve the doctrine of "Crystalline Spheres," and later still, to think the stars carried round in "aerial vortices;" but all this was superseded by the discovery of universal gravitation. Is not the mode of religious worship governed by the law of progress, as well as the explanation of the stars? What reason can be found for importing our modes of worship from far antiquity, that will not be as good for its polygamy as any other ancient stupidity? Polygamy was natural to the Jews, but monogamy is a higher naturalness for a more advanced age. In that dark era of the human mind when God was regarded as an individual, seated aloft upon a throne, like an oriental prince, and who, in order to find out what was going on down on earth, had to send messengers, or, in case of any doubt of their report, had to come

down himself, as represented in the case of Sodom, it was doubtless natural to address a form of speech to God; but in this age, when the Spiritual Idea of God has superseded this old anthropomorphism, it seems to me time to get rid of those forms of worship, which were its ancient correlatives. If God be a mere individual, a form of words, an appeal to his justice or love, or feelings, or even pride would be admissible. Moses, on the summit of Sinai is represented as coaxing, teasing, wheedling God into a peaceful state of mind by jogging his memory of promises he seems to have forgotten, and by appeals to his love of reputation down in Egypt; but are we in this age of the world, when the very idea of an individual Deity, is seen to be a contradiction in terms, to hold to this absurd mode of worship?

And beside, I see an intrinsic objection to public oral prayer—the same that Jesus gave. *It tends to hypocrisy.* Jesus represents the "Heathen," (?)—as thinking they would be heard for their "much speaking." After years of experience and observation in the Christian Church, I can say with the profoundest conviction of its truth *that no man ever yet prayed in public who did not think twice of the ears of the audience to once of Deity.* How quickly will the devout clergyman hasten to correct any grammatical or other blunder, when addressing—"The Throne of Grace."

Will we be told that there is a new Idea of prayer, viz.: that it is not to be used to move Deity, but ourselves? I answer—that of itself is a hypocrisy. If praying a form of words don't move Deity, why address them to Deity? To do so knowing it will not move God is a sham—a performance—and merits the sternest rebuke. And if to move the audience is the aim, why not address the audience directly, and at first hand? Are public assemblies to be imposed upon in this way? But it is supposed that public prayer puts the people in a devotional frame of mind. I have yet to see it. To a large majority, I think it produces quite the opposite effect. It leaves one with the feeling of distrust, of skepticism, and often suggests the absurd and the grotesque. There is a consciousness of insincerity and unreality, as if one knew better than to do so; it is as if one were trying to keep up appearances.

If a man is paying attention to his form of speech, if the eye of the soul is fixed on his performance—as it surely must be while he utters oral public prayers, it cannot at the same time, be fixed on the eternal and Divine. When the inmost spirit is in sweet and blessed communion with the Super-personal Heart, a single word would be an impertinence, almost blasphemy. In those sublime moments of Spiritual illumination, when the soul is open on all sides to the great deeps of Spiritual nature; when the currents of aboriginal Divine Power are settling into us, filling, enlarging and Spiritualizing soul and body, heart and brain; speech is impossible and impertinent. I always noticed in my church experiences, that the longest and loudest prayers, were usually uttered by the least spiritual persons. Think of making a Methodist revivalist's prayer in front of the "Great White Throne," in a voice loud enough to be heard in the lowest deeps of the nether kingdom! An Indian war-whoop would be quite as appropriate and effectual.

The nearer we get to the seat and center of Divine Power, the closer and more lovingly we nestle to the Infinite Heart, the more reverent, silent, sensitive we become. There are moments, even in the life of true lovers, when a single word would mar the sacred peace of young souls; how much more, then, when the human soul draws really near to the Eternal Love. It is not against worship that I protest against public prayer; but because the more worshipful one is, the more silent.

Believe me, "Rev." Bro. S., the Spiritual Movement is creative. It will not go begging for the old clothes of ancient anthropomorphism. Nor will it, as you seem to think, *select* old things because they are good. It will not mechanically adopt from the past any of its forms. If it have any of them at all, it will be because its young power *recreates* them *here and now.* The present contains in its spirit all alive, all that is true or desirable of the past. The forms it is to wear will grow on its own soul. Spiritualism is not less alive than a mollusk, that it should be unable to secrete from the ocean of life its own shell. Every soul secretes its own body; so every new birth of the soul of humanity will be attended by the correlative growth of its own forms of worship. As the ring of the blows of five generations of blacksmithing ancestors came down to us in the soul and sense of Benjamin Franklin, so will the lasting truth, and power, and worship of all time come out in this new power—Spiritualism, with its Spiritual Worship and Divine Republic. We need not dig amid the mummy pits of Egypt or of Jerusalem for the true models of worship; for a greater than Egypt or Jerusalem is here.

There is also the objection to public prayer that it tends to get itself substituted in place of true, operative, practical devotion to the real interest of men and women. He who throws off his divine enthusiasm in a wordy and eloquent prayer of the lips, will not be so likely to get it off in a prayer of head, and heart, and hands in earnest devotion to the regeneration of society, of government, of daily life. Human vitality is limited; and when it is used in begging God to do the world good, it does not remain to

be directed into practical channels for our fellows. Will not this account for the fact that the Christian Church, which has been filled with prayer for seventeen hundred years, has done so little itself to save the world? It has spent so much time in "worshiping God" it has little time or means left with which to save men. God needs no human worship. It is worse than folly for men to seek the "glory of God." We need to work for the glorification of humanity—not Deity—that of the Infinite Justice, Love and Beauty. And it is a law of life itself that if our force be spent in one direction, it does not remain to be expended in another. Oral prayer is the mendicancy of souls seeking blessings for which they are unwilling to pay the just price. It seems to me like a kind of celestial beggary illy comporting with the law of pay and take. It is an effort to obtain divine goods gratis. If one wants bread he must sow, and reap, and gather into barns; if he wants knowledge he must use his brains in its attainment; if he wants strength of virtue he can obtain only amid the storm of temptation. The law of compensation runs through all worlds. Is mere lip service compensation for intelligence, for power, for art, for virtue, for wisdom? Alas! so-called Christianity has debauched the public conscience until it puts prayer in the place of deeds of justice, liberty and fraternity.

Nor would I ignore the true devotional spirit. But true devotion to the necessary work of the world will not show itself in the utterances of him who "stands praying in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets;" those who pray little and work much, are the true worshipers of Divine laws. Obedience to the laws of God is the only real worship; and this obedience is work. Work is the only true worship.

There is, of course, an inner and Spiritual side to worship; there are moments when, after long and severe toil in the work of elevating ourselves and others; when we have fought with beasts, not at "Ephesus" only, but in our own blood and society; when we have opposed the unjust law; when we have labored to save the fallen, to protect the weak, to feed the hungry, and to emancipate woman, and negroes, and labor; then it is that there comes over us the deepening, holy presence of the Divine Spirit; our very souls yearn for more light, love, power and beauty. *But, mark the fact and the law*—such moments do not come to the selfish, self-seeking, hard-hearted, and lazy man who works for nobody but himself; but only to the self-forgetful toiler for his race. And the soul at such hours lifts itself up toward the seat and center of Divine Sovereignty; its towering aspirations that put out its Spiritual tentacles into the ocean of celestial forces, are but the correlative and equivalent of its duty done, the force of heart-love and hand-work for men transformed into power, of soul into consciousness, of our Spiritual Unity with God and the Republic of Ideas.

The power to rise up into the Divine beatitudes arises from the just and generous performances of deeds of kindness, of mercy, of justice, of love. It is thus we get re-enforced from higher levels, for other duties which shall come at the right moment. *Yet these need more devotion.* But not devotion in the shape of ecclesiastical performances. The husband needs more devotion to his wife, who has forsaken all for him; and the wife needs more devotion to her husband; and both need more devotion to their children's culture and success as future men and women; and we all need more devotion to justice, liberty, and love. The amount of wind expended in oral prayer if it could fill the sails of our soul commerce, would waft us into the harbor of eternal peace and plenty; but it flows from too low levels to accomplish this celestial voyage. To be sure, let us love devotion; but let it be a devotion which will free the Republic, emancipate woman and open to her a career; which educates all the children of the land; which will exalt labor and degrade idleness; which will soften the heart; spiritualize the affections; purify marriage and society; develop science, art, philosophy, religion, until the dear old earth shall blaze and brighten under the beams of an actual millennium.

Troy, N. Y., January, 1867.

Prof. Agassiz, at a recent meeting in Cambridge, Mass., took strong ground against corporeal punishment in schools. He said: "He could not sit still without saying a word on this matter. He believed in the opinion expressed by the first gentleman who spoke. He had been a teacher since he was fourteen years of age—some forty years—and had never struck a blow. He believed that the fault was mainly with the teacher whenever corporeal punishment was resorted to."

Ex-Governor Washburn concurred with Prof. Agassiz: "There is no need of whipping girls to make them behave. He reiterated the statement expressed by the previous speaker, that in five cases out of seven the fault was with the teacher rather than the scholar. If there is a necessity for punishment, it is the right and duty of the school committee to remove the refractory scholar. Whipping is a positive evil. It blunts the intellect, and the scholars lose self-respect."

For The Spiritual Republic.

## To "Spirits in Prison."

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

*"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Ex. 33 14.*

The silver threaded chords of being run,  
Down from God's throne,  
Through the whole universe, from sun to sun,  
From zone to zone;  
And the same life in human bosoms thrills,  
Which guides the spheres, and clothes their verdant hills.

All life is God's, wrapped in his mysteries,  
Born of his thought;  
Not only flaming stars and billowy seas  
His power hath wrought;  
Not only bathed the hills in awful calm,  
And sown the heavens with light, the air with balm.

His are the deep abysses of the earth,  
Its noisome caves;  
His fiat gives the dread sirocco birth,  
Their burning waves,  
The fierce volcanoes belch at his command,  
And drench with ruin wide, the fertile land.

So midst the cohorts foul of sin he dwells;  
So works his will;  
While god-like tenderness his being swells,  
His pulses thrill—  
In those dim regions of eternal shade  
Where grope the saddest souls his hands hath made.

In the wide twilight of that country large,  
Replete with souls,  
That hang for aye upon death's gloomy marge,  
Sin-prisoned ghouls,  
Who toil, for breath through bloody sweat and pain;  
Whom heaven rejects, and earth denies again;

Thrilling forever through that pestilent air,  
A promise rings,  
Fragrant of hope—an Eden blossom fair,  
Abroad that flings  
Eternal odors of the Father's love;  
Eternal, sure, as ages hence shall prove.

The ascent is rugged, lurid craters smoke  
Along the path;  
The sharp stones pierce the feet; stern shapes invoke  
Impending wrath;  
A stygian night hangs o'er the distant way,  
Through which no star-beam comes, no heavenly ray.

Look up! despairing one! the Father's voice  
Thrills through the air;  
It bids thee, lost, forsaken, to rejoice;  
With hope grow fair.  
"Child of my love, did not the Father say  
My presence shall go with thee, all the way?"

"Beyond the dark, wherein thou dost abide  
The broad heaven sweeps;  
Stars shake their golden tresses wide;  
The azure steep  
Flash back the day upon a thousand spheres;  
There lies thy goal; God's promise shames thy fears."

"To whom are laurel wreaths and crowns of light  
In hero wars?  
To those who bleed from the sternest fight  
Come conquerors.  
Whom God appoints to woe, are truly blest,  
Their's is the promise, 'I will give you rest.'"

"Rest from all pangs that leaped from unknown cause  
God chastened thee—  
Rest from all penalties of broken laws,  
In harmony;  
Rest from the thousand spells blind error wove,"  
Rest, rest, eternal in the Father's love.

For The Spiritual Republic.

## Reform.

BY J. P. COWLES, M. D.

That reforms are necessary is unquestionable, and that labors to reform have in a measure been successful, is certain; but while we have labored and still are laboring, like God's noble men and women, are we not losing sight of the first great principle of reform, in neglecting to seek for correct formations?

If we order a pair of boots made, and when finished find them too small, or imperfectly formed, they are reformed by a process termed *treeing*. If the boots had been perfectly formed, there would have been no necessity for reform. A hat, a garment, a house, a MAN, imperfectly formed, creates the necessity for reform.

If a gentleman wishes to ornament his grounds with trees, shrubbery and vines, he does not go into the forests and gather full grown and illy formed or dwarfed material, and attempt to reform them into beautiful vines, shrubs and trees; but he selects from those that have been carefully formed, in well prepared ground from the germinating period, or at least from their earliest existence.

If the horticulturist desires to produce in the highest state of perfection the strawberry, or other fruit, he will com-

mence his efforts at germination in well prepared soil. So to obtain horses, cows, fine wool sheep, or any other animal in its highest state of perfection, we never take imperfectly formed animals with a hope of so far reforming them as to meet our ideas of perfection; but we go back to the first principles of progress—the laws of reproduction, and there take the first steps towards improvement. But overlooking or neglecting almost entirely these first great principles in the formation of man, we are under the necessity of taking him in his deformed state, and improving his condition.

Thus, reform is confined almost exclusively to man, and as one generation succeeds another, the same necessity will ever exist, unless we go back in our labors, and understand well, and act upon the laws which govern reproduction.

While I would not for a moment have those who are engaged in progressive or reform movements slacken their efforts, I shall aim to strike at the root of all error and evil by teaching more intimately the laws which govern reproduction. These laws, studied in connection with the human temperaments, as arranged and classified by the late Prof. W. Byrd Powell, will furnish the key to a larger amount of human imperfections than any other source whatever; at the same time they direct a study of the highest interest into character as we find it exhibited everywhere; for each temperament and compound has a mode of existence peculiar to itself. Temperament is, in fact, the foundation of all mental and physical philosophy. I propose, therefore, to furnish for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC a few articles upon this subject; and that the student may not lose sight of what I have already written, I invite him to read again the articles in Nos. 12 and 13, Vol. III, of the late *Religio Philosophical Journal*.

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

## The Organization of Labor.—No. 3.

BY A. BRISBANE.

In our previous article, we gave a summary of the industrial system. We repeat it so that the reader may have it before him. It is a map, so to say, of that great system which comprises all the facts and phenomena connected with wealth, with its production, exchange and distribution. (Under the head of wealth, let it be remembered, we comprise all things necessary to man's wants and comforts.)

## THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

COMPOSED OF THREE PRIMARY BRANCHES OR DEPARTMENTS. THE PRODUCING, THE EXCHANGING AND THE DISTRIBUTING.

FIRST BRANCH—*Production of Wealth*—Agriculture, Manufactures, the Mechanic Arts, Mining, Fisheries, Transportation, Household Labor. These branches create the entire wealth of society. They furnish man with the means of satisfying his physical wants and comforts.

SECOND BRANCH—*Exchange of Wealth*—Commerce, Banking. These branches effect the exchange of the products which the first branch creates. Commerce buys and sells. Banking furnishes credit and our paper currency.

THIRD BRANCH—*Division of Wealth*—The laws, institutions and customs of society that govern labor, property, the tenure of real estate, rents, the currency, etc. These branches determine the division of wealth among the members of society, and regulate the portion which each receives.

The reader will observe that there are three great departments or branches in the industrial system. Each primary branch is divided into secondary branches. Now, a reform may be effected in either one of the primary branches—in Production, in Exchange, or in Distribution; or it may be effected in one of the secondary branches, as in Commerce, or in some law and institution; or it may be effected in the system as a whole; that is, embracing all the three branches; but this would be an integral, comprehensive reform, difficult to effect, and surpassing the boldest flights of the immense majority of reformers. Still, it is possible, and what may appear strange, if wisely and scientifically undertaken, it would be easier than partial and incomplete reforms.

Let us take up the three branches, and point out the character of the reforms which should be effected in them.

If a reform is effected in the first department, it should be by *organization*. Agriculture, which is the most important secondary branch of this department, is in a rude and almost savage state. It is to what agriculture will be when scientifically organized, what the ox-cart is, in traveling, to the railway. It would be folly to talk of improving or reforming the ox-cart to get at a perfect system of traveling. The primitive ox-cart was improved until the stage-coach, with relays of horses on macadamized roads, was devised; and still it was an imperfect system of traveling. It was only when the railway was invented, that traveling was *scientifically organized*. With the aid of this comparison, we can form some idea of what is to be done to organize agriculture and the other branches of Production scientifically. Efficient machinery, steam power, and scientific

processes must be applied; the men engaged in the work must be associated; and on a basis of equality and justice, true laws, as regards industrial rights and remuneration, must be devised. All this must be done before labor can secure to man wealth, health, and a congenial field of activity.

Some branches of manufactures have been partially organized; that is, they have been organized *materially*, or in one aspect. By the discovery of the steam engine and machinery, the productive powers of man have been giganticly increased; and this achievement is one of the greatest of which the human race can boast. But while the *material* organization has been perfected, no attention has been paid to what we call the *moral* or *spiritual* organization. By the latter, we understand the association of the producers on principles of justice, equality and sympathy; the union of labor and capital in the same hands; the establishment of industrial rights, such as the guarantee of regular, congenial occupation, and a free choice of the same; the proper variation of labor; the combination of the different branches, especially of agriculture and manufactures, which should never be separated; the application of elegance, refinement and cleanliness in all details of industry, at least as far as compatible with the nature of the work. This side of the organization is left out, so that while the laborer produces more, he is no better off. In fact our great manufactories, which are models of perfection as regards machinery and processes, are industrial prisons, in which the laboring classes are subject to a more dreary and slavish system of discipline than under the old system of little workshops, in which the work was carried on by hand. While genius has invented magnificent productive agents, capital has invented a more oppressive and abominable system of discipline in labor than existed before. While great material progress has been made, the industrial world has sunk more deeply into selfishness, injustice and servitude.

Thus, a reform in the first department, is to be effected only by organization. It is difficult to improve a false, unorganized thing; we must organize it. As a consequence, we must build up in this department; we can accomplish very little by changing or modifying details.

In the second department, in Commerce and Banking, a reform can, to a great extent, be effected by changing—by eliminating and abrogating.

Our whole system of commerce is radically false. It is a system of mere individual action, license and anarchy, in the important work of the exchange of products. Individuals, having the right to do with products which they purchase what they please, as they pass through their hands—which appears very natural to persons who do not analyze closely—they take every advantage possible of consumers or purchasers, and practice innumerable varieties of frauds, the most baneful of which is the adulteration of products. How blind an age must be to permit an intermediate class to poison at least a half of the articles they consume.

Commerce is not a complex thing, like agriculture and manufactures, requiring organization. If properly prosecuted, it could be reduced to the mere sending of orders and the shipping of products ordered. It was carried on three thousand years ago—in Memphis and Babylon—as well as it is the present day. It has made no progress, except in complication and fraud, for the reason that it is a simple operation, requiring neither scientific processes, machinery or power. The simple instinct or common sense of men enable them to buy and sell; while to prosecute manufactures, as they now are prosecuted with steam power and the machinery possessed at the present day, four thousand years of inventive genius and thought have been requisite.

If productive industry were scientifically organized, the present system of commerce could be changed at once, and without effort. It would be seen that the work of effecting the exchange of products could be performed by commission merchants, acting as the agents of the producers of wealth, responsible and removable at will. The principle of *intermediate property*—by which is to be understood the power of the commercial classes to buy and own products, to speculate upon and adulterate them—would be abolished.

As regards the Currency, the privilege conceded to individuals and corporations to issue paper money, and control it as well as the specie currency—that is, to possess a monopoly of the circulating medium and of credit—should be taken from them, and vested in the government alone. If industry were organized, this could be done. Our false systems of commerce and banking flourish only because industry is in an unorganized, incoherent, confused and disordered state. They who can control capital or credit can enter this unorganized field, and, operating amid poor, unassociated producers, without any understanding or concert of action among themselves, can, like freebooters, prey upon and spoliage them.

Thus, while a reform in the first branch of the industrial system can only be effected by organization, requiring science and genius, stimulated by philanthropy, a reform in the second branch can be effected by abolishing abuses and false arrangements, by simple common sense and a scanti-

ment of justice. One is difficult; the other very easy; if the first is effected, the second will follow as a consequence.

As regards the third branch, it participates in the two. While wise and just laws and institutions must, on the one hand be devised and established, false and unjust ones must on the other be abolished. It requires great wisdom to frame just institutions, while to abolish unjust or iniquitous ones requires only a sentiment of justice and a perception of right.

For example, it is understood by thinking minds that slavery and the wages system are both false. We have seen that it was easy to abolish the first. It was done by a decree, issued by a single man; a few words abrogated it. The wages system could also be abolished, provided a new institution or system could be devised to replace it. But it is extremely difficult to devise a system of co-operation and association to take the places of hired labor, which is the cause of its remaining in operation. It was comparatively easy to abolish serfage in Russia, and slavery in this country, for the reason that a higher system of labor—the wages system—which admits of the material or corporeal liberty of the laborer, existed and furnished a model to be adopted. All that was necessary was to adopt this higher system. It would be difficult to abolish at present the wages system, as no higher one exists into which it can be transformed.

Thus the third branch of the industrial system is to be reformed in part by abrogating false laws and institutions, and in part by discovering and framing new and true ones.

With these explanations, we trust that the reader will be able to form some clear conceptions as to the different kinds of reform to be effected, and the means to be employed. He will be able to overlook the whole field of industry, its condition, and needs, and will not be carried away by a reform of some detail, imagining that it embraces the entire domain of progress and improvement.

### ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

#### Never Look Down.

BY O. G. WARREN.

Never look down on the grave, broken-hearted,  
Seeking in that lonely shrine the departed!  
Never with sighing and weeping and mourning,  
Speak of the friends who have gone unreturning;  
Never look down for the beings who love us—  
Deeming them lost to us—they are above us.

Never look down on the grave and with sighing  
Dwell on the last solemn scene of the dying;  
Look not upon it believing the spirit  
Is buried beneath the green-sward, or near it;  
'Tis not the place for the beings that love us—  
From the decaying form they soar above us.

Look on the cold grave, but when thou art lonely,  
Turn to the pillow and think of them only.  
Think that with all of their love they are near us—  
Come to be with us, to sooth us, to cheer us;  
When not beside us to pray for, and love us,  
Look to the skies for them, they are above us.

Never look down for the star, or the levin,  
Nor in the grave for the blest heirs of heaven;  
To the dark chancel or earth-clod, they go not,  
Gloom and corruption, they see not and know not;  
Never look down for the spirits that love us—  
They are beside us, around us, above us.

#### An English Woman's Story.

[We are personally acquainted with the writer of this; also with Mrs. M., and heard her relate the incident herein accurately described. Both of them are ladies of veracity. There are so many valid testimonies of haunted houses, we are compelled to believe. Here is a phenomenon not yet fully investigated; it is a theme for discussion.]

"I don't believe in Spiritualism," said an illiterate, but honest English woman, whom I had known from childhood, to me a few months since; "I am afraid of it, and think it is from the devil."

"I am afraid of evil, too, which is all the devil I am acquainted with," I replied; "but we must judge of a tree by its fruits, and I think for one that the Spiritualists are as good, and do as much good, as any. How about Dr. —, whom you say is relieving that difficulty in your throat, and the old-school doctors have failed to cure?"

"Yes," rejoined she, "but he don't call himself a Spiritualist; he says it is God himself gives him his power to heal."

"Says so to you Orthodox," I replied, "but we will let that pass, if he can help you, by pulling the wool over your eyes; I won't say he is justified, but that his motives are not all bad. It pays him better, too, for he can make more by reaching many who, like you, are only afraid of the word *Spiritualism*."

"But," said she, excitedly, "if I thought it was Spiritualism that was curing me, I would never go to Dr. —'s again."

"That is it, but don't fear; the spirits mean you nothing

but good, and it is the merest folly for us to disdain their offered aid, for all aids to good are sent by the Good Father; can't you believe that? Another thing, Mrs. M—," continued I, "these things have always been from Bible-times down to the present. Men and women who could cure insanity and physical ills, by what the ignorant called a "charm"; and others have often seen spirits, or "ghosts," as they called them."

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "I believe in ghosts, for I have seen one myself."

"Then you know spirits really come back?" I said.

"No, that isn't Spiritualism, for the good and happy cannot come back, only the wicked, who are not at rest."

"How do you know that?" said I, "but never mind the name, tell me about your ghost."

"The year I was twenty-one," began she, "I was lady's maid in a gentleman's family in England. I went with the household to the town of Bolton, to spend the summer months, where they had rented a house for the season. The house had been vacant for some time. The first day of our arrival was a busy one for the maids and footmen; and the carpenters had not finished, late in the afternoon, setting up and putting things to right. A hammer was needed that had been left in the cellar-kitchen, and I was sent to fetch it; off I started at a hop-and-skip pace, for in those days I was so giddy I seldom took a sober step. The cellars in the grand houses there are arranged in suits, first a kitchen, then beyond are the wine-cellar, store-rooms, etc. I reached the cellar-kitchen, found the hammer, and turned to go back at my usual hop-and-skip gait, and had nearly reached the foot of the stairway to ascend, when a slight rustling noise made me turn my head. The handsomest dressed gentleman I ever saw, just to my right, was walking directly by me towards the door of the wine-cellar. I was not startled, only by his sudden appearance, supposing it some one who had entered in some natural way. I can remember his very countenance to this day; handsome, but pale, while his eyes looked as if they did not see me, when fixed directly on me, like glass set in one position. He wore a dark blue broadcloth coat, with bright buttons, a ruffled shirt front, and his hair curled glossy and snug just up to where his tall shiny hat sat upon his head. He passed so near by me, as he moved along steadily and rapidly, that I stepped aside to keep from brushing against him, and stood looking at him a little awed by so genteel a man, but my heart stopped beating, and my very blood run cold with fright and amazement, when I saw him, just as he had passed by me a few feet, begin to disappear. He seemed to sink down toward the floor, his head vanishing last of all, all before he had half way reached the door of the wine-cellar, and all in my plain sight. It took but a few bounds for me to reach the top of the stair-case; I looked back once to see if any one was after me, then fainted before all the people above crowding around to find out the matter. When I could speak I told them I had seen a ghost in the cellar; they all laughed, one of the carpenters asking why I had not hit him a clip over the head with the hammer? The mistress was angry with me when I insisted upon what I had seen, as there were young people in the family into whose heads she did not want to get such ideas. But I gave my month's warning, for I knew I should never dare go into that cellar-kitchen again alone. That was not all either; after the family had retired for the night, the cook and I began, as it was Saturday night, to arrange the tins and other kitchen utensils that would be needed before Monday morning, and to get everything right for the Sabbath, when one of the bedroom bells rung violently; we both went to look into the hall and found it was from the master's room. Going to the door we found them all fast asleep, and not a mortal in the house stirring, and as we came back, found the bell-wire had not yet ceased vibrating. The cook and myself rushed to our room, crept into bed together with our clothes on, and covering up our faces with the bed clothes, staid so till morning. We soon found out from neighboring servant girls that there had been for many years a "frighten" in the house, and that no tenant would long remain in it. So I left as soon as my month was up. I would not stay in the house with a ghost."

"I should not fancy, myself," said I, "being continually disturbed by invisible inhabitants of a house, as there is ample evidence that many occupants of dwellings have been, but it is all in accordance with some natural law that they are enabled to do so; and I believe they are only manifesting the desire to communicate with us. That spirit probably wished to reveal some mystery that hung over some transaction connected with his life; and because he appeared to your sight he was not any more enabled to injure you than if he had remained invisible."

"Yes, but I don't believe in Spiritualism!"

If a person does no more for his spiritual life than to feed his mind with "signs and wonders," he will make the same progress that a traveler would who stands gazing all day at the guide-board, presuming he could thus reach the end of his journey.

For The Spiritual Republic.

### Ancient Spirits.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

Do ancient spirits, exalted minds of one thousand or two thousand years ago, hold communication with the men and women of to-day? Our question is of little consequence to those who have outgrown the worship of persons, and who worship only Principles; to those who take truth for its own sake, with little or no regard to the source from which it comes. Very few, if any of us, have fully reached this state of mind. Spiritual children, perhaps, need to be *under authority*. Spiritual adults take Truth for their Saviour, King and God. Our question is important to most men as they are. The Christian fixes his eye on the person of Jesus. Each sect has its separate saint, its Calvin, Luther, Wesley, Edwards, Swedenborg, and others, too many to name. So, many Spiritualists must have messages from some great, exalted and ancient minds.

A large share of the people believe in the personal visits of these ancient ones. The Christian prays to, and feels that he enjoys the presence of Jesus.

Mediums receive communications purporting to come from Jesus, Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato, Socrates, and hundreds of others of that day. The "presence of Jesus" does not bring harmony to the Church! The name of their sects is legion! The messages from these supposed ancient spirits are very contradictory. What evidence do, or can these spirits give us of their identity? None at all.

One good brother told me he had "seen and talked with Jesus several times." He was positive. I said, "How did you know it was him?" He replied—"He looked" so and so. I asked—"How did you become personally acquainted with him, so that you could know him by his looks?" His look told me that my question was heartless, if not profane. Still I here urged the question as to all these ancient spirits. All this is spiritually unnatural and unphilosophical. I am positive that these spirits do not visit the men of to-day.

First—They are in better business.

Second—They are not needed.

Third—Their visits would be a positive injury.

We are contemplating a mind—say, one thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand, or more years old. A very large, active, superior mind at the first; for it is such who are said to come. We all profess to believe in progression. May we not conclude that these minds progress half as fast there as they did here, from the age of twenty to eighty? Then, we have a superior mind in the five hundredth to two thousandth year of his or her age, by our standard. Reader, I am lost in the thought. I cannot conceive of the greatness of such a soul, or endure its immediate presence. Do I need such a teacher? Do you need such a teacher? What man of to-day, can conceive of such a mind, much less bear its presence! Such a person is doing nothing, which is real annihilation, or he must be in some exalted employment, suitable to his capacity.

Why should we ask, or desire the presence of these persons as teachers, while there are millions of graduates from schools, the instructions and instructors of which originally came from some of their schools, who are more than competent to instruct us. Who of us has reached such a moral and mental height, that no less than a Jesus, Confucius, Plato or Socrates, in the thousandth or two thousandth year of his life, can help us? Some men expect to see God in the coming life; more expect to see and "sit with Jesus." I do not expect to see—much less to get a seat near any of those ancient worthies. I can be happy without even a sight of either of them. I do not desire—can any man sanely desire—to see them? Why should we? Can we ever reach their place and be their equals? The idea that we can, implies something worse to me than annihilation. No, no, onward, ye men—ye gods! tarry not for us! To my mind, it is against the fitness of things—against the laws of mind—is little less than insanity—to suppose it morally and mentally possible for these persons to come as our instructors. Forgive the plainness and earnestness of my words. These men are not needed. I do not need them. Who does? Let him speak out. Even their supposed presence inflates and injures us, produces terrible egotism. The real weight of such minds would crush us. Their mental and moral light would destroy our mental and moral eyesight. It is a violation of law for such mental extremes to come into too close contact.

When we think of Jesus or Plato, etc., we think of them as they were almost two thousand years ago. We can have hardly a mental shadow of what they are to-day. If we can, I do not desire immortality. It would be very near eternal stagnation—not eternal life. What a change in a live and growing man from twenty to sixty! Then what must it be in two or three thousand years! It is well we cannot now conceive of their present state. It is only little by little that we can bear and enjoy change. Only a gradual change that we can contemplate with pleasure. Yet our reason tells us we cannot endure eternal sameness, which is really eternal death.

Stockholm, N. Y.

## THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

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CORRESPONDING EDITORS,  
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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit, idea, or genius of the great Spiritual Movement."

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## WHOLENESS.

Wholeness is completeness. Applied to things it signifies unity and symmetry of form. Applied to persons, it supposes power; a well balanced distribution of activity, and a certain execution of purpose, implied in the constitutional functions of our being.

Womanhood and Manhood are the significant terms for human wholeness. A stone may be whole as a stone; an edifice may be whole—complete—as an edifice; a child may be whole—healthily performing its emotional functions as a child; but more than this, Womanhood and Manhood, in wholeness enshrine greatness, which, like a star, sheds its light on all continually, and brightens as there is need for light.

It must be seen, however, that human wholeness, as above defined, is not a birth-right only by possibility of attainment.

The fabled ones of old have no corresponding facts in human experience; we are not born women and men, but babes; as we are not born noble and virtuous, but innocent; the latter being a prophecy of the former.

Evidently, the grand purpose of our earth life is, by a process of culture, to attain human wholeness. Will persons say the purpose of life is to glorify God? We answer, the glory of God is his manifestation, and the highest manifestation of any divine life on earth is in the human consciousness of spiritual things. And the cultivation of human life produces higher and higher manifestation of the divine will or purpose, therefore, the highest cultivated life, human wholeness, is the greatest glory, and the highest thinkable end of earthly action.

In the light of this corollary we view all present aims, methods and institution with this further provision:

1st. That all things and conditions actually desirable are attainable by human effort in keeping with natural law.

2d. That the things and conditions attainable are associates, therefore cannot be legitimately sectarianized. The one cannot be attained, held, and used successfully without reference to the other.

Our first proposition, we presume, will be readily seen and accepted by all thinking persons, unless we except some theologians who will as readily drop it as "Infidel."

The second is like unto it, in point of fact, though it involves methods that are not so readily mastered. Herein we see the waste of effort, the want of wholeness.

We will take to illustrate our thought, the process of physiological evolution in the child. We may suppose the babe just born to be whole as a babe. Bodily organs, respiration, circulation, all complete. There is a perfect adjustment of one part to the other, leaving no undue extremes. Here, then, to our observation, commences a struggle upward towards Womanhood or Manhood. We know that all things desirable are possible, so far as the constitution of the child is concerned, and the only questionable ground is the method adopted in rearing the child. But what are the requirements? Simply that an equilibrium shall be maintained, as between the several organs and functions of the body; that wholeness be perpetuated, and that no one part feed upon and devour the other, or in any way rob it of its required vitality or exercise. As the child advances, new functions will appear, broader scope of action will be demanded, and therewith the nicer adjustment of one part to all the rest. If the newly born babe be subjected to extremes of heat and cold; if it be starved and overfed alternately, and if in after years it be subjected to extremes of affection and anger, caressed and beaten; if extremes

rapidly alternate through life, or if an extreme in any one direction be taken and maintained; we shall hardly fail to see, as a result, some glaring fault, some insurmountable weakness, and withal a fretful waste of life's forces.

May not this process of individual growth find an exact counterpart, so far as methods and results are concerned, in society? Society is not merely a collection of men, women, and children, any more than the human form is merely a collection of bones, muscles and nerves. One part of society cannot be fostered at the expense, or to the neglect of the other, without abating the action, and impairing the health of the whole. Witness even the extremes of American society in this respect. Our appeal to arms in 1861 had no other cause, primarily, than the persistent effort of one part of the body politic to usurp the rights of another part, and socially to make equals in fact, subservient in use. One can but see the inevitable consequence of such a course. It came, and corresponding results will continue to come, as long as similar causes exist, or until an equilibrium metes out equal and exact justice to all.

In the religious department of society, we find excessive turmoil; sect warring with sect, and in sheer contention for mastery, wasting more than one half their energy; and the whole theological or "orthodox" school deny the right of equal divine favor to others, who, just as noble as they, differ in forms of belief. Who cannot prophecy that just as certain as authority to dictate is assumed by the "orthodox," and persistently urged, that they will be overthrown by the dissenters; and the extreme measures employed for their overthrow will be in exact proportion to the gravity of their assumption, and the tenacity of their adherence to it?

As between the sexes the same comparison can be drawn. Without any inherent right whatever to do so, man assumes the control of society. He makes and administers what is called law, demanding of woman not only obedience to it, but also to his wishes, often to her own destruction, and oftener to her inexpressible disgust. In this respect the record of wrongs silently borne, in intensity and depth of meaning, exceed, perhaps, that of any other department of life, at least in the present century, and it becomes more and more significant. Is there no remedy? Yes, it is in the very constitution of society, and cannot be forever or long withheld. And, further still, the classes are terribly unbalanced. Money, even in America, warrants favor and gains position, as against brains and integrity. Capital owns labor, and degrades it just as the priest degrades the layman, or man the woman, that thereby its power and rule may be perpetuated. Now, we affirm that as human wholeness is the grand aim of individual life, that as Woman and Man, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually equilibrated, are the highest earthly expression of divine wisdom, so society; which derives its type from them, finds its highest expression in wholeness, or the adjustment of all its parts so as to secure activity without contentious opposition. All women and men are created equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights which pertain to the whole being, politically, religiously, socially.

Can it be otherwise than that the same standard and practice shall obtain in society? Certainly not. We may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace until the Idea of Wholeness is practically acknowledged and sought to be attained by all.

Upon this we base our hopes and labors for reform in the future, with the full consciousness that, though there may be differences of opinion, and though different women and men are specially adapted to certain work and unfit for certain other work, yet all together constitute the measure of human uses and symbolize industrial wholeness. The various legitimate means of life and progress everywhere chime in their perpetual harmony of purpose. And we rise in the scale of being just in proportion as we, in our consciousness and volition, accord with the great eternal Ideas of Wholeness, and practically balance the scales of justice. The difference in our illustration of the child and society is nominal. We assume the child's equilibrium, and proceed to perpetuate it. The different departments and parts of society are not in equilibrium, but by effort this condition is to be attained, until differences will not be a synonym for contention; then the waste of effort ceases, and the social and industrial energies produce, where now they irritate and re-act.

We are not expecting to attain peace and vigor by merely writing or announcing the condition of their existence. The significant words of Emerson, "Choose which ye will, truth or repose," ring in our ears, and every day we tighten our armor for continued effort, with the simple provision that we stand in the breach and strike for justice and equality. Time will render an account of persistent effort, which will be effectual in proportion as it is wise.

We have no particular desire that people should agree. Wholeness is not sameness. It would be well, however, if we could agree to disagree, and not stoop to the obstruction of each other's way. No one class can far precede the others; each must help; and egotism is a cursed thing. May it not be that all political, social and religious reformers constitute, in three divisions, the Grand Army of

Progress? It seems so to us; and while we sincerely admire individual Wholeness which, at least, implies vigor, justice and virtue, we can but plead for social Wholeness, which implies unity of effort, to the end that each may have his or her own.

## DR. ADAM CLARKE A SPIRITUALIST.

A writer, recently referring to Dr. Adam Clarke, under the above caption, says:

"This eminent Methodist clergyman and commentator, whose commentaries now lie before me, was a firm believer in Spiritualism; that is, he accepted its central thought—a present intercourse with departed spirits."

As a warrant for this affirmation (*i. e.*, that Dr. Clarke was a Spiritualist,) the writer quotes the following, which occurs on page 299, vol. second, in the course of Dr. Clarke's comments on the women of Endor, Samuel and Saul:

"I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals. I believe Samuel did actually appear to Saul, and that he was sent by the especial mercy of God to warn this infatuated king of his approaching death."

We do not wish to make a distinction without a difference, nor to spend our time, or cause any one else to spend his, in a mere preference of words—in a dispute involving taste—or in the measuring of beliefs even, unless there is a vital and formative idea involved, which, then, becomes the basis of all that may be said, and which must give rise to all sequences that legitimately follow.

The careful investigator of what is known as modern Spiritualism will readily understand us when we say that it presents two apparently opposing schools or methods of thought, viz.: the inductive and deductive, or the phenomenal and Ideal. The first, as a method, observes phenomena, establishes facts, and then proceeds by induction to principles. The second recognizes the Idea in consciousness, and therefrom proceeds deductively to the outer verge of life, often announcing the most important facts years before the phenomenal evidence appeared in their support.

Both methods are legitimate; and if equally and conjointly used in proportion to their significance, become substantial aids to each other, in the solution of life's problems. If used separately, having special votaries, the first is too apt to stop short of general principles, while the latter, with an equal amount of short-sightedness, leads to vague theories and unsubstantial propositions.

It can be seen, however, that while the two methods are co-operative, each performs its office in its own way; nor can one be substituted for the other.

Ideas are the impersonal projectors of all great Movements. Facts are the subsequent personal means for their practical human understanding and adjustment. Ideas are fountains. Facts indicate the course of the stream. We think we give no undue preference to either method; we should not, for we feel very sure that no true philosophy can exist unless it accepts them both, and unites them in its operations.

We affirm that Ideas are the parents of all great comprehensive Movements, therefore of the Spiritual Movement; therefore the Spiritual Movement derives its genius from Ideas, and is centrally characterized by them. We ever bear this in mind as fundamental; for Ideas are unchangeable and universally the same, while dominant facts are ever appearing, and are, in demonstration, at least, variably subject to human perception and judgment.

The central Idea of Spiritualism may be announced as the unity and universality of spirit, thus constituting one universal divine Nature, or a Spiritual Naturalism. The method of the Spiritual Movement is characterized by the Idea of evolution. Thus we have a new type of philosophy, and a progressive movement that demands a complete reconstruction of society. To our understanding, nothing short of this can be allowed to pass into act or history, as the sum of Spiritualism.

We have said this, because this prominent writer announces a belief in spirit intercourse as the "central thought" of Spiritualism; logically making the Spiritual Movement dependent upon a fact for its vitality and significance. Dr. Clarke believed that human spirits live in a state of consciousness in the spiritual world, and can communicate with mortals. He believed that that world was supernatural; he also believed that God's "especial mercy" sent Samuel to Saul. Herein we have a full recognition of the theological dogmas which the Spiritual Idea utterly prohibits, and which the Spiritual Philosophy never can acknowledge. If Spiritualism pivoted upon a fact, then it would be admissible to characterize Dr. Adam Clarke as a Spiritualist, without comment. As it does not, the paragraphs here quoted, making Dr. Clarke a representative Spiritualist, entirely misrepresents and belittles the Spiritual Movement, by showing one of its hands without intimating that it has a heart.

We consider the spread of the facts of spirit existence and communion very desirable. It is undoubtedly well to show that they have had a continued historical recognition by earnest, thinking men. We cannot, however, see either

the consistency or the wisdom of announcing Dr. Clarke a Spiritualist, when, as announced, he signifies just as much as the most thorough Spiritual philosopher of the present time. Dr. Clarke testifies to the fact of spirit communion; but he would boot the Spiritual philosophy, judging from the present evidence.

COMMUNION WITH ANCIENT SPIRITS.

On the 7th page is an article on the above subject, written by a brother who is evidently an honest inquirer after truth. As it involves a moral interest inductive to serious thought mutually concerning us all, we publish it, hoping it may be suggestive of private, as well as public discussion, for the ends of good. Whilst we respect the manly utterance of his best convictions, we as earnestly differ from him, and will briefly state our reasons:

As atom answers to atom throughout the universe, so mind answers to mind. Age can have no neutralizing effect here. What if years or spaces divide, the law of affinity holds good. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole." In the very fitness of things, therefore, it is impossible to prevent communion with ancient spirits.

If it were possible in the elemental relations of matter and mind for spirits to advance so high, or become so refined, as to absolve them from all identification with our affairs, there is a moral law counteracting the attempt, virtually hurling them back to earth's children and rudimental principles. What exalts character? Is it selfishness? Is it aristocracy? Is it that pharisee which ever says in freezing example—"Stand by, I am holier than thou?"

An individual is elevated into the heavenly spheres as his love keeps pace with his wisdom. Great minds are always benevolent; they rise fast as they lift others out of ignorance, and its consequent miseries. We are "members one of another." If we presume to go alone, we are sure to fall back. A severe but blessed truth this, ever prompting us to broaden the area of our charity till all share the glory and joy of our attainments in life. As those good spirits of ancient days evinced deep interest when inhabitants of earth in human progress, it is obvious from the law of fraternal love, that it is continually enhanced as every revolution upheaves a new stratum of mind—themselves the abettors bringing them nearer and nearer to the secret pulses of our being, infusing the heaven they enjoy to make a yet better heaven for angel immortals.

Hence the law of love indissolubly ties things that were with the things that are, making the living present the true interpreter of the past. Memory feels its ways wherever its life has pulsed. Are we limited in any direction? Have we not an eternal past as well as eternal future? We live! there is no beginning! there is no ending! Have we not all an ancient experience? Do we not naturally love to recall the associations of other days? Does not the soul travel out even beyond these to trace its long pilgrimage and processes of development, overwhelmed with the discovery at length, that immortality is all around, beneath and above, interlinking all spiritualities into one great whole of love and thought?

The true history of humanity has never yet been written. It is falsely gilded; it is contradictory; and yet enough we have to convince us that truth underlies the drama. The statements of the mediums here are certainly as valid. The glimmering light in the historic chaos, thus shed upon our world by the ministry of ancient spirits, foretells most surely the day is dawning when the past will be opened to the undimmed visions of mankind. Wise are we if we work on conditions for these happy ends. Thus, and thus only, can we know how they thought, and loved, and acted in ancient days. We are hopeful, therefore, for the coming revelations.

To converse with Socrates, and Confucius, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Moses, and Jesus—what is more exalting? what more ennobling? what more inspiring? The thought even that we cannot have this high privilege, is terribly painful. Against it all the soul's deepest powers of love revolt. We bow before the great and good. We wish to learn how others struggled for the right. Before such a personage as Jesus we delight to uncover our heads, and feel the power of his loving spirit, lifting our every spring of life. We would not for a moment tear from the heart the endearing trust, that that divine man is to-day more than ever related by interior interest with our temptations and victories; and that because of this sacred nearness, he is fulfilling to-day what was promised—"And greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." Cherish, we say, every sentiment that naturally accords with the pure spiritual instincts of humanity.

MUSIC.

We call the attention of parties wishing to purchase music or musical instruments to our special department in that line, under the supervision of Prof. D. R. Hughes. His selection of musical instruments is choice.

All orders should be addressed, Prof. D. R. Hughes, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL.

N. Frank White is in Louisville, Ky., the remainder of this month and next. A letter from that place assures us that he is having fine success in his work there.

Henry C. Wright has of late been lecturing before the Society of Friends of Progress at Vineland, N. J.

Dr. J. R. Newton is at present in Newport, R. I.

It is expected that Mr. John Stuart Mill will deliver his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrew on the 1st of February.

Charles A. Hayden has returned to Chicago, and will lecture, as heretofore, at Washington Hall, each Sunday evening.

Ex-Governor Hahn, of Louisiana, is at St. Louis, recovering from the effects of severe injuries received from being overturned in a carriage at Fort Riley, last fall, while riding with a party of Pacific Railroad excursionists. As soon as he is able, he will proceed to Washington, to add his testimony on the New Orleans riots before the Congressional Committee.

Hon. Roscoe Conkling was elected United States Senator from New York on the 15th inst., in place of Senator Harris, whose term will expire on the fourth of March next. From among the available candidates a better choice could not probably have been made.

Moses Hull will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism and Reform in any part of the United States. Address 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson lectures in Unity Church, (Rev. Robert Collyer's) corner of Chicago avenue and Dearborn street, in this city, on Thursday evening, January 24th.

It is announced that General Grant and family intend to sail for Europe in April next, and will visit the Paris Exposition.

Mary L. Booth is busily engaged in translating Eugene Sue's last and greatest work, "The Mysteries of the People." The publishing of the work was suppressed in the author's lifetime. Since his death, the entire work has been issued by Victor Hugo's publishers at Brussels.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend is to lecture in Washington, D. C., during next month.

Anna E. Dickinson has recovered her health, and lectures at Cooper Institute, New York, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 19th. The subject of her lecture will be "Something to do."

Miss Susie M. Johnson lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, during February and March, and during April in Sturgis, Mich. From that point she comes West.

Ristori, the great Italian Tragedienne is in Chicago this week, appearing each evening, at Crosby's Opera House. The elite of the city crowds the house to its utmost capacity, and great admiration is expressed by those who have witnessed her appearance in the several characters selected.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

From all quarters, the tidings of reform, or revolutions in behalf of reform, reach us, and everywhere the people are demanding and receiving an extension, or enlargement of their liberties. The Czar emancipates and enfranchises the serfs of Russia. Our own Government abolishes African slavery, and will enfranchise the negroes. The Pacha of Egypt declares a Constitution, and the people elect their representatives. Prussia leads in a war of emancipation from despotic rule, and the ballot goes into the hands of Germans. Italy shakes of Austria, France and the Pope, and leaps into independence. The Cretans, inspired by the shouts of liberty, rise once more, and bravely struggle to gain a deserved independence; and still, adding victory granted, to victory won, Napoleon, seemingly of his free will and accord, decrees surprising liberties to his country.

The following paragraph appears in the late dispatches from Europe:

"Napoleon has issued an important decree. It orders that the address of the Chambers, in reply to the speech from the Throne, shall be discontinued; grants to the legislative body the right of questioning the Government; directs that offenses of the press be tried in Convictional Courts; that the stamp duties be redressed, and the rights of the people to meet in public be limited only by those regulations necessary for the public safety. The decree concludes these reforms will crown the edifice of a State founded on the National will. The Cabinet have tendered their resignations."

Just what may be Napoleon's purpose in this act, we cannot now see. To say that it is one of pure benevolence, bearing in itself its own purpose, would be to exceed the limits of probability, and go beyond the warrants of history. However this may be, it is an enlargement of popular liberty, and a fit link in the chain of events which for six years have come in quick succession, cheering the oppressed everywhere. Revolutions never go backwards. What Napoleon has given the citizens of France he cannot recall, and when legislative discussions criticise the policy of the Government, and the people meet in large public assemblies to discuss the questions of the hour, it will not

be long till other concessions must be freely made, or will be demanded. Meantime England moves slowly, but surely, to add her link to the chain. The reform agitation of 1866 can hardly fail to culminate in 1867, far exceeding, in degree, the anticipations of its pioneers.

The workmen of Chelmsford have lately forwarded an address, signed by nearly two hundred and fifty of their number, to Mr. Bright, the heroic leader of reform in England, in acknowledging the receipt of which he says:

"I have received the address, and I write to express my thanks to the workmen who have signed it. I value their good opinion very highly, and were it not that they are so far off, and that I have so much to occupy me here, I should be glad to have an opportunity of meeting them to discuss the question of reform with them. The question of a wide extension of the suffrage is making way. The address says that 'nearly 100,000,000 in the United States and in Germany are in possession of the franchise,' and they argue from this that the cause cannot be withstood here. I believe that they are right in this, and that we shall come up with the nations most advanced in the theory and practice of representative government. The workmen throughout the United Kingdom are becoming interested in this great question, and their organization is becoming more complete. Their power, added to the power of the liberal middle class, will be too great for those who now monopolize the influence of government, and a great change cannot be far off. In every town and village the question of working-class emancipation should be discussed. Societies should be formed, information should be spread, and thus opinion will be created and combined so as to bear down all opposition. Do not imagine because you cannot bring together a vast multitude, as has been done in Birmingham, in Manchester, in Leeds, and in Glasgow, that you have no part in the great work. Every town and village may do its part, and the efforts of all will be needed. But the cause is great and good, and the result is certain.

"Thanking you and your friends for both letter and kind address, I am very truly yours,  
JOHN BRIGHT."

By this we see the tendency of English Reform and cheerfully anticipate results. We have some work to do at home, work that must be done, viz: to secure the emancipated freedmen against their enemies, which would be simply to give them the ballot for self defence. Otherwise they are the equals of the white population of the Southern States, and by industry and enterprise, will fully sustain themselves, not in the war of races, which is the bugbear of timid and little souls, but in the race of races towards a higher civilization. One step more, O, age of progress. Let it be spoken on the house tops and proclaimed through all the avenues of life, *Woman must be Emancipated and Enfranchised*. Until then the chain of the century is not complete. Surely we are in for the work. This background of ten years unprecedented progress does not mean inaction for ten or fifty to come; but action, ACTION, until freedom and equality characterize the nations and the people of the world.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

Chapter XIII of "A Woman's Secret," is chiefly metaphysical; laying open some secret chambers in the woman soul, and showing what soul the deeper discipline of life finds for its workings there.

Chapter XIV treats of "Hysterics—male species," a disease not distinctly recognized by medical writers, but well-known to women; occurring some times in conjunction with other illnesses, and sometimes as a separate affliction, but in either case, equally to be dreaded.

Chapter XV is entitled, "A Deed without a name;" and introduces a change in the heroine's life of great importance to herself, and of deep interest to the reader.

Chapter XVI: "Hen-pecked," exhibits the hero of the story in a very trying light, and takes strong grounds in favor of that unfortunate and much-despised class—hen-pecked husbands.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday morning, January 27th, at 10:30 o'clock.

A business meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago will be held at 1 o'clock P. M.

Sunday evening, January 27th, at 7:30, Marvin H. Bovee, the distinguished advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, will address the citizens of Chicago, at Crosby's Music Hall, on his favorite subject. Mr. Bovee comes to our State to lead a movement which, it is hoped, will result in the abolition of the death code by our Legislature at its present session. We trust he will have a full house on Sunday evening.

REQUEST.

As several of the stockholders of our Association have changed their residence, will such as have not received letters from the Secretary have the kindness to report their Post Office address?

## NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH, published monthly by Dr. R. T. Trall, 97 6th Avenue, N. Y., is a very interesting and valuable journal of health reform. Its motto is "A sound mind in a sound body," which, in our opinion, is more to be heeded than all the theological antidotes for sin that were ever proffered by Pagan or Christian. We commend the *Gospel of Health* to all. Price \$2 a year.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE of London, Eng., for January, has reached us. It contains much interesting matter, and, as an exponent of English Spiritualism, forming a conjunction, historically, with American views on the same subject, it can hardly be dispensed with by the student of Spiritual progress in its phenomenal and philosophical phases.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN entered upon its 22d Vol. with the commencement of 1867. Its size is increased, and other improvements, involving a yearly increase of \$15,000 expense; yet the price of the journal will remain the same, \$3 a year in advance.

Already the *Scientific American* has few, if any, equals as a journal of arts and sciences, and it should be read by all classes of persons who mingle in the industrial relations of life.

The *Scientific American* publishes, officially, every patent granted by the Government Patent Office, and every issue contains fine engravings of new and useful machines, tools, implements, &c, for the workshop or farm. Now is the time to subscribe, and at the end of the year you will have a fine illustrated volume of 832 pages.

Address—Munn & Co., No. 37 Park Row, New York City.

## PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Governor Orr's scheme of reconstruction, viz.: Universal amnesty and universal suffrage, provided the South be not required to grant suffrage to the negroes until the North agrees to do the same, is being vigorously urged.

That is, Southern traitors are urging an act of universal pardon in their own behalf, with the provision that they will grant the colored people the exercise of their inalienable rights, when other people do the same! Wonderful magnanimity! Take the halter off of our necks and we'll cease murdering when other people do! Verily, justice and politics do scorn each other.

Simon S. Barry, a Jew, has been acquitted in the Superior Court in Boston, Mass., on an indictment for violation of the Sunday law, on the ground that persons observing the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, were not liable to the penalties of the statute, if they disturbed no other person.

A meeting to celebrate the triumph of Equal Suffrage for the colored men of the District of Columbia was held at the Cooper Institute on Thursday evening, January 17th. Rev. Dr. Cheever presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. H. H. Garnet, Hon. Hamilton Fish, and others.

Garibaldi, at the request of an American friend, has written a letter giving his opinion on affairs in the United States. He applauds the election of colored members to the Massachusetts Legislature, and earnestly expresses his hope for the preservation and future harmony of the Union, and urges the President to come to terms with Congress.

The reconciliation of the Hungarians with Austria is still far from being complete. Mr. Deak has published a letter on the proposed Army Reorganization bill, which he regards as a new violation of the Hungarian Constitution, and in the Diet a motion has been made to treat every attempt to enforce the law as an act of high treason.

An interdict has been laid upon the continuance of religious services in the Scotch Protestant Church in Rome by the Papal authorities, and it is said that they threaten to put a stop also to the services held in the American Chapel.

So it seems the Pope, who has been restricted in the extent of the exercise of his power, is venting his ill feeling on the sects. Well, it must be expected. The crushed viper stings. And despots, when bereft of kingdoms, will torture families. The Pope will not gracefully relinquish his former place and power; but the die is cast. The tide of life is setting libertyward with resistless power, and Popes, Emperors and Kings go down as it advances. Rome has spit upon reason for many years; now the despotic dame writhes anxiously when very slight demands are urged. The Popish tapers are burning into the socket. Let them burn.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard* says:

"The Supreme Court has rendered another decision, over which rebeldom rejoices, to the effect that the test oath, as applied to attorneys, preachers etc., is unconstitutional."

The following dispatch, from the New Orleans correspondent of the *Tribune*, dated Jan. 15th, is a sufficient comment:

"There is a general rejoicing among the rebel members of the bar over the decision of the United States Supreme Court rendered yesterday rescinding the rule which required attorneys to take the test-oath. Judge Durell readmitted to practice this morning in the United States District Court

all the rebels upon taking the oath again to support the Constitution of the United States. A rumor is afloat that General Beauregard and Mayor Munroe will invite the Supreme Court here to the banquet to be given in honor of the decision. The *Picayune* says:

"Indeed, it may well be a source of general congratulation throughout the Southern States that the great *Magna Charta* of human rights and liberties has been so nobly and triumphantly vindicated. St. Paul said, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'"

## SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

We call the attention of lecturers and other persons to the fact that we insert, under the above head, in another column, the addresses and appointments of lecturers, and that the REGISTER cannot be used for advertising purposes. Neither do we wish to keep standing any number of names of persons not actively associated with the public. We shall cheerfully insert lecturers' notices, and wish them to inform us immediately of any error in the REGISTER, or any change that they may wish. If we find delinquents in this respect, we shall feel justified in removing their names from the list. A correct Register may be useful—an incorrect one is a nuisance.

We also introduce a PUBLIC REGISTER, which we appropriate to the use of individuals whose whereabouts is of public interest. This will not be used for advertising, but strictly for the accommodation of parties where financial considerations do not exist.

We trust that no one will feel offended at the above rules, which we hereby adopt; and we hope that all lovers of good order will aid us by promptly informing us of any deficiency that may appear in these departments.

## THE REACTION.

The great lottery of the country has culminated. Crosby's Opera House has been drawn by some one, while two hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine didn't draw it—the latter large majority having paid their money with the forlorn hope of winning. Who the lucky (?) person is, does not appear as yet; and, if our convictions are worth a fig, we shall wait a while before it is known.

In passing, it is curious to notice the reaction produced on different parties who find themselves minus \$5, or more, instead of plus a splendid edifice. The reckless are noisy, joking or grouty, as the fit may take them. The modest expectants—though, perhaps, a little fevered when the moment of drawing came—have resumed their modest demeanor, and work on—in many cases, no doubt, coming to the wise conclusion that money can, as a rule, be earned with certainty, while gambling, even though it come under the head of "fine arts," is a very uncertain business.

Most noticeable, however, are the newly expressed moral convictions against lotteries in general. All of a sudden we have a wonderful development of morals in our city. Parties who have carried tickets in their pockets for months, on which they could see in magic letters, "Prize No. 1," have, within a few days, discovered that those tickets have been burning into their souls, and after all should not have been harbored.

One concern, which we are credibly informed, pocketed \$10,000 for advertising the "Art Association," has, since the drawing, discovered that lotteries are not "legitimate," that every person engaged in the one in question, has not only violated the laws of the State, but also squandered his money, setting a bad example to his children and poorer and less enlightened neighbors; and, shockingly enough, has violated one of the clearest principles of public morality! Such is life, in some of its observable phases where there is a lack of moral integrity. The scheme was just as wrong when advertised to the tune of \$10,000 as after the drawing when the Opera House was not added to the snug little profit already realized. We venture the suggestion that had these moralizers held the lucky ticket, they would have failed to announce the moral code against lotteries. We object to money getting schemes anyway, where they are opposed to the law of compensation, whether those schemes come under the head of "Art Association" lotteries, Board of Trade, or what not; and we are equally opposed to and detest this hypocritical cant, about morals, that is simply the reaction of a failure to succeed in a scheme acknowledged to be wrong.

What is the status of a concern that will receive money to laud an enterprise, and then announce its immorality, when no more money can be received? What is the degree of manhood that will seek to induce and participate in scheming, and then in the hour of disappointment moralize against it? We hope that the time is near at hand, when such imbecility will not wear the label of manhood, or come under the sanction of civilization.

Ethics, proceeding from the spleen or suggested by disappointment, will not found a nation for future success, more than idle or vindictive prayers will reach the "Throne of Grace."

## WHO WILL RESPOND?

We are pushing on with indefatigable energy in the reformatory work, and judging from the commendations of the people whom we serve, we are assured that success will crown the enterprise. One voice swells up from the freedom-loving masses, unitedly indorsing the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Our flag is unfurled, and thousands greet it with acclamations. Onward let us move in one phalanx for victory. Every REPUBLIC subscribed for is another battle gained. Which of the prize orders will you fill, good friends? The engravings are ready for distribution, and the sewing machine is aching with steel fingers to perform its beautiful task, that time may be gained to read the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. We hear of ladies who are already at work canvassing to procure the machine. Still there is room, and a "few more of the same sort left." Who will next respond?

## SEWING MACHINE.

We have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Finkle & Lyon to supply our friends with their

## SUPERB SEWING MACHINE.

It is a first class Lock-stitch Machine, divested of every loose and clumsy attachment, of even delicate and complicated contrivance, is perfectly simple in its construction, easily understood, and readily adjusted. It is strong and durable, and adapted to a great range of work. The most inexperienced can operate and regulate it without difficulty.

To canvassers we will furnish this Machine, properly packed, marked and delivered at our office, as ordered, on the following liberal terms:

For 50 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, pre-paid one year, Machine worth \$60.  
 " 36 " " " " with \$10 extra " "  
 " 23 " " " " " \$20 " " "  
 " 10 " " " " " \$30 " " "

## ENGRAVINGS.

In offering our steel engravings to canvassers, it is understood that they are to make their own selections from our advertised list:

20 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, pre-paid, 1 year, \$15 worth of engravings	\$12	"	"
15 " " " " " " " " " "	8	"	"
10 " " " " " " " " " "	6	"	"
8 " " " " " " " " " "	4	"	"
5 " " " " " " " " " "	2	"	"
3 " " " " " " " " " "	1	"	"
2 " " " " " " " " " "			

## PRIZE.

We will give ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the canvasser who, within a year, obtains for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC the largest list of prepaid subscribers. Those who propose to compete for the prize will send in their names to be kept on record with their doings.

## DEATH OF N. P. WILLIS.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, the well known American author and poet, passed to the Spiritual world, from his residence at Idlewild, near Newburgh, N. Y., on Sunday evening, 20th inst., which was his sixtieth birthday. He was born at Portland, Maine, January 20th, 1807.

As an author, Mr. Willis was extensively read and much admired by the American public. In 1828 he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which was subsequently merged in the *New York Mirror*, a literary journal, to which Mr. Willis was a regular contributor.

From 1830 to 1860 Mr. Willis was constantly employed in literary work, during which time he wrote "Inklings of Adventure," "Loiterings of Travel," "Tortosa, the Usurer," "Bianca Visconti," "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil," "Rural Letters, and other Records of Thought and Leisure," "People I have Met," "Life Here and There," "Hurry-Graphs," "Memoranda of a Life of Jenny Lind," "Fun Jottings, or Laughs I have taken a Pen to," "A Health Trip to the Tropics," "A Summer Cruise to the Mediterranean," "Famous Persons and Places," "Out Doors at Idlewild," "The Rag Bag," "Paul Fane," "The Convalescent," and a volume of miscellaneous poems.

For several years Mr. Willis has lived a very secluded life, spending the most of his time in New York City, probably immersed in study. He died of paralysis.

## SPIRITUAL RELIGION.

There never was a genuine form of religion which did not have angels for its ministrants. When they are welcomed as the conduits of God's inspiration, we rise to greet them, ambitious to be transfigured into their moral character. "Attractions are proportional to destinies." Show to darkened mortals, the loved and lost again, and instantly they are in a "new earth" and a "new heaven." Immortalized ere death touches a single heart-pulse, we inweave angel's thoughts all through humanity for a divine form of government and worship.

The Political Economy Society of Paris propose offering Mr. Gladstone a banquet when he passes through Paris on his way home from Rome.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A. G. Spalding, writing from Champlin, Minn., speaks in most favorable terms of Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, who has been lecturing in that place and vicinity for a year past.

K. Graves has been on a lecturing tour through Ohio, Indiana, and into Illinois. He has returned Eastward, and is now in Indiana, where he will remain for some time. Mr. Graves is soon to remove his home from Harveysburg, Ohio, to Richmond, Ind., where he can be addressed for the future.

We observe that the Oneida Community has, according to its report in figures, made a net gain in earnings, during 1866, of over \$13,000. Aside from this it reports an accumulation of capital by addition of over \$18,000. This estimate covers the Oneida, N. Y., Wallingford, Conn., and New York city operations.

At the annual election of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of St. Louis, Mo., held on the 2d instant, the following officers were elected: Myron Coloney, Conductor; Isaac Cook, Assistant Conductor; Mary A. Fairchild, Guardian; Sarah Cook, Assistant Guardian; S. B. Fairchild, Secretary.

THE GREAT DISCUSSION.

We are receiving very cheering accounts of the great Discussion now being held at Monmouth, in this State, between Mr. J. S. Loveland and the Rev. Alex. Young, D. D. The subject discussed, as we have before stated, involves the whole question of Bible Authority. We are assured it is no surface effort, but one of the most thorough analytical productions of the times, being not only the discussion of the West, but the discussion of the country, on this great question. We clip the following from the Monmouth papers as indicative of the home view of the matter:

The Monmouth Atlas says: "The great local event of the week has been the theological discussion now in progress at Hardin's Hall, between Messrs. Loveland and Young, on the origin of the Scriptures. The discussion commenced on Monday evening, Mr. L. leading off with the affirmation of the human origin of the Bible, in speeches thirty minutes in length, and Dr. Young denying in alternate speeches of the same duration. On the first evening the ample space in the hall was densely packed, but we were fortunate enough to obtain an eligible position, and took copious notes of the arguments, with the intention of doing so on every evening of the debate, thus placing ourselves in a position to render an intelligent opinion upon the strength of the arguments, though we might be unable for want of space to give a synopsis of the arguments themselves.

"On Tuesday evening we found admission a physical impossibility, and after a half hour's struggle toward the stage, in which we progressed six feet, and was compressed into the geometrical definition of a plane, we retired from the field disappointed, if not disgusted. At the close of the debate the audience voted to go to Hardin's Hall, on Thursday evening, the next assigned to the discussion, where a few hundred more will be able to find places to sit or stand. But even this additional space will be found entirely insufficient for the accommodation of all who wish to hear, and hundreds will go away disappointed.

"From the little we have heard, we infer that the affirmative of the question will be exhaustive, and that the negative will be maintained with great vigor and ability."

The Monmouth Review says: "The most interesting occurrence in our city during the week has, probably, been the debate between Rev. Alex. Young, D.D., and Mr. Loveland, the Spiritual lecturer, who has been for some weeks lecturing in this place. As our paper goes to press on Thursday afternoon, but two of the discussions have as yet taken place. They have thus far been held in Claycomb's Hall, which has been filled to overflowing. People, ladies, as well as gentlemen, have stood in the aisles during the entire discussion, two hours in length, with the deepest interest. Many have gone away, as we have been informed, from the impossibility of finding even a place to stand.

"Hereafter the discussions will be held in Hardin's Hall, which, it is hoped, will be enough larger to accommodate all who desire to listen to the debate. Both speakers have manifested considerable ability. Dr. Young is so well known in our midst, that nothing need be said to apprise the community of his power as a logical reasoner, or of his scholarly attainments. Mr. Loveland is claimed, by his admirers to be one of the ablest of their champions. As the party advocating the affirmative of the question, Mr. Loveland has laid down his propositions and supported them to considerable extent, while the negative, under the necessity of waiting for his opponent to discover his position and develop his plan of campaign, has but fairly got ready to marshal his forces.

"We apprehend that the contest will grow more and more interesting to the close. The discussion will continue three more nights, the third in the course of six taking place last night. Thus far it has been conducted with the greatest courtesy and with increasing interest to the audience."

We shall be able to announce fully in our next, the manner in which the discussion will be given to the public.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

"A Woman's Secret."

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC:—"A Woman's Secret" is as usual, getting itself told upon the house tops. If one who has hitherto been so presumptuous as to style himself one of the "lords of creation," may dare approach within range of Mrs. Corbin's exceedingly felicitous, if not very destructive weapons of war, (velvet on the surface but scratching both friend and foe on occasion)—I should like to inquire how far she intends to carry this matter of revealing the secrets of her sex. Of course it is her prerogative to do what she pleases with what is in a woman her own; and she will not probably heed the protest of one of the (spiritually) weaker vessels; but I think it would be worth her while to pause and consider whether she is most helping or hindering the cause she advocates. Are there henceforth to be no tender and delicate mysteries associated with the female sex? The life of man is bare and prosaic to the last degree; but about the innermost experiences of women has hitherto hung an impalpable but sacred veil, which has touched our irreverent gaze into something like awe, and made us feel that there was a holiest of holies in the female life which we dare not approach with profane feet.

All enduring religions have been founded on mysteries. The old paganisms rested solidly upon the Eleusinian rites and the Delphic oracles. Rob the tomb of the Prophet of its power of working miracles and Mahometanism would be doomed. Explain the Trinity and orthodoxy would vanish from the face of the earth. Reduce even the sweet mysteries of Spirit intercourse to the operations of laws as well-known as those of mathematics, and the fascination of their study would be lost at once. So I cannot but fear that were woman to-day robbed of the tender and delicate mysteries which cluster about her functional nature, she would cease to be the object of our best earthly worship, and be degraded to the least of the coarser animals about her.

If your lady author, or yourselves, Messrs. Editors, speaking for her, will oblige me by stating how she proposes to avoid this dilemma, you will, I presume, enlighten others of your readers besides myself. \* \* \*

[Of Mrs. Corbin's belligerent powers, we warn our correspondent that he has not seen a sufficient sample to judge of them correctly. It is very possible that she may yet deal wounds to his favorite goddess mystery, which he will not be willing to classify under the head of scratches.

There are mysteries pertaining to the male sex which shrink from the daylight as much as any female ones, and our author is not too unsophisticated to be aware of the fact. For the rest we recommend \* \* \* to read the 17th of Revelations and the doom therein foretold of the woman upon whose forehead was a name written, MYSTERY. The mysteries of the world are to-day being tried and condemned because they are found universally to harbor "the abominations of the earth." The mysteries of the churches have bred innumerable superstitions, and forged countless chains of bigotry. The mysteries of false government have reacted in revolutions which have made the world shudder. And since it is shown that about the mysteries of sex cluster such abominations as the murder of unborn children, and the depriving of those who are permitted to live of the most blessed gifts which accompany life, *the entrusting to men of foul lines, of autocratic power over female honor and purity, and the literal destruction of healthful, innocent boys by inoculating them with vice*, we hold any author justified in tearing away the foul curtain of night, and letting in the pure and wholesome daylight.

That woman, for six thousand years the puzzle and paradox of the race, will become in this generation too well understood, is a thing, we think, about which men may spare themselves any serious fears. Our correspondent need not distress himself lest through much study and enlightenment, he shall come to know the tender and holy thing it is to be a mother.—Eds.]

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM WM. W. MYERS.

I have been a reader of the JOURNAL, and am much pleased with its reconstruction into the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Will do all I can to sustain it, and extend its circulation. I was reared an anti-slavery, temperance, non-resistant, diatetic Reformer, looking wholly from the human side of existence. Ten years ago the spiritual world was, by the aid of its inhabitants, made manifest to me, changing my entire view of things.

I am now 41 years of age; have been a hard worker in the field of agriculture. Believing with you, that we now need work instead of talk, I wish to aid in the reconstruction of our business relations, and thereby our social education and spiritual relations. I hold a tract of five hundred acres of land, two and a half miles from State Center. It is all under fence, and a good share in cultivation; land enough to sustain ten to fifteen families, in connection with the dairy now running on the farm, with timber and water

attached. Persons of harmonious organization, believing in spiritual philosophy, wishing to form a co-operative system of agriculture, and able to furnish one thousand dollars, are invited to correspond with Wm. W. Myers, State Center, Marshall county, Iowa.

Bear Grove, Iowa, Jan. 8, 1867.

FROM MRS. WALTER T. EAMES.

I cannot do without the paper. I think it is the best in print. I wish every family in America could read it.

High Cliff, Wis., Jan. 9, 1867.

FROM MRS. S. C. WEISBURN.

The *Religio!* How I gloried in the change of directors! I do hope now the tone is permanently changed from business begging articles, to spirited, life-giving, soul-inspiring, well-filled columns, together with well written philosophical, logical essays.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 11, 1867.

FROM A STOCKHOLDER, J. COOPER, M. D.

I am much pleased with the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, and think the name and form of the paper a decided improvement. I am also glad that the proxy messages have been discontinued.

Bellefontaine, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1867.

FROM DELPHINA A. CORSON.

May God speed you in your work of love and charity, until the great sun of Reform shall warm into resurrected life those that slumber in ignorance of God's moral and physical laws, bigoted with the sectarianism of the dark ages.

Glenbeulah, Wis., Jan. 10, 1867.

FROM A VERY WORTHY SUBSCRIBER.

I am glad the message department is dropped—I always thought it a nuisance. The idea of filling up a whole page with "Tom, Dick and Harry's" stuff, which contained no particular instruction, was, to me, nonsense.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 12, 1867.

A GEM (!) FROM A CITIZEN OF ALLEGHANY.

We did not know as we should be able to provoke attention, but having in the outset succeeded with the right specimen, we are hopeful for the future. It is a good sign if righteous thrusts at an ungodly "Lemon," cause a twinging in the political nerves.—[Eds.]

ALLEGHANY Jan 14th '67.

DEAR SIR You will please discontinue the Spiritual Republic, I did not send for it, and when I want a political paper I will select one to suit myself, and I don't wish to give aid and comfort to the enemies of my Country by Supporting Such a vile and disloyal Sheet as the Spiritual Republic

Yours Truly JOHN K LEMON

FROM D. U. PRATT.

Commerce is king! A movement in the right direction seems to be suggested by Mr. Wm. P. Tinney, a gentleman eminently qualified to inaugurate an improved system of commerce—a system by which the millions will be benefited, in a regulation of uniform prices, in the distribution of the necessaries of life, without the speculative enhanced rules. The poor everywhere call for cheaper products; and it is the duty of those who feel the wants of humanity in that direction, and have the means, to take an interest in such a movement. When brought to a successful use, the poor man everywhere within its limits can feel within his pockets that Spiritualism has done something for him. An immense power will naturally grow out of an enterprise well established—that may be a lever for the Spiritual cause commercially, politically and socially. I think Mr. Tinney has been too moderate in his estimate of the basis with which to start such an enterprise; it should be fifty thousand dollars instead of fifteen thousand, as he suggests. Will not fifty persons come forward and loan the amount for five years? If so, the thing will be a sure success.

Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 13.

FROM ONE "YOUNG AND HUNGRY."

I am "an infant creeping" as regards your beautiful Philosophy. It is only about a year since I ever heard anything good respecting it; but since that, I have had a very small taste of the good things on which the Spiritualists feast which, with reading and listening to a few of your speakers once in a while, in the meantime created such a desire for more, that a few days since I sent you three dollars, that you might send me your good paper for one year. I received the first number to-day, and am so well pleased with it, that I herewith send you another three dollars, for which you will please send the same SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC for one year, with No. 1, to a brother of mine, who, though not a Spiritualist, I hope by the teachings of your "evangel of light," will be led to realize that "the kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Tipton, Iowa, Jan. 10, 1867.

Rev. J. E. Churchill of Pontiac, Mich., one of our energetic agents, and a man of good powers of allocation, thus writes, what many are also calling for, about local work: I would like to be settled permanently with some society.

Located with one people, to whom I could minister regularly, "decently and in order." The desire of both people and speakers is "permanent settlement."

I am satisfied "our cause" could and would be greatly advanced by organization and local ministrations. Every speaker desires a home. Their help mates wish to work with them to build up the "true social and religious Reform of this Spiritual dispensation."

Itineracy has, and is doing its work, for which there are minds fitted. But I am satisfied "I am not the man for the place."

"Fireside" and "chimney corner" preaching suits my tastes and desires. My education and habits of thought have prepared me for a "local habitation."

I would prefer a Southern climate as well for my family as for myself.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

"A principle in Science is a rule in Art."

For The Spiritual Republic.

### Latest Views on Endosmosis.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

When two fluids of different densities are separated by a porous partition, as of plaster of paris or unglazed earthenware, they mutually flow through the partition, until by admixture they become of the same density. Liebig, Dutrochet and others have enlarged on this idea, by substitution of animal membrane for the plaster partition, and by their researches some of the most intricate problems of organic secretion, absorption and excretion meet solution. This transference of fluids, accompanied by exchange of volume, has received the high-sounding names, endosmosis and exosmosis, and it is supposed that it depends on some peculiar property residing in the membrane itself. This is not, however, substantiated, and they are useless terms for only one form of the permeability of all bodies.

If a glass vessel have a thin partition of plaster paris fitted through its center, and on one side brine be placed and pure water be poured into the other until it rises to exactly the same level, currents are immediately established through the partition, and the brine will rise above its level, while the water will sink in the same proportion. This is endosmosis. It scarcely needs explanation. The mixture of two fluids if the partition was withdrawn would be very easily understood, and the only action of the partition is to arrest their rapid flow and allow the process to be observed. This is strictly true with substances having such large pores as plaster; but when animal membrane is used, in which the pores are revealed only by the best microscopes, the tissue itself exerts a definite action.

The change in volume of the opposed fluids depends on the difference of their properties. In miscible liquids this would be determined by their capacity for water, and acts between solutions of different density of the same substance as between different substances. Solutions of gum, gelatine, etc., increase in volume when opposed to water.

All bodies have a greater or less tendency to diffuse themselves through the pores or interstices of all others. This tendency explains the solution of bodies. The various degrees in which this exists in different bodies accounts for many of the most mysterious phenomena of organic life.

When a body is plunged into water it is either wetted or the reverse, according to its affinity for that fluid. If wetted, then its pores are saturated with moisture. This phenomena is very simple and seemingly unworthy of notice, yet it involves principles which lie at the base of the organic world, and explain the most mysterious processes of vitality. This wetting is the result of adhesion, or the first intimation of chemical affinity. The phenomena it presents in organic substances are worthy of notice.

That it is a result of chemical affinity is shown by the fact that different substances act with different power. Thus while water will readily flow into the pores of chalk, mercury will not enter them at all, but is rather repelled. On the other hand, the metals are impervious to water, yet mercury readily penetrates their invisible capillaries.

Solids indicate various degrees of penetrability for water. A tube filled with glass powdered very fine will elevate water 170 millimetres, when the lower extremity is immersed into that fluid, while another tube containing glass coarsely powdered elevated it only 107 millimeters. This depends on the minuteness of the pores, by which a greater surface, and consequently a more intense action, is exerted. It is evident that where the pores are large the atoms of water occupying the central portions do not come in contact with the surface, and are not influenced. This surface action of the pores is beautifully shown by filtration of liquids. Salt water passing through a column of sand becomes fresh; but, if the current be continued, it at length flows through unchanged, for after the surface of the sand grains have attracted all the salt they can hold they permit the remainder to pass unimpeded.

The reverse of this is obtained with some solutions, as

carbonate of soda, the sand having a stronger affinity for the water than for that substance, the fluid flows out more concentrated than it enters.

The principle of the elevation of a fluid by a column of sand, or powdered glass, is the same as that of a capillary tube. The minute spaces or pores between the grains forms a continuous, if tortuous, tube throughout their whole extent, up which the fluid is drawn. The height to which it will ascend is limited by the size of the pores, as in a continuous tube.

The fluids thus drawn up will not collect and flow from the surface, for the reason that they are thus drawn up and held by the attraction of the interior of the pore or tube. The central portion less influenced is never so much elevated; the surface of the fluid is depressed in the center, and the tube can never become filled, but remains at a certain height. It can only be removed by some foreign cause, as evaporation, and then new portions of the fluid will flow upward to supply the place of that removed.

The pressure of the atmosphere accelerates but does not affect the ultimate height to which the column of fluid will ascend. The effect is the same in vacuo; nor does its dryness or dampness change the result.

Elevation of temperature increases the height to which a fluid will ascend, and also the rapidity. Heat increases the energy of affinity. In the animal system warm liquids are more readily absorbed than cold.

To thoroughly understand this important subject, let us begin with first principles. When a colored solution is dropped on a piece of chalk the water penetrates into the pores of the chalk, but the coloring matter remains on the surface. It has been said that this occurs because the particles were too large to enter the pores of the chalk. Is there any reason for such a supposition? If fluid mercury be dropped on the chalk it will not be absorbed. It will not wet it; in other words, there is no affinity between the atoms of chalk and mercury. The principle here is the same as in capillary attraction—unless a fluid is capable of wetting the tube it will not be affected. A porous body is simply a combination of capillary tubes, which, like the straight and simple glass tube, imbibe fluids for which their atoms have attractions, and repel those for which they have not.

If an end of a glass tube of small size be placed in water, that fluid will rise to a considerable height; but if the same tube be placed in mercury, that fluid will refuse to enter and be forced below its external level. Thus we find that porous bodies absorb fluids with very great difference, and some are absolutely repelled.

Not only are fluids and gases absorbed by porous bodies, but they are chemically affected by such absorptions. When the pores are extremely minute, they exert a strong condensing action, especially on gases. Spongy platinum, for instance, placed in a jar of hydrogen and oxygen, becomes covered with water produced by the condensation and union of those gases. So powerful is this force that it brings their atoms within the sphere of each other's attraction.

Spongy platinum, which is so infinitely divided that it appears black, condenses 252 times (*Doebereiner*) its volume of oxygen on its surface, and becomes then a powerful oxidizing agent without being itself affected. Prepared charcoal exerts so strong an attraction that it completely removes the nitric oxydes or salts from solution of lead, tartar emetic, ammoniated oxyde of coffee, chloride of tin, and zinc (*Graham*.) When hypochlorite of soda is agitated with charcoal it entirely loses its bleaching properties, and the colors of most organic substances are absorbed by it.

The adhesion of coloring matters to the fiber of cloth seems to result from the same principle. They can be discharged without affecting the structure of the fiber, same as indigo; and are held by so feeble adhesion that they can be detached by simple heating, and the cloth restored to its original color.

In ordinary porous substances, as charcoal, the same condensation occurs; but the pores are too large to exert a very intense force. In passing air through a large pore it is readily seen that only the external particles are affected, the internal pass without coming in contact with its surface. If the size of the pore be diminished, a point can be reached where only a single atom can enter at a time, and thus every particle be necessarily subjected to the influence of the porous body.

All bodies, even the densest minerals and metals, are permeable to fluids and gases. Gold, mica, gum elastic, gum lac, afford beautiful illustrations of this permeation. In skillful hands water may be used as a partition between gases, and it is found to be one of the most permeable of substances. As it exists in lake and river it is saturated with atmospheric air, and contains carbonic acid and other gases. The water atmosphere is not, however, identical with the air. Whilst the latter contains one-fifth oxygen, the former contains one-third. The composition of the water atmosphere is isomeric with nitrous oxyde, except, the nitrogen of the latter is condensed to half its bulk. It is from this richness of oxygen that aquatic life derives its support.

Water has greater attraction for oxygen than for nitrogen, and thus decomposes the atmosphere. By skillful manipulation, oxygen can be obtained in a very pure state, strained, as it were, by the pores of water from its accompanying nitrogen.

There appears to be a first and a second order of chemical affinity. In the first, various atoms are united together, but each remains unchanged; while, in the other, a material change takes place. The first are sometimes called mechanical mixtures, but are confined to a strict expression. Water will absorb its bulk of carbonic acid, but, then, its affinity is satisfied and it will dissolve no more. It will dissolve saline substances, but it has fixed limits for all which it cannot exceed. It dissolves gases, or solids, or liquids, but these solutions acquire no new chemical properties, yet a strong force has been exerted. Every part of the fluid has acquired precisely the same character. The atoms of the dissolved substances are suspended between the interstices of the water, and often by bringing the aggregate atoms within each other's sphere of attraction the bulk is diminished. Solution is not a mechanical but a chemical effect, and in those cases where substances are not soluble by others, or will not mix, the cause is apparent that their attraction for each other is not as great as the cohesion of their own attraction.

Solution is a low form of chemical affinity, by which change of form occurs without change of properties. In the solution of a salt none of its properties are altered, but the cohesion of its particles. A solution may be subjected to the action of reagents and the truth of this statement be established. If water be added to an alcoholic solution of camphor, the latter is at once precipitated, for the alcohol has a greater affinity for the water than for the camphor. Where a solution of salt in water is treated with alcohol, the salt at once crystallizes at the bottom of the vessel, thus showing that both were held in solution by affinity. Another example, still closer related to mechanical admixture, is found in swollen waters of rivers. The fine sediment which it holds cannot be separated by a filter, nor is it precipitated by standing for weeks. The addition of a small quantity of alum at once throws down this sediment, and the water becomes pure.

The solution of salt in water differs not from the conversion of iron into steel. Iron heated in contact with carbon dissolves or absorbs a certain proportion, and thus becomes converted into steel. If a heated bar of iron be touched with a bar of cast iron it will be found to have been converted into steel at the point of contact, by absorption of carbon from the cast iron, so rapid do all substances seek an equilibrium by diffusion, even when held by so rigid a body as iron.

The line of distinction between capillary attraction and chemical affinity is dimly drawn, and they seem but varying degrees of each other. *Clairant* has proved mathematically, and his conclusions are experimentally supported, "that if the attraction of the particles of a solid for those of a fluid is more than half the attraction of these last for each other, the solid will be wetted; but if it be less than half, the solid will not be wetted." In the first instance, it will be absorbed or dissolved; in the latter not.

Capillary attraction is not only related to chemical affinity, but also to attraction of cohesion. When two pieces of lead, on being pressed together, adhere; when two pieces of glass become attached, or when a plate of glass adheres to the surface of water, one and the same principle is involved.

Such are the experimental phenomena of endosmosis. It does not depend on any vital power possessed by the membrane, for inorganic partitions will answer the same purpose, and were their pores as minute there would not be the slightest difference between the results they yield. These results are entirely physical, and are not in the least dependent on vitality.

It is not to be inferred that the membranous partitions exert no power. By their constitution, the size of their pores, and the varying attraction of their walls for the different substances brought in contact with them, they yield diverse and complicated results. If a drop of water be placed in a conical glass tube of small diameter it will flow to the smallest end, whatever may be the partition. A drop of mercury will flow to the larger. Tissues formed on this principle, when acting on fluids for which they have different attractions, would yield results quite different from others formed of pores with parallel walls. The condensing power resulted from their capillarity is very great, and varies for different substances in the same manner that spongy platinum condenses oxygen, and not nitrogen, and charcoal the metallic oxydes.

Understanding this, it is interesting to inquire into the relations they have to the processes going on in organic beings, and whether the mysterious processes of absorption, secretion and excretion cannot be, in a measure at least, explained by the relations fluids of different densities, opposed on opposite sides of a porous membrane, sustain to each other.

The essential conditions of absorption are a cell with porous walls, containing a fluid more dense than the exter-

nal liquid which surrounds it. The cell may be formed of baked clay, pasteboard or wood, or organic tissue. Nothing can be more physical than the effects.

It was stated that when a porous substance was thrown into water it absorbed that fluid. This is equally true of organic bodies as of mineral. If a piece of muscle is placed in ferrocyanid of potassium, it will become rapidly impregnated. If for muscle we employ an entire animal of that kind which absorbs most readily through the skin, as a frog, it soon becomes impregnated, and the most interior part, when touched with chloride of iron, shows by a blue stain the pressure of ferrocyanid in as great quantity as the skin.

If a living frog is employed the result is changed by transmission. As soon as the solution penetrates to the blood vessels it becomes a part of the circulation, and if the frog be examined immediately after, the presence of ferrocyanid it is detected only in the heart and lungs. Absorption is thus greatly accelerated.

If two frogs are taken, and the heart carefully removed from one—an operation which does not effect its activity for a considerable time—and both placed in a solution of strychnine, the uninjured animal is speedily poisoned, but the other remains unaffected. The reason is that the first receives the poison by absorption into its circulation, while the other, having its circulation impaired, awaits the slower process of absorption.

Another form of this experiment, which I have tested, is equally striking. If the veins and artery in the leg of a living frog are tied, no perceptible effect is produced by plunging the extremity in a solution of strychnine, for it cannot be taken into the circulation. But if the ligatures are removed, the circulation resumes, and it speedily shows that the poison is operating.

The more soluble substances are, the more readily are they absorbed. The power of different organs for absorption depends on the number of the vessels with which they are supplied, and the rapidity of their circulation, for we have seen that endosmosis is greatly facilitated when one of the fluids is in motion.

Organic absorption varies, according to the quantity of fluid already absorbed. Thus a piece of chalk, or a column of sand, imbibe water until saturated; but, after that, they will imbibe no more. Organic bodies, when saturated, will not imbibe water. A plant that is drooping from drouth, rapidly absorbs moisture, but one already satisfied acts much more slowly. An animal from which a large quantity of blood has been abstracted, will rapidly die when a solution of strychnine is administered; while one which has its veins already supplied, by injection, with a surplus of water, is not effected. (*Magendie.*)

Temperature within the limits supportable by organic beings, promotes absorption and endosmosis, the same as in minerals; beyond these limits their structure becomes changed.

**TOUGH SOAP-BUBBLES.**—Those who have experimented with ephemeral refracting spheres blown from common soap and water, will be glad to know that bubbles of extraordinary size and strength can be formed from a mixture of oleate of soda and glycerine. They may be kept on glass or under bell-jars for twenty-four hours. When dropped upon the floor they rebound like a ball. If carefully cut open with a pair of scissors, wet with the solution, smaller spheres may be blown inside. Under the microscope the movements and iridescence of a small bubble present many beautiful changes.

**FUNCTIONS OF LEAVES.**—M. Boussingault, in a paper read at the French Academy of Sciences, states experiments made by him show that the under-surface of the leaf decomposes considerably more carbonic acid than the upper-surface, even when exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays. In some instances he found the difference was as four to one.

**HEAT FROM THE COMBUSTION OF HYDROGEN.**—Mons. Schlesing passed hydrogen gas, obtained from the decomposition of water, over incandescent charcoal, and on to the place of combustion, where it received the necessary oxygen from the air—both the hydrogen and the air being regulated in supply—and thus produced the temperature of 2,700° C. or 5,193° Fahr.

**EFFECTS OF THE SPARK.**—Mr. Lewis has found by a series of experiments and observations with the microscope that the electric spark, however produced, makes pentagon perforations. He has experimented with chemically prepared paper, the leaves of plants, mica, thin glass, film of egg, etc., and invariably finds a five-sided hole.

**METEORIC STONES.**—Leichenback calculates that on an average at least twelve meteoric bodies fall daily upon the earth's surface, so that in 1,000 years upwards of 4,000,000 of these bodies must have been added to the earth's mass.

**BELLADONNA.**—The London Hospital reports recently published contain accounts of two cases of poisoning produced by the external application of belladonna preparations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Old and New.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right!  
And step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here,  
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,  
In sighs and tokens manifold;  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For older time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

THE CRETAN REVOLUTION.

WENDELL PHILLIPS' SPEECH FOR AMERICAN RELIEF TO THE CRETANS.

A meeting was held on Monday evening, January 7th, in Boston, to enlist the sympathies of Americans in behalf of the Cretans against the Turks, and to raise funds for supplying material aid to the struggling patriots of the Mediterranean island. Dr. S. G. Howe, presided. Addresses were made by him, by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, and by Wendell Phillips, who spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The gentlemen who have addressed you have intimated plainly enough the general grounds upon which we are asked to come together and take into consideration the question of Cretan relief. Who are the Cretes, and what is the question of the relief of Crete? Five thousand miles off, an island, not as large as our own little Massachusetts, has risen in arms to claim its rights. Not primarily political rights; not first, independence, legislation, ballots; but the right to earn bread in peace; the right to worship God in safety; the right of woman to her purity; the right of the child to school and to home; the bare human rights pertaining to all human nature, everywhere, under all circumstances—God-given—which no power has a right, under any circumstances, to invade. [Applause.] This is what Crete rises to claim. What method does she take to claim it? I should say, in the first place, no need for us to ask. How long shall a man submit to such oppression? My answer is, just so long, and up to that point where he has an honorable chance to escape from it. [Applause.] The moment nature and God put within his reach, the power of deliverance, it is not only his right, but it is his duty, to himself, to his children, to the world, to tear the chain off of his limbs. It is for him to choose whether this shall be by argument, by appeal to the good sense and the good heart of his oppressor, or by arms. We have no right to dictate. The choice lies with the victim, knowing how much he has suffered, how much he can do, and the chances that are before him; and when man rises anywhere, the world over, to claim these rights, and is willing to accord to others what he claims for himself, by all the considerations that make human brotherhood—one God, one blood, and one future—he may claim of his fellow-man sympathy and aid. [Applause.] No form of government, no parchment, however sacred, has any claim to stand between man and man in such emergency. This is a mere abstract statement of the relations as I conceive, between a man and his fellow, the world over. But what is Crete? What is this island that sends its claim for sympathy half round the globe? It is an island peopled distinctively by one race. That race has a common nationality. No part of it has ever allowed oppression to sunder that nationality. All Greece—Greece proper and all her islands—for five hundred years, has never left one generation without a protest of arms or of argument against the denial of its rights by the force of surrounding nations. Like its own legend of the giant under the sister island, Sicily, of the Mediterranean, there has never been a moment when Crete or the Morea has suffered in silence. Their protest, like his resistance, has unceasingly rocked the continent or lashed the Archipelago into storms. They may claim that at no time within the history of man has the consent of the Greek race ever been given to the force extended over them. It is such a community that comes to us protesting against the sword without one element that in our philosophy goes to make up a government. Their nationality

unbroken, they have submitted only to absolute necessity of silence when worn out by struggle and bloodshed. Against what have they been struggling? They have been struggling against a faith, the fundamental principle of which is that everything which dissents from it has no right to live. Crete stands to-day under the heel of a despotism which is but another name for a faith which claims the right to exterminate everything that does not believe its own creed. It is not a pure despotism like that which existed in Feudal Europe, and in ancient times, but it is something which calls itself a State, founded on the principle that one portion of the human race has no right to live. No man is authorized in appealing to arms till he has exhausted all peaceful means. Nothing but argument will change opinion; everywhere, even in despotisms, opinion bears sway in the last resort. Victor Hugo says, "the flash of the sabre is a moment's gleam; right is an eternal ray." True, but sometimes the heavens are so dark, the only light we get is the sword's gleam. Barbarism bows to nothing else, knows no other logic. The John Bright for Turkey is the sword. Instead of answering to this protest in the way known to constitutional governments, the Porte begun to let loose upon the island his native and Egyptian troops, as in the previous contest, and as Dr. Howe has told us, desolated the island from end to end, shut up the combatants in caves, and murdered everything taken prisoner—men, women, and children; no distinction of combatant and non-combatant, of age, or sex, or profession, everything put to the sword. The Cretans, I think, have chosen the happiest hour for their resistance, the one most hopeful for its success. In the first place, Turkey is but a farce. "The sick man," as Chesterfield said, "is already dead and buried, only he does not wish it known among his friends." [Laughter.]

Europe sustains the farce of a government for some unexplained reason of her diplomacy. Europe handed back Crete to her masters on some diplomatic grounds of the balance of power. Crete for thirty-six years has suffered every oppression that can be visited on men, women and children, and that is enough for her to pay as penalty to the exigencies of European diplomacy. She rises now to ask of Europe her rights; and what can Europe reply? Europe may say, "There are some delicate questions of balance of power yet which oblige us to keep up the farce, the pretended government of Turkey." How much weight that ought to have on a nation claiming unity and rights, like the Greek, you can judge; but America, at least, has no interest in the balance of European politics. It is of no account to us, whatever it may be to Austria, to France, to Russia, to England, that the pretended emblem of government should be kept up at Constantinople. In the falling apart of that government, Crete claims her right, a God-given right. She claims it of an empire that has not the power to protect, which has only the power to annoy. I say, America is not bound, in this emergency, to pay the slightest regard to that pretence of a government which nothing but European diplomacy recognizes. Put aside the appearances of things. Turkey, with her exhausted exchequer, her bankrupt finances, her entirely decrepit right hand, has no right to be considered a government. What has it ever done for Crete? What is the right by which governments exist? Cicero says, in one of his treatises: "*Certe negabis.*" "What is a State? Is every gathering of savages and barbarians such? Is every gang of fugitives and robbers a State? Certainly not." No civil society, no government, can rightfully exist except on the basis of the willing submission of its citizens and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man. A State must show in the protection of its subjects, in the education of its children, in the creation of great public benefits, in roads, hospitals, harbors, commerce, in trade opened and protected, in the great benefits which civil society is meant to subserve and extend, or, at least, by an attempt to carry out these great human interests, her right to obedience and respect. Point me to the first effort the Turkish Government ever made since it encamped in Constantinople for any one of these things. Point me to one single road, school, hospital, public institution, or the preservation of public or private right in the island that it undertakes to govern, that it has ever pretended to help. Boston men, we are not to be the children of words, we are not to be duped by appearances; and if there is a Government against which those brother Christians and sons of civilization are contending, where is it, and what has it ever done? Nothing but murder its subjects; nothing but steal the bread of its laborers; nothing but cripple the development of its population; nothing but hamper commerce; nothing but destroy every element which makes civilization. We have a right to deny to such a Government a place in the sisterhood of States. This is the ground on which I, for one, am willing to rest, and urge on this nation, as a nation, and on us, as individuals, the duty to help a struggling and undisputed nationality against a power which Europe has maintained only for her own selfish purposes. [Applause.]

Now, considering the weakness of Turkey, considering that paralysis of the European States which exists at this moment—that paralysis of France, England, Russia, Aus-

tris, which gave to Germany its splendid and prompt success, which explains why Bismarck in "an hour has made the long splendor of Napoleon to fade away [applause]—that paralysis in the diplomacy of Europe is the opportunity of Greece. There is not a nation on the continent that is in a condition to interfere. The Porte is nothing; and all these boasted realms around her, if they dare to put their flag behind the Crescent, risk such a European conflict as will make all Europe a new map within thirty years. France, anxious as she is to touch the Eastern question, knows it well. The sagacious Greek knows his opportunity. He has but to persevere, and he is certain of success. Fortified in his mountain recesses, he cannot be beaten. The island is divided by one single chain running from end to end. It is the Switzerland of the East. Who has been able, in eight hundred years, to subjugate the Swiss? It is San Domingo over again—a race contending against alien blood for their homes; and as Homer says: "To fight for one's own home is half the battle." Now, these Cretan men, in their fortresses, ask of us—what? Bread for their wives and children; shelter from the extermination. Shall they have it? Will we do for this last gallant resistance of the Greek what our fathers did for the Morea? Will we, in this better opportunity—one so likely to open the whole Levant to Christianity and civilization: one so likely to make the Turk, like the Arab, fold up his tent and silently glide from Europe—will we hold up the hands of civilized warfare by rendering it impossible that the Turk should be a brute and a barbarian? The black race in San Domingo met from France the same edict of extermination; and the moment the Frenchman issued it he guaranteed his own defeat in the indomitable resolution to avenge which filled the hearts of his opponents. The moment the leaders of the French army issued their edict of "Death to man, woman and child," the island rose like one man to an effort which made subjugation an impossibility. I read so the history of Crete.

After the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' address, a series of resolutions were passed expressing the sympathy of the meeting with the struggling Cretans, and measures were adopted whereby material aid could be afforded them.

#### Women Voting in New Jersey.

During the debate in the Senate, a few days ago, on Cowan's amendment to strike out the word "male" in the franchise bill for the District of Columbia, inquiry was made of Mr. Frelinghuysen whether women ever voted in New Jersey. His reply admitted that they once did so "in local elections." But the fact is that, for many years, women were recognized there as voters on precisely the same terms as men. Lucy Stone and H. B. Blackwell, citizens of New Jersey, have made an investigation, the result of which is remarkable, and proves that previously to 1776 only men voted, but that, in 1776, the original State Constitution conferred the franchise on "all inhabitants" (men or women, white or black,) possessing the prescribed qualifications of £50 clear estate and twelve months residence, and this Constitution remained in force until 1844. In 1790 the Legislature, in an act regulating elections, used the words "he or she" in reference to voters. In 1797, another act relative to elections repeatedly designates the voters as "he or she." In the same year, 1797, 75 women voted in Elizabethtown for the Federal candidate. In 1800, women generally voted throughout the State in the Presidential contest between Jefferson and Adams. In 1802 a member of the Legislature from Hunterdon county was actually elected, in a closely contested election, by the votes of two or three women of color. In 1807, at a local election in Essex county for the location of the county seat, men and women generally participated, and were jointly implicated in very extensive frauds. In the winter of 1807-8, the Legislature, in violation of the terms of the Constitution, passed an act restricting suffrage to free white male adult citizens, and in reference to these virtually abolished the property qualification of £50, thus extending it to all white male tax-payers, while excluding all women and negroes. In 1820, the same provisions were repeated—and remained unchanged until the adoption of the present Constitution in 1844.

It thus appears that women and negroes possessed and exercised the right unquestioned under the Constitution of New Jersey from 1776 to 1807, 31 years, and that from 1807 until 1844 they possessed the right, but were arbitrarily deprived of its exercise 37 years more. New Jersey enjoys, we believe, the distinction of having been the first State which conferred upon all its citizens equal political privileges, without restriction of sex or color.

DR. DIO LEWIS' OPINION.—The women of America are falling into a sadly dilapidated condition—round the shoulder, nervous, with thin soft muscles and general exhaustion. Efforts are being made to restore them through gymnastics, horseback riding, and other similar measures. But these means, good as they are, will never be extended to the nation at large, or continued through any considerable part of the life. Besides, the labor thus performed is non-productive, or at least reaches only the individual engaging in the exercise.

"True fiction hath in it a higher end than fact; it is the possible compared with what is merely positive, and gives to the conceptive soul an inner world, a higher, ampler heaven than that wherein the nations sun themselves. In that high state are met the mental creatures of the men whose names are writ highest on the crown of fame's triumphal arch." FRUIT.

#### The Church and Intemperance.

Neal Dow is in England lecturing on his favorite reform subject, and we judge from his statements that there is need of the same. Mr. Dow, in making some allusion to the Universalist Church, in comparison, has it seems been called on for an explanation, in the course of which he says as follows:

"I was to be received at a great Tea Meeting in Edinburgh. In the afternoon before, one of the magistrates took me in his carriage for a ride around that ancient town. As we rode up the famous Cannongate, he stopped. 'There,' said he, 'is the house of John Knox, very much as he left it. It is now the property of the church of Rev. Mr.—, one of the leading Presbyterian churches in this city.' The upper stories are occupied as dwellings, and the ground floor as a low and vile grogshop, the rents going into the church treasury. A little further on he said, 'There is a grogshop kept by a son of an eminent Scotch doctor of divinity of this city, the capital furnished by the father, of whose church the son is a prominent member.'

"Further on he said: 'Look at that shop; it is one of the vilest in Edinburgh, and is kept by the leading elder of the leading Presbyterian Church in the city. A little while ago he was convicted before the Police Court and fined for harboring thieves and prostitutes, but his standing in the church has not been compromised in the slightest degree. Shortly after he presented to the church for the pulpit, a splendid Bible and hymn book, which are now used there.' Many other similar places were pointed out to me, kept by church members in good standing, one of whom had taken from a poor, ragged woman, in exchange for a pint of gin, a pair of shoes stripped from the feet of one of her children.

"At the tea meeting were present many of the most respectable people of Edinburgh, some of them the clergy and laity of the Presbyterian church. I related the circumstances there just as I tell them here, and stigmatized the whole thing as 'infamous.' And I added—'in New England, a church member would be expelled for selling intoxicating liquors, as much as if he kept a gambling shop. No man engaged in the liquor traffic could be received in New England into any Christian church, not even a Universalist church.'

"It did not occur to me that my point could be mistaken. But afterward, being at a gentleman's house in Glasgow, my hostess said—'My excellent friend, Mr.—, one of the best temperance men, and a very influential citizen, asked me the other day—having read your Edinburgh speech—what you meant by saying, "not even a Universalist church," and I told him I would ask you, and now I have done it.' I explained to her what I meant.

"I went back again to Edinburgh for a great public meeting, at which I took an opportunity to say: 'On a former occasion in Edinburgh, in speaking of the public opinion in New England relative to the liquor traffic, I remarked that no rum-seller could be admitted into any Christian church, not even a Universalist church. When I return to my country I am sure to be asked by some of my friends, many of whom are Universalists, and among the truest friends of temperance and every other good work, as well as the most honored in the country, what I meant by the phrase—not even the Universalist church? My reply will be, "You must remember I was in Scotland, where the people are extremely particular about creeds and doctrines, but not at all particular about keeping grogshops and houses of ill fame." This, even in Edinburgh, brought down the house in thunders of applause, as it did in Glasgow and other Scotch towns where I repeated it.

"I hope this explanation will fully exonerate me from any suspicion of sectarianism in this matter, as indeed I am not afflicted with it in any shape whatever.

"Ever truly yours, NEAL DOW."

Take care of your health and take plenty of sleep. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he should lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength the work will be better done, done sooner, and with self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary for a healthy body, but if less than the amount be furnished decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOT ONE CENT IN SIX YEARS.—Our machine has been in almost constant use for nearly six years, and has not cost one cent for repairs. It has given great satisfaction.—Letter of Casper W. Hillman, No. 1229 Beach street, Philadelphia, March 10, 1866, to the Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.

SMALL QUANTITY.—One teaspoonful of that world renowned remedy, Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, taken after meals, will enable the most confirmed dyspeptic to eat anything he chooses without fear of any distressing effects. It is a blessing to all who are troubled with diseases pertaining to the stomach and bowels.

The proprietors of Coe's Cough Balsam say, take little and often. Doctor the throat and bronchial tubes, not the stomach. This is the secret of its success. It will not harm you to take it often, and every time you take it you will see its beneficial effects.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums. Patients at a distance are cured by magnetized paper. All that is required is a superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Magnetized paper and consultation free to all who call at his office. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. 3-20-67

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday evening in Black's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall,) Main street. Public Circle Thursday evening.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2½ P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church."

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9½ A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11½ A. M. every Sunday.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5078, New York.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3½ P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sanson street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11½ A. M.; evening lecture at 7½.

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Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Salem, Mass., during January; in Willimantic, Conn., during February; in Mechanic Hall, Charleston, Mass., during March; in Somers, Conn., during April.

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Miss Lizzie Doten lectures in New York during January and February. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A. T. Foss lectures in Plymouth, Mass., during February; in Springfield, Mass., during March. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker. Address drawer X, Berlin, Wis.

S. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., January and February; Philadelphia, Penn., March. Address accordingly, or Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture in New York (Dodworth Hall) during December, January and February; in St. Louis during March and April; in Cincinnati during May; in Chicago during June, July and August. Mrs. Hardinge takes the Atlantic and Great Western Road going West, and can give a few more week evening lectures and one more Sunday, on her journey. Address 8 4th avenue, New York.

Harvey A. Jones will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Reform questions of the day.

Susie M. Johnson lectures in Oswego, N. Y., during January; in Cleveland, Ohio, during February and March; in Sturgis, Mich., in April. Address accordingly.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaks to the Friends of Progress at Monroe, O., the first Sunday, and at Andover the second Sunday of each month. Address, East Trumbull, Ohio.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Monmouth, Ill., during January; in Havana, Ill., during February. Address accordingly.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Lawrence, Kansas, until further notice. Address care of E. B. Sawyer.

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Selah Van Sickle, Green Bush, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity.

Elijah Woodworth will lecture near Coldwater, in Branch Co., Mich., during January and February.

N. Frank White will lecture in Louisville, Ky., during January and February, 1867; in Cincinnati, Ohio, during March and April; in Battle Creek, Mich., during May; in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will lecture in Sturgis, Michigan, January, and in Beloit, Wis., the Sundays of February, March and April, 1867. Address accordingly, or Box 14, Berlin, Wis.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxon will lecture in Central and Southern Indiana in January and February, and may be addressed in care of Wm. Lynn, Muncie, Ind. Those wishing her services in January and February should apply immediately.

N. S. Warner, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Iowa. Address Woodbin, Harrison Co. Iowa.

E. Whipple lectures in Sturgis, Mich., during February.

E. V. Wilson speaks in Cincinnati, Ohio, during January and February in Louisville, Ky., during March. Permanent address, Babcock's Grove, Ill.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M.D., (Inspirational Speaker,) will lecture in Detroit, Mich., during January; will remain in the vicinity during February and March. Address—care of H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit.

Mrs. Fannie Young, of Boston, will answer calls to lecture in the West this winter. Address 255 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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