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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.

Tell Me Why?

BY DR. ADONIS.

I.

Tell me why? Oh, tell me!
Is this heart with sorrow laden,
Why this constant sighing,
As if my soul were dying
To reach the distant Eden?

II.

Tell me why? Oh, tell me!
This gloom around my heart,
This sorrow, deep and lasting,
This sadness, long and blasting,
Sadness never to depart?

III.

Tell me why? Oh, tell me!
This yearning ever! ever!
For that something in the mind,
For that something undefined,
That comes—never! never!

Great Salt Lake City, Utah, December 2, 1866.

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 XII.—(CONTINUED.)

As he turned away with Eva, to help her pull down the bushes, she had a good opportunity to study his face. It was strong, open, honest.

"Oh!" she said to herself, "I see; it is the cleft chin. Am I never to see a cleft chin again but that old ghost shall rise to haunt me? It was that then, together with the dark visage which deceived me, in that picture of the doctor's. It is a family trait, repeated here. I am glad to put that doubt to rest."

In truth it had vaguely troubled her ever since the day when she had fainted at sight of the doctor's pocket-case, but now she dismissed it altogether from her mind, and quietly enjoyed the high spirits and rather rollicking fun of her companions. Presently, in some rash escapade, Evelyn scratched her arm with a long thorn of the raspberry bushes. She screamed, and Mr. Gladstone instantly became all regret and sympathy. It was a long and deep mark, and Rebecca drew forth her handkerchief and bound it up.

"What a graceful, womanly way she has, for a servant," thought Mr. Gladstone, "and so much true feeling, too. There must be a story about her. I'll ask Darrell sometime."

They walked along the fence for a quarter of a mile, picking the berries as they went. By that time their baskets were quite full, and they started to retrace their steps. Evelyn was growing tired and her glee was less noisy, and to fill the pauses of their talk, Mr. Gladstone was obliged to address himself to Rebecca.

It was simple chat, a mere observation upon the fineness of the berries this year, and the promise of fruit in the orchards; but Rebecca's voice and the refined construction of her sentences deepened the impression of her face and bearing. As Mr. Gladstone left her with Eva at Mr. Darrell's gate, he thought to himself,

"Melissa is quite as delicately feminine and pretty as this woman. Ah! why has she not more of that dewy softness in her eye, more of that tremulous music in her voice."

But he checked himself. Most men in his circumstances would have held at least the fancy free to roam. Not Abraham Gladstone. Besides that the circumstances of his life filled him with grave and noble thought, to the exclusion of all trifling and dalliance, the innate honesty of the man held him true to his sacred pledge. "To forsake all others, and keep you only unto her,"—the words had a meaning to him, which he dared not ignore or scorn. But if he had no right to sigh over this woman's charms, there was no law human or divine to prevent his yielding to her the respectful admiration which a true manhood ever accords to a pure and tender womanhood.

Thereafter, however preoccupied, he never met her on the street without a grave recognition and a courteous gesture.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHIEFLY METAPHYSICAL.

The beautiful October weather came, and still Mrs. Darrell gained little relief. Her husband had grown to regard her malady as a pardonable mental weakness. It was the drawback upon having a wife, that most of them were subject to some such unreasonable freak. He tried to bear the trial philosophically and even with Christian resignation, though it must be confessed that sometimes when she lay awake for nearly the whole night, or worse, got so restless, so beset with baleful shadows and horrible sounds and surmises, that she could no longer stay in bed, but was fain to rise and light a lamp to dispel her demons, that his temper nearly failed him. However, on the whole, he behaved with quite exemplary moderation.

He must occasionally, to be sure, have his joke at her expense; mimic her sighs, tease her whims, call her his melancholy Ophelia, and warn her that if she committed suicide she needn't expect Christian burial; and all this not exactly in that loving kind of banter which amounts to a caress, but with a spice of sarcasm which cut deeply into the sensitive heart of the suffering woman.

Whereupon the doctor soliloquized. "The men of each generation make fools of themselves after their own fashion. Fifty years ago, men worked their wives as they would have thought it folly to work their brutes in the same condition. The consequence is that the women of to-day are physically only to be put in glass cases and kept out of harm's way like other ornamental ware. But they are fine grained, full of feelings and susceptibilities, which their mothers never knew, and which their husbands make fun of. They say women and black men are specially cursed in the Bible. White men go free. It's just—as—well. The Lord knew that their blindness and—wrong-headedness would make it about even."

But Laura, often wounded, bore no malice. "It is hard," she said, "for Ralph to have such a miserable apology for a wife. I do hope when the fall weather comes I shall get stronger."

So every day she took her spiritless frame out upon the sunny hill sides, and basked in the October glory, and pulled the asters and the golden-rod, and gazing dreamily off into the delicious, hazy distance, wondered, and wondered, and wondered—why God, who is goodness, made women as he did, and making them so, a sealed mystery, a labyrinth of strange uses, and seemingly contradictory meanings, why he had given to no mortal being the clue thereof. And she prayed earnestly, fervently for light; light for herself and light for others of her sex. And so her days went on.

At the back of the house and across a smooth ravine rose a rocky hill, crowned at the top with a pine grove. Stunted pines and bay-berry bushes grew here and there over the hill-side, but there were smooth open patches of mossy turf, and broad plateaus of ledge, where Laura delighted to sit and drink in the warm October sunshine. It seemed to her, that the blue sky overhead, the affluence of the golden air saturated with the aromatic breath of the pines, and made musical by their almost articulate murmurs, the broad expanse of the landscape before her, and the tender, delicious distance, were all medicaments of rare and potent worth. In the grove above her the children played with Rebecca, gathering pine cones, or tossing about the fragrant leaves, or mimicking with childish glee the cawing of the crows that yearly built in the topmost branches of the trees.

As the day waned, the children would come shouting down the hill-side, toward her, bringing such treasures as they had gathered; usually recounting to her some story with which Rebecca had managed to hold their attention, and so keep them within the sound of her voice. Sometimes it was the tale of a fern leaf, that ages ago prayed for immortality, and so, through fire, and flood, and great upheavings, was turned to stone, and lives to day in the slaty ledges of the mountains. Sometimes it was about the great pine forests who moaned and sighed through unnumbered ages that a soul might be given them, and the pines moan and sigh to this day, with that remembered agony; how they were swept with devouring flames and transformed to immense repositories of fossil coal, and then when they had lain other ages in the deep, deep bosom of the earth, were put again to torture of man's devising, and there leaped forth that bright, ethereal flame-spirit, that makes our homes beautiful by night, and lights up like a torch from Heaven, the unsightly abodes of crime. Or it was a fairy tale of how a Nymph grew weary of her ocean home and prayed for a respite from the never ceasing murmur of the sea, and a dwelling among the green bowers of earth. How

her prayer was granted, and she was imprisoned in her shell and thrown by strong tides upon the shining beach. There an artist found the shell, and seeing by his inner vision the imprisoned nymph, with his chisel set her free, and she became a cameo. Thus by arraying grave truths in the garments of a pure and beautiful fiction, were their tender minds both amused and instructed, their fancy stirred, their imagination given wings, and their hearts touched with tenderness.

"I believe," said Mrs. Darrell one day, "I will keep you with me Rebecca, and let the children go into the woods by themselves. I think I need you most."

So the children strayed off, and the two women sat on the overtopping surface of a great granite ledge, and talked.

"I want to know," said Mrs. Darrell, "if it ever seems to you that you retain impressions of a previous state of existence. Can you not look back in some dim, vague way upon a life that preceded this, and seems some way of deeper, grander import?"

Rebecca replied dreamily. "I look back thus upon my childhood. Beyond that I have no glimmer of reminiscence."

Laura refrained from questions. A determined questioner is a nuisance; a person forever prying about the roots of one's cherished delicacies with his intrusive, inevitable spade. These two women were both of too fine a fiber for that.

"I have heard the same remark made before," said Rebecca, "but it always seemed to me that the phenomenon must be referable to one or other of two causes. It seems to me that I can easily imagine impressions made so strongly upon the mother's mind as to leave a life long imprint upon the mind of the child. The connection between child and mother during the ante-natal period, is so strong, that it seems to me, fairly to cover these impressions. Or it may be referable to the double consciousness of the soul, a thing at present so mistily understood, that I think the least said about it the better, except to mark such phenomena concerning it as are well known and authenticated. After all I am no metaphysician, and scarcely competent to speak at all on the subject."

"But it seems to me Rebecca, that without perhaps being richly gifted with logical powers, you have that purely feminine quality of the intellect, intuition, rarely developed. I like what you say, because it always goes to the heart of a thing without, perhaps, leaving a well beaten path behind. Now I have more of my father in me, intellectually, than of my mother; so I reason better than I see."

"As you grow womanly through suffering," said Rebecca, "your vision will grow clearer. Men have to walk instead of soaring, because the exercise of their lives does not develop their wings, or to speak, literally, their spiritual insight. Let the most manly man, but suffer deeply enough, and his wings begin to grow straightway; he begins to speak intuitively, that is, in the speech of women, the speech of angels."

"Which shows the exceeding consistency of setting reason above insight; a life of labor above a life of endurance."

The carriage came up the road to take Mrs. Darrell and the children into the village, and Rebecca lingered alone among the pines. Lying down upon the soft and fragrant couch which the years had spread for her, and resting her head upon the trunk of a fallen tree, in a sorrowful, dejected way, she began a sort of unconscious review of her life, the pines all the while whispering their mournful cadences through her soul.

There were times, one cannot deny it, when her bruised and broken heart yearned for deeper comfort, more abounding strength than her circumstances afforded her. There were haunting memories that would not be laid, but which made the watches of many a night sleepless and tearful. Eyes that would flash on her through dreams, tones that freighted every wind, the "touch of vanished hands" that thrilled her hour by hour as she went about her daily duties. This and that surging aspiration which is at once the bane and the blessing of every noble heart; which breaks up the soul's peace and makes wreck and ruin of many patient graces, but which also tides grand resolves over sandy bars and shallow flats, and transforms an infinite calm into an infinite grandeur.

With her mind thus unsettled, and its most orderly forces in revolt, who can measure the force of the temptation which the doctor's evident partiality afforded her. Only the evening before, under pretence of seeing how Mr. Darrell's new preventive of cure worked, he had sought her in the garden, and sitting by her side in the honeysuckle arbor, had talked with her in a way in which she knew the doctor was not in the habit of talking to most women. She

recalled the soft luster of his deep gray eyes, the light touch of his hand as it had rested for a moment upon her shoulder, the silent tenderness with which he had guarded her from the evening dampness. She thought with throbs of yearning and desire what it would be to her to live in his house, to find there protection, companionship, the right to love and be loved, and then knowing what barrier stood in her way, she buried her face in her hands and wept convulsively.

"The days of God are a thousand years," whispered the inner voice to Rebecca, as she lay there like a bruised seafarer, stranded on a hard though shining beach. "Gird thy soul with patience and wait."

Suddenly there came to her a flash of vision. The whole immense universe of God wheeled slowly before her eyes; star intersecting star in its orbit; sun balancing sun; system answering to system, in perfect harmony and equipoise. All in swift motion, too, through distances which made speed itself seem slowness, and moving with such precision and mutual dependence, that the least mischance to one must disarrange the whole.

"Behold," said the voice, "all this hath the Father planned since before the ages were. Till this time hath been no flaw, no discord. Is He able, do you think, to order your little life aright? Is His universe of stars more precious to Him than His universe of souls? Shall He care for the one and despise the other? Trust Him and wait."

There was a great influx of light in Rebecca's soul, and she went down to her home full of peace and joy. The vision had left behind a prophecy. From that hour she knew that, whether or not she had ordained it, her Father had ordained for her—change; and in the far future perhaps, yet a future to which she was traveling with the swiftness of the stars over the infinite spaces of heaven—rest, peace.

Such moments of ecstasy are more truly elevating and refining than any intellectual process. They lift the soul in an instant to a point which labor can never attain, and the remembrance of which, though the wave recedes, the soul never entirely loses.

Rebecca took up again the commonplaces of her life with new faith, new patience. Her heart had gathered strength, and when the duties of the day were done, she found a moment's time to run over to Miss Joanna's nursery, to undress the little Catherine, and rub her rosy limbs, to kiss her pretty cheeks, and at last to rock her to sleep upon her bosom. Then she sat by the crib and watched the little sleeper while Miss Joanna chatted.

"You can't imagine how fond I am getting of this child. I, who never used to love babies at all, except at a distance. I hadn't the least adaptation to them. What it was that set Milton thinking that a babe would be company for me, I can't divine. But then Milton is a wonder of comprehension, when there's a woman concerned. I shall never forget how amazed I was that morning as I saw him coming up the walk, that strange muse girl with him and this child. I ran up stairs, I assure you I did, without stopping for an explanation. Mamma exclaimed, 'Milton, what have you done now?' I heard it as I went up the stairs. 'Brought Joanna a present from New York,' said Milton with that imperturbable face of his. I thought at once, 'Oh! its a black child. I've always had such an anti-slavery hobby.' So then I stole back again. But no! it was this dear little delicate creature, as sweet as a May flower. It quite took my breath to look at her, I was so nervous in those days. It is impossible to say how much I've improved since then."

"Whose is it?" I asked.

"Yours," said Milton.

"No, but who are its parents?"

"That I don't know any more than you. I found it on the street, and saved it from the city almshouse."

"I think I blushed. I am sure when I thought 'she is really mine, then,' my heart gave a great leap. It was such a thing to have a little babe like that to love, and to live for and to feel was my own. But I couldn't say all that then. In fact, I think I manifested some reluctance to accept the charge. But that was soon over, and then I somehow felt so much younger and cheerier than I had for years."

"There had been a great sadness in my life. I think sometimes as I look into your face that you, too, know what heart-sorrow is, which is, perhaps, the reason I feel like telling you all these things. I had tried all the sources of consolation that I could think of, but none of them seemed to touch the springs of my life. I had read, I had studied, I had practised charities, in a quiet way, I wasn't born a colporteur, or a city mission agent; I got a piano and tried music; I had attended prayer meetings, and made use of all religious exercises, not without comfort, but everything I did seemed to have a morbid zest about it, till this dear child came. The baby fingers reached right down to my heart-strings, and in two day's time I felt human again."

"But I didn't realize how deep the feeling was till little Ralph Darrell died. As I said, I never thought that I loved children at all. Laura's had seemed nearer to me than any others, but still I had never had the real child love in my heart. But when the little boy died, and I realized that

my little Kitty might die, too, and how sorrowful I should be, and therefore how unutterably more sorrowful Laura must be, who was a true mother, I was near crying myself sick. Since that day I've had a larger and tenderer heart for all humanity."

There was a dainty stain of rose upon her cheek and a deep absent look in her eye, and Rebecca sitting opposite her, and seeing it all by the blaze of the wood-fire on the hearth, thought she had never seen so lovely a face.

They sat there in the silence and the cheerful glow of the fire, Rebecca still rocking the baby's cradle, and tears hanging on the lids of both, when the doctor entered.

"Good evening, Rebecca," he said, kindly, drawing off his driving-glove and extending his hand to her, in the quiet, friendly way that had latterly marked his manner toward her. "The evening air grows chilly. There will be a frost, I think."

There was nothing of haste or excitement in his manner as he sat down before the fire and spread out his hands to warm them.

"The day has been very lovely," said Rebecca. "Mrs. Darrell and the children and I have been out nearly all the afternoon. I think this autumn weather is reviving Mrs. Darrell."

"A trifle—a trifle, may be. I hope she'll get better soon; she'll need strength. Ralph Darrell—is—a—pretty—sick—man."

"Is Mr. Darrell ill?" said Rebecca. "Then I must go home at once."

"He was taken with a fainting fit in his office about an hour ago. I brought him home. It's going to be a fever. The fever—won't be—bad—I hope, but he's dreadful nervous; dreadful nervous."

The doctor held the words upon his tongue as if they had a comfortable relish.

"About as nervous a man as I ever saw. It'll be a job to take care of him. I don't—want—to—hurry you home—Rebecca—don't want to hurry you away—but I think as like as not Laura'd be glad to see you. Tell her I shall come over again before I go to bed."

Rebecca hurried on her shawl and started for home as soon as possible. At the door she met Joel, the doctor's fat, lazy, faithful, goodnatured man.

"The doctor said I'd better wait, Miss, and take you over to Mr. Darrell's, as Mrs. Darrell she's in a mighty hurry to have you get home," said Joel. "Better jump right into the shay."

Rebecca needed no second invitation, and in three minutes' time Joel set her down at Mr. Darrell's door.

"Mighty fine woman that is," said Joel; "doctor thinks so, too. Fact I shouldn't 'a thought on't if it had been for him—though he never said nothing about her. Doctor's a judge of women. Wonder, if he was me, which he would choose—Nancy, or Creeshy?"

This was a subject upon which Joel's mind had been greatly exercised for the last ten years, and he seemed to be no nearer a solution of the problem than ever. The doctor thought it was doubtful if he ever would be, unless he received some extraneous aid, and meditated offering him, some time, a word of advice. He wasn't in any hurry about it, though. There was time enough yet.

CHAPTER XIV.

HYSTERIC: MALE SPECIES.

Mr. Darrell was nervous, and with reason. For years he had applied himself assiduously to his business, without allowing himself time for that social and domestic relaxation which his system required. His business enterprises had always been, as compared to the capital invested in them, disproportionately large. The consequence was that his mental powers were kept constantly on the alert and strained to their utmost tension to foresee and prepare for the varying contingencies of trade. He had thus far been uniformly successful, but at a cost of vital power which he himself was the last to realize. A trifle of indigestion neglected induced a fever, and the system, ripe before for revolution, made vigorous preparations to avenge abuses.

When Rebecca reached home she found the patient comfortably ensconced in his bed and Mrs. Darrell sitting beside him, bathing his head with cologne and water. His eyes had a glassy stare in them, and his hand twitched nervously at the bed-clothes. He was evidently in a very excited and restless state. Yet, as he had a strong masculine frame and lacked those fine adjustments which render the female system peculiarly sensitive to nervous derangements, it cannot be supposed that his sufferings were extreme. They were quite sufficient, however, to upset both his reason and his temper.

"I'm a terribly sick man, Rebecca," he said. "I hope I shall get over it; but the doctor looked very grave. You will have to take care of the children and the housework, for I shall need my wife's care every moment. Laura, what are your pillows made of? I should think this one was stuffed with cobble stones."

Mrs. Darrell put down her sponge, and proceeded to smooth his pillow; and Rebecca, after ascertaining that she could be of no immediate use, was leaving the room to attend to her other duties, when Mr. Darrell called:

"Rebecca, the doctor left directions for preparing me some sort of gruel or toast water. Nancy never will do it as it should be done. Won't you attend to it yourself?"

Rebecca promised, and came back to receive her instructions from Mrs. Darrell. By that time cool water had to be brought from the kitchen, and then Mr. Darrell felt as if he needed mustard poultices on his feet, till at last Rebecca began to think that it would be midnight before she should get time to put the children to bed.

Mrs. Darrell watched with the patient, and she was kept constantly busy with his various demands and surmises. At one time she had placed a pillow at the back of her easy chair, and fancied, as her husband was quite comfortable and declared his intention to go to sleep, that she also might get a doze. Hardly, however, had she closed her eyes when he was sitting up in the bed, exclaiming in a startled whisper:

"Laura! there's robbers getting in at the dining-room window. Listen! don't you hear the rasping of the saw?"

"It is only a rat, my dear, gnawing in the wall."

"A rat! Laura, do you suppose I have common sense, or not? I tell you it is burglars."

"Very well," said Laura, without stopping to remind him how many times her own nocturnal terrors had been made the theme of his scoffing and scolding, or to assure him that she had heard the same noise a thousand times when he was sound asleep—"I'll take the lamp and go down and see."

She went and made a thorough investigation; but found nothing unusual.

"I'm sure it was a rat," she said. "Now, do compose yourself, and try to get a little sleep."

"Laura, you speak of my composing myself as if I could compose myself. If I could compose myself I shouldn't be nervous. I tell you, when a man is nervous he can't help it."

Laura smiled inwardly, but only said in the kindest possible tone:

"I know that very well, my dear. I only meant that you should try to forget your fears, and go to sleep if you could."

"I can't go to sleep. I tell you, Laura, I'm dreadful sick. I'll have Dr. Ferris called in to-morrow. I don't believe Milton knows anything about fevers; fevers, with nervous complications, I mean."

"Very well," said Laura; "there's no objection to your calling Dr. Ferris, if you like. I guess I'd better give you a sleeping powder now, for you must go to sleep if it is possible."

He took the medicine, and after that did get a little restless sleep; but before morning Rebecca was called up to make fresh mustard poultices, and as soon as the day broke John was dispatched for the doctor.

"Shall I send him for Dr. Ferris?" asked Mrs. Darrell.

"Laura, how you talk! Do you suppose I want to be drugged to death? If I am to die, I prefer dying a natural death."

Which was all the same to Laura as if he had said:

"No, my dear, I've changed my mind."

Morning only made it more apparent that it was a case of settled fever—not alarming, but one which would probably keep in his room for two or three weeks.

"Laura," said the doctor, "who are you going to get to watch to-night?"

Mr. Darrell looked up in some alarm.

"Why, Laura, you don't think of leaving me, do you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, "at least, not at present. But I suppose I might have some one to help me a little, so that I can hold out the longer."

"Y-e-s," said Mr. Darrell, doubtingly; "but I want you. I don't know what's the use of having a wife if she can't take care of a man when he's sick."

"Ho-ho-ho!" said the doctor, pensively. "It seems what's sauce for the goose ain't sauce for the gander."

"I shall take care of you, Ralph," said Mrs. Darrell, firmly. "I shall not leave you an instant, when I can help it. I know just how you feel, dear, and I wouldn't for the world leave you."

He was somewhat re-assured; but the doctor made certain that a good and faithful watcher was found each night to make Laura's duties less arduous.

To tell how many different kinds of drink were prepared for Mr. Darrell, each one a more miserable failure than the last; how many ways were devised to make his medicines palatable; how many times his wife was called to hear the noises in his head; how many times the doctor was asked if he didn't think that something ailed him more than he knew of—would be a work of supererogation. Suffice it to say, that for a week he kept the house in a pretty continual state of uproar. At the end of that time he had become so much reduced by his fever as to be in a quiet condition. But then he was like a child about his wife. She must sit by his bedside every moment, ready to give him anything he desired, and most of the time to hold his hand, or bathe his head, or by some means of personal contact impart the cool, quiet magnetism of her veins to him.

On one of those occasions, when she was holding his

hand in hers and trying to compose him sufficiently to allow him to sleep, he exclaimed:

"I suppose, Laura, you think I'm very silly; but if you are ever nervous, you'll know."

Laura smiled. "I think, my dear, I do know all about it. I've seen a great many days when I would have given all I possessed if you could have left your business for an hour or two and petted me a little."

"Why, Laura," he cried, light breaking in upon his darkened mind, "was that what ailed you?"

When the crisis of the fever was passed, and the pettishness of convalescence came on, there was another season when it seemed as if no human power could please him. At one time he demanded of Laura why she would persist in wearing her walking boots in his room, to which her only reply was to take off her delicate slipper and hold it up to his view, when he informed her that she certainly had the tread of an elephant. The next day he accused her of stealing about his room as stealthily as an Indian—she was as sly as a cat any way. She was worn with watching and anxiety and those things were hard to bear; but no one ever heard her answer him in any but the kindest tone, or knew her to abate one jot or tittle of her tenderness for him.

And Ralph, who was noble and large hearted in the main, appreciated every bit of it. As he lay there, weak as an infant, upon the bed and watched his wife's untiring care and never-failing patience, and perhaps thought how she herself had suffered when he had been indifferent, or even had made light of her sufferings, she seemed to him the very rose and queen of women. The love of his youth stirred in his veins, and he registered a vow that if ever he got off that sick bed again, she should nevermore have cause to complain of his want of tenderness to her.

By and by he was able to sit up for an hour or two at a time and hear her read. She began by bringing in a newspaper and asking if she should read him the money article. He raised his hand impatiently.

"No, indeed," he cried; "I can't abide that stuff yet. Laura, didn't you once say that you'd like to read 'Maud' to me. We shall never have a better time for that than now."

So she read "Maud," and that only led the way to other things. They got among the magazines and re-read her favorite pieces, love stories and all, till at last they got to talking love, and seemed to be renewing their old courting days.

Ralph somehow felt a little as Rip Van Winkle must have when he awoke from his long nap, for it was a great while since Ralph had thought much about these things. He remembered that he used to think Laura's taste a little immature and school-girlish; he wondered now to find what a cultivated woman she had grown to be. He was really proud of her, and felt rather ashamed of the blunders into which his unready memory sometimes led him.

They had read and talked in this way one evening till the twilight overtook them. Outside the window by which they had been sitting the gray wintry landscape, whitened here and there by the first snow fall, stretched away to the horizon, where rosy lights and purple shadows, reflections of the fading sunset, still lingered. Within, a glowing fire in the grate made the dusk seem tender and cheerful. Laura was sitting very close to her husband, his arm about her, her head upon his shoulder, a touch of the old girlish abandon in her manner that stirred his heart with delicious memories. Presently he felt a soft commotion in her bosom, and then a tear fell on his hand, and another, and another.

"Laura, darling," he asked, "what is it?"

"God is so good," she whispered softly, "to have given me back my husband."

"Laura," he said, his own voice tremblingly now, "keep fast hold of him, and don't let him leave you again. I feel as the apostles did when they beheld the transfiguration. 'Let us build tabernacles; it is good for us to be here.'"

By-and-by, when the lamps were lighted, the doctor dropped in. He looked at them both; then sat down and looked into the fire, and whistled softly; no tune—he never whistled any tune, only a low, wind-like accompaniment to an unspeakable thought.

"You'll be getting out to business soon, I suppose, Darrell?" he said.

"In a day or two, perhaps. I'm in no hurry."

"I'm glad to hear it; glad to hear it."

Another pause. Another low symphony from his lips.

"Darrell, you've been talking a good while about going to Washington. When will you ever find a better time than now; say, in a week or two?"

"That's sensible, doctor. Laura, what do you say? Can you be ready in a couple of weeks? That will give me time to go down to the office and look matters up a little, and then if I find them all right, we'll be off. What do you say?"

Going to Washington was one of Laura's day dreams. To have it come true just now of all times, when Ralph

would enjoy it with her so much more than usual, seemed almost too good, and she said so.

"No, indeed," said Ralph, "nothing is too good for this time. We'll have a sort of second honeymoon out of it. I'm going to be a better man, doctor. I'm not going to work so like a dog any more."

"H—m," said the doctor; "take your honeymoon while you are in the fit of it. I've seen sick-room repentances before."

"No; but it's dead earnest this time," said Ralph.

"I hope so. I hope so," said the doctor. "If there's anything I can do, Laura, to help you off, let me know. You've got a good woman to leave with the children, and that is half the battle."

"Indeed it is," said Laura. And then, after a moment's chat about family matters, the doctor left.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell were gone three weeks on their journey. They came back at last, looking so well, so radiant, so youthful, that one could hardly believe they had been invalids when they set out.

Rebecca, thinking of her vision of the stars, saw how one life is made to depend upon another for its times and its seasons; how sometimes, when we seem to be standing still, we are only making a little wider circuit, that we may catch the influence of some grander attraction, or avoid some clash of spheres fraught with unseen peril.

"For what do I wait?" she wondered; and the unseen spaces echoed, "Wait."

CHAPTER XV.

A DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

Abraham Gladstone came home from his office, one day, and found his wife in bed, with such a length of countenance and general aspect of immaculate suffering and martyred virtue, that he at once conjectured what was the trouble. In her determination to avoid maternal responsibilities, she had had an unusually severe struggle with nature, and her physical powers had for once been forced to succumb.

"My dear, are you ill?" he asked kindly.

"I'm not quite as well as usual."

"Shan't I call the doctor?"

"By no means."

"But you look very much exhausted, and it seems to me you have some fever."

She was silent, and silence with her was never consent.

"I don't know whether you'll find any dinner," she said. "Hepsey is n't good for much, unless she has somebody to look after her."

"Oh, don't worry about me. What shall I get for you?"

"Nothing."

"Not a little gruel?"

"Such stuff as Hepsey could make?"

Abraham began to take the hint.

"Perhaps I'd better get some person to come and stay with you a day or two. It don't seem to me that you will be able to get about the house to-morrow."

"I don't know of any one whom you could get."

"I think Mary Crane would come."

"She was silent, and Abraham bethought himself that Mary was a very coarse, though a very good natured woman. Mrs. Gladstone couldn't abide coarseness. But whom to find that would suit her, he couldn't think. Paragons of skill and elegance don't go out nursing in New England villages, as a general thing.

"I really don't know," he said at length, "of anybody better than Mary."

"Mrs. Darrell always manages to get good help," said Mrs. Gladstone, "but then she has money."

"I've heard that she had an excellent nurse-girl now, but I'm afraid, Melissa, she will not be willing to part with her. One doesn't like to be unneighborly about those things, you know. Perhaps I can get mother to come over for a day or so."

Melissa said nothing. Mr. Gladstone knew without being told, that Mrs. Bowditch was one of these women who are of no possible use in a sick room, but rather a nuisance, so he didn't urge the matter.

When he came home at night, she was evidently so much worse, that he no longer asked her permission, but sent at once for the doctor. Mrs. Gladstone did not receive him very cordially, but the doctor had his own ways and means of arriving at knowledge.

"What are you going to do for help?" was the first question he asked on rejoining Abraham in the sitting-room. "She'll have to lie where she is for a month, at least, and she'll want more help than that child can give her."

Abraham saw his opportunity. He remembered perfectly the impression which Rebecca had produced upon him, and he felt some personal repugnance to exposing the unhappiness of his domestic relations to a woman of her delicate perceptions; but this was not a time to think of himself.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that it would be possible to induce Mrs. Darrell to part with her nurse for a few weeks?"

The doctor was sitting to the fire. He looked thoughtful, whistled a little, rubbed his hands together slowly.

"I—don't—know," he said at last. "What made you think of Rebecca?"

"Help is very scarce you know, and Mrs. Gladstone is very particular. She has heard that Rebecca, if that is her name, is an excellent and trusty woman, and in a case like this, where the nurse will be in effect housekeeper also, it is of consequence to have a faithful person."

"Rebecca—is—just—what—you—want. I'll speak to Laura about it. Can't tell what she'll say. Women are set in their ways. I'll speak to her."

Abraham expressed his sense of obligation and the doctor left.

"If that woman is determined to kill herself," soliloquized the doctor, as he untied the old gray, "I don't know as I can help it. I suppose I must do what I can, but I'm afraid she has dipped a little too deep this time. She beats Death all out, and Dr. Hornbrook was a boy to her."

This was just at the time of the January thaw. The roads were very slushy and the doctor had driven far that day. When he at last reached home, he was constrained to see with his own eyes that the old gray had an extra quart of oats, and a good bed.

"Not that Joel ever neglects her," said the doctor, "Joel is faithful. I like a faithful person. I won't have any body but a faithful person about me if I can help it. Joel is faithful, but then I sleep better if I see to these things myself."

As he went about his work, he meditated:

"Rebecca needs a charge. She is getting uneasy, and it is natural that she should. She ought to be taking a different position from that of a nurse-girl. She is a very capable woman. If she gets out into the world, people will find it out and respect her accordingly. *She had better go to Gladstone's.*"

It was past eight o'clock when the doctor reached Mrs. Darrell's house to do the promised errand.

The children were out of the way, and Ralph and Laura sat in their pleasant library, she sewing, he reading aloud the picture of domestic comfort and happiness. It put the doctor in his best humor to see them.

"Laura," he said, after a few minutes of desultory chat, "what are you going to do with Maude this spring; she looks pale; she's studying too hard. She must get some let-up some way?"

"I know she's studying pretty hard, but I hadn't thought it was injuring her," said Laura.

"Does she sleep well nights?"

"I believe I have heard her complain of being wakeful at times."

"Eat her breakfast well?"

"She takes a cup of coffee and a slice of toast usually, not always, though."

"Humph!" said the doctor, "I thought so. A red spot on her cheek about all the time."

"She's growing pretty fast, I know," said Laura, thoughtfully.

"She's just at the growing age. If you take my advice, you won't send her to school next summer. Keep her at home a few months, it won't hurt her."

"I always have meant," said Laura, "to give Maude a thorough domestic training, but what with her studies at school and her music at home, I've never thought she had time for it."

"Now is your time," said the doctor. "Light exercise is just what she needs; not too much of one kind, not too long continued, but exercise enough to give her muscles play, and get the blood down from her brain. She has the head-ache now every day. Don't take her out of school quite yet; if she wants to finish her term, but insist that she shan't study all the time. Let her set the tea-table and undress the children; and be sure that she has an hour of good air and some kind of light work before breakfast every day. 'She'll eat a slice of meat after it.'"

"I believe we are all getting lazy," said Mrs. Darrell, laughing, "Rebecca is so thoughtful and so attentive to all the details of the work."

"H'm," said the doctor, "are you calculating to keep Rebecca always?"

Mrs. Darrell looked up a little curious. There was something in the doctor's tone she didn't quite understand.

"Because," he continued, "I know a man that wants to get her. He needs her more than you do. It seems to me that you are strong enough now, so that with a little help from Maude, you could get on with Nancy very well. What do you think?"

"Why if Rebecca can do better than to stay here, I shall be very willing, but I shall miss her."

"Now doctor," interposed Ralph, "that isn't fair. Ever since we kept help at all, we've been worried to death to get good girls, and now that we've got one, and got her wanted, I think the least our friends can do is to let her alone."

The doctor whistled a little.

"Abraham Gladstone's wife is very sick," he said, "if she don't have good care—good care," he repeated, "she won't get through the spring. I shouldn't like to see her get a cough in February. It would look bad—look bad. I think Rebecca can do more good there than she can here."

"Oh, if it's a case of sickness," said Mr. Darrell, "that is another thing."

"I'll call Rebecca," said Mrs. Darrell, "and see what she says about it."

A strange feeling came over Rebecca, as she listened to the proposition. She had waited so long for a broader outlook. Was this the answer to her prayer? To attend a sick woman; a woman who at her best, had been described to her as peculiar and unlovely; who therefore, when irritated by illness would be likely to be peevish, fault-finding hard to please. At first view, she was inclined to shrink. But the inward voice which we all believe in, but all so much neglect, whispered an admonition, and she paused.

"I have deliberately chosen to do a woman's work in the world," she said to herself, "to cultivate womanly excellencies, to achieve womanly triumphs. What fitter scene for all these than the sick-room?" She rendered her decision in a most womanly fashion. Looking up to the doctor who stood, ready to go, waiting only her word—and thinking how true a friend he had been to her, her nature proved its loyalty.

"Shall I go?" she asked.

He felt the confidence implied, and answered in his gentlest tone.

"I think you had better, Rebecca."

The question was settled.

It was a good while before Rebecca composed herself to sleep that night. This change which she foresaw must be followed by others, was a new test of her power of self-dependence.

"I had grown to feel so much at home here," she said to herself, "A woman is in these material things a sort of parasite, after all. She grows by what she clings to. She is happy or not, according to whether her conditions are suited to her nature, and that nature is, in a great degree, passive. How shall I find a change to agree with me? This change of all."

It seemed doubtful, but when the word of the Lord came to Moses, saying: "Go, thou and my people," there was no possibility for Israel to stay behind. So often in our lives we deliberate most over just those courses of conduct which if we only knew it, are most inevitable. The consolation is that to Him who controls us, all courses whether through the wilderness and the stony ground, or through green pastures and by still waters; whether down the dark ravines of error or over the sun-swept mountains of vision, lead in the end to Him.

CHAPTER XVI.

HEN-PECKED.

Mrs. Gladstone's face lying upon the heavy pillows of her handsome bed, and encircled by dainty lace-trimmed ruffles, had a pinched and meager look that was pitiful to behold. She suffered no doubt, it could not be otherwise, but that was not the worst. It was that she had so little womanly faith, and patience, and fortitude wherewith to bear her suffering. Her life had been spent for herself, and not for others; the gratification of her own desires had been the sole end and aim of her existence. The grand foundation stones of justice, honor, truth and love, were entirely wanting in the basis of her character. Therefore the weak, unstable fabric which she had reared gaped and tottered, and threatened utter ruin.

Rebecca looking at her, hearing her feeble moan, watching her suspicious glances, and feeling her utter want of courage, or confidence, or trust, said to herself,

"May God forgive me, if it is wrong, but I cannot do otherwise than pray the Pharisee's prayer, 'I thank God I am not like this woman.' Welcome suffering, welcome disgrace, welcome wearing labor for my daily bread, but never let me experience such spiritual poverty, such utter dearth of all tenderness and faith."

The two women were not unlike in some of their characteristics. They were both delicate in their instincts, refined in their tastes; they had neither of them the strength or the confidence for great undertakings, for anything akin to masculine enterprises; they both felt more than most, even of women, the very womanly need of being cared for and placed in a secure position, above the sordid, selfish clashing of that material life in which men are the proper and principle actors. But there was a broad, deep, underlying distinction between them. The one had a clear, far-reaching spiritual intuition and trust, the other was scarcely at all conscious of spiritual life or insight. Spiritually she was as feeble and purblind as a nine days old kitten. The one was all alive and thrilling with tenderness and pure womanly affection; the other was emotionally as withered and dry as a mummy. The one had been all her life the sport and toy of suffering; the other had made her whole life a constant exaction upon others, and had gained a certain sort of ease and luxury in that way. With spiritual culture as with material, it is the deep sub-soiling and not the mere surface scratching which produces rich results.

As the days passed, Mrs. Gladstone's condition became less and less encouraging.

"If there was anything to build on," said the doctor, "we could do something, but she don't seem to have any constitution. Medicine don't work if there is no reactive power

in the system, and that seems to be pretty much her case."

But the reactive power of the system, what is it? Is it flesh, or blood, or bone, or is it the spiritual force which gives to all these their life? Women as a general thing have more power of endurance than men, will actually live through more physical suffering, and come out less reduced in the end, because they have deeper faith, and patience, and courage, and love. This woman was an exception, just because she lacked these womanly qualities. Therefore she lay upon her bed, white, passive, helpless; the vital forces slowly spending themselves, and no grand, rousing, noble instincts in her, no thought of husband or children, of good deeds that must be done, of sad souls that needed her ministrations, to turn the tide.

Mrs. Bowditch came in every day to see her. She sometimes brought her knitting, always her snuffbox, and the latter, at least, was kept in pretty constant requisition. As she sat by the bedside, a little dry, withered, yellow woman, with black, bead-like eyes, a tawdry cap, and a shabby, faded gown that had once been showy if not elegant, she was the best possible explanation of her daughter's condition, both physical and mental.

"It's a dreadful thing, Melissa, for you to be sick this way. I can't see what Providence means by it. Here's your household left to the care of strangers, and everything going to rack and ruin, I haven't the least doubt, and you getting no better. I must say I think it a very mysterious dispensation."

Melissa moved uneasily in her bed and moaned.

"Where's Echo," she asked.

"I sent Hepsy out in the yard with him, to give him a little air. I thought he had been mewed up here with you long enough. Hepsy'll be careful of him, for I told her if she wasn't I'd punish her."

"What is Rebecca doing?"

"Oh! she's seeing to the ironing. Do you know I don't like her ways a bit. She hasn't folded the clothes any ways as I should, and I told her so. The pillow cases never'll be done up to suit you."

Melissa groaned feebly, almost inaudibly, and turned her face to the wall.

"And what do you think," the old lady went on, "when she was out there this morning tending to your breakfast, I heard her telling Hepsy a story. Think of that! 'Twas a fairy story or something of that kind. They're thicker'n hops now, and by the time you get about the house again, things will be to a pretty pass. Why how red your cheeks are. Aint you getting a fever?"

At this instant Rebecca came in from the kitchen. Her quick eye noticed at once the change in the patient.

"I am afraid," she said gently, "that you've been talking too much. Perhaps she had better be left alone for a little while, Mrs. Bowditch, as the doctor was very particular about her being kept quiet. I'll bathe her head, and then I think she will maybe, be able to sleep."

There was something in Rebecca's mild but firm way of speaking that inspired respect, and Mrs. Bowditch, with no farther demonstration than a slight toss of the head, withdrew to the sitting-room. Hitherto Rebecca's presence had insensibly produced a very quieting effect upon Mrs. Gladstone's nerves; but to-day the spell seemed to have departed. The more she tried to sooth and make her comfortable, the more uneasy she seemed to grow, till at length, she refrained from all effort, and arranging the curtains so as to deepen the shadows of the already darkened room, she went out.

When Mr. Gladstone came in from the office, and opened the door softly, he found that she was still awake, and approached the bed to speak to her.

Whatever of coldness or impatience Abraham might have felt toward his wife, at various times, had all vanished, now that she lay helpless and suffering before him. With all the delicacy, and tenderness, and susceptibility to injury or shock, which inhere in true conjugal love, there is also a tenacity, an indestructibility of fiber, which of itself furnishes a stronger argument than any array of social facts and statistics against license in the matter of annulling the marriage bond. His wife was the love of his youth. About her all the rosy sentiment and the airy aspirations of his early days had clustered. In all the trials of his manhood, she had been—in a poor, meager way it is true, but still she had been—a sharer. If in the wear and tear of life, some portions of the tender romance, or even of the manly respect which he had cherished had worn away, there was still left an early memory that was very potent. It might slumber while she was well and active, and walked on her way beside him, not apparently needing so much of him, as he of her; but now that she was ill and helpless, and so sad and hopeless too, there seemed an awakening of the old tenderness, and he loved her as he had not been conscious of doing in all the years of her health and buoyancy.

"Melissa," he said, stooping to kiss her, "how do you feel to-day?"

"No better, I'm afraid," she said.

"Why you even seem worse, I think. Has anything happened?"

"Not much. I wish, Abraham, you'd count the silver to-day, and see that there's none missing."

"Oh! you needn't be troubled about that dear. Rebecca

is very faithful. I'm sure nobody could do better than she does, except, of course, yourself. I hope it will not be many weeks till you can take her place, but till then I'm sure you need't have a thought about the house."

"You've seen very little of her yet."

"But then Mrs. Darrell recommended her very highly."

"She hadn't the chance there that she has here."

"Well dear, I'll count the silver, and I'll do everything I can to see that things go on right, only don't you fret. It is worse for you than anything else."

She turned her face to the wall, and closed her eyes. He sat by her fanning her gently, and thinking—what? Who knows what a man thinks, when he patiently tries to love what isn't lovely; when he tries to embrace a shadow; to take to his heart of hearts, a vapor? Yet in this case the persistence had about it something that was infinitely tender and touching.

Abraham went out into the kitchen after dinner, and said to Rebecca.

"Rebecca, Mrs. Gladstone, like any good housekeeper, and she always was a good housekeeper, you can see that yourself—gets nervous about the way things are going. Hepsy is careless, girls of her age all are, and it isn't exactly your place to see to things—at least you can hardly be expected to do everything, and would you mind if I looked over the silver basket, just to set her mind easy. I assure you I don't care a straw about it myself."

Rebecca felt that he was sincere in what he said, and yielded with alacrity. She was a little puzzled about Mr. Gladstone. Mrs. Gladstone, indeed, was a very dark riddle to her. Day by day as she settled some one thing in regard to her, the experience of the next day unsettled it. If a three thousand year old mummy should come to life in this nineteenth century, in the midst of one of our highly civilized homes, it might be a good while before, indeed it is doubtful if ever,—the inmates of that home would come to an exact understanding of the soul thus revealed. Just so dark, so mysterious, so utterly removed from the plane of her own experience or sympathy, did Mrs. Gladstone seem to Rebecca. But Mr. Gladstone. That was another matter.

He was a handsome man to begin with; a most powerful and manly looking man, with a frank, open face, a pleasant, smiling eye, a chivalrous demeanor; he had evidently good natural abilities and more than average cultivation. And yet, dark mystery that it was, how such a thing could be, it seemed to her to grow day by day more certain—that he was—that baleful thing—a hen-pecked husband.

Here and now I make a stand in favor of hen-pecked husbands, and aver that the number of them is greater than the world supposes. I insist that the man who is hen-pecked is usually so, because of some tender, loyal, chivalrous trait, some faint spiritual insight by which he recognizes the dignity of the ideal woman, and will by no means, in ever so gentle a way lay violent hands on its weakest representatives. Such men under favorable circumstances, make the noblest and truest of husbands. Therefore I say that the woman who aspires to usurp noticeable and unseemly authority over her husband, wounds not the honor of the male sex so deeply as that of her own, and ought always and everywhere to be held, by women especially, in righteous abomination.

But Mr. Gladstone. Rebecca saw in him the noblest and manliest qualities, yet seeing also this other fact of how he was led by the nose by this weak, shrewish wife of his, she contracted a very stiff little prejudice against him.

"I suppose," she thought to herself, "he will be delving among the pots and kettles every day of his life, and there will be no peace in the kitchen unless all my lady's whims are duly observed there. Very well, if he is used to that system I am not, and it is just possible that there may be a collision some day."

But it wasn't about the pots and kettles that the collision came.

Mrs. Gladstone feeling in the humor for sleep one morning during the hour of Mrs. Bowditch's regular visitation, that lady took her knitting-work into the kitchen, where Rebecca was attending to the dinner. Mrs. Bowditch was in a sociable mood.

"You never told me," she said to Rebecca, "where you came from."

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE SEXES.—Now, I know it will be said, that a friend is already something more than a friend, when a man feels an anxiety to express to himself that his friend is a female; but this I deny—in that sense, at least, in which the objection will be made. I would hazard the impeachment of heresy, rather than abandon my belief that there is a sex in our souls, as well as in their perishable garments; and he who does not feel it, never truly loved a sister—nay, is not capable even of loving a wife as she deserves to be loved, if she indeed be worthy of that holy name.—Coleridge.

CONTENTED.—A Swedish anecdote concerns a contented hewer of wood and drawer of water. "Is your work very monotonous?" some one asked him. "No, indeed, there is plenty of variety in it; sometimes it's wood, and sometimes it's water."

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.

Are there Evil Spirits?

BY J. S. LOVELAND.

Old ideas are not easily laid aside. They cling to the individual as though a veritable part of his personal selfhood. Sometimes, in obedience to some imperative fact, they change their dress, but not their nature. Experience furnishes abundant illustrations of this position. Another curious circumstance is, that the tenacity with which men cling to their notions, is in proportion to their real monstrosity. No more pertinent evidence of these statements can be adduced than the desperate earnestness with which people cling to the devil. The progress of the age has remorselessly deprived him of the hoofs, horns and tail; but so sacredly is he enshrined in the affections of man, that a more modern form and dress is readily, and at once, provided for him; and he still "goes about," if not "as a roaring lion, yet "seeking whom he may devour." The devil is an idea, and as such is to be interpreted. Ideas assume form, and this idea of evil, as a spiritual force or person, has been embodied as the satan of Jews and Christians, the Siva of the Hindoos, the Ahrimanes of the Persians, and the evil spirits, under various names, of other nations. Spiritualists, to some extent, while claiming to be free from the superstitions of past religions, have, on this question, gone beyond the adepts of mythologic fable, in the number and accomplishments of their evil spirits; for, not only do they "through the earth and darken heaven," but they are flocking into all sorts of disreputable and abominable places, not as redeeming angels, but instigators of, and participators in, all manner of accursed and revolting practices. They drink with the drunken, revel with the libertine and the harlot, prowl with the thief and robber, and satiate their hate in the malice of the murderer. Indeed, if we are to believe the sober statements of some Spiritualists, there is no fleshly lust but what *unrobed* spirits share, and, in countless numbers, are perpetually on the alert to find some opportunity to "possess, obsess, infest, or control" some unfortunate medium, for the gratification of their carnal appetites, utterly regardless of his, or her, consent or desire. This view which is assumed to be eminently philosophical, and devoid of the slightest taint of superstition or fanaticism, is, by many degrees worse and more abominable than the church exposition of the devil and his acts. True, the devil has his angels or assistants; but, so far as man's body is concerned, he can't raise even a boil on the surface, without the express sanction of Jehovah, and but *one* instance of that sanction is recorded in the bible. But, if the notions of many Spiritualists are to be taken as truth, the great mass of insane, and multitudes of the sick, are suffering entirely through the power of evil spirits. The old superstition of vampires is revived, and it is gravely affirmed that the spirits feed on the vital, or life energy of the living! And yet, such persons talk of the delusion of the churches!! In the teachings of the church, satan is never allowed to control a human being, except through the voluntary consent of the same. He can solicit, persuade, but not coerce. Compare this with the theories and teachings of not a few of the heralds of Spiritualism. And to begin, notice the word so commonly used to express their view of the matter. I allude to the term *control*. The absoluteness of this power is sometimes illustrated by the statement that the mediums' spirit goes off on a visit while their body is *used* by a foreign spirit. And where this extent of *dispossession* on the one hand, and *possession* on the other is not affirmed, it is assumed that it extends to the degree of superseding the mediums' moral accountability entirely! They are not personally responsible. According to this view, body and soul are seized upon by disembodied spirits, and made to minister, by force, to the depraved tastes and passions they still retain. Can anything be more horrible in conception than such a notion as this? Has "star-eyed science," in company with modern revelations, only brought us this lamentable, this abhorrent and disgusting statement of the character and relations of spirits to men in the form? Forbid it heaven, and show us a better, brighter and truer philosophy.

Having stated the question, we propose now to argue it, and to deny, in toto, the theory of evil spirits, for we soberly believe it one of the most monstrous relics of an effete and infernal superstition. We take our start from the almost, if not quite, universal acknowledgement of Spiritualists, that no such thing as evil, in any sense of the term, can possibly be affirmed of spirit. There is no taint, defilement or perversion attaching to, or inhering in, spirit. Spirit is essentially, inherently divine. Man, as a spirit, is an emanation; or, more strictly speaking, a *filiation* from the Infinite Spirit. So generally are these statements accepted, that argument is hardly necessary. But, lest some one should challenge them, we submit that, if evil inhere in the *essence* or *constitution* of spirit *per se*, then is it eternal, and all souls must eternally suffer as a result. We can allow of

no evasion or shuffling on this point. Evil is an essentiality of spirit essence, or it is not. If it be an attribute of spirit, or soul, it *must* be eternal. Is it said it is an incident? Then we ask, What is the nature of the incident? Is it *something* entering into the organic constitution of personalized spirit? If so, what is that something? Is it substance? What kind of substance? Surely not material. Is it a bias, tendency, proclivity, as church theologians term sin or evil? Tendency to what? Can the innate tendencies of soul or spirit ever be toward material gratifications? Have they anything similar to nature? Soul can only love soul, and what pertains to soul. Its affections, from its very nature, must be upward and aspiring towards the heavens. It is that which makes it *Anthropos*—the up-looker.

Our next position is, that *evil, though a necessary, is a temporary incident of the soul's incarnation in an animal body*. It has its origin in that body, and never taints, or is approved or consented to by the soul; but on the contrary, is forever disapproved and resisted by it. The animal is selfish, earthy, and its attractions are for those things which are temporary and fleeting. The soul can have no love for anything which is not eternal. This is the true test of distinction. The one is drawn towards the mortal, the other the immortal. The soul can no more tend downward, than the animal can aspire upward. The animal life is first developed. The birth of the soul to a self-conscious realization of its own distinctive personality, is long posterior to the birth of the body. The soul gestates in the animal man years before its proper birth into consciousness. But this presence and life of the embryo soul makes the animal life of man unlike that of anything below him; hence, the passions of man are stronger, and wider in their scope, than those of the mere animal. The indwelling soul, in its spontaneous, though involuntary, motions, produces a state of unrest in the animal passions of man often the occasion of immoral practices.

Animalism is essentially, necessarily selfish. Soul or spirit is inherently unselfish, because, in nature and aspiration, it is impersonal and universal. The real sense of sin, the perception of moral congruity, or incongruity, comes in the first, or childhood experience of the spirit. The recognized antagonism between the aspirations of the spirit and the selfish desires of the animal, is the signal for the commencement of the fearful war described in Rom. 7, by St. Paul. And, though the spirit may be foiled in its attempt to rule over the composite empire of manhood, it is never false to its own nature, but truly approves the divine law of truth and love; and that, too, in the maddest revels of rampant selfishness. No sane man ever succeeded in crushing out the remonstrances of the soul. Now, then, if the soul is *per se* divine—if its only impulses are to the good and true, and if its evil is only the evil of condition or circumstances, and that its incarnation in an animal nature, it, nevertheless, always proving true to *itself* in that union, how, in reason, can it be an evil spirit, when the union is dissolved by the death of the body? It is a body, to be sure, but it is a spiritual or ethereal body—one which is adapted to the proper use of the soul. The coarse appetites of material life are impossible to such a body, from the very nature of the case; for, even if it be admitted that the ethereal body needs sustenance, it *must* be derived from the world where it lives. It would be just as reasonable to attempt to keep up the connection between the mother and her born child, through the umbilicus, and seek, in that way, to nourish it, as to feed a spirit on earthly products. Death is the proper birth of the soul and its ethereal body into its own proper sphere of being. Earth-life is its period of gestation and transition. It is only by death, or the condition analogous thereto, that the senses of the soul are opened. And when that condition is reached, then the soul shines out in its own divine glory. Lay the body in death-like trance, so you can amputate a limb without pain, and truth, and *only* truth, will be the language of the soul, no matter how deceptive the person may be in his natural state. It is in the semi-trance condition that you find the deceptive mirage of evil spirits, natural passions, and persons reflected from mesmeric atmosphere as veritable spirit persons. Whoever denies this position, and affirms the falsity and maliciousness of spirit persons, must assume that hatred, falsity and cognate passions are attributes of the spirit or its body. But to assume it of spirit, or soul *per se*, involve conclusions so monstrous that all Spiritualists reject them. Well, if the ethereal body possess them, then it must possess an existence of its own, so distinct and powerful as to make it the *master*, and not the instrument of the soul. Is it said such is the fact of the present body? We answer true, for the fleshly body is the natural and proper instrument of the animal life and nature, and sustains to the soul the relation of womb, or matrix, for its embryotic development. The ethereal body is born from the material one at death, and after that event has no more affinity with earthly laws and processes than manhood life has with foetal development. What, then, becomes of those notions and theories of evil spirits—the terror of children, grown and small? They are vanished, if not into thin air, at least into the gloomy darkness of ancient superstition.

At this stage of the discussion we shall be met with this

statement: "Your reasoning may all be very fine in appearance, but it amounts to nothing, for we have had the evidence of facts, we have had lying communications, and have seen persons obsessed by wicked spirits, and have cast out the spirit and relieved the person." No doubt lying communications have been received; very moral and religious mediums have cursed and swore, any many credulous persons have imagined that they, like Jesus, could cast out devils; but we must beg leave to object, in toto, to the conclusions, while fully conceding the facts. Were we to-day ignorant of psychologic law; did we know nothing of the almost infinite deceptiveness and delusion of that strange condition of psycho-sympathy, so often miscalled trance; were our eyes closed to the patent fact that the monstrous superstitions which have cursed man have originated in this dreamy frontier of spirit land, we might plead a justification in endorsing and exaggerating the church doctrine of evil spirits. But, so thoroughly are the facts and principles taught, in the writings of Davis, Brittan and others, that we are without excuse for our ignorance or our false teachings on the subject. Why should progressives stand up and vehemently repeat the stale affirmation that death produces no change in man, more than the shifting of his garments. This is the corner stone of the revivalist's declamation; but it is false in philosophy, therefore false in fact. The body's wants, appetites and passions, in the consciousness of every person, constitute the greater, if not the entire source of human evil. Is laying aside this vast "body of sin" no more than laying off one's coat? Is exchanging the materialism of earth, for a body as ethereal as air, and as subtle as the lightning, with senses corresponding, no more than this strange theory imports? Most certainly it is. Moreover, if spiritual teachings are not, as a whole, one stupendous humbug, the spirit world is a plane of life where the soul's attractions are the measure of its power of enjoyment. The natural gravitation of the spirit finds no hindering obstacle there. Souls may be prematurely born into the spirit home, in a comparative sense, as children are thus born into this life; but the prematurely born child instinctively seeks its mother's breast for food, instead of tending backward to its embryonic state. So the natural gravitation of the soul and its spiritual body is, and must be, toward the mode of life and pursuits which pertain to a world of life and eternal love and joy. Into it entereth nothing that "defileth or maketh a lie." All things are made new.

The strongest evidence adduced is this. If we don't allow the existence of evil spirits it will reflect upon the character of many mediums. Suppose it does. "Why, the mediums are our relatives and friends." Here is the real difficulty. We rather charge the spirit world with lying and hate, than admit them to infect *our* friends. But it is not necessary to suppose general dishonesty on the part of the mediums, even though they all are human and possess the common foibles and imperfections of our nature. But, let it be borne in mind, (1.) that we are not always wise enough to comprehend the reason and motive of spirits in their manifestations; hence may call good evil. (2.) That the imponderable force, by means of which no small part of the physical phenomena are produced, is nearly as much under our control as it is that of the departed spirits; hence raps and tips may be directed by human passion, as well as by spirit wisdom and love. Every careful observer has seen repeated instances of this, if he has paid any considerable attention to the subject. It is superstition alone that would affirm all these phenomena as exclusively spiritual in their production. Sometimes the spiritual, and sometimes the mundane, prevails. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." (3.) That a vast deal which passes under the name of trance has no legitimate claim to be so called. There are but very few instances of genuine trance, though plenty of pretence thereto. When you can thrust a needle into the flesh without pain, or, by analogous tests, find that physical sensation is suspended, you can rely upon it that the person is in some kind of a trance. But if this test cannot be endured, you may safely conclude that you have nothing but a psycho-sympathetic condition, usually termed psychology. This is most eminently an illusory state. The subject is deceived, and many who witness the sometimes wondrous phenomena are deceived also. The wonderful power of man is here developed, so as to convince many of spiritual life hereafter. The natural powers of clairvoyance, psychometry and sympathetic impressibility are here so wonderfully manifested, that it is not strange many take the results as unquestionable evidences of spirit power; but as said above, it is a realm of illusion, and delusion. Darkness and light mingle together. The dread chimeras of ancient error, in this weird realm of abnormalism, assume tangible form upon the impressible sympathist, and straightway "devils and goblins damned" are portrayed before us; and, if there is latent passion in the medium, or in some one in sympathetic rapport therewith, then we have communications, false, obscene or profane, and the responsibility very complacently laid upon "the spirits." With all these sources of mistake and deception this side of death, we shall, for the present, rejoice in the faith that the "glorious Summer Land" is the home of love and truth; that earth alone is the realm of hate and falsehood.

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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit,
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THE PURPOSE OF THE TIMES.

By "times" we mean the passing days, months, or years—whatever may be included in a stated view—the focal point, or moment, of which is the present.

By "purpose" we mean that which characterizes the aggressive energies of the times—the evident intention and aspiration that continuously seeks to become embodied and ultimated as a result.

One can hardly fail to see that all legitimate practice pivots upon purpose and is animated by it, and that the practical man or woman—the one who moves the world and makes sure headway against opposing obstacles—is the one whose nature is open to receive the impulse and inspiration of the hour. Such a man or woman has the intensest vigor and the broadest scope; because not only is the soul all alive with its own sensibilities and desires, but it feels the tidal waves and moves with the undulations of the infinite ocean of progressive life. This being true, the man or woman who feels the purpose of the hour, forecasts the history of the day. And he or she who breathes in the spirit of the time, can sound the key-note of the age.

Defined purpose is the ballast of the times; and so it is of man or woman.

Days and years of transition are full of surface uncertainties; and purposeless men and women are spasmodic and frivolous. From this we infer that not only vigor, but power and wisdom, as exemplified in human beings, depend upon their perception of the purpose of the times—adopting the purpose as their own with devotion and trust.

When one resolves to do for humanity and the world, what is the first consideration? Evidently to determine the wants of those for whom we do. This done, there is but one other consideration, and that, *to do*. In this all means become secondary, though subjects of careful thought in our progress.

Individual effort should not be out of joint as related to the purpose of the times; if so, one frets and irritates, accuses and banter over mere creeds, or supports a vain self-consciousness, boasting of what has been accomplished, while the world languishes and waits for the true workers.

What is the characteristic purpose, the unmistakable significance of the times in which we live?

Witness the conflict; the uprising of the people, the downfall of the Pope, aristocracies and kings, and the decline of empires! Question our own national experience, where for years we sought, as a government, to prosper while the crime of chattel slavery festered the national heart; and in the fierce conflict behold our foiled attempts to preserve the Constitution "as it was;" and our success, when a higher inspiration was heeded, and the Executive voice found the key-note of justice, though an octave below its tone.

See, too, our financial and commercial fluctuations, and the fact that 97 per cent. of all who strive to obtain wealth fail in their efforts to build for self; while slowly but surely the great ideas of productive industry and equitable distribution gain popular favor, in proportion as general intelligence increases. And, finally, witness the social upheavals and theological explosions, which, in every instance, are against caste, despotism, and the old-time rules and customs.

There is no mistaking the characteristics of the times. EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL! rings out over the con-

tinents like the clear tones of the silvered bell on the frosted morning air, and Progress, Fraternity and Spiritual Liberty spring up as attendant angels to proclaim the way to its establishment. The call is universal—the conditions of the proclamation are limited only by the possibilities of human conception, with the total denial of the rights of caste or monopoly. Whoever works with greatest effect as a reformer, works with this end in view, and moves earnestly with the mighty progress of events. Individual specialties and preferences, with universal tendencies, are not necessarily at variance with so great a work; but one who thinks more of sect and self than of the whole, is as a grain of sand in the sensitive eye—an irritant—an obstructive.

Ultimately there is no appeal from this decree, and the accomplishment of this end. Governments must swing into line or be wrecked. Empires must heed the voice of the Eternal, or pass away in confusion. Churches must be spired with spiritual liberty pointing God-ward, or share the fate of Sodom. Popes, pontiffs, and priests, not excepting the "clergy," must be unstilted and walk the earth, that happily they may grow to be Men. Kings in commerce must become distributors or exchangers on a par with the producers, and legalized thieves must relinquish their ill-gotten gains and high places in society.

The true nobleman is the honest laborer; aristocracy is of the soul, and needs no badge but the honest face. Society, from verge to center, must become genial in the warmth of social integrity, and blessed with affectional confidence and sweetness; then, and not till then, will the purpose of these ringing, active times be accomplished. All this is embosomed prophetically in the moments of our lives; and to evolve it practically is the great function of the radical reformers of the century. It is said and hoped that Spiritualists lead the van of progress. Then let them heed the purpose of the times *practically*. It can only be done by rising to a grand eminence in thought and individual effort, and by an unwavering persistence, showing to the noblest men and women that we comprehend their purpose, and are akin to them in their highest and holiest aspirations. Belief is not the proper limit of fellowship or co-partnership. There is an "order of nobility," the members of which rise above the sects, and overleap all surface conventionalisms as they "hasten to the front," where they are ever to be found. Let us be of them, in meekness waging the war of *universal* progress and reform.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

The resistance of the Cretans to Turkish rule begins to claim the attention and sympathy of every lover of liberty. For two hundred years the Island of Crete, or Candia, has been under the sway of the Turks, and its inhabitants have been subjected to the most barbarous exactions and oppressions. From the Greek island of Syra comes across the waters the following Appeal, which is like the monody of the mournful surges of the Ægean along the desolate shores and ruined columns of ancient Greece:

"AN APPEAL BY THE LADIES OF SYRA, (GREECE,) TO THE LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"RESPECTED LADIES: Our country, bearing so many laurels and boasting of her ancient glory, unhappily fell under the yoke of the Turks who came from Asia. The Greek race, refusing longer to endure them as rulers of the land of Plato, Miltiades and Demosthenes, took up arms, in the year 1821, and for seven years fought heroically, seeking for liberty or death. The three great European powers, Russia, England and France, interfering, at last resolved that only a small portion of our country should become free, the present Greek kingdom thus rising amid ruins, while they shut out from liberty our other provinces, as well among the islands as on the mainland, that had bravely and heroically battled for freedom, and had suffered with us under the barbarous yoke of Mohammedanism. The beautiful island of Candia, during our fierce struggle for independence, and several times afterward, took up arms against the Turks, that it might be united with us, and recently again its inhabitants have revolted, and are now fighting against the whole Ottoman Empire, seeking union at every sacrifice.

"Their houses and harvests burned, their churches desecrated, the graves of their forefathers dishonored; maidens, and mothers, with their dear and innocent children dragged from their arms, are massacred by the followers of Mohammed, the barbarous Turkish and Egyptian soldiers, who, thronging upon this struggling island, and raging like wild beasts, have not as yet been able to gain one victory over the suffering Greeks, who loudly proclaim, by voice and action, that they prefer death to the Turkish yoke.

"In the island of Syra, and in other parts of Greece, many naked and hungry Candiot families are seeking shelter, food and clothing. We have opened our houses and arms to succor them, and have done for them what we could.

"But as our political existence began only thirty-six years ago, and we are still re-building our houses and our towns after our great conflict, we have not the means of supporting our brethren who have sought refuge here. Remem-

bering the assistance your compatriots rendered to us in 1821, for which we are sincerely grateful, we throw ourselves again on your generosity, under these sad circumstances. We know that this appeal will find an echo in the noble hearts of the American ladies, and that they will not only sympathize warmly with us in our sorrow, but will also give us tangible evidence of that deep interest they take in the cause of liberty, by aiding us with the means to assist our suffering brothers and sisters, for which every Greek heart will always express deep gratitude to you, the countrywomen of Washington and Franklin, the fathers of your freedom.

THE LADIES OF SYRA."

Subscriptions for the above object are received by the Chairman of the Greek Committee of New York City, Mr. C. P. Ralli, No. 72 Beaver street, and by the Secretary, Mr. John MacMullen, No. 900 Broadway.

In the present struggle the Cretans are showing themselves worthy of freedom. In their heroic breasts beats the unconquerable blood of their ancestors. At the Arcadium Monastery six hundred native Cretans, men, women and children, blew up the building which contained them, and perished in the flames, rather than surrender to the Turks, by whom they were besieged, and to whom the explosion caused a loss in killed and wounded of three thousand men.

This event has roused the Greeks almost to frenzy. Thessaly, on the east of Turkey, in Europe, and the provinces of Sernia, Croatia, Bosnia, etc., on the north, are gathering to battle against their Turkish masters, and half the youth of Greece would volunteer in their cause if means could be raised to arm them. But Greece itself is poor. When the desperate seven year's struggle, commencing in 1821, was ended, Greece had, as the basis of national life, only independence and the indomitable spirit of ancient Hellas and Peloponessus. Its cities had been bombarded, its villages laid waste, its temples demolished, its fertile plains devastated, its sacred mountains and grottoes desecrated and desolated by the savage hand of grasping and brutal tyranny. But so inextinguishable is the vitality, so deathless the energy of the people, that, in spite of every obstacle, modern Greece has, in thirty-six years, attained rank among the foremost nations of Europe, in educational institutions, schools of art, and a system of government.

And the Cretans are Greeks; centuries of cruel oppression have not extinguished the old heroic fire. Crete is a part of Greece, and should have been included in the general emancipation from Turkish rule. That she was not, is due to the treachery of the allied powers which dictated the terms of peace. Repeated insurrections have shown that the classic Mediterranean Isle did not yield to the compact in which she had no part, and now her sons have again arisen to demand her freedom. Liberty throughout the world is on her side, and to America she stretches out her hands, in want and anguish, with the old-time Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." D.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE ORTHODOX SECTS.

What we have long foreseen in respect to the union of the orthodox sects for a common defense, is fast fulfilling. So long as each sect could live alone and fatten on spoils, it was well enough to issue letters of marque for regular piracy upon each other; but since the people are getting enlightened and commencing a humanitarian work more noble than the present ecclesiastic dynasty ever conceived in imagination, the sects, finding it impossible to gain any more advantage by revivals and other proselyting tricks, resort to a union, hoping thereby to preserve their right of control. Did we observe that the popular churches are, in this movement, really repenting of their sinful aristocracies and soul-polluting errors, we could rejoice with the rest; but not a tear is shed, not a vow is offered to heaven, not an effort is made to remove the "dry rot;" the same old creed of a "Trinity of Gods" is made the test of fellowship! Destructions run in the same grooves. We sincerely believe the hand of God is here concerned to hasten the coming religious revolution that is sure to strike the devil and his works with the lightnings of heaven. South Carolina could not alone stand in rebellion against God and man. So she played the whore with the other Southern States, and the eleven broke down together. The Confederate union hastened the ruin of slavery. So we are hopeful for this orthodox movement. It is a God's-send to blast an ecclesiastic abomination—religious slavery to creeds and councils. It may seem a pentecost—this commingling of all the orthodox sects; but so long as they are compelled to feast on the same old gnawed and shriveled bone—a "Trinity of Gods"—it will be akin to Milton's grand meeting in Pandemonium to regain a lost power.

As initiatory to the desired consolidation, a weekly journal, entitled *The Church Union*, has just been started in Brooklyn, N. Y., conducted by the "great lights" of the several sects. It is earnest and talented in its way, and is surely sounding the tocsin of the battle of Gog and Magog. And this is the "bond" which we are all invited to sign:

"BOND OF UNION.—We, the undersigned, believe in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, do

hereby pledge ourselves to secure, under God, an open communion, and the recognition of one evangelical ministry, by the interchange of pulpits, thus to make visible the unity of the Church.

"And we furthermore solemnly pledge ourselves to stand by each other in securing these ends."

We doubt not our orthodox brethren lament the wretched state of society and heartily wish to regenerate it; but their proposition to accomplish this under such a "bond" will be just as vallant and successful as the adventure of Mother Goose:

"Three wise men of Gotham went out to kill a snail,
The wisest man among them did not dare to touch his tail."

Hear the confession of our Trinitarian brethren:

"THE CITY WHOLLY GIVEN TO IDOLATRY.—There are 500,000 souls in New York city that could not find a seat in a church of any persuasion, whatsoever, were they to change their custom and attempt to worship God the next Lord's day. Census reports, and actual church sittings, which can be and have been counted, settle this question. It is an appalling statement. A shame to the church, and a standing disgrace to Protestant Christianity. And yet there are over 60,000 professed followers of Christ in this city, the great mass of whom long to be set at work, and still look one upon another, and Rome, Rum and the Devil, votes away our taxes, to support its servants of the triple alliance which is otherwise known as the 'Ring.'

"The Citizens' Association have been vainly attempting for ten years past, to make twenty-five thousand respectable citizens who go to church, outnumber a 100,000 devotees of Rum, Rome and Satan, who never enter any sanctuary.

"Their work is a noble one, but will succeed just as soon as the multiplication table gives out, on this behalf, in their favor. Christianity in New York is a failure as at present worked. Any business man doing business on the principles laid down in Dr. Adam's, Dr. Tyng's, Dr. Spring's, or Dr. Weston's pulpits, and taken up and echoed by all the little Tyngs, the little Adams, etc., in each sect, would ruin any firm in New York in one season. Yet Christianity holds out; so tenacious is truth of life."

An honest confession indeed; but when will our brethren learn that their "bond" is what "Rome, Rum and the Devil" desire, that they may hold revelry in New York?

The first Christians in the outset had no creed; they prospered; they revolutionized the world. The statement that the apostles had the creed now used in the trinitarian churches is a fabrication. It cannot be traced beyond the fourth century, and the author is unknown. It has been twice amended since, and palmed off as a sacred revelation, confession to which is essential to salvation! The Nicene Creed was manufactured in the same century under the edict of the compromising Constantine to counteract the teaching of Arius, the Unitarian of his age. Here was enacted the creed of a "Trinity of Gods," which was immediately followed by the most bloody and horrible scenes in the church and state. Athanasius afterwards attenuated the creed into more definite point, constituting essentially that of all the orthodox schools which to-day seek a union.

This creed, christened in blood, made the forger of mental chains, the stultifier of common sense, the parent of a vicarious atonement, the orgie sprite of benighted ages dug out of a brimstone kiln and lifted up in sacerdotal robes for the people to worship, is now put in form of a "bond" for the thinkers of our age to sign and be ticketed on an underground railroad to an orthodox paradise. There is no union in the proposition; it is blank monopoly; it is the last subterfuge of an effete church full of sores; it is a compromise with the slaveries we fight, to be spurned with a righteous derision. May God and his angels of justice arm us for the coming shock between the Radical Protestants and all the Papal powers. *

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Next week's paper will contain "From Jerusalem to Jericho," which details how the gossips of Wyndham throw in their attempts to unravel a Woman's Secret; and "An Embarrassed Lover," which shows the effect upon the doctor of successfully solving the same.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM IN NEWARK, N. J.—The Spiritualists and progressive people of the old-time city of Newark, have at last roused to truly noble public practical work. On the 20th of January, at the conclusion of a discourse on the subject of education by Brother A. J. Davis, a Children's Lyceum was inaugurated, by the election of a full corps of officers and leaders, and the establishment of a complete system for the advancement of spiritual and physical health among the children of the enlightened and progressive.

We rejoice that our New Jersey friends are awake to the new ideas of education. There are now two Children's Lyceums in that State. Hereafter let nobody in any locality be hopeless. If New Jersey, so long proverbially behind all her sister Northern States in politics and religion, can establish two flourishing Lyceums, let all the world "bless God and take courage."

The LITTLE BOUQUET is offered to the public at 25 cents for the remaining four months of the volume, embracing the January number.

The Pope is inclined to grant the ecclesiastical demands of Italy.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

J. S. Loveland has arranged to continue the great discussion with Prof. Young, therefore, he will not commence his lectures at Havana next Sunday, as announced. Most cheering reports come to us of Mr. Loveland's success, and there are prospects of other discussions ahead.

Parker Pillsbury and Miss Bessie Bisbie, of Boston, are addressing an extended series of equal rights meetings in Western New York. Their meetings, we are glad to learn, have generally been successful and encouraging. On the 12th ult., a Convention was held at Canandaigua, attended also by Charles Lenox Remond and Susan B. Anthony. Miss Bisbie, we understand, is everywhere very kindly received. This is her first experience in lecturing, in which she gives promise of much future usefulness.

Wendell Phillips will open a course of lectures for the Brooklyn Fraternity, at the Academy of Music, Tuesday evening, February 5. He will be followed successively by H. W. Beecher, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, William Lloyd Garrison, and others.

Mrs. S. E. Warner closed her course of lectures in Sturgis, Mich., on Sunday, 27th ult. We regret to learn that on Monday she was quite ill. We hope, however, that she will be able to meet her engagement at Beloit, Wis., on Sunday next.

M. Victor Hugo is said to be building a theater near his residence in Guernsey, where two unperformed plays by him—"Torquemada" and "La Grand'mere" are to see the footlights.

John M. Langston of Oberlin, Ohio, a colored man, on motion of Representative Garfield, on the 17th ult., was admitted to practice at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. This is the second case of the kind, a colored man having been admitted about two years ago.

Mr. Alexander Smith, well known as author of "A Life Drama" and other poems, died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, on January 5, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Smith, who was the son of a pattern designer, was born at Kilmarnock, on December 31, 1830, so that he had just entered his 37th year. His first work, "A Life Drama," was written by him while engaged in his father's business, and published in *The Critic* in 1852, and afterward, with other poems, in a volume, in 1853. In 1855, he published, in conjunction with Mr. Dobell, "Sonnets on the (Crimean) War," and in 1857, "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira." At a later period he distinguished himself as a prose writer, publishing in 1863, "Dreamthorp;" in 1865, "A Summer in Skye," and "Alfred Hagart's Household." He was also a frequent contributor to *Good Words* and other serials. In 1854 he was appointed to the office of Secretary of the Edinburgh University. He married about ten years ago, and has left a widow and family.

EMERSON'S LECTURE.

According to appointment, Mr. Emerson delivered his lecture on "The Man of the World," at Unity Church, Thursday evening, January 24th. We do not propose a report of the lecture, but, having caught a few of his gems, will imprint them.

"The first lesson of nature is ascension."

"A pot of earth will remain unchanged for a hundred years, but put a seed into it, and the whole, through every grain, will undergo transformation; such is the potential action of life." Mr. Emerson likened man upon the earth to the seed in the pot.

"In the stomach of plants development begins and it ends in the infinity of the universe."

"Man is the born collector of manners, style, thought, achievement. And this selection is itself a guide to fine choices."

"It is a long way from the gorilla to the gentleman."

"There is a best way of doing everything, and civilization is the sum of the bests."

"A consideration of botany, astronomy, geology, administers a firmness to the mind, while dancing, playing, and simple amusement, have a contrary effect."

"There was never a marked man of genius who had not a keen perception of nature."

"The man of the world is one of sound constitution, with abilities that report to him the lessons of nature."

"Pericles, Aristotle, Archimedes, Julius Cæsar, Milton, Cuvier, Goethe are commonly cited as examples of culture, but the makers of culture—Tubal Cain, Socrates, Alfred of England, the Egyptian builders, Columbus, Copernicus, Huss, Luther—these are national men, who carry the genius of the nations and thus lead them."

"We are in danger of forgetting that the basis of aristocracy is truth and honesty."

"Common sense is as rare as genius."

"Genius is a direct perception of a truth—common sense, of a fact. Common sense is the torch every day in demand in public and private business. Common sense is always right, has the precedence of all wit, all learning. It milks the cows, chops the wood, plants, hoes, reaps, fights—and ministers to the necessities of the world. Every man of

good understanding appreciates this, and wishes he had more."

"Heroism is the ability to serve one's self at a pinch, to make the thing wanted at the very time."

"There is not a fact in chemistry or mathematics, or a feat of the juggler, the hostler, or the drover, which the thoughtful man does not covet."

"There is no dunce who is not good at something, and no wit who is good at everything."

"Newton said, 'Never was a great discovery made without a great guess.'"

"The soul is always selecting from actions that which is human and superhuman. The heroic sacrifices something to humanity. There is no face or form so uncomely that it is not loved when associated with high goodness or power."

"Friendship is a species of nobility."

"Society is a word of many meanings. It sometimes means things very insipid and frivolous. It teaches self-command, so that one can everywhere be himself, and comfortable. It teaches the law of conversation, which is to hear as well as to speak."

"It is pleasant to see refinement penetrating into retired homes. The more piano the less wolf, the less dirt. The beautiful should never be out of thought."

"Men of rare intelligence are naturally solitary."

"All the expenditure of a cultivated man upon himself is like the expenditure upon a temple—public and beneficent."

"The true man of the world is no monotone, no man of one idea. He prefers a middle condition, relieved from the task of making a show. He tries to hide himself, but his spirit discovers him. The one evil of the world is block-heads, the need of the world is common sense. The glory of America is, as the glory of Athens was, in the exercise of creative power."

"It is the instinct of men that education is dangerous to tyranny. The higher the culture the greater the liberty. The war has established a chronic hope for a chronic despair. It is not a question now whether we shall be a nation but whether we shall be a new nation. The humanity of all nations is in the American Union."

"The work of America is to make the advance of ideas possible—to prove the principle that everything that is immoral is inhuman. In the condition of America at this hour, prayer has become right. It is relieved of its moral curse, it has no foreign complications; it proposes to do right to all classes of its people, and to make it possible that the American citizen shall be a true man of the world."

Mr. Emerson will lecture in Unity Church again, on the evening of March 4th. Subject, "Eloquence."

CONSISTENCY—WHAT A JEWEL!

Some would-be-reformers, publicly defending woman's rights with grandiloquent devotion, are practical tyrants. They stoutly maintain that "women should vote and hold office," but are careful to enforce the injunction of Paul,— "Wives, obey your husbands;" and do not scruple to illustrate their authority sometimes by giving their wives a sound whipping for the sake of "good order at home." In business matters they are the same condescending "gentlemen," compelling women to work at unequal wages. They can enslave their wives to their imbruted passions, leave them desolate in heart, have their "affinities," steal virtue in the name of liberty, and serve the devil generally, and then claim to be the messengers of God to their suffering sisters. Beautiful defenders of woman's rights! *

MORE SENSIBLE THAN THE PRIEST.

A good story is told of an old Norman King, who, after long persuasion, consented to be baptized. When one foot was already in the water he asked the priest if the observance of the rite would secure the redemption of his forefathers, that he might meet them in heaven; and was sternly informed that they, as unbaptized heathens, had been damned forever! With a frown upon the priest, he withdrew his foot, and refused to be baptized, preferring rather to be with his warlike ancestors, sharing their pains in hell than to enjoy the aristocratic pleasures of the priests and their followers in heaven. *

TO AGENTS.

The Secretary has succeeded in making arrangements in the Musical Department whereby all our agents are hereafter to be allowed five per cent. additional to that already agreed upon. Let one and all notice advertisements on music. We have at our command a rich variety of the choicest kinds of sheet music; also musical instruments.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its regular session at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday morning, commencing at 10.30.

There will be a conference in the same place, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M.

In the evening, at 7.30, F. L. Wadsworth will deliver a lecture. Subject—"The Fountain of True Inspiration."

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February is received. Prof. Agassiz resumes his very interesting articles on Glaciers and the Ice Period, the February number presenting the wonderful thought that the State of Maine, among its hills and on the surface of its rocks, bears the unmistakable handwriting of the glacier. The *Atlantic* is always "first class," and good at that, but these articles will give it an extra value to thinking people. Published by Ticknor, Fields & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE MYSTIC STAR.—The January number of this Masonic monthly has just presented its genial face in our sanctum, with its usual happy greeting and instructive lessons of "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth." Our brethren of the mystic tie have in this a faithful and vigorous exponent of Masonic principles and virtues. It is liberally patronized, and gaining in public favor every day. Our good "Brother Billings," and Bro. S. D. Bayless, P. G. M., make it, indeed, a "star" of the first magnitude in the canopy of the Masonic heavens.

Published at 84 Dearborn Street. Terms, \$2 per annum. Address, James Billings, box 1008, Chicago, Ill.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dean Clark has been lecturing for several weeks in Fond du Lac, Wis., where the Spiritualists are wide awake.

Miss Elvira Wheelock, of Janesville, has also been lecturing in that place, and is spoken of in high terms of praise for her noble efforts.

The friends of Spiritual progress in Fond du Lac, Wis., are in want of a lecturer. Any competent person with a good heart and a clear head, will do well to correspond with J. H. Spencer of that place.

Mr. Wm. Hicks, Clerk of the Religio-Philosophical society, of Rockford, Mich., says the cause of progress is flourishing in that place and vicinity. At the late annual meeting of the society, Mr. Alexander Keech was elected President, Mr. Young, Vice President; Wm. Hicks, Clerk, and other officers to complete the operations of the society.

The Spiritualists and friends of progress of Newark, N. J., hold meetings in Music Hall, No. 4, Bank street, at 2.30 and 7.30 P. M. The afternoon is devoted wholly to the Childrens' Progressive Lyceum. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. E. P. Williams, Guardian of Groups.

Twenty tons of postage stamps were consumed last year in the United States. If placed in a continuous sheet, they would cover 48 square miles.

The value of skilled labor over unskilled is shown by the fact, that while the latter receive but \$1.50 to \$2 per day, the skilled glass blowers of Pittsburg receive \$20 per day, and melters in steel works \$20 to \$22 per day.

The cod fisheries of the North Pacific promises to become important.

Mr. A. A. Wheelock, of St. John's, Mich., is doing a good work in that State. He is a fine speaker and an energetic man. He has lately been lecturing at Grand Lodge. We hope the friends in Michigan will see that he does not remain idle.

Andrew Johnson has vetoed the Colorado bill, and will of course treat that of Nebraska in the same way. No one wonders. It has become a chronic habit for him to veto what Congress proposes, and for Congress to veto the veto.

Mr. and Mrs. Severance, the excellent Psychometrists, who have formerly lived at Whitewater, Wis., have moved to Milwaukee, where they can be addressed for the future.

Charles A. Hayden has returned to Chicago, where he will lecture each Sunday evening at Washington Hall. He will also answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Chicago during week evenings. Address, 82 Monroe street, Chicago.

Letters from Russia state that communications with a great many telegraph stations were interrupted in consequence of the extreme cold. The "wires were frozen" and covered everywhere with a coating of ice three inches thick. Will not this phenomenon give the Atlantic cable the monopoly of telegrams during the winter months?

It is said M. Renan is about to bring out a new edition of his *Life of Jesus*, in which he will express his opinions "without timidity." Great scandals may be expected; some people say the government will suppress the book as an outrage on religion.

EDWARD WHIPPLE.

It is desirable and simply just that merit should be appreciated—that persons of talent and usefulness should have enlarged opportunities, that no single day of time may be felt as a loss.

These thoughts occur to us as we read the circular of E. Whipple, of Sturgis, Mich., well known, by name at least, to the reformers of the West. Mr. Whipple has applied himself closely, for years, to the study of Geology, and Mental and Spiritual Philosophy. He is a man of culture and integrity, and we can but think that he is prepared to do society an immense amount of good as an edu-

cator upon the rostrum. It is education, not sensation, that we need at present.

We say this much of Mr. Whipple; first, because, in our opinion, his ability fully warrants it; and, second, because he is a person of extreme reserve, and waits to be called, rather than urge his way to public notice. We shall be glad to hear that his time is all occupied, as a lecturer on his favorite subjects. This month he speaks every Sunday morning and evening, in the Free Church, at Sturgis, Mich.

THEODORE TILTON AND ST. PAUL.

Theodore Tilton, in his Western tour, had, among other engagements, one to lecture at St. Paul, Minn. His fame as a Radical preceded him, whereupon certain obstructives wrote to Mr. Tilton, requesting him to waive his lecture on "Reconstruction," and substitute therefor a literary lecture. Mr. Tilton replied as follows:

"CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Jan. 2, 1867.

"MR. K.—My Dear Sir: I am informed that your Democratic friends in St. Paul prefer that I would lecture in that apostolic city, not on Reconstruction but on Literature.

"I came to the West, this winter, solely for the purpose of speaking in behalf of equal rights. As to literary recreations, I can pursue them with more pleasure in my library at home, than by muffling myself up like a Laplander and sleigh-riding towards lyceums in the high latitudes. Moreover, as to literary lectures, I had supposed that—Mr. Andrew Johnson had already somewhat fatigued our Democratic friends with that species of amusement. I shall go to St. Paul for the express purpose of arguing, and possibly of proving, that the negro, as an American citizen, is entitled to all the political rights which belong to the editor of the *St. Paul Pioneer*. If you do not wish me come on such an errand, then I will stay away, and content myself with referring, St. Paul, the city, to St. Paul the Apostle, who said, 'Purge out the old leaven, that you may be a new lump, for ye are unleavened.'

"Truly yours, THEODORE TILTON."

Mr. Tilton lectured at St. Paul.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The famous iron crown has recently been replaced in the treasury of the Cathedral of Monza. It was first worn by Berenger at Milan, in 888; then it passed to Rodolph of Burgundy, 921; thence to Otho III., 996; Henry III., 1046; Henry IV., 1081; Conrad III., 1138; Frederick III., 1452; Maximilian, 1496; Charles V., 1530; Napoleon, 1805; Ferdinand I., 1838. It is called the iron crown, not because it is made of iron, (it is made of the purest gold and adorned with the most valuable diamonds and pearls,) but because it contains some iron nails from the Cross. This celebrated crown was once pawned as if it had been a literary man's watch. In 1273, the Torrigiani were hard pressed for money and without credit, and they pawned it. In this durance vile it continued until redeemed by Otho Visconti, in 1319.

Bishop Smith of Kentucky, ordained Joseph S. Atwell—a colored man—deacon, a few Sabbaths ago. The service was participated in by a profoundly interested congregation of colored people. It was held in St. Paul's church, Louisville. Mr. Atwell has officiated during the past summer as lay reader. He is recently from the Divinity School, Philadelphia, is a good scholar in general literature and sacred philosophy and a complete theologian.

The Methodist Centenary collection now foots up over \$3,800,000, and it is not yet all in. It will undoubtedly reach \$4,000,000. Of this sum, Daniel Drew, of New York, gave \$500,000; Mr. Baldwin, of Ohio, \$100,000; Mr. Rich, of Boston, \$75,000; and many others from \$20,000 to \$50,000 each.

The Great Eastern will sail for America on the 20th of March.

Frederick Douglass went to Indianapolis last week to deliver two lectures. Having engaged a negro to lecture, the committee could not very well exclude negroes from the audience; but, in deference to the spirit of caste, they arranged to reserve the galleries for the sable auditors. To this Mr. Douglass objected, as inconsistent with the spirit of republican equality. He refused to speak the second evening unless the hall should be equally open to all. After much hesitation, this was agreed to, and under that arrangement the hall was better filled than before. The audience each evening heartily applauded the strongest utterances of the speaker.

The advices received from the Island of Candia state that the Cretans had fought another battle in which they claim a victory over 5,000 Turks..... The Cretan Assembly has issued a call to all the powers of Europe to send agents to Candia to witness and report the condition of the country.

It is said that on the very day that the district Columbia Suffrage bill became a law, leading Democrats made overtures, through a colored clergyman, to know what the negroes wanted, and if an alliance could be made with them on terms satisfactory to both parties. This is a fulfillment of the prediction made by Senator Wilson before the bill was passed.

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, unalloyed in favor of 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 & Lynde 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 "
- 25 "	- " \$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, prepaid, 1 year, \$15 worth of engravings	
15 "	\$12 "
10 "	5 "
5 "	6 "
5 "	4 "
3 "	2 "
2 "	1 "

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.

LYCEUM ANNIVERSARY.

The first anniversary of the Childrens' Lyceum, Cleveland, Ohio, came off according to announcement, at National Hall, on Tuesday evening, 15th inst.

The large hall was densely crowded with spectators who had been attracted there to see "something new under the sun," and no doubt did. Especially those accustomed to attending sectarian Sabbath school celebrations only. There were 120 scholars present that took part in the exercises, with a full complement of officers and leaders.

The usual ceremonies and exercises in accordance with the manual were gone through with in the most approved style, reflecting great credit on all those who have devoted their time and energies to prepare so large a number of children for the occasion. At the close of the exercises appropriate gifts were distributed to all the scholars of the different groups. The Conductor, Guardian and Musical Director were agreeably surprised by handsome presents, as an earnest of the appreciation and regard they were held in by friends and contributors for the support of the Lyceum. The proceedings closed with a beautiful repast, which the young folks enjoyed hugely. After supper the juveniles were let loose. The building was a strong one, otherwise there might have been some bills for repairs brought in for adjustment.

The intention was to give the children a good time, and this would not have been done (according to their ideas,) without something after the style of "Pandemonium let out for noon." The whole affair was a grand success. The Lyceum will be continued.

In the great work of Progression and Reform,

I remain, yours truly, D. A. EDDY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 18, 1867.

It is reported that a Greek Commission will go to America to thank the people of the United States for their sympathy, and to ask the government to send a fleet of monitors to the assistance of the Cretans.

Advices received from Bearings Straits state that the American portion of the Russian and American telegraph is completed, and the Straits have been surveyed for the purpose of finding a suitable place for laying a submarine cable. The Russian portion of this great enterprise, it is expected, will be finished by next autumn.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

Gleanings from Correspondence.

The following is an excerpt from a business note, pleading, as the reader will see, for evidence of immortality. How many a heart is just as desolate as our sister's! What an unusual asking for the seemingly lost, to know their fate, or even if they live! Where shall the bleeding, the bereft, the sorrowing, find rest unto the soul? Letters come into our hands, burning from the home altars, beseeching light and reliable testimony concerning the "gone before."

Our good sister's prayer must be felt in the Summer Land; and the answer will surely come when her spiritual condition will safely permit. Our angel friends are working constantly to impress our minds; and fast as we remove prejudice and fear, and cultivate a religious spirituality of affection and character, we shall obtain the needed information from the departed. "Seek and ye shall find."

We hope others will consider the claims of Sister Davis, and report to her the welcome news of heavenly visitations.

There is need everywhere of a higher and deeper Spiritual experience. Let us have more self-culture, more frequent home circles, more prompt and faithful discipline of the physical and moral forces requisite to genuine evidence—an evidence that is not circumscribed to signs, but that comes pulsing home to the consciousness, giving us the inward witness.

"SIR: I wish to ask a favor of you. I do not know as you are the proper person to address for such purposes; but please permit it to be so this time. I desire to ask you to call upon the spirit of Josiah Frantz (if it may be permitted.) Ask him to give you a communication for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. I beg of him to give me a test that I may know that he still lives. I am not a bigoted skeptic, but sincerely yearn for information, that this lonely, bereaved heart may find a little comfort. Mr. Frantz was my first husband. How I mourned his loss! Since then I have parted with more of my family that were dear as my own life. Oh! where have they flown? Please, sir, will you try to help me find them? If you can find him at your circles, tell him to talk frankly of days gone by, of things that will be a test of his identity, and of the others gone from me. Please favor me with the above, and may kind angels bless you. My prayers shall ascend for you and the beautiful Philosophy we all so much love.

MRS. S. J. DAVIS.

Nebraska, N. T., Jan. 17, 1867.

FROM I. H. HUNT.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is a banner that all reformers can and should enlist under. I trust that all who do will consider themselves an army of crusaders, to fight for liberty, justice and equality, until every vestige of old fogy theology, from the Roman to the Hazelbush, is exterminated from our glorious Republic.

Monroe, Wis., Jan. 20, 1867.

FROM A MASONIC BROTHER—BIGOTRY UNMASKED.

The Presbyterian Society at South Bend, Ind., has a series of social gatherings from week to week at different houses in the parish, and the young folks in a few instances have a social dance. The parson tried to snub them, refusing peremptorily to give out a notice when they were to meet the next time, saying he would not do it for any dancing party. Well, they persevered in their good work of raising money for the poor of the city—this being the object of their social gatherings—until the time came for a report. To reconcile their domine they sent East for a superb Bible and presented it, when, lo! and behold, he wouldn't touch it with his self-righteous and pharisaic hands, or look into its holy pages with his eyes of clear-sighted bigotry! No, he foolishly decided to live a heathen, without the word of God, rather than have one purchased with money earned at a sociable, where there were music and dancing! His heart was too pure for such a book! So they sold it, and gave the money to the poor. I think they made a good disposition of the proceeds, and exhibited sure evidence of reform and progress. Wonder if this good parson ever received any money won by gambling, horse-racing, or obtained at the billiard table, from the hands of any of his supporters? Suppose a notorious gambler should win a hundred dollars, and the next hour should call at the parsonage to have the hymenial knot tied. This pious servant of God would of course accommodate the couple, and receive the fifth or tenth of the ill-gotten gain, with sparkling eyes and holy sanctity; and then shake the farewell hands and bid them God's speed! Consistency is a jewel, and a little good common sense would be worth everything to some minds!

This town was convulsed last fall by detecting a Methodist minister confiscating some bricks, in the dead of night, belonging to the Sisters of Charity. As the Catholics are a kind of "devil's people," it would not be wrong to take from them and appropriate it for the service of the Lord.

But this goodly minister was taken before a human court and fined fifty dollars.

In this same town a poor man confiscated a coat to keep him warm; and he was sent to the penitentiary for five years! This is the way justice is measured out to the different sinners in community.

And, Messrs. Editors, you will be obliged to publish your SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC a great while before all those evils can be removed and perfect justice administered to all. If this poor man could have been taken by the hand as a brother, and kindly treated and taught the true principles of life and being, and some rich man's heart could have been touched to give him a coat, he would have been saved from the prison.

And if this divine could have been schooled in a religious faith less cruel than that heathen dogma of endless damnation, and which teaches that the innocent Jesus died and was punished for the transgression of the sinner, he might have been saved from appropriating his neighbors' goods to his own use. He would have been impressed with the idea that there is such a thing as no "peace to the wicked."

South Bend, Ind., Jan. 10, 1867.

FROM ADIN BALLOU.

We are living in a revolutionary and transitional period, which is likely to last a long time; but beyond which I confidently hope for more of order and harmony than the human race has yet seen. Meantime, if there are any who can harmonize well enough to reconstruct anything in politics, philosophy, religion, church, state, or social economy, or any who can propose a better condition of things, let him do so to the best of his ability. For my own part, I have become so crooked in my own singular convictions of truth and duty, that I am a piece of spoiled timber, I fear, for any and every reconstructive movement whose *ultima ratio* is, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." There is a religion of love that worketh no ill—that blesseth and curseth not. This religion embraces a philosophy whose reasons, measures and means are all correspondent with its own divine dictates. I hope to adhere with unswerving constancy to this religion and philosophy, leaving all who prefer a lower plane of faith and practice to experiment, at their own cost, on the reformation of the world by legal, political, penal and military resorts. Nothing but long and bitter experience will convince even our good reformers in general, that the wicked of the earth can be converted except by politics and deadly force. Let them go ahead and learn out. A century hence the friends of humanity will begin to suspect that there is "a more excellent way" of curing its maladies. At present, Pagans, Jews, Christians and infidels, church and anti-church, conservatives and progressives, orthodox and heterodox, barbarians and humanitarians, seem to be wonderfully agreed in one grand final means of settling all political and national controversies, which is by *ballot and bullet*. I am for giving the whole of them a wide berth, till they have demonstrated that evil cannot be overcome with evil.

Hopedale, Mass., Jan. 12, 1867.

FROM MISS LYDIA H. BAKER.

Notwithstanding it is a law in nature that there is nothing so evil but *some* good may be evolved from it, it does not signify but there are evils the effect of which are far more disastrous than their accomplishment of good, and of this nature is *all* civil war. Our past experience shows that, instead of being a means of elevation, it has been that of plunging us into the barbarism of massacring our brothers and fathers, and making fatherless our little children!

The elevation of any person, or set of persons, does not require the degradation of a great majority of other persons, nor their suffering either. Nature's laws have not so ordered it, and when we suffer it to be, it is either through willfulness or ignorance, and often both combined.

The question to-day is, are Spiritualists, as a mass, capable of observing nature's laws and living without returning evil for evil—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" If so, they can use their influence against civil war. In many minor points they are not; but in a case of civil war they are; and for this purpose I wish to call the attention of *all* Spiritualists, both North and South, capable of exercising charity, and thus throw a powerful influence against the necessity of a further atonement upon either side. There is no suffering so beneficial to us as that in which we learn wisdom to prevent a *repetition of the cause*.

Lancaster, Texas, Jan. 6th, 1867.

FROM E. WHIPPLE.

I am more than pleased with the recent changes effected in your grand vehicle of reform, and hope it will have that prompt support which the discussion of the deeper aspects of Spiritualism deserves, and for which the times are fully ripe.

Sturgis, Mich., Jan. 26th, 1867.

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."

Labor.

BY FRANCIS E. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from Nature's great heart;
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plain, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;
Indolence ever despaireth, bewalleth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assalleth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future heightens!
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied, 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not though shame, sin and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Social Reconstruction.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

That our present social condition is at once chaotic and transitional, is obvious to all thinkers. That numerous theories and movements for an improvement in social life are imminent there can be no doubt. Whoever can throw light upon the working of the various elements now discordantly active in our system, should render his or her testimony, in order that the hurtful and pernicious may be eliminated, and the true and wise become established intelligently and permanently in our Spiritual republic.

In the growth of political ideas we have at length arrived at freedom. But for our barbaric social and commercial relations, we should immediately establish equality and brotherhood.

The education which the race needs is not so much of an intellectual as of a moral character. And this education is more readily effected by example than by precept, by life than by word. Illustration is the great secret of all successful teaching. By this means principles are comprehended by the intellectually weak or even perverse.

Now, society, through its varied institutions of learning, public press, pulpit and rostrum, teaches the importance of virtue, integrity and honesty, yet lives in the undisguised violation of all; sanctioning every form of wrong and giving the protection of the law to the most flagrant schemes for robbing and oppressing the poor and defenceless; slavery, the vilest form of all, having lost its privilege in this great nation only within the last few years, and as a consequence of its own madness, not of any purpose on the part of our chosen rulers. Giant monopolies, financial, commercial and industrial, are given unusual privileges by special and by general enactments, which absorb the products of industry, and annually impoverish the soil and its cultivators.

This is more than a theoretical issue. If we rush into association with the virus of these evils in our constitution, all the economies and advantages of original industry will only tend to develop the poison with proportionate rapidity.

First, and as a condition precedent, the law of distribution and conservation must be applied. To ignore this law is to put everything upon the hazard, and is simply to repeat the *chance* gambling of the groping ages, when the player staked himself, his wife and children on the issue, and having lost, took up his badge of slavery and implement of toil, and yielded himself and them to hopeless bondage.

The inalienable right of every one to the soil required to

cultivate for subsistence, must be engrafted on the organic law of our country; but until that is effected, the application of the law I have indicated will secure, in the association, all necessary protection to person and property; terms far preferable to capital and labor. By conservation of property, I mean the guarantee of its value from year to year, whether existing in perishable or enduring form. This society is able to do; and only this. One hundred dollars in gold at the end of the year has no more value than at the beginning. In most of the products the value decreases, and in many, as fruits and vegetable, wholly perishes, if not consumed within the year. All real estate is liable to destruction, by exhaustion of the soil, decay of buildings, fences, etc. This must be restored by labor of the person, and must be assumed by society. The same is true of all necessary improvements. Productions of a perishable value, must be conserved by use and by such methods as society may justly adopt, to guarantee the expenditure of labor in all serviceable production, as well as the return of all the elements again to the soil or passive agent.

This will leave no possibility for any award to capital as now understood, any dividend, as profits or interest, but will secure to each worker the whole result of his toil, and only exact what is necessary to keep good the productiveness of the soil, and the implements and appliances which enhance the value and productiveness of labor, and the carrying out of such plans of improvement and education as the good of all may seem to demand.

It must strike all, that without this ground-work, no effort at reorganization of labor can give any permanent relief. The truth is that mining, working the metals, and most kinds of manufactures, have an organization of labor, under joint stock companies and individual ownership, as complete as an association could hope to attain in one generation. Yet its result is to benefit the toiler but incidentally. In all there obtains, periodically, a stagnation, which stupid political economists attribute to over production. That is, if we accept the authorities, the labor has produced so much cloth, it must for a time lie idle and go naked—so much food that it must cease to work—and starve! built so many houses that it must be turned into the street, until a returning demand shall enable it to pay the rent of the premises itself has reared!

Even agriculture in the hands of large proprietors in this country, and especially in England, has organized its labor, at least with the approach to true principles, without materially benefitting any one but the employer, because the law of distribution has been ignored, and the good old rule of the dark ages applied, that

"They shall get, who have the power
And they shall keep who can."

It is the violation of right in distribution, not disorganized labor, which works antagonism in existing society. It is for this we all stand as Ishmaels to-day, however we may prate of Christian obligation, or of patriotic devotion.

To suppose that any combination or organization can remedy, or even mitigate the evils which flow from unequal distribution, is to subject ourselves to a repetition of the follies and crimes of the past. Or to suppose that our present disparity in mental conditions is the producing cause of unequal distribution, is to ignore the fact that mental training gives no security against helpless poverty, and stupid ignorance of all that relates to man's highest good, presents no obstacle to the accumulation of vast wealth and marked success in the mere lottery of life, which all business has become under the rule of insatiate and swinish greed.

The rule of equitable distribution would prevent the accumulation of vast fortunes by the few, and the utter want of the many, and thus leave no ground of surmise even as to what result might follow a forced division of wealth, while at the same time it obviated the necessity.

It is very true, that until the people are wise enough to apply the remedy, great fortunes will be made, especially, as during our recent struggle, when some public emergency requires the utmost sacrifice of the citizen. It is by taking advantage then, of the so called "laws of trade," that the nation's "necessity becomes the speculator's opportunity;" and he not only embezzles our wealth, but lays our children for generations under contribution to pay the interest upon his extortionate accumulations.

Perhaps we need education to enable us to remedy these evils; perhaps organization; but it is not our intellectual education, on one hand, nor an industrial organization on the other; but an education out of brute selfishness and an organization of votes to compel such system of laws as are compatible with personal honesty and public honor.

But to attempt an associative movement with the question of distribution unsettled, would prove as disastrous as any foe of association could wish. Until enough persons are educated out of that selfish, miserly greed, from which all award to wealth proceeds, it will be well that no attempt be made. It will be better to leave it to chance or Providence, and to the "tendency of events," which seems at the present time to dispose certain manufacturers, especially in England, to admit their operatives to a share in the profits of the business.

In my next I will consider some of the requirements which will be made of persons seeking to enter upon associative life, and a feasible method of procedure.

The Eight Hour System.

GEN. BANKS' SPEECH.

Gen. Banks addressed his fellow-townsmen of Waltham, upon the subject of "The Organization of American Manufactures and Industry," under the auspices of the Rumford Institute. After discoursing upon the historical relations of his subject, he referred, in conclusion, to the "topic of labor." He began by saying that our system of labor was based upon the English idea. He referred to the prediction of an English calico printer in the early stages of the cotton manufacture in this country, who affirmed that it would be impossible to manufacture cotton successfully where the operatives were kept so well as at Waltham. "This," continued the speaker, "was an illustration of the English idea," which was to get as much out of the operative and putting as little into him as possible. The laborer has a claim to the rights of existence, and it was necessary, upon industrial principles, to give him enough to support life. Beyond this everything was for the benefit of capital.

This is the principle upon which slavery is based. The slave, being the property of his master, must be supported—self-interest of the owner goes to this extent, and the law compels it when his interest fails to secure it, then he has a serf. But in either case his only claim upon the employer was to a support.

Upon what principle shall that appropriation of wages be made? Shall it be based upon the idea that whether slave, serf or laborer, he is entitled only to a support? or, is there an equitable principle of a division of profits between labor and capital to be discovered and applied to the compensation of labor? This is the problem of the 19th century, and its solution is to be found, if at all, in America. Every age brings its mission and duty to every country.

There is no country but America that is in condition to touch with a strong hand the relations of labor and capital, the compensation and the regulation of industry. She has established the right of suffrage. It is recognized as the condition of peaceful government and prosperous industry by all classes. It is as certain that it will be conferred upon the emancipated blacks of the South, as that they will be able to distinguish the days of the week or the month. We have conquered religious liberty, universal suffrage, the freedom of speech and the press, the right to possess land, the privilege of representation, the independence of States and freedom from foreign intervention. That which remains to us, the greatest of all, is the duty of determining the relations of labor to capital, and the principle of its equitable compensation.

What, then, is the duty of the State? To disregard in the first instance the theory of free and slave labor alike, that the limit of compensation is the means of support; to establish the fact that labor is capital, and that the rule of compensation should be an equitable division of the profits of capital. This principle will carry with it all subordinate questions of the hours of labor, the support of operatives, the care of families and the prosperity of communities. It secures the public advantage in everything. It will give to industry, under the parental care of the State, the same interest which the law now secures to the members of a family—the equitable and just division of the profits of its joint labors, substituting in one case a daily or monthly division for that which in the other occurs only upon the death of its head or founder.

That this is practicable is proven by numerous experiments in this country and Europe. That it is just is obvious to every reflective mind. Uninterested labor for fourteen, or even ten hours a day, without rest, for subsistence only, reduces a laborer to the level of a machine. It limits intelligence by preventing the acquisition of knowledge. It is the experience of all men that excessive labor of the body and mind cannot be long continued in the same person. To elevate the laboring class and to increase general intelligence, it is necessary to limit the hours of daily labor, or to compensate by a period of relaxation during the year beyond what would be done by the uncontrolled interest of parents or employers. This can be done only by the State, and the best method is by devising a system of the mutual division of profits—giving to industry its limited daily toil, or periodical rest, and placing labor and capital upon the same basis as investments. Unless this can be done it is manifest that a regulation of wages and limitation of daily labor by legislation is inevitable.

There is nothing more unsound or more atrocious than the maxim that labor is to be regulated upon the law of supply and demand. Where interests are equal the law of supply and demand are equitable and applicable. In the sale of merchandise or property, if held as property, the buyer and seller are upon equal footing. Each is governed by and can follow his interest. If the owner were at all times compelled to sell and the purchaser were at liberty to buy or not, it would be no longer just. That is the position which labor occupies in regard to capital. Capital is accumulations—surplus. It is protected as accumulation and

surplus. It can act or wait. It can content itself with small profits or live without profit. It is self-supporting. With labor it is different. The industry of the world could not maintain itself a single day without employment. It starves, it dies, where capital exists, thrives, and even reproduces itself. This is the reason that "strikes" are failures. Whenever they succeed it is owing to the good sense and not to the necessities of capital.

To say, then, that these elements of prosperity are upon an equal footing, and that each may or should be left to the care of itself as against the other, is a monstrous injustice and absurdity. It is to the State that the rights of each should be referred, and to the State which represents the people, the laboring classes, which constitute the masses, should appeal, and may appeal with absolute certainty of protection. This is the great question of the day. Upon it depends the elevation of the laboring classes, the prosperity of the Government, the perpetuity of our institutions, the restoration of insurgent States to the Union, the fulfillment of our destiny, and the consummation of the new civilization. Labor and capital should be regarded by the State as children of the same family, enjoying, if not in degree, at least in kind, the same opportunities, the same privileges, the same rights, the same protection. It is the primal public interest in peace or war; it is the sustenance of the people, the defence of the Government. The labor we delight in assuages sorrow. The labor we share is the foundation of prosperity. The labor we honor is the hope of civilization.

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Have Medicines any Healing Powers?

BY DR. HERMANN STUDER.

"A queer question, indeed!" a good many will think. Are the healing powers of medicine not a decided fact long ago? Is that question not actually answered in the affirmative by thousands and thousands of patients, who empty one bottle of medicine after another and swallow pills by the box full? Is there any country grocery store to be found that does not keep on hand at least half a dozen patent medicines, each one of which is able to cure half of all the human ills and woes? Do the professional men not always discover and bring forward new medicines, the healing powers of which are proclaimed by quite a string of flattering certificates, so that it is a thing highly to be wondered at that there are any poor sufferers left yet on the face of the earth? Should all the different plants and minerals have been created to no purpose at all, or is it not much more consistent with reason to believe that they have been created for the good of suffering humanity? And is not the belief in the healing powers of medicine pervading all the ages of history, every zone and every people, so that its truth is proved by its generality?

Yes, indeed, I reply, it is true that belief dates back to remotest antiquity and spreads all over the globe, but nevertheless it may be doubted whether it be a well founded and reasonable belief.

This question we are going to make the subject of our present investigation.

Let us take the answers given on that subject by the most eminent men of science, of doctors and professors of medicine, who excelled by their scientific education and knowledge, whose views on the effects of medicine were founded on years of long and careful observation by the sick-bed in clinics and hospitals, and whose veracity is lifted above any doubt by the circumstance that they bore witness to the truth they had discovered, although they could plainly foresee that by so doing they would undermine and destroy the prestige of their professional calling among the people!

Let us look over some of the medical magazines with the widest circulation, some of the best works on medicine, to find what has been testified to from these quarters about the healing powers attributed so long to medicines. And from the tongue and pen of the most celebrated among the medical profession my readers shall hear verdicts that will utterly astonish them; sayings, that leave far behind their boldest thoughts. Those readers who may have lived through a dangerous illness under medical treatment will then appear to themselves like one, above whom, unconscious to him, has been suspended the sword of Damocles, or somewhat like that rider, who was told he had ridden over the lake, the snow shielded ice-covering of which he had taken to be firm ground! But all to whom these things are yet new will, on mature reflection, feel some indignation about the fact that a time when so many are busily engaged to popularize the results of the investigations on all fields of human thoughts, that this time does so little in this department, where the highest terrestrial goods are at stake—life and health; and allows the most deadly and pernicious superstition—the belief of a restoration of a shattered health through medicine—to luxuriate and thrive, just as if perforce we must reach that state of things when the whole world would be one sick-room, the drug-store its only pantry, and the doctor the sovereign manager in it.

"Many heads many minds" is an old true proverb, and proves its truth in all directions of human activity, but hardly more anywhere else than in the history of medicine. On no other field of human thought have there been fought fiercer battles. And the war is going on yet; up to this hour medicine could not yet be made a unit. The three principal branches of modern medicine—allopathy, homeopathy, and the so-called physiological school—are as much opposed each another as human views and opinions can be. Each of these three branches claims to be infallible. Each one claims to have found the philosopher's stone. But while the homeopathic and physiological school boast of themselves with great pride that they have quit the pernicious use of medicines and taken to a more "natural" treatment of the sick, we shall see in the further development of our disclosures that this preference is only a theoretical one, and that the doctors of all those three schools resemble one another in their treatment of the sick as closely as three eggs could.

ALLOPATHY.

The word allopathy is derived from the Greek, and signifies "another illness." For the allopathic method of treatment asserts in full earnest to be able to cure the diseases either by transplanting, so to say, the disorder supposed to be in the patient on another organ, somewhat as the gardener digs out a plant and sets it out again in another part of the garden, or by creating another disease in the patient—just as though one was not enough!

Now suppose the allopathic medicine had the power indeed to chase the diseases about in the body at its own free will, like the military instructor on the drill field—what would this avail to the poor patient who called in the doctor, not that he should begin a chase with his complaint, but that he should rid him of it?

This question, however, whether the art of medicine be able to add to the original suffering another one, must, sad but true, be decidedly answered in the affirmative. She understands this last like nothing else, and has attained complete mastership therein. But, besides this deplorable aspect, the thing presents a ludicrous one. Dame Allopathy thinks she can make us believe that she has rendered us an ever so important service if she succeeds with her remedies to help the poor patient to another complaint. Worse nonsense than this never yet was produced. Do they perhaps expect the different maladies will strangle and devour one another?

If the prospectus of an educational institution reads thus: "We try to free our pupils from bad habits by inculcating vices; for example, a spendthrift is cured by systematically making him vicious, or the tendency to bigotry is counteracted by frivolity, or we drown vanity in an utter neglect of outward appearance," etc.—what parents would be foolish enough to confide their children to such an institution?

But the allopathic manner of treating disease, and its fruits, are not a whit better than the practical results of such a system of education necessarily would be!

But now let us begin our gleanings.

Hoofland says: "Among ten patients who believe to have been cured by medicine, there is hardly one who has in reality to thank that agency for it. The saying, He has got well! signifies in most cases nothing else but, He has escaped the dangers of the cure—the medicine did not kill him."

Fred. Hoffmann, world renowned by his pain-soothing drops, says warningly (*Grundliche Anweisung*): "Who cares for his health, must shun the doctors and their medicines, and make this a fundamental principle of his life."

Boerhave: "If we compare the good, which half a dozen of true physicians have accomplished on earth since the beginning of their art, with the evil, which the innumerable host of doctors of medicine have done to humanity, one is certainly forced to think that it would be better if there never had been any doctors in the world."

Dr. Richter (*Zeitschrift*, vol. 2): "Medicines, that by their own specific inherent powers cure diseases! there are none. Diseases that are cured, be it with or without medicine, are always healed by the system's own natural powers."

Dr. Scherf (*Noch ein Beitrag*, etc.): "Instead of being the arsenals of life and health, the drug stores are, for the unaware and cheated people, nothing else but hypocritical arsenals of death and diseases."

The French physician Duhaussay: "How often would it be more correct to mention on the lists of mortality, the medicine as cause of death, instead of the disease."

Dr. Titius, counsellor of the court at Dresden (*Naturarzt*, 1862): "Three-fourths of mankind are killed by medicines and prescriptions."

Dr. v. Kottwitz, Kallicki, in his pamphlet of 1861, page 8, says: "Beware of taking any medicine, for not only it does not help you at all, but it rather aggravates the disease, because it ruins the system's own natural powers, renders them unfit to remove the disease, generating substances from the system, and in case the patient does not die, he falls into a lingering chronic illness."

In the "*Allgemeinen Anzeiger der Deutschen*," a physician "that has grown gray in his profession," confesses: "I know very well that perhaps seven-tenths of humanity do

not die of disease, but of untimely and too much medicine."

Dr. Hecker (*Die Heilkunst*, etc.): "The history of medicine warrants the truth of the assertion that millions of victims have fallen by the hands of the doctors, and the remedies that are yet employed by them are sure guarantees for the future, that innumerable victims shall be immolated yet. Our medicines, though they have the destination to cure disease, nevertheless must be counted among the most general and prolific causes of them."

Dr. Stendel, at Tubingen: "But the old superstitious fear of taking cold, and the blind confidence to everything that comes from the drug store, have brought most men to that point, that in their sick days they would rather be entirely skinned by blisters before they would make bold to refresh their withered, flabby, and dirty skin with a few drops of fresh water."

The hobby of many physicians, to prescribe remedies composed of many drugs, Mises ridiculizes in his Panegyricus of modern natural science and medicine: "Into many a medicine bottle there enters a microcosm of pretty near the whole drug store. It must be funny, what a row sometimes will spring up between all these medicines pent up together in this cage, and I only wish me a specific chemical vision to be able to see this in all its details. It must be just as if you had shut up all possible animals together in a cage, who would then begin to fight and devour one another till at last only the strongest ones would be left. Yes, medicine makes such jokes; nature never yet has been able to be so inventive."

Dr. Stendel: "They take the stomach to be an express office, which has to deliver the packages confided to it, to the different addresses, but which, on account of an overpressure of business, it seldom expedites as desired."

Dr. Kadner (*Gelehrte Heilkunst*): "There cannot be said anything in favor of the good influence that is so readily ascribed to medicine, and innumerable facts prove, that, being poisons for the healthy body, they are so too for the diseased system. And the truer this is, the more false is the assertion, that in the doctor's hands, even the rankest poisons may become healing remedies."

In the book, "Self-confessions, or forty years of life of a well-known physician," Leipsic, 1859, you may read: "And you may believe me, two-thirds of humanity are medicine sick from having taken too much medicine. The predilection of many physicians to give very active metallic salts, has changed the bodies of many into a mercury and antimony mine, which in form of illness, chronic debility or sensitiveness, daily manifests its poisoning effects."

Whoever is not yet convinced of the dangers lurking in medical treatment, could not be converted even by citing about a hundred more such self denunciations, which, to produce would be quite an easy task. But to sum up, let us bring to bear yet the following from Prof. Bock: "I mentally hear, dear reader, how you reply, sarcastically smiling, 'but how many patients have not already been cured by doctors and medicines,' and what men—stop—do not reason as unreasonably as the doctors themselves, and do not ascribe everything that goes on in you after having taken medicine, to the action of this. Remember that your body is so organized by nature as to overcome most diseased states by its own forces and means, and easiest if seconded by proper diet, and believe me, most of those patients have got well in spite of the doctor, and although they have taken medicine. The doctor seemingly brings relief only there, where indeed, nature remedies the evil; most he can do is to facilitate a little the cure to nature by directing in a proper way the diet and external circumstances of the patient."

Before closing, it is perhaps not quite amiss to excuse myself before the English reader for having alleged almost nothing but German authors. But on the one hand, the writer has made his studies in that country, and on the other hand the Germans may well lead the van in these matters, and may first claim a hearing, as almost every step of progress in the science of healing has been initiated by them. Think of Homeopathy, Hydropathy, Mesmerism or human Magnetism, the so-called physiological school of physicians, and at last, of the Schrotian, or, in its further development, Physiatric System.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Human Temperaments.

BY J. P. COWLES, M. D.

There has existed more or less confusion among physiologists, upon the subject of the human temperaments, owing to no well classified arrangement of them. It was supposed anciently, that the body was composed of four humors or fluids, viz: blood, bile, lymph, sometimes called phlegm, and atra-bills or black bile; and as one of these humors predominated over the others, the temperament or constitutional quality was indicated. Thus an excess of blood gave rise to the sanguine temperament, an abundance of bile created the bilious, lymph the lymphatic, and atra-bills the melancholic. The presence of the three first is still admitted, thus establishing the existence of the sanguine, bilious and lymphatic; while a fourth has been supposed to exist, which, in attempting to discover, many speculations

have been indulged in, with attempts to establish the presence of the melancholic, nervous, mental, etc. Prof. Powell discarded all these supposed elements, still was convinced of the existence of a fourth; for, in attempting a classification of the compounds, he could find two and three in combination, and something else; but what that something else was, he could not determine. Being resolved to discover it, he went to Baltimore and spent three weeks in the most frequented portion of the city, observing all classes of men and women, but failed to make any satisfactory discovery. He then went to Philadelphia for the same purpose, and with the same result. From thence he proceeded to New York, called on his friend, Prof. Jackson, M. D., and inquired if he could show him a representative of the melancholic temperament; he replied that he could, and introduced him to a gentleman whom he afterwards found to be bilious-encephalic, with a diseased liver, which Prof. Powell could not accept as the fourth temperament.

From New York he returned to Baltimore, and while there attended a large public sociable. Placing himself where he could observe all persons, he saw a young man enter the hall, having a slender physical development, with small, flaccid muscles, a large head, expanding as it rose above the temples and eyebrows, a long and slender neck, contracted chest, small, and in appearance a disemboweled abdomen. He immediately concluded that he had discovered the long sought temperament, obtained an introduction to him, spent four days with him, studying his peculiar mental and physiological characteristics, and finally denominated it the encephalic temperament from encephalon, the brain, it consisting in a high development of the cerebrum, with a corresponding small development of the cerebellum. "After this," says Prof. Powell, "I had no difficulty in classifying the temperaments."

This temperament, as I have before intimated, has a forehead which is broad and massive, expanding as it rises above the temples. The nose is long and slender, the lips are thin, the lower the more prominent, with the corner of the mouth turned downward, and chin projecting. There are but very few well defined representatives of this class in its simple form; indeed, we never heard of but two—one observed by Prof. Powell in Baltimore; the other, Rev. Rheinstadt; still this element is very frequently met with in combination with other constitutions. In Noah Webster, Gen. Sherman and Horace Greely there is sufficient of the encephalic, for the reader, upon examining their portraits, to form a correct idea of its peculiarities.

If children be born of parents who respectively have a high endowment of the encephalic element, they will in some cases have large heads, be precocious and most assuredly die early in life from some form of brain disease. Others will be reversely acted upon, and have small heads, be imbecile or idiotic, and live; while others still, will be possessed only of feeble moral and restraining sentiments, but intellectual, consequently prove to be intelligent rascals.

In another article we propose to speak of the mental characteristics and influences of some of the combinations.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.—The *Gospel of Health* says: "Among the reportorial rumors from Washington is one to the effect that the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of the Interior, are seriously entertaining the proposition to discharge all of the clerks of the gender feminine now employed in their respective departments. This may be well or ill, just or unjust, wise or otherwise, according to the motive or *animus*. But what of that? We are told that the worthy Secretaries are so bothered, pestered, perplexed, confused and confounded, bored and button-holed, by members of Congress, for places for their friends or favorites, that they, the Secretaries aforesaid, can have no peace of their dear lives. And so, to remedy the difficulty of the situation, they propose to discharge all the female clerks at present employed, and employ no more in the future."

This is truly a political expedient, and it is of a piece of the usual treatment of the subject of "Woman's Rights," whenever woman stands in the way of anything man desires to do or possess. It is not charged that the female clerks are less efficient than the male. They do their duty faithfully, so far as we have any information. There is no fault of any kind alleged against them. But the Secretaries are troubled by the misconduct, the meanness, the selfishness of others, and so they conclude to relieve themselves from the vexatious dilemma by sending all their female employees away? This is justice with a vengeance! Why don't the Secretaries punish the guilty instead of the innocent? Why not send the members of Congress away? Why not turn an honest deaf ear to their impertinent importunities? Why not "let justice be done," and see whether the heavens fall or not?

Spare moments are like the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds the earliest access to the garden of the soul.

How Coral is Formed.

The following description of coral animals and their operations is from Hughes' "Manual of Geography:"

"The coral reefs of the Pacific, as well as those in other parts of the globe, are all produced by the secretions of the coral insect, and the process by which they are formed is one of the most curious and instructive phenomena which the natural world presents to view. The architects of these wonderful structures are *polypes* of minute size, and of various species, but all possessing a general similarity of form and structure. They consist, to appearance, of a little oblong bag of jelly, closed at one end, but having the other extremity open, and surrounded by tentacles (usually six or eight in number) set like the rays of a star.

"Multitudes of these tiny creatures are associated in the secretion of a common stony skeleton; that is, the coral, or madrepora, in the minute orifices of which they reside; protruding their mouths and tentacles when under water, but the moment they are molested, or become exposed to the atmosphere, withdrawing by sudden contraction into their holes. It is proved by observation that these creatures are unable to exist at a greater depth than twenty or thirty fathoms; so that the numberless coral islands of the Pacific, and other seas, must be based upon submarine rocks, or mountains, though it was at one time supposed that they were raised, by the process described above, from the bottom of the sea."

Captain Basil Hall, in his "Voyage to Loo-Choo," makes the following observations on coral islands:

"The examination of a coral reef during the different stages of one tide is particularly interesting. When the sea has left it for some time, it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock exceedingly hard and ragged; but no sooner does the tide rise again, and the waves begin to wash over it, than millions of coral worms protrude themselves from holes on the surface which were before quite invisible. These animals are of great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that in a short time the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion.

"The most common of the worms at Loo-Choo (an island in the Pacific, east of China), was in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which it moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably in search of food. Others were so sluggish, that they were often mistaken for pieces of the rock; these were generally of a dark color, and from four to five inches long and two or three round. When the rock was broken from a spot near the level of high water, it was found to be a hard solid stone; but if any part of it were detached at a level to which the tide reached every day, it was discovered to be full of worms, all of different lengths and colors, some being as fine as thread and several feet long, generally of a very bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue color; while others resembled snails, and some were not unlike lobsters and prawns in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

"The growth of coral ceases when the worm which creates it is no longer exposed to the washing of the tide. Thus a reef rises in the form of a gigantic cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to carry its operations, and the reef consequently, no longer extends itself upward. The surrounding parts, however, advance in succession till they reach the surface, where they also must stop. Thus, as the level of the highest tide is the eventful limit to every part of the reef, a horizontal field comes to be formed coincident with that plane, and perpendicular on all sides. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from growing higher, must extend itself laterally in all directions; and this growth being probably as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is preserved; and it is this circumstance which renders this species of rock so dangerous to navigation. In the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and in the next, their sides are so abrupt that a ship's bows may strike against the rock before any change of soundings indicates the approach of danger.

"For a long time it was supposed that the coral formations were raised from the floor of the fathomless ocean by the unaided efforts of these little creatures; but more accurate observations have proved that the animals cease to live at a greater depth than twenty or thirty fathoms..... As some of these islands are elevated 200 and 300 feet above the sea level, it is evident that they must have been raised by submarine forces; in short, that the volcano and the earthquake must have been employed in rearing them to their present elevation."

PURITY.—I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the word holy. It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy—it is not a mere recoil from impurity of action. It is a recoil from impurity in thought, it is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive; it is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel, or inviolate sanctuary, in which no wrong, or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not mere purity of action that we contend for;—it is elevated

purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings peace, and the triumph, and the untroubled serenity of heaven along with it. In the maintenance of this, there is a constant elevation, there is the complacency, I had almost said the pride of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature; there is a health and harmony in the soul, a beauty of holiness which, though it effervesces in the countenance, and the outward paths, is itself so thoroughly internal, as to make purity of heart the most distinctive guidance of character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.

THE GIRARD ESTATE.—The Philadelphia Press gives a summary of the last report on the Girard estate. The estimated gross revenues for 1867-8 are \$330,000—an increase from last year of over fifty per cent. The great wisdom of Mr. Girard in leaving a bequest of real estate is now clearly seen. Its value is constantly increasing. As the real estate cannot be sold, or leased for a longer period than five years, it must always furnish a large and steady revenue. The trust owns nearly two hundred properties in Philadelphia, consisting of stores, dwellings, wharfs, lots and farms besides valuable coal and timber lands in Schuylkill and Columbia counties. Some of the rents have been doubled, others trebled. The dwellings on Chesnut street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, are soon to be converted into stores, when they will yield five times the rent of 1865. It is hoped that the fund will soon be able to support twelve hundred orphans.

The Supreme Court, as at present constituted, consists of the following named jurists, with the date of their appointments:

- 1863—S. P. Chase, Ohio, Chief Justice.
- 1835—James M. Wayne, Georgia.
- 1845—Samuel Nelson, New York.
- 1846—Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania.
- 1858—Nathan Clifford, Maine.
- 1862—Noah M. Swayne, Ohio.
- 1862—David Davis, Illinois.
- 1862—Samuel F. Miller, Iowa.
- 1863—Stephen J. Field, California.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Remember that though the realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shore they are loathly driven by stress of weather, to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the fortunate isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory on the leaden cloud-rack which had hardly besieged his day.

Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in a rage, "Let me die if I am not revenged on you some time or other." Euclid replied, "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

THE USHER.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

Passed to the Summer Land from White Pigeon, Mich., on Thursday, January 17th, DAVID KIDD, aged 63 years.

As a citizen, our brother has long been identified with the interests, and one of the foremost spirits connected with the growth of White Pigeon and vicinity. He possessed a well balanced mind and great enthusiasm of temperament, coupled with that conscientious regard for truth which commanded respect, even from those who held opposite opinions.

Previous to the advent of modern Spiritualism our brother left the church, and having a taste for reading and investigation, adopted materialistic views; when the New Philosophy found him ripe for its reception. His declining years were made joyous from an appreciation of the beautiful uses of earth-life, and a glorious prospect of continued labors and realizations in the great beyond. He was fully aware of approaching dissolution, and talked freely with his friends regarding his spiritual prospects, remarking that Spiritualism was most comforting in the hour of death.

A beautiful circumstance occurred at the grave, illustrating the esteem in which our brother was held by his fellow citizens. A neighbor, with whom he had lived on intimate terms for years, dropped an evergreen wreath upon the coffin after it was lowered into the grave, while tears of emotion stood on the cheeks of many, adding impressiveness to the occasion.

The Baptist church was freely opened on the funeral occasion, and all classes, without regard to religious belief, came out to listen to the remarks of the writer, and pay their last tribute of respect to the departed. E. WHIFFLE.

In the town of Leonidas, St. Joseph Co., Mich., on the morning of January 20th, JAMES BISHOP, aged 51 years, left the physical form and went to dwell with his kindred who had passed the portals of the spiritual realms before him.

His was a grand triumph of the spirit over disorganizing matter. Disease had long been insidiously undermining the system, and had preyed upon it till it had become a mere skeleton, seeming inadequate to hold a human spirit, with all the force of former character teeming out through the senses which were retained and perfect to the last. As his sight became dim to material objects, his spiritual sight opened and he saw a father and brother; the father had been an inhabitant of the spirit realm twenty-one, and the brother four years. He leaves many sincere mourners who will sadly miss him in the physical and

material sense; but they do not mourn as those without a hope, for they have a knowledge which answers that oft repeated question "What good does Spiritualism do?" that man is immortal, and his future home is not far removed from this, nor dissimilar and disconnected.

Brother Abraham Smith, of Sturgis, spoke sensible and cheering words on the occasion, at the M. E. church. HETTIE BISHOP.
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BUSINESS NOTICES.

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MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination, \$2. The money should accompany orders. 15-1f

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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 "Harmonial 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 5679, 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, Weybosset 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 2½ 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.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings in Henry Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 10:00 P. M.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings and have addresses by able speakers, in Union League Hall, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allyn, inspirational speaker. Address, Ludlow, Vt., till January 1st, 1867.

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.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis.

J. P. Cowles, M. D., will answer calls to lecture upon scientific subjects, embracing Hygiene, Physiology, (cerebral and organic) announcing truths new to the scientific world and of great practical use. Address 22 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Champlin, Hennepin Co., Minn.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. M. Davis will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 1155, Bloomington, Ill.

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.

A. L. E. Nash will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Kate Parker, Marengo, Ill., lectures on Spiritualism, and Political Equality for Woman.

L. Judd Pardee. Address 2216 Green street, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

Benjamin Todd. Address San Jose, California.

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. Wilcoxson 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 285 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLIC REGISTER.

We insert in this department the names of those whose address is an item of public interest.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.

Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. J. Edwin Churchhill. Address Pontiac, Mich.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.

Rev. James Francis. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa.

Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.

N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.

J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.

W. H. Hoisington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan. Dr. Leo Miller, box 3326, Chicago, Ill.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 178, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. L. Potter. Address, Burns, La Crosse Co, Wis.

Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan.

Austin E. Simmons. Address Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.

Lois Walsbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.

F. L. H. Willis. Address, P. O. box 30, Station D, New York City.

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