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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.

Celestial Voices.

BY MYRA.

In twilight dim, in arches old,
There rang an anthem grand,
Celestial voices sang in joy
Of the blessed morning land—

Chorus:—Voices sweet, and voices grand,
Sang of the blessed morning land.

Twilight faded into night,
Wrapping the aisles in gloom,
Yet still their voices chanted on
Of climes of fadeless bloom,

Chorus:—Voices sweet, and voices grand,
Sang of the blessed morning land.

Morning awoke the sleeping hills,
The arches caught the light,
Sweeter and fainter grew the strain
Of the voices in their flight.

Chorus:—Voices sweet, and voices grand,
Sang of the blessed morning land.

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 XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I was born in Pennsylvania," replied Rebecca, after a little hesitation.

"Was you now. Why I've got friends in Pennsylvania, too. But it's a big State. What part of Pennsylvania did you come from?"

"The Eastern part."

"Why, that's just where my friends live. Was it near Philadelphia?"

"Rather. Where did you say your friend lived?"

"Oh! I've got 'em all about in that country. You see my mother was a Strouse and my father's name was Hand, and the Strouses and the Hands are all scattered over that country, especially the Strouses. Now if you can tell me where you lived, its ten to one but I know somebody in the same town."

"I was born in Pennsylvania, as I said, but then my parents moved away from there when I was about two years old."

"Oh—h!" said Mrs. Bowditch, "then you never lived in Pennsylvania."

Heretofore Mrs. Bowditch had been simply garrulous; from this moment she became inquisitive; if this woman had any secret, it would go hard but she would have a twist at it. But she must go to work cautiously and systematically.

"Where did you come from when you came here?"

"From New York."

"Have you got friends there?"

Rebecca was getting annoyed, and found it convenient to get away from this unscrupulous inquisition.

"I think, Mrs. Bowditch, you'll have to excuse me for a little while. I believe there's nothing here now but what Hepsy can see to, and I have a bit of sewing up stairs which must be done as I get the opportunity."

So saying she left the room.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Bowditch, "I understand all that. But she need not think she can get away from me so. No need to worry; there'll be other days."

However, when Mr. Gladstone came in to dinner, Mrs. Bowditch found an opportunity to say to him.

"Abraham do you know who that woman is in the kitchen?"

"No," he replied, carelessly, "I'm sure I don't know any more about her than what I see. She seems to be a faithful, efficient woman, and of better breeding than most of her class."

"Yes, but who is she? that's the question. Honest folks don't mind telling where they come from."

Mr. Gladstone knew too well the disposition of his mother-in-law, not to be certain that she had been teasing Rebecca with questions, and he had now and then caught a ray from Rebecca's brown eyes which made him

certain that she was not a person to be annoyed with entire impunity. Therefore he only thought with a smile that the old lady had got a rub that made her feel sore, and so dismissed the matter. But the pertinacity of this kind of woman is something wonderful to behold.

After dinner she went directly to Melissa.

"Melissa," she said, "do you know I've good reason for thinking this woman you've got is no better than she ought to be. Think of that and you sick, and Abraham exposed to temptation."

It was just the kind of shot to tell with immense effect upon a woman of Melissa's temperament. At night Abraham was called into the sick room to endure a severe cross questioning.

Who was this woman—where did she come from—what character had she hitherto borne? To all of which Abraham could only answer that he didn't know, and didn't like to ask.

"Just set your mind at rest, Melissa," he said. "I'm a better judge of women than your mother, and I'll answer for this one, that she's all right."

Melissa turned her face to the wall and gave a small groan.

"Well," asked Abraham, a little impatiently, "what am I to do about it?"

Melissa was still silent.

"If the woman is averse to answering questions, I don't want to make a pettifogger of myself, and bore her to death."

Still no answer, and Abraham in despair left the room. But when he came back at bed time it was no better. Melissa was still speechless, and the air was fragrant with abused innocence. Abraham had formed a little resolution of his own, however, and tried the virtue of silence himself.

The next morning Melissa was decidedly worse. She had a fainting fit, and came out of it only to go into hysterics, and what with fanning her and bathing her head with cologne, and opening the window for air and shutting it for fear of a draught, he didn't get to his office at all, by which means some very important business was neglected. It went on much after this fashion for a week. Abraham, as usual, relented a little in his manner. Mrs. Gladstone saw that he was brought to terms, but it required three days more of sinking turns and hysterics, before she judged him to be sufficiently punished for his contumacy.

Rebecca was a silent witness of the whole process.

"Well," she thought to herself, "if men like this kind of women—women who are not strong-minded—women who don't talk—who are leaning in their disposition, viney women, clinging to oaks, that is men, for support—I don't know any good reason why they shouldn't have them. I wish them much joy of them. If I was a man I think I should quite as lief have a wife that could stand alone."

And then came that deeper, sadder feeling which every woman experiences when she sees ruin of the noblest attributes. Why will men persist in making the standard of female excellence so low. Why will they keep the whole sex so in leading strings that they cannot rise into their native proportions and be the blessing to themselves and to men which their creator designed them to be?

The result of this application of Melissa's tendrils to her supporting oak, was that Abraham came out into the sitting room one evening where Rebecca was sewing, and sat down with a look of fixed determination in his face, which, however, he tried to veil with an appearance of indifference.

Rebecca had not ceased to be curious concerning this man, and feeling instinctively that he was of too noble a nature to be a dangerous inquisitor, she put up no arbitrary barriers between them but strove rather to beguile him into easy and unrestrained conversation. Mr. Gladstone very soon felt himself yielding to her quietly genial influence, but he was not the man to lose sight of his purpose however difficult her refined and lady-like manner might make his prosecution of it.

"So you don't like Wyndham," he said, in answer to some faint criticism which his questions had drawn forth. "I suppose it is a sharp change from that rolling, easy-going country around Philadelphia. I think some one told me you were from that section of the country."

"Oh!" she said, "I am already a cosmopolite and view nothing by comparison. Wyndham is to me to-day as if I had lived in it always."

"Pardon me," he said, a little incredulously, "but you seem young to have divested yourself of all local sympathies and attachments."

"When one can look back upon no past," she said, "that

is not associated with sadness and sorrow, one divorces one's self easily from recollection."

"Again I must disagree with you," he said. "Afflictions, I think, oftentimes sanctify our memory of places; we go back to past sorrows with more tenderness than to joys that are past."

"Yes, but they must be innocent sorrows; afflictions which we can naturally refer to the will of Heaven and not to the injustice of men."

He looked at her in silence; she was very young to utter sentiments like these; her face was too pure, too delicately conscientious, to be naturally associated with wrong-doing. She seemed too incapable of guile to have provoked injury from any being. "It is some family trouble," he said to himself, "into which I should be a brute to pry." And in the light of this thought the mandate of the weak woman in the bedroom beyond lost its force.

"I suppose," he said, "that all trouble, even injustice, comes indirectly from heaven, and must have in some way its redeeming quality. At least I have tried to think so."

"It would make wreck of my religious faith," she said, "to believe that all the wrong-doing of men came within the scope of God's providence toward His children. I could not trust in Him as a righteous God and father, if I thought that He made use of evil in any such way. If He makes the wrath of man to praise him, I think it must be by the utter overthrow and extirpation of wrong-doers."

She manifested more energy than he had ever observed in her before, and there was a thrilling pathos in her tones which came directly from her heart. His consciousness lingered over the words as they were spoken; his memory received them indelibly; the time came years after when he would have given half he possessed to have fathomed accurately their full force and meaning. As for Rebecca, the years brought her insight and set straight many of her distorted notions of God's providence. The very crimes which then moved so deeply and so justly her fiery indignation, she lived to see bearing the fruit which God had ordained; bread of life to the sufferer and apples of Sodom to the doer.

When the conversation was concluded, Abraham sat for a few minutes in thought. A soul of no ordinary scope and beauty had been partially revealed to him. Not that this woman was perfect; on the contrary she was full of tender womanly weaknesses. He felt himself stronger, and in the way of worldly wisdom, infinitely wiser than she; but there was nevertheless a charm of purity, of insight, of heavenly wisdom about her, which transcended him, and which he held in reverence. Should he make himself an inquisitor concerning the evidently painful details of her life. No, not for a kingdom. The truth about her was something which he was as far as possible from suspecting, but if he had known it all, he would have felt not less, but more pity and admiration for her.

He went back to his wife and said, "Melissa, I have asked all the questions that I shall. There is evidently something which the woman wishes to conceal, but I am more than ever satisfied that she is a virtuous and trustworthy person. I think you have only this choice to make, to discharge her at once and no more words about it, or to make up your mind to let her alone. You cannot find any one else that will serve you half as satisfactorily as she does, but it seems to be worth a good deal to you to have your mind at rest, and if you wish I will go and engage Mary Crane at once."

But Melissa did not wish it. She knew very well that she could not get along with Mary Crane. She chose to keep Rebecca, and to vent her spleen and jealousy upon her in every small, irritating, vexatious way that she could. Mr. Gladstone knew it, but he knew also that she was slowly dying, and the fact softened his mind to many of her mental infirmities. To manifest any sympathy for Rebecca, was only to intensify the trials of her position, and he refrained from doing so; believing that the deep and true respect which he entertained for her expressed itself most forcibly under the circumstances, by a wise and firm reticence.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

February came, and Mrs. Gladstone did get a cough. Rebecca's position, by this time, had grown almost insupportable. Should she give it up, that was the question. Mr. Gladstone, partly because his wife was jealous, and partly because she was slowly dying before his eyes and the sight recalled all the tenderness of his youth, and compelled him to be, spite of all her caprice and unreasonableness, absorbed utterly in the slow going out of her life, was entirely indifferent to her. But Mrs. Bowditch, with the spider-like

industry of a small mind, had set the village alive with talk about this woman, whom nobody knew; who could or would give no account of herself, till every neighbor who happened into the house, every friend who came from afar to visit the dying woman, even the very minister who called to console her last hours, looked askance at the woman and saw in her, or thought they saw, some evil.

The doctor carried a sad face all these days. He had been down to New York in the Fall, as was his usual custom. He had not been able to see Mr. Marston, that gentleman being out of town, but certain inquiries which he had made in another direction, made it probable that whenever he did see him, he might gain the information which he sought. For this reason the doctor without at all losing his interest in Rebecca, felt impelled by the grave interests at stake to proceed with caution.

This gossip about her, therefore, was doubly painful to him. Rebecca's sad eyes, unconsciously to herself, reproached him each time that he saw her, and he felt a tender and manly longing to stand by her, and protect her at all and every hazard. Indeed, the greatest comfort of Rebecca's life, at that time, was the daily visit of the doctor, for he never left her without a kind inquiry or pitying glance, or a comforting pressure of the hand. Ah! these men who know a woman thoroughly, all her weak points, all her tender susceptibilities, are, of all others, most dangerous to her peace of mind.

But the doctor could at best only show his good will. As he said, "People would talk," and Rebecca being very human, felt the talk keenly. On the other hand, what was duty? Mrs. Gladstone was dying. She suffered a great deal every day and every hour; she needed kind and faithful nursing—knew that she needed it; knew that there was no one within her reach who could supply Rebecca's place, and in some silent dumb way, she expressed this dependence, even while she was jealous of the object of it. It seems very strange, the hold these weak, helpless natures have upon nobler ones. I know of no way of accounting for it, except by referring it to nature's care for her feeblest works, but so it was, that Mrs. Gladstone's helpless clinging was a cord strong enough to bind Rebecca, as it bound her husband, to the most unreasoning docility. She bore out of pity, not unmixed with contempt, what she would never have borne from one she felt to be her equal.

Again and again Mrs. Darrell offered her the refuge of her old place with her; again and again, she refused it. "They may abuse me if they like," she said, "but they need me, and I shall stay as long as I can do them any good. One thing, however, you can do for me. If you hear of any good place which you think I can fill, secure it for me against the time I shall need it." And Mrs. Darrell promised.

The winter wore away, and spring came. March at least, which wears a name it never truly won. Mrs. Gladstone had been sinking very fast in what is called "a decline," a sort of rapid consumption. It was doubtful now if she would not go out before the first violets came in.

One windy March day her pastor came; for recently since the spiritual world had seemed to be so swiftly bearing down upon her, the feeble soul had put forth some faint feelers toward it, and cherished a trembling hope which stretched out into the great hereafter. He administered the communion, prayed with her and finally left her.

After he had gone, her husband sat by her bedside, fanning her.

"Abraham," she said, faintly, her voice was almost a whisper now. "There is one thing more I would like to speak about. What will become of my things, my dresses?"

"I shall do whatever you direct with them," said Mr. Gladstone.

"I don't care so much for any of them but my blue silk with the flounce. I should like to know who is going to have that. I never wore it but once, you know."

"Whom would you like to have it?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it."

She had no sister, no daughter, no friend. Her mother was in mourning. Who indeed should inherit that darling treasure?

It was perhaps a week later. She had wasted rapidly; it was very evident that the end was near. All day she had been watched, lest her life might go out unknown to them, and now it was far into the night. There had been nothing more said about the blue silk dress, and Abraham thinking over all the last things that ought to be said, was some way reminded of it.

"Melissa," he said, "you have never told me what you wanted done with your blue silk dress."

She gave no answer but a feeble moan, and turned her face to the wall—for the last time. A half hour later, a slight tremor ran over her frame, and before they could raise her head, the spirit had departed.

I think God's angels caught up that soul out of the great dark into which it was exhaled, and enfolded it with peculiar care and tenderness. She had lived through the earthly life, but had gathered so few of its blessings. She had dwelt in the regions of blindness and selfish bewilderment, and had never known the finer air and purer light of that upper country where love and right doing make, even on earth, so cheerful a Beulah. Tenderness, bountifulness, aspiration,

faith, what were they but words to her. Ah! surely for such souls as these, more than for earth's stricken ones, do the angels drop pitying tears.

When she was gone, a great sense of freedom swept through the house. Abraham felt it almost before she was buried. He could but feel it. For five years that woman's feeble whims and unreasonable caprices had made themselves the law of his life. For all that he had done for her what had he received in return? Very little of love or tenderness; nothing of counsel or sympathy, or support. She had kept his house neatly, and had given him, during years when he most needed the help of a good and true wife, the favor, not the substance of a home. For so much as he had received, he was truly thankful, and he looked down into her open grave with a great heart-pang, and eyes that were wet with honest tears. But when he came home the sunshine was as clear as ever to his eyes; and the tuneful robin that piped her quaint "cheer up! cheer up!" from the leafless branch of an apple tree by the way side, woke an answering echo in his heart. His sorrow was not inconsolable.

Rebecca, too, felt the gladness of release. When the funeral was over, the house was shut up. Abraham went to the hotel to board, and Rebecca returned to Mrs. Darrell's. There again she met the great question of what to do?

Mrs. Darrell said, "Stay with us;" but Rebecca said, "No, you do not need me, and I will not, so long as I can help it, sink into the position of a useless dependent."

And Rebecca was right. Such a person is like the sink in a kitchen, the drain of much of the family decadence and refuse. To be sure the sink, if ill kept, has a revenge: it smells. But that is pleasant to no one, least of all one would think to the sink.

Mr. Darrell said, "Come down to the office and I'll make a clerk of you."

But Rebecca thought that would be a poor way to stop gossiping tongues. It was a hard thing for her to stand before these dear friends, to feel herself the butt of so many railing accusations, and yet have no word to say in self-defence. To Mrs. Darrell in private she did say:

"My dear kind friend, if looking back over my life, I saw anything to blush for; anything to make me in the eyes of God and his angels, unfit for the companion of yourself and your daughters, I should not be here."

And Mrs. Darrell replied: "My dear girl, I am assured of it. If ever the time comes that you feel free to speak, I shall be glad to hear; till then let us both keep silence. Silence is often a better test of friendship than many words."

But outside of that family of Greathearts, it is doubtful if any one of the many who had witnessed the steadiness and excellence of Rebecca's life could quite forgive her this silence; and many who should have been more tender, railed openly. It is curious to observe that this virtue, charity, is far more easy to exercise by wholesale, as for instance, toward the heathen nations, than in particular instances. All men, we know, are frail and fit subjects of the divine grace, but then, we ourselves could have done so much better than Mrs. So and So. That is really an aggravating case. And so it comes that most of the instances of faultiness which come in our way, strike us as being peculiarly hard to forgive, because it is our own selves who are called upon for forgiveness. Rebecca experienced all this, and it tested her faith and patience. But she thought of her vision of the world's, and said:

"I must wait till other lives shape themselves to the crisis of mine. My time has not yet come," and to tell the truth it seemed to be quite in the dark, whether it ever would come. But she said to Mrs. Darrell:

"I must go away from here. This town is no place for me just now."

Whereupon the doctor brought forth a suggestion.

"Laura, Jerry Linscott wants to get somebody to take care of his little girl—a sort of half nurse-maid, half governess. I don't think much of governing as a general thing, but this isn't a common case. It's as like as not he'd be glad to get Rebecca, if he knew of her."

"The very thing," said Laura, "Mr. Linscott you know, Rebecca, has a little girl who is a cripple. It is a very painful case, and as he is a widower, he feels the care of her very much. His mother keeps house for him, but she is quite infirm, and heretofore they haven't been able to get just the person they wanted to take care of Minnie. I'll write him to-morrow. He is a person of a great deal of independence, and with the recommendation I shall give you, would take you in the teeth of an army of gossips. You'll have just about a week to rest, and then you'll be quite ready to go. I wonder why every body can't have Milton's ready good sense."

The doctor was laughing to himself, bowed over in his chair, till his elbow rested on his knee. Rebecca waited patiently for an explanation.

"Jerry Linscott," began the doctor, who hadn't, as a general thing, any very great reverence for the clergy. "Jerry Linscott is a—pretty—stiff—man to get along with; but I think you'll suit him. I never heard him pray in my life, that I didn't think of Burn's Holy Willie, before he got through."

"Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample,

I'm here a pillar in thy temple
Strong as a rock.
A guide, a buckler, an example
To all thy flock."

The doctor repeated the lines slowly, with great unction. Then he continued, "His house, his family, his church, his congregation, and for all I know, his grave yard, are all the best that could be. He has made his people believe it too, and if he takes a notion to you, as I think he will, there isn't a ram in all Jericho will dare shake his horns at you. But he's a widower, Rebecca, he's—a—widower. You'd better look out for him."

The doctor hadn't said all that was in his mind, but he rose to go.

In due course of time it was settled that Rebecca should go to Jericho. The place lay in a quiet dip of the hills away from the railroad, but was nevertheless for peaceful and pastoral beauty as pretty as one could wish. As the doctor had intimated, Mr. Linscott was an oracle among his people, and well he might be. To begin with, he was a man of family and consideration, and had a handsome little property of his own which eked out the small salary which the parish paid, in a very acceptable manner. Then he was a thrifty and energetic man. He attended to the church business with the most praiseworthy zeal and judgment; in fact, almost entirely relieving the deacons of their responsibility, till the simile for the height of inactivity in the country about was, "As lazy as the deacons in Jericho." But then the work was always so well done that nobody found fault. The church finances were always prosperous; the church poor were always well fed and clothed; indeed, to be a poor woman and a member of Mr. Linscott's church was synonymous with having the costliest situation and the best pay which the town afforded. The church repairs were attended to at exactly the right moment. Whatever needed zeal and activity was sure not to go begging in Jericho. As for Mr. Linscott's sermons, they were staunch and sound—a little Calvinistic, perhaps, a little too bracing for some of the faint-hearted and weak-kneed among his congregation; but nevertheless consisting of the very bones and marrow of orthodoxy, and giving small comfort to heretics or unbelievers.

A man of this stamp could not fail to be delighted with Rebecca's faithful and energetic performance of her duties; and old Mrs. Linscott being a little infirm, albeit, she had spirit enough left to delight in her son's constant success, for he was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, where work was concerned—it soon came to pass that Rebecca not only had almost entire charge of little Minnie, but of the household also.

It was a pretty house, a little trim and smart looking, with its fresh coat of paint each spring, and its dark stately evergreens in the front yard; but there was a well-kept garden with a honeysuckle arbor at the back of it, and beyond, the meadow sloped down to Still river, running in and out among its beeches.

On the whole it was a pleasant home, and Rebecca's life there was a smooth and grateful contrast to her late experiences. Minnie proved a tractable enough child, and though her suffering made her a great care, Rebecca was womanly enough to be on that account all the more deeply interested in her.

In this quiet sphere of usefulness, Rebecca passed three years; years which it suits the purpose of our story to pass over lightly. Coming to Jericho recommended by Mrs. Darrell and under the auspices of Mr. Linscott, she was everywhere well received; and it soon became possible for her to go back to Wyndham, with a good name which should stand her instead of antecedents, but this she did not choose to do. She had leisure and opportunity for reading and reflection, and though in her outward life she made little progress, her resources of character and experience were increasing day by day. With this for the time being she was content.

CHAPTER XVIII. AN EMBARRASSED LOVER.

Soon after Mrs. Gladstone's death the doctor went to New York—and saw Mr. Marston. When he came back he had the look of a man who had gotten a blow. If he had made any discoveries concerning Rebecca's history, not another soul in Wyndham was the wiser for it; but as he rode over the hills alone with the old gray he spoke softly to himself:

"It is a strange thing, and stranger ones may yet come out of it. Gladstone admires her; he isn't in a marrying mood now; but he will be in a few years. The time—may—come when she will want—just—such—a—friend as the—old—doctor."

From that time the doctor grew old. He was still the same skillful practitioner; the same grave, wise, cheerful man; his old genial humor was no way abated, but there was yet an unmistakable look of age about him which he had never worn before.

But if the fading of his dream had left a deeper sadness in his heart than any life had hitherto brought him, it had left also a serene outlook upon the future. If this world held little in reserve for him, he had all the more reason to commence the work of transferring his hopes and his affec-

tions to that world to come which already seemed to overshadow him with its glory. The doctor's wisdom evidently embraced the art of growing old gracefully; for now that he really felt age to be upon him, he set about borrowing so much of the immortal grace and beauty of the next life as should make the decadence of this more truly pleasing than its early bloom had been. There was no cant, no affectation about this, but a simple and natural living for large ends—a perpetual giving forth of wise sympathies and bountiful endeavors, that touched all his old friends with a new love, and made strangers stand a little abashed in his presence.

Whatever the cloud that had come between them, it shed no coldness, no abatement of respect upon Rebecca. On the contrary, his manner towards her, if a little more reticent than of old, seemed also more pitying, more determinedly helpful. She felt a change in him, yet it was not one which pained her. On the contrary, the new phase appealed more powerfully and insidiously to her sensibilities than the old. She had made frequent visits to Wyndham during those three years at Mr. Linscott's, and always the friend who seemed to be in an unspeakable way nearest to her and tenderest to her, was the doctor. Certainly if she had a favor to ask, she was sure to take it to no other.

In this very spirit she had said to him once, after a visit to Mrs. Moss, during which a fresh batch of troubles between Theodore and his father had been poured into her ear:

"Doctor, I do wish you would do something for Theodore Moss; he is a reckless fellow now, but I do think half of it is owing to his unfortunate position at home. I promised his mother once that I would do him a good turn if ever I could, and I think the time has come now when he really needs it."

They were sitting on the doorstep of the doctor's house, little Kitty playing about their knees, and the doctor looking from the child's face to Rebecca's with a puzzled, speculative look which annoyed her. She was far from suspecting the problem which the doctor was trying to solve; but she was obliged to wait some minutes for his answer.

"Theodore is a—strange—boy," said the doctor. "I don't know as there's anything so very *bad* about him. He's honest—nothing mean about Theodore—but he's headstrong, terribly headstrong. Seems to be cruel, too—torments his younger brothers and sisters *dreadfully*. I ain't certain yet how Theodore is coming out. His mother's a pretty fair woman. The father don't amount to much—but the *mother's* a pretty fair woman. For his mother's sake, I hope he will do well."

"I wish he might have something to start up his ambition," said Rebecca. "I wonder if Mr. Darrell couldn't give him a place somewhere that would challenge his self-respect a little."

"Ho—ho!" said the doctor. "I don't like to ask favors of Ralph Darrell. He ain't any the more likely to grant 'em for being my brother-in-law. He could do it if he chose; but I don't want to ask him."

The doctor mused, and Rebecca thought he had forgotten all about it. But he broke out finally on the same subject:

"I haven't got the power nor the influence that Ralph Darrell has. I can't do much for Theodore; but since you've promised to help him, I'll tell you what I'll do. He's fond of horses, and a good rider. How he managed to learn so much about horses I don't know; but he's fond of 'em, and there ain't another boy of eighteen in these parts that can beat him on horse-flesh. I want to send my young horse to the Fair. I'm going down with him myself. I can't stay all the week; I'd like to, but my business won't let me. I'll take Theodore down with me, and give him the whole charge of the horse after I come back. If he does well by me, I'll do well by him—and I think he will. That will be a start for him. When he comes back, maybe something else will turn up. Can't tell—must wait and see."

Rebecca was well pleased, and immediately found an opportunity of giving Theodore a hint of good fortune in store for him, and an admonition to do his best.

Theodore went to the State Fair, and by good management succeeded in getting a handsome premium awarded to the horse. Coming back to Wyndham, he was quite a hero. The doctor bragged about his horse a good deal in a quiet way, and never omitted to give Theodore his full share of praise.

In regard to pay, too, the doctor was liberal.

"There, Theodore," he said, counting out the bills with most methodical slowness and exactness. "There is twenty-five dollars. I don't know what you'll do with it—I don't know what you'll do with it—but I—hope—you'll make good use of it. It seems to me you might about as well put it in the bank as anywhere. Why *can't* you put it in the Savings Bank, Theodore?"

"I shall do better than that with it, doctor," said Theodore, "and you'll say so too when you see what I mean to do."

The doctor didn't ask any more questions; but he kept a

good look-out for Theodore. One day, as he was driving past the little brown house of the Mosses, he was surprised to see a mason and carpenter at work there.

"Ho—ho!" said the doctor. "What's this? what's this?" and he turned his horse's head toward the gate.

"Whoa! whoa! whoa!" said the doctor to the old gray very gently; "w—h—o—a! We may as well stop here and see what this means."

Moses was flying about looking important and Mrs. Moss was busy in the kitchen. The doctor entered, as he oftenest did, without knocking.

"Good morning—good morning!" said the doctor, sitting down in the midst of the confusion which reigned, and looking about him quite as if he had a right to look.

"Getting your house fixed up, are you Rachel?"

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Moss. "I told Theodore he'd better put his money in the bank, and he said you told him the same thing; but he said I shouldn't never live in this house another winter without this roof being shingled, now he'd got the money to do it. He's up there at work with the shinglers, as happy as a lark. The house had got pretty well run down, and I got a dreadful cold last spring with the rain leakin' in. It will be tight enough this winter. Theodore's going to have it fixed up snug, I tell ye."

Mrs. Moss was so proud she could scarcely keep from crying—so womanly proud of having at last a man to take care of her. She stopped at last, out of breath.

"Well," said the doctor, "Theodore hasn't made a bad use of his money. It's a good sign when a boy looks out for his mother—a *good sign*. Good morning."

It wasn't a week after that before Ralph Darrell was brought to think that Theodore was a good lad to have about a store, and the youth himself was duly installed as a clerk.

"That is the bottom round of the ladder," said Theodore to himself. "Maude Darrell's brown eyes shine away up at the top." But he never said these words aloud, not even to his mother.

Not many days later, the doctor took another enterprise in hand, which he had had on his mind for a good while.

One sunny September day the doctor found the carriage-house doors wide open and Joel sitting astride a low bench in the warm sunshine, oiling the harnesses. The doctor saw his opportunity for a little chat with Joel about his matrimonial prospects. He liked a bit of work in his hand almost as well as a woman, particularly if he had anything to say. So he sat down upon a convenient box, took a piece of flannel and a riding bridle and began to rub.

"Joel," said he, holding the throat-latch up to the sun to see how the work prospered, "Joel, it is time you was getting married. You ain't a boy any longer, your hair is getting gray. It is time—you was—getting—married."

"Same to you, sir," said Joel, with a pleased giggle.

The doctor looked very grave.

"It is different with me," said the doctor. "I've got a family on my hands already. If Joanna had been a well woman, and had married as other girls do, I might have thought about marrying too. But that is neither here nor there, Joel. You ought to marry, and I don't see why you don't."

"Lord, doctor," said Joel, looking foolish, but at the same time pleased. "I don't know as there's a woman anywhere round 't would have me."

"There's nothing like trying, Joel. It's coming cold weather now; 'twont be comfortable sleeping alone much longer. If I was in your place I'd get a wife. Lucretia Pepper is a good woman. Why—don't—you—marry—Lucretia?"

Joel simpered a little and replied:

"Should ef 'twant for Nancy."

"Well, Nancy's a good woman, too. Why don't you marry Nancy?"

"Should ef it 'twant for Creeshy."

"H—m! h—m!" said the doctor, looking very grave, unless a twinkle about his eyes might be supposed to denote a trifle of humor, and squinting at a martingale as if all his mind was intent upon giving that martingale exactly the proper degree of lubrication. "H—m! Which—one—do—you—like—best,—Joel?"

"Hi! don't care so very particular for ary of 'em."

"I guess you do, Joel, I guess you do, only you don't know how to choose. Which one of 'em do you like to *kiss* best?"

"Oh! Lord, doctor," with innocent affright. "I never kissed ary one on em. I shouldn't darst to."

"Shouldn't darst to," (the downward inflection, not the upward.) "Why not?"

"Oh! they might get mad, you know, and tell on't. 'Twouldn't sound well for a man of my age to be kissing a woman."

"Well, I don't know," said the doctor. "They're both Christian women. I guess they wouldn't tell. If I was in your place I'd try it. It might help you to choose. I think it's time you made a choice. I don't think it's right to leave them in uncertainty much longer. If I was in your place I'd try to make a choice."

Joel thought about it while he was rubbing the entire

length of a tug, and finally communicated the result of his reflections in two words:

"I WILL."

The doctor departed well pleased. Two or three weeks passed and there was nothing further said upon the subject. But one day, as the doctor and Joel were getting in some garden vegetables together, Joel returned to the matter. He was evidently in a good humor, and the doctor suspected, by the twinkle of his eyes, what he would say, before he opened his mouth.

"Well, doctor," said he, "I've done it."

"Done it, done it," said the doctor, gravely. "Done what?"

"Kissed 'em."

"Oh! Lucretia and Nancy. Kissed 'em both."

"Nancy she kind o' snickered, and says she, 'La! Joel, be you a fool?' but she looked as if she kind o' liked it."

"How did Lucretia take it?"

"Hi! she just give me a good smart box on the ear and sent me out o' the kitchen. I tell ye she's *smart*, she is."

That box on the ear, or something else, seemed to have cleared Joel's vision wonderfully. The doctor saw it, but took his own way to bring Joel to confession.

"So, so," he said, "I—suppose—you like—Nancy's—way—best."

"Why, doctor, should you?" asked Joel, in some wonder.

"H—m!" said the doctor, "I don't know. I should be afraid, if Lucretia boxed your ears, that she might not be very favorable to marriage."

"Oh! Lord, doctor, Creeshy came raound arterwards. I wa'n't a grain afraid never but what she'd come raound."

"Oh! you wa'n't," said the doctor. "What did Lucretia say when she came round?"

"You see, I told her 't I wanted to marry her. 'Twas coming cold weather, and all that, just as you said. At first she said she couldn't, cause she couldn't never think o' leaving Miss Gaines without help; but I told her I didn't spect her to leave, no such thing. I wa'n't so unreasonable. She could jest stay right along, and I'd stay too, and it wouldn't make no difference to nobody but ourselves. And then I kind o' coaxed her and told her she must, and she said well then if she must, she must she s'posed, so that was all about it."

"Ho—ho—ho," said the doctor, meditatively. "Lucretia has got a good deal of temper, Joel. Do you expect to be able always to control her?"

"La! doctor," said Joel. "Some folks is afraid of a woman if she's got the least grain of spunk about her; but I tell you, doctor, I'd as lives drive a blind mare, that was spavined and wind-galled, as to have a wife that hadn't got no kind o' lightnin' in her. I heered a minister preach a sermon once about its being the glory of man to keep his wife in good subjection; but, Lord, what chance has a man got to subdue his wife if she don't never git riled? Them may have the tame ones that likes 'em, but give me the spunky ones."

"That is good—sound—sense—Joel, good sound sense," said the doctor. "I never thought myself that I should like a woman too well that never took the bit in her teeth. I've seen both kinds o' women; a good—many—of both kinds, and I *never did* see a high-strung woman that was so hard to manage as some white-livered things that didn't look as if butter would melt in their mouths. It—ain't—always—the high-strung ones—that—are—the worst—to manage. You—may depend—on—that—Joel."

"There's my Creeshy," said Joel, putting on the airs of a Benedict already, "she'll blow herself all to flitter strings in five minutes, and then she's as meek as a lamb. Now, it takes longer than that to get me started, so I don't think we're likely to hev a great deal of trouble. The wust on't is, I don't have no chance to go courtin', livin' right in the house so."

"That is bad," said the doctor, sympathizingly, "pretty bad. If I was you I wouldn't court long. I'd get married."

"Oh! yes, we're goin' to, about Thanksgiving."

"About Thanksgiving. That is a good time," and so the matter was settled.

The doctor walked off with his head bowed down, and a smile lurking around his eyes.

"Lucretia won't abuse Joel," he said to himself. "She won't abuse him. I'll warrant Joel to come out all right. I was a little afraid he might take to Nancy. It seemed to be—about—nip-and-tuck—with 'em, and I was afraid he might take to Nancy, and then he would have got uneasy, and I might have lost him. But it is all right now; Lucretia will keep him straight."

The doctor little thought that while he was managing this affair in a manner so satisfactory to himself, he was also making sure, beyond a peradventure, the future happiness of a woman whom he loved to serve. But so it was. By such seemingly insignificant links does fate bind together her noblest plans.

During these three years Ralph Darrell had been steadily prospering in wordly affairs. Still, as of old, his best strength, mental and physical, was given to business, and Laura, grown wiser by experience, no longer made open complaint of ill treatment.

"It is not the way married people ought to live," she said. "This heaping up of wealth by exhausting endeavor, and leaving the tenderest and noblest faculties of the mind and heart to rust with disuse, is a sin and a shame, which I will never cease to protest against. But common sense teaches us that, in this life, marriage, like all other institutions which depend upon our imperfect human nature for development, must necessarily fall below our ideal standard of perfection. And while this fact does not in the least excuse us from striving therein for a nearer and nearer approach to that standard, it does emphatically condemn that growing restlessness in marriage bonds which seems to be the curse attendant upon the dissemination of free thought in these matters. It is true, now as of old, that what God hath joined together it is for no man to put asunder, and not Ralph Darrell himself, so long as he fulfills in any way the terms of the marriage contract, shall divorce my love from him. If he is tempted, it is for me to be his better angel, and rob the tempter of whatever force I may."

And so she labored year after year to make the air of home pure and genial and exhilarating, to throw around her husband every tie and every influence which should counteract the tendency of his nature to worldliness and materiality, and win him to the nobler and purer uses of life. And year by year she did gain ground, little by little, though he scarcely himself knew it. Things spiritual grew to him to have a deeper meaning, and he revered them more and more, because they were so beautifully embodied in his wife's pure life.

This house, during all these three years, had been a home to Rebecca, to which she was always welcomed with joy, and which she always left with regret. She kept her interest in and love for the children, and watched over their growing development with the fondness of an older sister. One winter evening during a visit there, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell both went out for a call, leaving Rebecca with the children in the parlor, assisting Maude with her Latin, and overlooking Evelyn's drawing. Presently Mr. Gladstone came in.

(To be continued.)

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.

Spiritism and the Bible—No. 1.

BY LAROE SUNDERLAND.

"When we come to analyze carefully the New Testament, we find the sure indices of a grander, more potential—a deeper inspiration than the world has ever seen. Resulting therefrom, has flown a life so far in advance of aught else on earth as to preclude even a comparison.—*J. S. Loveland.*

Before offering the remarks I have to make on this subject, perhaps it may be best for me to explain the sense in which I use certain terms:

First—By Naturalism, I mean that view of things which finds in Nature and the constitution of the universe all the elements and forces adequate for the production of all the phenomena which come within the range of human experience and observation.

Second—By Supernaturalism, I mean alleged revelation, made by an invisible personage, purporting to be outside or above and beyond the forces, intelligences and laws, which constitute this material world in which we live. In preceding ages supernaturalism has been characterized by the following traits:

1. It has assumed authority, absolute authority, over the consciences and destinies of mankind; threatening one class with the unending anger of the infinite God, and flattering another class with promises of endless bliss in heaven.

2. The invisibles from first to last, who are alleged to have made these revelations, being inhabitants of another world, could not be identified in this world. Hence no such alleged revelations could be authenticated, because an invisible witness cannot be cross-examined. An inhabitant of another world is not controlled by the laws of evidence which identify witnesses in this world.

3. Supernaturalism has prevailed among the Jews, the Hindoos, Mahomedans, Persians, Egyptians, Africans and other nations, where it has assumed more or less of a national shape. But in each case it is *contradictory*; for, each form of it contradicts itself; and they contradict, and it may be said annihilate one another.

4. And here is another characteristic, which it becomes important to notice when comparing modern Spiritism with that form of supernaturalism we find in the Bible. Friend Loveland and other Spiritists speak of different writers, prophets and apostles in the Bible, as having been veritable media such as we have among us now; albeit, he yields the question as to the impossibility of any authentication of their writings. The fact must be admitted; we do not, and we do not because we cannot, know who the writers of the Bible were. This fact is important, as we shall see. We do know who the media now are, and hence it seems to me

that modern Spiritism has vastly the vantage ground over all that has gone before it in the form of Supernaturalism.

5. As a Spiritist has been described by common consent as one who believes in a spiritual existence after death, and that communications are made from spirits to mortals, so Spiritism may be said to comprehend the general views prevalent among this class of people on that subject. It seems to me that we should allow some distinction to be made between what we should denominate Spiritism proper, and Spiritists. By the former term I designate the invisible, unknown intelligences, which produce a certain class of physical phenomena, (the type and germ of which is in the so called "mysterious rap") which cannot be accounted for by any forces or laws of which we have any knowledge. There is certainly some distinction to be made between the phenomena, (results that appear) and the forces by which they are produced. Look at the devastation produced by an earthquake. We witness the phenomena, produced by electricity, but, how very little do we know of that world of forces whence that subtle fluid comes. So of the phenomena known under the term of Spiritualism. They may be irregular, disorderly, mysterious, confused, confounding, inexplicable, mischievous and destructive. So is the earthquake, so is the wind, the sun, and so are fire and water. The phenomena we see because they are phenomena, but the world, of course, we do not see.

This definition discriminates between all that mortals or media do, which can be accounted for and explained by the elements, which inhere in human nature, and the physical phenomena, produced by invisible intelligences whom it is not possible for us to cross-examine, because they are not mortals like ourselves. These phenomena are not accounted for by any laws or forces that we understand, and hence the term mysterious or miraculous. In former ages, phenomena have been thus denominated, when they were new, surprising or inexplicable by mundane laws.

In another paper, I will, if you please, attempt to give my estimate of Spiritism, compared with the supernaturalism of past ages.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Death-bed of a Spiritualist.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

We have been presented, through orthodox publications, with unnumbered instances of the "Death-bed of a Christian," and with not a few examples of the tragical exit of unbelievers from the stage of life. We have been warned by earnest and anxious church members that Spiritualism "might do to live by but not to die by;" but methinks there is no more beautiful instance on record of the departure of a spirit from earth than the following, which was sent to A. J. D. in a private letter. We trust the author will pardon the freedom taken in giving publicity to her touching description of this "quiet and holy passover."

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Great sorrow has again overtaken us, resulting in great gain to one of my mother's children. A dear sister, Mrs. D., whom you and M. met at our house some years ago, arrived with her two children from South America about three months since. She had been some months in the tropics, and came home with the fever burning in her veins. Week after week she suffered, until Christmas day, when the weary spirit went home with the waiting angels. I have seen many die happily, calmly, with faith and hope, willing and resigned; but never before saw I such majesty and glory and strength as sustained my dear sister Carrie in her upward flight. She gave full directions for everything with a clear, calm realization of her condition; left a message for her far-off husband still in South America, instructed her children, told them she would come to them and care for them, and spoke fully to each one present.

Then she asked us, as Spiritualists, to suggest anything that might be instructive to her. Remembering some things you have written, I told her not to linger here when free, but go home with her spirit friends and rest; then to come, and we would try to be ready to receive her, striving, meanwhile, not to attract her. After conversation at length upon this subject, she asked us to sing "Summer Land," and broken voices gave forth the sweet song, with chorus accompaniment by the guitar. The sweet little girl, so soon to be motherless, sang, like an angel, the death song. Then the pale sufferer desired to sleep. We adjusted a soft hair pillow beneath her head, put a warm blanket next her, left a window open near, and then sat down to watch. No groans, no sobbings were there; all felt that the passing spirit must be sustained, and not disturbed by our grief. A short time she slept peacefully, then a pause in the breathing, another breath—she was gone! And, now, do we find "ashes on the hearth," and a "smell of varnish in the house?" O, no! We are lifted up. The angels have been with us, and they will come often. They will linger over the little home that shelters an angel's children. I cannot say anything in a letter, but could not omit a word to tell you how joyful is our mourning, how blessed is our grief, how glorious the light and knowledge of our religion in an hour like this.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Letter.

BY DR. E. CASE.

Here's a letter I've been reading,
From the hand of one I love;
All my soul each word is feeding
As a spirit from above.
All her soul it is revealing,
All her silent, inner heart,
Every secret, every feeling
That a loved one may impart.

Here her little hand has wandered,
Here her burning tear-drops fell,
As each thought and word she pondered
Ere the secret she would tell.
But it came at last, all loving
As the balmy south wind flows,
Over beds of violets roving,
Or a field of clover blows.

How I love her, how I bless her
For each tender word and line!
How my soul would now caress her
Were she at this moment mine!
How our souls would meet and mingle
In the thrilling bliss of love,
And our hearts, no longer single,
Words by fond endearments prove.

She has left her silent being
On the page before me now,
All her inmost soul I'm seeing,
Love would have a lover know:
All the fond, fond woman's feeling
At the dawning bliss of love,
From all other souls concealing,
Scarce she'd tell to one above.

Innocence and truth combining,
Purity as morning air,
Beauty like a flower entwining,
Round a casement rich and rare.
How it bids each deep emotion
In my hidden being start!
Like the waves upon the ocean,
Heaves and swells my throbbing heart.

I have caught its every meaning,
Drank its all of sweetness up
Till I've left not e'en a gleaming
In the bottom of the cup.
Now I'll fold this snowy letter,
Lay it in its place of rest,
I am wiser, I am better;
There's an angel in my breast.

Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 29, 1866.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Spinoza and his Doctrines.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

Among the great thinkers of the seventeenth century, who have exerted a marked influence on modern thought and ideas, Spinoza stands among the most prominent. He was born in Holland, of Jewish parents, and, rejecting the Talmud, was driven by his people, in early life, into exile, and like too many thoughtful men who were in advance of their time, he met with little sympathy in his own generation, and was a victim of the most gripping poverty all his days. Notwithstanding his adversity, he possessed great sweetness of disposition, and devoted himself to the solution of great problems with self-sacrificing devotion.

Some features of his philosophical scheme seem to have been derived from Descartes, the cotemporary of Bacon. Descartes had aimed, like many great thinkers of earlier times, to gain a general knowledge of the universe, by a subjective analysis of consciousness, which reveals to us the nature of being. He endeavored to grasp the fundamental ideas which lie at the basis of knowledge, and commend themselves as axioms requiring no proof. In matter and mind he found eternal dual opposites.

Spinoza, with a similar method, rejecting the dualism of Descartes, regarded mind and matter as different modes of the same primitive substance. He conceived that the human consciousness grasps the idea of God as infinite substance, which presents itself under two aspects; thought and extension. Thought is displayed in the motions of the visible universe; extension is exemplified in body, which we recognize as matter. The visible universe is phenomenal. All appearances proceed from the invisible, eternal reality.

Spinoza's system is silent about the presence of a personal first cause, and hence its tendency has been regarded atheistic. He does not deny the miracles of the Bible as facts, but disputes their miraculous character; regards them as a previously unknown mode in which the "all embracing substance manifests itself." He urged the necessity of severing philosophy and theology. Each have a distinct province. Philosophy rests on universal ideas, and aims at truth. Theology rests on historic authority and special revelations, and aims at obedience and piety. In philosophy, "unlimited liberty of speculation ought to be tolerated."

This great thinker did not deny the fact of prophecy, but disputed its monopoly of claim by the Christian writers, regarding it as "intensified imagination," enjoyed by all nations in all ages. He regarded religious doctrines not obligatory unless self-evident; the last court of appeal the religious consciousness. The Bible, at best, could be regarded only as a republication of natural religion, and subordinate to the human tribunal.

Of Spinoza's most important works, one, the *Tractatus Theologico Politicus*, shows him as a biblical critic; the other, the *Ethica*, presents his philosophy. His books fell upon unpropitious times, but bore seeds which have germinated great systems in the nineteenth century. His works, on their first appearance in Germany, were suppressed by public authority, but were frequently reprinted, and created greater disturbances than any other works published in Germany until the appearance of Strauss' great work, the *Life of Christ*.

The essential principles of Spinoza's philosophy, with modified definitions, reappear in the most advanced school of English Philosophy at the present day. On ultimate analysis, the unknown power is regarded as manifesting itself under two modes, force and extension. Force corresponds to method and law; extension corresponds to matter, as revealed to us in body. The philosophy of Mansel and Hamilton is extended by Spencer so as to affirm a positively unknown as well as a positively known.

Philosophy formulates the laws under which knowledge is possible, and limits the region of the knowable to the phenomenal aspects of creation. The higher religious consciousness, transcending the limitations of logic, mounts above and beyond the conditional, and takes cognizance of the eternal reality which underlies all appearances.

All that lies this side the line, dividing the knowable and unknowable, becomes the indisputable possession of intellect; all that lies the other side the line, though consciousness affirms its existence and reality, imagination must ever contemplate it with Shelley as,

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.
Like moon beams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance,
Each human heart and countenance,
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled;
Like aught that for its grace may be,
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Celestial Era.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

The great work of the new age divides itself to meet the mind it deals with; that is, it is demonstrative, educative, constructive. Now, we all know what is meant by, and included in, the demonstrative phase. But thousands, nay millions, do not; so that work must keep up and go on. This putting of the cart before the horse—that is, philosophy before demonstrative facts—will not answer to the needs of mind of the vast mass who absolutely know nothing of the nearness and communicability of the world of spirits. I mean *just now* this sort of thing won't do, save with those who do not need demonstration, because they have gone through with its use. One would suppose, judging by the tone of speech of the "Harmonial" Martinets, that this dispensation is not as markedly and specially based on facts of a universal cast—facts physical, controlled by an intelligential force spiritual—as upon philosophy, no matter how clear, consistent and rich that may be. The only system of philosophy we have yet received is perfectly impotent to demonstrate to the masses immortality or spiritual communion; so we see how beautiful in wisdom was the obedience to that law of dual movement, whereby, when we got the "divine revelations," and the beginning of the "great harmonia," we yet had to receive what we all specially denominate Spiritualism. Here we see sex, the masculine and feminine factors, whose more perfect union, by and by, through the intermediation of Celestialism, latent in each, shall produce that more illustrious child, the Dispensation of Universal and Unitary Truth. Then shall we behold the tri-unity we long for. Naturalism, Spiritualism and Celestialism shall be our three in one; and as the higher, or what is the same thing, the deeper, directs the lower, so shall the loftier gift of the God to come co-ordinate to its own diviner self all that we have as yet received. It shall saturate, expurgate and animate the same.

To be sure, this does sound like "celestial highfalutin," if taken in the abstract; but, in point of coming fact, it can't be taken in the abstract. Why? Because I make bold to declare, in the face of so much pure desire and earnest effort for organization, you shall not see anything profound, comprehensive and effective of that sort, till (1.) the newer revelation is come; and (2.) its representative embodiments are acknowledged as well as known. Now, we are all "swinging round the circle" of accepted facts and truths; but we know no center, and have no harmonial

order. How many are going it on the one leg of individualism! And when you mention the law of all formation and all order—to wit, that of Centralism, first and positive—you are told, with great assurance and great energy, that you are inculcating the doctrine of authority. Exactly, and I hope I may never be so struck with the amaurosis of bald individualism as not to see that all law is authoritative. What is needed just here is an elevation and extension of view; so that, in spite of the pride of prejudgment, as against what lies at the basis of all constructive and orderly movement, whether in the march of matter or in the history of man, we may find minds humbly willing to go back to get the truth as well as forward to grasp it.

As to the educative work, we all, likewise, know something of that. Experience here has been wondrous strange, as well as mightily effective. Suffering and joy have been the factors at work. What one could not do the other did; and yet that work, also, is to go on—indeed, forever. But it will practically suffice for the third step—the constructive—when the three elements of (1.) Individualism, (2.) Socialism and (3.) Divineism, are harmonially come to the kingdom of a true order within ourselves. In other words, as there cannot be three kings upon the throne, this true order will be established when the religio-spiritual is chiefest in dominion. Some estimate it as chiefly feeling. I do not. It is a vast deal more. It is (1.) insight into principles; (2.) a realization of them, and (3.) a devotional obedience to their life and law. Then, to the all loving heart of Jesus, the Christ of Love, is added the perceptions of a head fit to match it; and, when you practically stand in the sphere of the providences of God over this planet, it means that you religiously obey the wills of the higher, and purer, and wiser ones of the perfected spirit. The new spiritual social age demands obedience, as well as confers freedom. Say you that you will be a law unto yourself? So say I—unto your highest and deepest self; and that ordines, socially, that you bend to and obey the will and scheme of the holy beings who shall bring this promised dispensation in.

This also, doubtless, is "celestial highfalutin." If so, there must also be the constructive spirit and plan already referred to. For the successful ultimatum of this last, in form of institution and force of organized fact, depends upon just such an educated style of mind amongst us. You can no more de-socialize and de-institutionalize man than you can extirpate him; and there is such a thing as divine individualism that bows to the social laws that bind aggregate individualities on earth together, and bind them to those above in nature's spirit-order.

Now, that this dispensation will yet be as constructive as that through Moses, or the other through Mahomet, I have long felt in the very bones of my spirit. Nay, I see it will be far more so; for it will deal with a larger individuality and a more composite life. The "thus saith the Lord" of Moses, or the "Allah is great, and Mahomet is his prophet," knew nothing of that problem whose solution shall reconcile the broadest individualism with the most compact and powerful socialism. Where is the mind that can solve that problem? We will have to wait till the divine leader has come.

In the meanwhile, primary organizations, such as lecturing associations, children's lyceums and conventions are doing their useful and necessary work. But no thinking mind supposes we are going to stop there. While it is gratifying to observe that teachers and others, who several years ago vigorously denounced almost all forms of organization, save what common sense indicated, as indispensable to the carrying on of the campaign, but who now have "swung around the circle" sufficiently to see the necessity of something more organic still, it is still more gratifying to notice the gradual increase in number of those far-forward-looking and organizing minds that predicate the reinstitutionalization of the entire religious, political and social life of this nation, by the latent constructive force of the New Dispensation.

But I do not look for much till the movement can master the government. A government is a machine of concentrated and authoritative power; but it is clear to my mind that the government referred to must be almost wholly a new one. It will unite two opposite elements, height and breadth—freedom and force. It is not too much to say that we are now, as a nation, rapidly traveling towards governmental disintegration. The Gods will the dissolution of the States, but on the ruins will rise the Divine Republic, or Theocratic-Democratic State. The right hour shall meet the right principles, and the right men and women to organize them into a spiritualized government. After that a strong hand, as of God, can be put forth to pull down or upraise, to smite or bless, to consecrate or condemn. Moses and Christ return, with their ancient spirit uplifted or broadened, to meet the era of all truth; and so truth, love, force, as three factors, constitute our working forces.

Vast deposits of black oxide of manganese have been discovered at Polk's Bayou, Ark. It is pronounced to be of very superior quality. In view of the new process of conversion of wrought iron direct from the ore, and the multiplied uses to which manganese is devoted, the discovery is extremely valuable.

The Higher Law, as the Basis of Political and Religious Reconstruction.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

What is the great lesson of the hour? Liberty! Here is based our Union. But in the battle, fighting to secure it, there is danger of intensifying the already excessive reverence for arbitrary law. We would lessen nothing in the government necessary to restraint and protection. In our present state of society, we are not so sure but the penalty for revolt must be more swift and severe. Temptations multiply with populations; and unless the masses can be put on the ascending moral scale, our laws must be as rigorous as those of monarchies. We have passed the age of national puberty, and are entering that of athletic manhood, when passion and energy are supreme. The transition involves a change in every essential department of the government. Our legislative system has answered for the Past; but, as developments prove, it fails in the living Present, and therefore cannot with safety be retained for the Future. The nation is now making a grand expansion; population is swarming in new territories to plant there our free institutions; southward the empire of civilization is surging to broaden into a continental Republic. The government, feeling the steam forces so wild and lawless, is continually strengthening its military arm, and legislating on new issues to coerce obedience. Can the whirling masses, so antagonizing in local interests, be thus held in order, even with suffrage granted all races and sexes, for the preservation of a national democracy on these shores? We triumphed in the late war; there is a divinity in our victory; but beware, lest our military discipline, thirsting for power, develop another enemy more formidable than the rebellion. Again and again, the people have thrown off despotic yokes manufactured in our legislative workshops. Well do they understand that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance; but do we all see the new peril coming, the next form of despotism cropping out in our political hot-beds? *Governmental centrality? the very thing we now need to protect against usurpation, may become our task-master.*

Our peril lies in our voluntary relinquishment of God-derived rights to the government. In our love of order, we concede so much as to react in revolution. The world is yet selfish. How easy to usurp human rights, if the governed consent! how easy to enslave the masses when they are educated in the belief that sovereignty is vested in the hands of rulers! The free homes we thus build are transformed into castles of oppression. Our ambition to have a place in the registers of national glory, fosters the Eurysthenes, who imposes needless tasks upon the citizens; when performed in the name of liberty, we are educated for monarchy which digs out our very eyes. The dragon's teeth we sow spring up giants to slay us. "Give us order," said the citizens of Rome to their rulers; "give us power to enforce it," replied the rulers. All was relinquished in sublime devotion, and Rome was free no more. Europe is divided into jealous kingdoms, whose marauding ambition, fed by the concessions of the people to their rulers, breeds insufferable tyrannies, resisted now by force of arms. With the rapidity of a whirlwind, we of America are tending in the same direction. We fall into the same error, precisely, which has plunged other nations into ruins. We practise upon the ancient rule, that men are for governments, and not governments for men. We virtually admit in our relations to government, that it is the source of our independence. We make the government our god, when it should be our servant. The majesty of law is to us greater than the majesty of manhood. In our undue admiration for political power, we lose our sovereignty. We thus create a needless and constantly augmenting taxation, and entangle ourselves more and more in an iron network of arbitration, until blinded to justice. Stealthily but surely, political and ecclesiastical monopolies, born of our compromising concessions, grind us to a serfdom whence we can rise only by an appeal to arms. It is the same broad road in which all the nations of the Past have walked to glory and to death. Not one to-day is making a single advance from the plane of bloodshed. All move in the same circles, round and round, having power for their love of gravitation passing from humility to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to aristocracy, from aristocracy to oppression, from oppression to revolution, from revolution to reconstruction.

Under the majesty of law, piracy, intemperance, slavery, ecclesiastical torture, bloodshed by the wholesale, have all been christened "divine ordinances." Even now, in this nineteenth century, nine-tenths of the Christian nations are butchering one another! In the name of God, is there no other way? Is our otherwise beautiful world to be always fettered in chains and deluged in human gore? O, for the sword of Truth to pierce this whole dark pile of human mockeries! Under the aegis of "reconstruction," we may cry, "peace, peace!" but there is no peace on the present basis of nationality. Give us the basis of the Higher Law, and winds, and storms, and floods cannot beat down our temple of liberty, "for it is founded upon a rock."

Have we not widely departed from the landmark of the fathers? In their Declaration of Independence, they said,

that human rights are "inalienable;" that they are "endowed" by their Creator. But the claim to which we have conceded is set up, that rulers can endow, enact, or repeal, the rights of man. Whence have they this authority? Are they Joves or demi-gods, that they can add to, or take from, the noblest work of the Eternal Architect? An atheistical government may thus presume with a bare-faced audacity; but since there is a God, acting by inherent divine law, legislation for such an end is the blackest blasphemy ever offered to heaven. When a government assumes, and a people concedes, that legislators can make, or unmake, human rights, all that is dear and sacred in life is jeopardized. Everything then is at the mercy of the usurpers; all is lost; we are no longer a democracy, but essentially and practically a despotism.

If government has the power of making rights, why do we suffer when obedient to its wicked requirements? If a man enslaves, or defrauds his neighbor, under the sanction of civil law, he suffers the same as if the law condemned the act. As no civil law can absolve him from suffering, it is conclusive that man has no authority to contemn God's authority; that no president, king, or pope has any just right to enact, or to enforce, a law contradicting the Higher Law; and that, if the attempt is so made, we the governed are under no moral obligation to obey it. We honor the government when we resist its injustice; we prove ourselves worthy of citizenship when we so vindicate our birthright sovereignty.

Nor have we delegated any such power to our rulers. How can we transfer anything that is inalienable? If the government, by virtue of our pledges of allegiance, has the right of appropriating some of our rights to its special advantage, it is important to know which we are in duty bound to give up, and which not, that we may be true loyal subjects, entitled to legal protection, and be also true to the Higher Law that commands us to "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." In either case, we can be obedient only by the retention and use of all our individual rights. By consenting to be of the government, we assume greater responsibilities; so we are untrue to God, and untrue to society, if we voluntarily deprive ourselves of the means of discharging them. We owe fealty to the government; we reverence the will of the majority, whenever and wherever it fosters protection to the principles of the Higher Law; but when it trespasses upon our natural rights, we owe it the duty of resistance, for in our civil relations we are pledged to preserve the integrity of the government.

True government, then, is a part and parcel of our individual sovereignty. So long as a person has the power of warding off invasion upon his rights, there is no necessity for social aid; but when incompetent to do this, let him employ the assistance of his neighbors, for their rights, too, are here imperiled. The combined will and power of many sovereigns under legal regulations, is the government. All that is required is simply mutual protection, leaving every individual freedom to work out his own destiny, prevented from trespassing, but encouraged in the accumulation of natural and mental wealth for the highest enjoyment.

We have now struck the true vein. Just government is a help only, not a master. It should be so organized as to be less and less needed as humanity progresses into better conditions, till finally it shall pass away, like every other earthly construction. Humanity shall outgrow its arbitrary law as it does old creeds, or methods of husbandry. Is not this end attainable? Cannot the government be so constructed as to serve the people like a garment, or a house, as easily changed, developing man to be a "law unto himself"? We ask the question humbly, but in earnest hope; for is not love mightier than hate? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," involves the whole machinery of a divine democracy.

Wherefore have men fought and died over the Constitution of the people? Was it because, even in part, it guarantees the rights which God hath endowed? No, the reverse—because, by a compromise it protected an evil, which, when grown to a giant, sought to rend it. A mother who indulges her son in sin, must unavoidably mourn at last over her folly. Ravished by the offspring of her own debauchery, she is doubly disgraced. Think you there could have been fighting over the Constitution, had it all along declared to full that human rights are inalienable? Would America be to-day weeping over a thousand battle-fields, had she meted out "equal and exact justice to all"? This experiment has never yet been completely tried by any nation. We have no fears of a failure when it is. Will not nature have her way? Is not God majority? Whatever injures us, we fight; whatever helps us truly, we love. Is not the task-master imperiled in the slavery of his subjects? Any institution or constitution which favors the few and curses the many, is the enemy of both. The injustice which men nurture for their special benefit, like a serpent warmed in their bosoms, stings their very vitals. The Egyptian priests had in a tank at their temple a tame crocodile, adorned with bracelets of gold, and necklaces of artificial gems. To him the people in worship offered bread and wine. The son of a devoted woman, who had long played

with the monster, was at length devoured by it; and she exulted, considering his fate as peculiarly blessed in being thus incorporated with the household god. When we pamper the idol of injustice, our children are devoured by it; and is this a matter of Christian exultation? The crocodile, or the dove—which? If we would have the angels of our better nature rule in state, securing "peace and good will to men," reverence for the Constitution, and universal fealty to the powers that be, then build no structures that overshadow or compromise the Higher Law. God's work is perfect; we only mar it when we attempt to change it by legislation. Faith reposed in individual sovereignty is the very key-stone in the temple of liberty. Out then from all charters, from all codes, from all creeds, from all institutions, whatever militates against this sovereignty. Ours is the era of harvest; winnow out the chaff and burn it up in "unquenchable fire." Cease not speech, nor prayer, nor agitation, nor revolution, if this is necessary, until our Constitution shall express in law and measure the simple, beautiful rights of man, in their full active virtue, ordaining a government whose only object shall be to enforce order against trespass, to balance justice, to widen the area of commercial fraternity, blessing all in blessing one.

The present struggle for universal suffrage is the initiatory of this reign of peace. It is the grand demonstration of the sacred truth, that "we are members one of another." Suffrage! this is the countersign in the new crisis that rolls up in awful aspect before the vision of American prophets. Suffrage is the way to liberty, to union, to the kingdom of God. Refuse the least subject this right, and not only is so much fealty lost, but so much belligerency awakened against the government. Men love government in the ratio of its protection to their rights. Men resist it always when it denies their rights. So it is national suicide to circumscribe suffrage to a racial aristocracy. Fealty is secured, patriotism is evoked, self-sacrifice is voluntary, nationality is glorified, progress is certain, power to rule the world is won, the Republic is invincible, when the government enrolls on her list of citizenship all races in her proud dominion; when the "red brothers" and the "sable brothers" are represented in the civil councils, on an equal basis of right with the Caucasian lords; when woman also has a seat in this cosmopolitan congress. This will be the noblest victory of the age. Clothe woman with power to determine, and command equal wages where equal labor is performed—to repel the lecherous devils that steal her purity by the oppression of poverty, or by the imbecility of social rank—to regenerate the ballot-box, pulpit, bar, and jury—to enforce moral justice in legislation—to invest the people in garments of virtue—and the crown of glory rests indeed upon Columbia. If we want a President to respect, we want a Presidentess to love. As yet there is only one wing to our democracy. The Bird of Liberty must have the balance-wing. Give us a double-ticket at the polls. Vacate one half the offices, and fill them with educated trustworthy women. To the masculine mind of the Republic, marry this Heart to harmonize society.

This expansion in franchise demands expansion in all other directions. The wheels of governmental machinery must be properly matched. New wine put into old bottles hastens their ruin. The greater the civil liberty, the greater is the power to destroy all other species of slavery. The moment it is embodied in constitutional law, that every man and woman within its domain is a sovereign citizen of this Republic, legally entitled to an equal share in the commonwealth, the church becomes the grand object of seige. We live in the life epoch of the Holy Spirit. The battle cannot be stayed in the outer court. Wherefore cleanse this, if the sanctuary remains polluted? Can there be health in the body, if the soul is diseased? Revolution is but begun! One wave succeeds another. The action of the heart is a beat and a re-beat. The half-rest we are in is but the opportunity for recuperation from the wastes of war, preparatory to another more interior and trying. When the public heart, bleeding again and again, has settled on a safe basis of political reconstruction, as the fac-simile in body of what the church is to be, what can hold the sanctuary from invasion? The church has ever been the strongest power of social life. It moulds the individual, the home, the school, the market, the nation. If partizan, so is all the rest. If morally bigoted, sectarian and degraded, she drags all down with her. As she rises, the world is resurrected. If not purified from its lust for monopoly, what are political revolutions but needless and criminal sacrifices? Cutting off the branches of the upas tree may not kill but enlarge and strengthen the root. The popular church seems prosperous; she holds the social scepter; she is the goddess of fashion; she commands the worship of the nobility; what better evidences of her usefulness to the age? what surer premonitions of a religious crisis? Compromising with christened vice, she is reputable in "respectable circles." Stealing from the Jews their rich inspiration, she is fat with lustful power. Courting the devil of sectarianism, she gorges as a hyena upon the carcasses of departed saints. She scorns the prodigal; she bars her doors against the poor, the fallen, the abandoned; she vilifies the reformers come to save her; she spits into

the faces of the angels returning to bless; she picks her way along disdainful, haughty, aristocratic, yet begging "money" to patch up her sliken garments; she teaches us by her example to speak so tenderly of sin, that it thrives best by our varnished rebukes; she says, "Freedom! Freedom!" but attaches a creedal chain and ball to every thought; she is freezing our charity, bolting us within the prison of Fear, hanging us by the rope of her duplicity; she is what America was, herself enslaved in enslaving, as sectional as were the revolting States, as rebellious to the spirit of Liberty; she is the soul of partyism, breeding social "wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores." "Watchman! what of the night?" The Lord's angel with the two-edged sword is standing in the most holy place, under command—"Arise and slay!"

The solemn duty is plain, that revolution must go on until the monopoly of the fashionable church is sundered from its grasp, and scattered to the masses. The ecclesiastical estate must now be confiscated to the public good. Truth is free as sunbeams. Whatever institution intercepts investigation, or enriches itself on the bloody sweat of slaves to its taxation, must fall. Freemen carry lightning in their hands to blast "the devil and his works." Tear away every sill, and beam, and rafter, having the dry-rot of oppression in it. Strike heavy blows. Dig below the slough of ages. Plunge deep to the foundation of God. Find the eternal rocks of Individual Sovereignty, Equal Justice, Universal Franchise, Divine Spirituality, and build thereon "the church of the first born," according to "the patterns shown us in the mount." What we ask is freedom; and freedom we will have at any cost. God is, and we are living! Bibles and ordinances and mediators may help; but no farther. We worship only the Infinite. Prophecy and apostleship are not transmissible successions, whence we are to borrow our inspiration; but direct appointments in every age, as it "seemeth good in thy sight," O Father of Love! Weld no religious stereotypes on our brains. Turn no theological mills to distort our individuality. Soul to soul, heart to heart, beating all in unison from angels down to men, is the pentecost to which we are invited. The pages of God's inspiring Scriptures are *His Reason and Intuition*. Here God speaks; here He erects His standard of authority. So we may translate all discoveries of the past into our consciousness, to feel the olden ages reviving, and pass thence higher in mind that oceans all around and above us.

The New Church must be constructed of these "lively stones." It must deal with the things of to-day. It must grapple with great questions, such as the regeneration of home, the prevention of remunerative vices, the supplying of the masses with the means for mental and moral improvement, the attractiveness and abridgment of labor, the elevation of the Negroes and Indians, the abrogation of war, international peace and brotherhood. Like the state, it must never presume to say what laws, or modes of worship, our successors shall have; but organize such as now are needed to be transient in duration, in harmony with nature's beautiful orders, developing the inner life. It must touch all facts and set them ablaze with heavenly love. It must explore all mysteries of life, and print divinity on every cause and effect.

This soul of the Republic must be elevated into a truly inspirational life. A stream can rise only to a level with its source. Character depends upon its plane of spirituality. If this be altogether material, the national character is sordid, changing only by brute force; if mainly moral, the character is ennobled more and more, transforming in the order of divine reconstruction, from decay to a higher use, without jar or agony. A nation without the recognition of God, and humanitarian brotherhood, and the ministry of angels, rots in all its organs. This is where we wrecked. Politicians said, "There is no law higher than the Constitution!" The popular church said "Amen!" Politicians forged the chains, and the church bolted them on human limbs! When the angels came knocking at the door of every heart, demanding emancipation, the church said, "You are devils!" So warred; then warred; then died. Beggared is that nation which has no heavenly ministry in its councils. What is our Constitution but a dead letter; our wealth but fiery combustion; our institutions but emporiums of war; our politics but a chessboard for gamblers; our churches but "the abomination of desolation;" our worship but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal;" unless we welcome what heaven proffers to-day—its heavenly ministry? What is the recent glory of America but the monument that marks her grave, unless we open the heart to the influx of inspiration from the sainted heroes whom God needs to convict of sin, and conjoin our civilization with its true source of immortality? The ship of State goes down in the gathering storm, wrecked forever, if we listen not to the heavenly oracles. America, best of all, is appointed to qualify citizens for the Republic that is above. Here may tread the holiest thought, and round into life the truest action; here the imperial gateways may open in floods of love to rejoice mankind. Our sin is unpardonable, if we smother what the "spirit saith unto the churches." Our destiny is exemplified in the glory of human history, if we

give heed; we rise then to shape the religion and politics of the world.

"War shall cease;
Did ye not hear that conquest is adjured?
Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers to deck
The Tree of Liberty!"

—Radical.

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

True Healers.

BY HERMANN STUDER.

It was at first my intention to fight a duel with every one of the three *medical* schools, and now Homeopathy should come in for her share. But here my heart almost fails within me. It is not filial piety that deters me, as I once too have been a disciple and admirer of Hahnemann, nor is it a mistrust of the soundness of my views, but—don't feel offended, dear reader—some kind of mistrust of the spiritualistic reader. Call it fear, if you please, perhaps it is the right name. There is something so wonderful, incomprehensible, truly marvelous in the Homeopathic doctrine, that what one grain of medicine cannot accomplish, a one millionth part of it will, that the marvel loving part of my reading public, and I fear it is pretty numerous, would be prejudiced against me from the very outset, and so any influence I might otherwise exert, be cut off at the very beginning. And this does not lie in my plan of operations. But this much I cannot hold back. Homeopathy acts on the principle that the human physical organization is a microcosm of the universe without. I do not deny that, because I see it is true to some extent. But then if Homeopathy goes so far, as it universally does, as to say that the human system corresponds to all the qualities and properties of every created thing under the sun, and that therefore everything may—how must I say? physico-spiritually act on our system, then the thing grows out of my reach and range, and I must ask for the evidence of it. I never have found it yet in any Homeopathic hand-book. But suppose it was so! If these dynamic forces don't then, in case of necessity, act of their own accord, if the acting principle must come from without, why in the name of truth have these forces been implanted into our system? If the creator could not make them autonomic, but had to rely on Homeopathy to come to his rescue, then it appears he attempted to do something and could not carry it out. I don't believe in such a thing. The human physical organization is as perfect as anything else of the same workmanship. Homeopathy cures symptoms and relies on medicines to do it; that is enough to place her, in this respect, on a level with Allopathy. But there is an immense progress in Homeopathy, that her medicines are, in reality, no medicines at all. But in their practical working both branches have blended pretty much together; the Allopaths have quit more or less their horsekilling doses, and the Homeopaths only too often show little faith in their infinitesimal doses.

The same holds, with some modifications, true of the physiological school; in theory they condemn medicine, in practice they expect health to be the offspring of poison.

Of Hydropathy I shall speak occasionally when treating of the new Physiatric system.

And now let us see what this new school thinks of disease and its cure.

Perhaps I shall be understood best if I draw a parallel.

Imagine for a moment the terrible uproar that in outward nature precedes the outbreak of a splendid thunderstorm in summer; the howling wind lashing the dark masses of cloud, the glimmering lightnings, the rolling thunder and the torrents of water pouring down as if they were going to drown the old sea! Imagine you never yet had witnessed this terrific and sublime spectacle, and you were surprised by it, alone and unprepared, how would you thus feel? Certainly you would think the hour of general destruction had come, the heavens would fall in ruins and cover the earth with their debris. You never would nor could believe that this seeming disharmony could dissolve and disentangle itself into the best and finest order; yea, that even in this very confusion there were already contained and prepared the germ and conditions of the most perfect and beautiful harmony! What do you think, does such a storm not bear some resemblance to our acute diseases? Certainly, in more than one respect. Now, if, amid the terrific uproar of outward nature you remain quiet and hope for the best from the action of the eternal and immutable laws of nature, why then do you lose your senses, if your physical nature, that is no less subject to eternal and wise laws, tries to get rid of, and through similar storms, throws of the accumulated diseased substances?

Just as some quiet and fine days precede every thunderstorm, when the conditions for this phenomenon are forming, sometimes quick, sometimes slow; and just as the storm is the means to harmonize again the state of the atmosphere in a grand and efficacious style; just so, very frequently, during our well days there are diseased substances forming in our bodies, so slowly and gradually, often,

that we are scarcely aware of the fact. If they have accumulated to a certain degree, the vital energies that are implanted in every living being, and pre-eminently so in man, are at last aroused to overcome all the artificial obstacles we may have placed before them, to throw those disturbers out of the system. If this crisis in us begins, which is always accompanied by fever or inflammation, or both, then we are used to say that the disease has broken out. Now if in such cases we should voluntarily act as we are, by our powerlessness over external nature, compelled to do in a storm—if we should remain quiet spectators to the struggle in which nature tries to rid herself of the accumulated impure substances—if we did not dictate and wrong nature, but rather would abstain from everything that might impede that struggle, or bring it into false tracks, *which medical treatment always does*—then this struggle would in most cases, and especially in the easier ones, develop and end just as happily as that majestic process of purification in outward nature.

Fever and inflammation, as well as the pains accompanying them, are as necessary, and work, in an unimpaired constitution, as beneficially as thunder and lightning, rain and wind, in a storm. As these are only workers in the grand process of atmospherical purification, so are fever and inflammation only the manifestations of nature's own healing efforts, to remove from the system the disease generating substances. Therefore, what most physicians take to be the disease itself, what they ever and ever try to subdue with all possible weapons, because they do not understand nature's own way of curing disorders, fever and inflammation, are the real healers; they are indeed the true physician's best allies; the true and oldest physicians, with diplomas from God's own hands. Sure, they bear no titles, keep no horses nor carriages to parade the streets, nor do they write prescriptions a yard long and send them to the drug store, yet they are nothing less than true magical doctors, without whose assistance no physician in the world is able to cure one patient.

All true physicians have recognized the high importance of the fevers, and that is why the great Harless said: "Give me the power to create fever in chronic diseases, and I shall cure all suffering." But in the eyes of our healing artists of to-day this is a standpoint overcome long ago, and they think they have done wonders if they succeed in subduing a fever, or, to give the thing straightway the right name, to knock down the natural healing powers of the system! Who, under such circumstances, wonders yet at the number of victims which the medical cures daily send to the churchyard, and at the numberless sufferers with chronic disease who owe their tortures and pains to nothing else but a perverse treatment of an acute disease.

Now, it must be conceded that those natural powers, fever and inflammation, often kill the patient! How is this? Does nature here, perhaps, contradict herself? Never! The solution of this enigma is to be sought only and alone in the physical degeneration of humanity.

It does not take great trouble to convince ourselves of the truth of the assertion. Look around you and count your neighbors who have no ailments at all! Think of the numberless infants that are daily hurried to the grave! Don't it look just as though in no distant future a healthy girl or woman would be such a rarity as to excite a Barnum's covetousness? If a war breaks out, diseases destroy always more men than the bullet and the sword. Prof. Bock says in this respect: "Whoever is able to duly open his eyes should see, indeed, that the great plurality of mankind hobbles about on our earth pale and emaciated for want of blood, dejected and morose through hypochondria and hemorrhoids, limping and stiff-legged in consequence of rheumatism or gout, fore and aft, up and down, tortured by pains and hysterics, hollow-eyed, bald-headed, toothless and humpbacked. Are these indeed the images of God—these the lords of creation?"

If no small portion of this degeneration of humanity must be ascribed to our hyper-civilization, strayed too far from nature, still evidently the main portion of it must be attributed to that "blind confidence in everything that comes from the drug-store."

And this degeneration, debasement, this loss of original purity and nobility, is the cause why those forces—fever and inflammation—that God has instituted as guardians of our health and life, often work and act with such impetuosity that the enervated body cannot stand it, and succumbs to them. The only salvation lies in a return to nature. Above everything else, the labor that humanity has to do must be distributed more evenly on all shoulders and hands. It should not be that one class is crushed down by physical over-working, while the other class is condemned, under the weight of its wealth, to take loathsome medicine to resist (?) the vengeance that nature takes upon them, and to resort to artificial and hateful methods to save a life which is not worth saving, because it is useless and dishonorable. Labor is a physical as well as a moral law of nature. It is one of the conditions of the existence of families and races, as shown from the observations of Fresnel. This excellent naturalist observed that every time when four generations had succeeded one another without devoting themselves to some manual labor, the

children of the fifth one died away from the breast, because the exercise of the arms is required indispensably for an energetic and healthy development of the respiratory organs.

So we see that the two-fold exercise of body and mind is a law of nature. She bids us cultivate the fields, to build, to subdue with iron and fire, with the mind and with the arm, and her summons don't go to one particular class, but to humanity. She does not will it that the one should toil while the other one lies idle. Her justice is general, without any privileges; all must obey, for obedience is the preservation of the races, and infringement of the law is death.

But now we must take the circumstances as they exist—that return will not be a work of to-morrow or the day after, and the natural powers, being unable, in consequence of the weakly constitutions of men, to counterbalance all disturbing influences, much less to ride out an outbreaking disease,—a direct support and help is an indispensable condition, and, therefore, the art of healing must be called to assistance.

But which art of healing? It has been already sufficiently demonstrated that the science of *medicine* is utterly unable to afford that assistance. She disregards entirely the voice of nature, and, instead of assisting her in her efforts of healing, she tramples them under her feet with her abominable medicines. But unquestionably the time will come when the entirely rotten structure of medicine will fall to ruins. Whatever epoch will accomplish this, it will be an everlasting laurel to it. Should not we win the prize? We would not lose anything, but rather gain infinitely by it, and will gain so much more if in all cases of disturbed health we confide ourselves to the Schrotian natural system of healing, if a thing so simple as this may be properly called a system. It has been found by following up nature's own teaching; and consists in nothing more or less than a support to the imminent natural healing forces, checking and regulating them with a mighty and powerful hand, where in their excessive working they endanger life and existence; awakening and rousing them up to action, where they are too weak and dormant, and enabling them thus to fulfill their destination!

When the patient, who lies there in wild, feverish dreams, may be compared to a drowning man, who, by the use of his feet and hands tries to avert destruction—then medicine may be likened to a pseudo-friend, who fastened weights of lead to his limbs under pretense of saving him—while the Schrotian method throws out a life-preserver, wherewith the poor fellow reaches the land in safety.

Just as the nightly jack-o'-lantern leads into swamps and morasses those who follow its deceptive light, but at last fades away before the light of the conquering sun, so will and shall—it is my firm conviction—baneful medicine be forced to give way before the Naturopathy of the immortal Schroth.

NERVOUS CHILDREN.—We live in an age of nervousness. Too many of the children born now, instead of possessing a balance of the temperaments, have a preponderance of the nervous system, with large brains, active minds, and too little heart, stomach and lungs. This comes from the greater activity and use of the brain now, compared with the body, than formerly. It is a misfortune, but only one of the results of violated physical law—the iniquities of the parent visited upon the children. Such children are rarely an honor to their parents, are difficult to rear, and liable to brain disease and premature death. They should be treated with great carefulness. Give their bodies a chance to grow. If the mother is healthy, let them nurse till they are two years, or even older. Feed them regularly on wholesome food, and as much as they can well digest. Cultivate in them a desire to sleep as much as possible. Let them live quiet lives, having abundance of plain, wholesome food, fresh air and good sleep, cool heads and warm feet, with absence of much mental excitement, and they will, to a great extent, outgrow this tendency and become healthy men and women. Some of the brightest and most useful citizens of the present day were children of this class, and would have died but for a wise system of care on the part of their parents, who allowed their bodies to grow and catch up with their brains during the period of growth. Parents should understand this, that the body grows only to the age of twenty, or, perhaps, in some cases, a few years longer, and if they would secure healthy bodies for their children, they should give them every possible chance to grow during this period. It is difficult to make much improvement afterward. A child will outgrow a weakness and inherited tendency to disease, when five years old, that he could never overcome after thirty. We repeat, if you have children with a preponderance of the brain temperament, let their bodies have a good chance to develop and restore a balance of organization when they are in the growing stage of life.—*Herald of Health.*

It is better to be the founder of a great name than its unworthy survivor. When a marshal of France was reminded by others of the obscurity of his birth, he proudly replied, "I am my own ancestor."

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit,
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TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

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EARNEST WORDS TO THE SPIRITUAL BUILDERS.

What if the angels manage the electric batteries of our dear mother Earth, will it not thunder all round? It is so. There is no peace. Revolution is everywhere. The whole political and ecclesiastical strata are trembling, breaking, scattering, into confusion. Under the present order of things, we would not have it otherwise. There is no other recourse to open up for higher law and gospel. Instead of splicing and patching the rifts, when a volcano is underneath us, we would sound the alarm, proclaim war upon every oppression, and deal blows that shall tell effectually against every enemy of human rights. It needs now no prophet's eye to see that the popular church, lecherous with anointed sin, must fall. Standing to-day in the way of human progress, as the Confederacy that rebels against God, its whole dark pile of mockeries must be struck with the bolts of heaven. What if she unites all her conservative forces—papal, episcopal, orthodox—and declares war against the Radicals, in her pulpits, and presses, and jesuitical conclaves, it will only hasten the battle.

It is useless to disguise the fact that we are not of them, nor they of us. Theirs is "plenary inspiration," done up in creedal pills and administered to cure the sick of their own abuses; ours the live thought that flows from the inspirational springs of God; theirs is "the letter that killeth;" ours the "Spirit that giveth life;" theirs the authority of dogmas; ours the right of criticism on all books and the acceptance of every truth as the word of God. Are we right? Ask the inward Christ and angels; ask the soul that listens and loves; ask the "signs of the times" that augur a religious crisis.

Of solemn import, then, is the duty assigned us. The emancipation of the soul from fetters more galling than ever crushed our sable brethren, and thence the construction of the new temple of industrial life, answering perfectly as the supply to the demand of the age, is a trust commanding with a divine authority the union, the lofty purpose, the self-sacrifice, and the energy of all the radical forces of the country. We are isolated, scattered, and feebly organized. Society is groaning in the prisons of its own creation. The question presses upon us with the weight of a world upon the shoulders of Atlas, what keys are we using to unlock them? what are we doing for the diffusion of our inspired literature, for the education of the new installment of reformers waiting with armor on for action, for the persecuted and starved souls who cry daily for the "bread of life," for the stability of our work in local and circulatory culture and development? With what deep pathos comes the cry from every quarter, What will unite us in holy bonds? Is it in the reconstruction of the political government, in the institutionalizing of more equal laws, in the unity of business interests, in the more practical systems of education? All this is essential. There must be balance between the external and internal. To make a beautiful and healthy body to the expanded soul of the age is a work worthy of the gods. Yet we say, this alone will never unite us, will never save us from the miseries of our present social antagonisms. Put a devil in a paradise, and he will make a hell of it. In the very discords and war that must accrue to inharmonious proportions, Divine Wisdom aborts every attempt of reformers to reconstruct society in improved order before it is prepared for it.

Institutions are the forms of wisdom. When mind changes they change. Just as we love and think, so is the government, the church, the world. They are not primal in reforms, but secondary. Where shall the Reformer work—on the machinery of institutions alone? Such men have not yet put off their swaddling clothes. They are walking on their hands with their feet dangling in the air. What! no higher life than the material? Can the big earth be green and beautiful and rich with fruits without sunbeams "from above?" Are muscles, and bones, and lungs, and eyes, and brains, and houses, and railroads, and stocks in trade, the *summum bonum* of living and learning? In a century where are they? Let the sepulchres of matter answer. These are but the molds of spirit by which it experiments its way through eternity, feeling after the infinite.

What of the world to-day? It is banded round with telegraphs, laden rich with science and philosophy, and yet is rioting in a social pandemonium. It has just waked up of late to find it is dying. It has caught a glimmer of immortality, and greeted the loved departed. It has applied the magnetic intelligence of the Spirit spheres to healing, music, painting, and enchanted life with better love and beauty. Under this power the chains of the bondmen have sundered, and revolutions swept around the globe, disintegrating church and state, for a newness in everything.

But the novelty of all this has passed away. We are looking now for the *practical* of the Spiritual phenomena. We have discovered that not yet is the millennium come. Humanity groans under the new light revealing its imprisonment. Not a church feeds us, not a government protects us; we are "born again," but are without a Spiritual house adequate to the needs of the age. The temple is not built. We have not yet even the "patterns from the mount." Without these we erect but a babel tower. Not yet has come the worship which serves as the soul of business, and blends all interests in one embodiment hallowed to God. But it is coming; the union is certain. Let the prophet of heraldic mission cry in our wilderness, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

Qualification for reform is obtained at the mount of transfiguration, within the HOLY OF HOLIES. Here souls blend as raindrops for the heavenly bow that spans the overshadowing cloud, out of which speaks the Spirit—"This is my beloved Son!" Here the Christ stood in the midst of spirits and plumed his mind for lofty endeavor. Here is opened to view the sacred heart of humanity, throbbing, bleeding, linking destiny to hope, good to suffering, love to sorrow. Here the Reformer is clothed with the lightnings of truth to hurl them upon the citadels of wrong. Here the true messengers to our world are girded with two-edged swords that shall cut down our black aristocracies, thrill with joy our humble poor, and transform our social hells into happy paradises.

Brothers! sisters! we have earned the right of admission into the *inner courts*, for we have passed through persecutions worse than ten thousand deaths. "Come up hither!" is the invite of Heaven. Commence, then, the exploration of the soul's passions—discover its forces, its powers, its needs—"enter in to thy closet"—"pray to thy Father in secret"—venture an *individual* Spiritual experience—make spirits not objects of worship but companions seeking the Infinite—localize culture—give stability to purpose—conquer prejudice—banish suspicion—deny self—broaden charity—and up will spring to our standard the radical mind of the world. Equipped thus with the energy of inspiration highest and best that stirs the deep fountains of the soul, with the power of the moral principle that knows no compromise and no surrender, affiliated in spirit and conventional measures with every philanthropic heart, united in name for practical works, the thought we utter shall be a tongue of fire consuming oppression, and the love we feel for humanity shall be a sun-fusing life, blossoming all round the world the white lilies of peace.

IMPOLITENESS AND THE GALLOWS.

The other day, whilst riding on the cars, we noticed an elderly man sitting alone in a seat, evidently cogitating on the "depravity of human nature" and the "wrath of God." Our impression was that he is a deacon of some iron-bound church, or else a parson of the "straightest sect of the Pharisees." "Please sir, I will set here," we said, with quiet importunity, equivalent in manner to a right of possession. He looked coldly "Yes." The air of the car was exceedingly oppressive, and we politely asked if he would permit us to sit by the window, and for a moment snuff the air and get relief. "No," he replied, "this is my place!" In a few moments our good Bro. Jewell, of Wheaton, came along, his face luminous with hope and his heart warm with philanthropy, bearing in his hand a petition to the Legislature for the abolition of the gallows in Illinois.

"Perhaps," we said, with positive emphasis, "this gentleman (?) would like to sign our petition."

"Oh, yes," broke in Bro. J., "we would be glad to get his name. Sir, we believe hanging folks is barbarous, let us

earnestly pray for the abolition of the gallows; will you sign this?"

"No!" he thundered. "No! I am in favor of hanging! I never will sign such a petition as long as I live!"

Seeing a vacant seat we left the stern man reading the delectable news of the latest murder case. All things are in harmony—ecclesiastical aristocracy, impoliteness, the gallows, and eternal damnation. If we cast out one of these devils we must all. Out with the gangrene. The whole social system is rotten. Strike it down! Build anew! On to the battle!

THE LABOR REFORM.

There is no question of general interest that is so rapidly gaining favor, and challenging the attention of all classes of people, as that of reform in our labor system. The steps already taken in this direction involve questions of startling import, and it behoves every person who proposes to keep up with the times, and "open on all sides to fresh inspirations," to cast about and define to his understanding the situation, that all action may be wise and direct.

Americans do not wonder that the workingmen of England are restive; that they who labor day by day, and year after year for a bare subsistence, deprived of rights by the government and participation in its administration, should ask for reform and extension of their liberties.

"The workingmen of England should have the ballot," the Republicans in America will say, "and we will aid them in obtaining it." Very well. Give the masses of England the ballot, and what will be the result? The people will be elevated and aristocracy unstilted; the monopoly of caste will gradually succumb to the energy and growth of men and women, who, feeling new responsibilities will at once spring into activities not now even dreamed of by them.

The situation of workingmen in England and America is not identical, yet it is similar. The English workingmen are under political restraint because of deprived, inalienable rights. The workingmen of America are correspondingly restrained because of limited opportunities to exercise the rights tacitly granted them. England's next advance step will consist in the enfranchisement of the workingmen. America's will consist in measures for the free and thorough education of the masses, in the direction of economy in labor, that there may be also culture. Says Emerson, "It is the instinct of men that education is dangerous to tyranny; the higher the culture, the greater the liberty."

"The work of America is to make the advance of ideas possible, to prove that everything that is immoral is inhuman."

Whatever may be the primary or intermediate purpose of labor reform in America, its ultimate is culture of individuals and society, and by culture we mean the process which attains to Wholeness, which alone secures equity of action and permanency of peace and happiness.

In England, inherited caste and fortune rules. Monopoly of land and labor keeps down the enterprise of the masses. Americans can see this very plainly; but how is it in America? As a rule, a full pocket and an empty head will outweigh a score of full heads and empty pockets. Money rules, and as near as possible in two countries, so dissimilar, what "blood" is in England, as the basis of caste, money is in America. As a consequence, capital monopolizes labor, aggregating to itself the net profits of enterprise, while the laborer lives, and only lives from year to year. The rich man grows richer, the poor man holds his own, only because it is the bare necessity of living.

It is the universal comment of rich men, who by scheming have amassed wealth, that it was harder to get the first thousand dollars, than the next ten thousands. The first thousand a man has he usually earns himself; the next ten thousands others earn for him, and so on; hence the difference in labor to the capitalist, as his wealth accumulates.

It may be said that this is a free country; that a man can manage his own affairs as he chooses; he can work for himself or others; that the reason why men keep poor and subject to capital is because they are not smart, etc. This is very easily said, but it is not true, as a rule.

First, this country is no doubt more free than any other, but society cramps every poor man and woman, and every noble spirit has been pierced through and through by the sword of circumstance.

Second, the man who concludes to set up for himself must go into trade and take his chances, and play his hand among greedy gamblers, and, being with the Romans, "do as the Romans do." Or, as a mechanic, boss the job, and take the profits from his fellow craftsmen instead of dividing with them. It is hard to say that no truly conscientious man would resort to either of these means to gain a competence, when so many respectable people employ them.

Third, one may buy land at a small price by leaving civilization and going to the frontier; or he may buy it nearer some center, at third or fourth hand, bargaining to pay a large price to some speculator, and then tell some son to run for years, and when he is laid jointed and rheumatic with overwork, he has managed to "pay for his home," at the expense of self-culture, and true happy refinement.

simply because the whole attention must be turned to money-getting. We all know that when a man has labored ten or more hours in succession, he is not in a condition to apply himself to study or deep searching reflection, nor can he in justice tax his vitality by such a process.

As yet few people realize the perversions and extremes that actually exist in society, and the impending crisis that is sure to result. What is to be done? "The work of America is to make the advance of ideas, possible—to prove that everything that is immoral is inhuman," and this cannot be effectually done until the masses are reached and relieved.

It is not enough that the laborers live even comfortably, but only live, if at that rate capital swells its proportions and fosters idleness on the part of capitalists. We want and *must have* radical reform. Place the laborer in such relation to capital that both can thrive, and the thrifths of each enhance the opportunities of the other.

To this end we are in favor of the eight hour law, which will confer a degree of independence on the laborer and secure to him opportunities not now possible.

It will reserve time and vitality for other use than mere muscular effort, and people will think, and to *think* is to evolve a higher consciousness of the nature of things, which is to inspire manners and morality; which will secure progress in Ideas, and this alone is permanent advancement. We are fully convinced that the progress of American society, now and for the future, depends upon the condition of the producing classes. We don't want piles of money. We don't want *refined* classes, as against poverty and workingmen and women. *We want universal independence and education*, thus basing society on actual *worth* and securing it by wise, equitable measures. Let us not be short-sighted or selfish, but with true zeal do all we can for the *body* of society with the assurance that whatever can be accomplished in the reform of labor, aiding the workers of the world, will be for its greatest good.

Not only is it desirable to favor independence by economy of time, but by harmony of action. Associate movements are fast gaining confidence. Joint stock companies in which the workmen are shareholders, sharing the profits of labor, are beginning to appear, and throughout the country there is a sure awakening of the masses to a sense of their situation.

We have now before the Illinois Legislature a bill introduced by Mr. H. M. Shepard, of Cook county, making eight hours a legal day's work, for all mechanics and laborers by the day, which, if passed, will take effect on the first of May. In Michigan the Eight Hour League lately held a large and enthusiastic meeting at Lansing, at which the following resolutions were adopted, showing that the movement has no surface origin, nor is it destined to mere surface results:

WHEREAS, The growing and alarming encroachments of capital upon the rights of the industrial classes, have rendered it imperative that they should calmly and deliberately devise the most effective and available means by which the same may be arrested,

Resolved, That the first grand desideratum of the hour, in order to deliver the labor of the country from this thralldom, is the adoption of a law that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work, and also a law prohibiting the disposition of the public domain to any person or persons, individual or corporate, except to actual settlers upon the same, and that they are determined never to relax their efforts until these glorious results have been consummated.

Resolved, That the public domain belongs to the people, and like air and water, it is one of the elements of man's existence, that no man or set of men have a right to deprive him of, but recognizing the right of the General Government to regulate the disposition of the same at a fixed minimum price to actual settlers only, and that in all future legislative action in regard thereto, they shall be so considered, and whenever it may be decided advisable to encourage the same, the proceeds thereof, and not the lands shall be granted.

Resolved, That we deem it but justice that our working classes should have the first lien for their wages on whatever piece of machinery they may have been employed on, and that the same may be collected without cost or loss of time to the artisan.

Resolved, That we will not support any man for the Legislature unless pledged to use all his influence to amend the laws of State to conform with the spirit of the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That we deprecate what are familiarly known as strikes among working men, and would recommend that every other honorable means be exhausted before such a course is resorted to.

Resolved, That the formation of mechanics' institutes, lyceums, reading-rooms, and the erection of buildings for these purposes, is recommended to the workmen in all cities and towns as a means of advancing their intellectual culture and social improvement.

Resolved, That we recommend to workingmen, whenever pressed by want of employment, to proceed to the public lands, and become actual settlers thereon, thereby coupling the industry of the country with its natural advantages to the development of both.

Resolved, That we recognize in co-operative industry a sure and lasting remedy for the abuses of our present system of labor, and we urge the formation of co-operative associations in all sections of the country, and in all branches of business.

Resolved, That the formation of labor exchanges, in cities and villages, is a matter of vital importance, and we recommend that immediate steps be taken to secure such an institution wherever labor organizations exist.

Resolved, That we urge the formation of organizations, both agricultural and mechanical, throughout the State, so that they may be better able to act in concert with their fellow-laborers in this great and humane work.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Hon. George Thompson, the eloquent English champion of freedom, has been compelled, on account of feeble health, to decline invitations to lecture at the West, during the present season; but he will gladly answer calls to lecture either for Lyceums or freedmen's associations within the limits of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. He may be addressed "Chestnut Cottage, Roxbury, Mass."

George Dutton, M. D., formerly of Rutland, Vermont, announces that he is now prepared to enter the lecturing field, and will speak more particularly on Physiology, Hygiene, and Temperance. The Doctor is a man of fine talents. He can be addressed at Room 25, P. O. Building, Newburgh, N. Y.

Mr. B. P. Shillaber has formed an editorial connection with the *American Union*, and will also supervise the many excellent publications which are issued by Messrs. Elliott, Thomas & Talbot.

Hon. Gerrit Smith has contributed \$500 to aid the Cretons.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, who are well known as mediums for physical manifestations, are in this city and will remain a week or more.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences or other records connected with the history of the Spiritual Movement in America, to complete a projected work of hers, to be entitled "The History of American Spiritualism." Mrs. Hardinge leaves this country for Europe, next July, and any manuscripts or printed matter that can be lent to her for reference or extracts, will be carefully preserved and returned, if desired, within two years from this date. Contributions are solicited at the earliest possible period. During February to be addressed to 8 Fourth Avenue, New York; after that care of Thomas Kenney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass. A copy of Redman's "Mystic Hours" is wanted for purchase.

William Denton, the geologist, and earnest friend of Reform, is in Chicago, this week. He commenced a course of lectures on Geology, and the mineral wealth of Colorado, at Music Hall, on Monday evening, 4th inst., continuing, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. Mr. Denton has no superior as a geologist or public lecturer on this subject, and is doing great good.

Giles B. Stebbins is to lecture in Detroit, Mich., the 17th and 24th inst. He can be addressed at that place, care of E. B. Ward, Esq.

The family of Dr. J. P. Bryant will sail for California, some time this month. The Doctor writes that he shall visit Sacramento, Stockton, Virginia City, Cal., and Portland Oregon, before returning East.

Miss Lizzie Doten is speaking at Ebbitt Hall, New York, this month, with excellent success.

Our co-worker, J. O. Barrett, is to be the recipient of favors from his friends at Wheaton, Ill., on Thursday evening of this week.

VICTOR COUSIN.

A late writer says, in referring to M. Cousin, "The founder of modern eclecticism is dead; and one of the best men, most graceful of writers, broadest of thinkers, is lost to France and the world." The above sentence is the embodied Atheism of the century, to which we reply, no great good man ever dies, nor can be lost to his countrymen or the world. M. Cousin was born in 1792 of humble parentage, but his nature was sensitive and characterized by energy and aspiration. From his earliest day he was noted as a hard student, and ever successful among his classmates as a competitor for the prizes offered. The imitative arts, music and rhetoric were his favorite studies, therefore he was early led to select literature as a vocation. He rapidly rose to distinction. His name was first on the list of the newly organized Normal School of 1810. In the mean time his attention had been diverted from lighter literature to Philosophy. He first became engaged in metaphysics, or what was then known as the ideal school, and was afterwards associated with Robert Collard, who brought out in France the Spiritual theories of the Scottish writers. In 1815 M. Cousin commenced his first course of lectures on philosophy at the Sorbonne. In 1817 he visited Germany, where he became specially interested in the writings and views of the illustrious Kant. Thus far his researches had lifted his mind above the prevailing limited dogmas of the day—his views were considered dangerous, from the fact that they gave to the mind freedom of action, and embodied the idea of human accountability and rights, and his lectures were indefinitely postponed. From this time until 1827 he pursued his studies in Germany and other localities, when he was restored to the chair of Philosophy in the Sorbonne with Guizot and Villemaine as colleagues. Here his lectures at once attracted universal attention, full reports of them were distributed throughout France, and M. Cousin rose to the very zenith of popularity.

It was at this time that he brought forth his theories fully, and pronounced the then magic word Eclecticism, as a type of Philosophy. He selected from and combined

all other theories in one Grand Philosophy, referring all schools for their origin to Sensualism or Idealism, in which they had their root and by which they were characterized. The symmetry of Eclecticism consisted in a happy combination of the two extremes, thus uniting the power of Bacon and Descartes by affirming both the Inductive and Deductive methods. Students of Philosophy, and all who seek for a general knowledge of the rise and progress of civilization, especially in its mental characteristics, can do no better than to read the History of Philosophy by M. Cousin, in which he takes one over the whole domain of nature, humanity, Deity, history, religion, society, industry, Philosophy and great men. In saying this we do not endorse all of the views of M. Cousin, but his work is a masterpiece and can but be instructive and charming to any careful reader.

In 1830 he succeeded Baron Tounier as member of the French Academy, and became the recognized head of what was termed the official Philosophy. He reorganized the Normal School system, urging that education should be religious. He aided the revolution of 1848, since which time until his death he kept himself aloof from public life.

M. Cousin's works are numerous, a dozen or more, and throughout he maintains the same high-toned earnestness, the same elegance of style as in his earliest and freshest days. He seems to have ripened without wasting the flavor of youth. He believes that reason spontaneously seeks, and that we intuitively become conscious of, absolute truth; a position that is made quite impregnable by the advance of Philosophy up to the present time. It is with great admiration that we trace the career of one like M. Cousin the French Philosopher. He may have been voted heretical, unpractical, visionary; and to trace his thought may not be deemed by some a productive employment, but we venture to affirm that few men have been more useful in enlightening and helping education, civilization and liberal thoughts, and yet the breadth, depth and beauty of his philosophy is not attained. The idea of eclecticism and duality of method if practically received to-day would lift even our American society out of many of its shortcomings and miseries.

Oh, no, Cousin is not dead; nor is he lost to France or to the world. It is a simple fact that if a tube standing perpendicularly in a basin be filled with water and then perforated at the lower end, that the elevated water in the tube will act as a perpetual force upon the rising water in the basin until a complete equilibrium is gained. So with a man or woman in the world; here or there, physically alive or dead, he is an active force urging humanity on to his own level; if distributing, yet never losing; if unseen, yet always urging forward. Socrates, Jesus, Cousin and Emerson will move the world for generations to come, and then be conserved as an indestructible part of the universal Power.

Thus much it is to be a great, good, active man or woman. Those who base words or deeds on principles, though repelled at first, are loved for their worth in after years.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

In "A Tit with a Dominic," Mr. Linscott measures lances with Rebecca, and the result is a thorough review of the Bible argument concerning the position of woman. We think our author fairly captures the guns of the Orthodox enemy of Reform, and turns them upon his own camp. Many among us are beginning to suspect that there may not after all be so much amiss with the Bible as with the old time comprehension of it, and to such, this chapter will commend itself with peculiar force.

"A Motherless Child, and a Childless Mother," puts the heroine past another mile-stone in the journey of life, and opens to her a glimpse of a broader and a fairer landscape, than that through which her pilgrimage has lately led.

ATTENTION!

Occasionally we are in receipt of letters from faithful patrons, complaining in severe terms of some of our advertisers, pronouncing them "humbugs." Although we do not hold ourselves responsible for the medicines used or the prescriptions given, we do for the advertisements themselves, when they are *proved* to be cheats. We shall not, knowingly, advertise, recommend or encourage tricksters, quacks or mountebanks. Out from our columns all such will go quick, the moment they are demonstrated to be deceptions. The genuine article—that *only*. If any of our friends are satisfied any injustice has been done them through our advertisements, we would most heartily thank them if they will furnish us with the facts.

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.

Mr. Seth Palme will lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

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."

Honor to Our Workmen.

Whom shall we call our heroes;
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune;
The titled lord or king?
They live by other's labor—
Take all and nothing give;
The noblest types of manhood
Are they who work to live.
Then honor to our workmen,
Our hardy sons of toil—
The heroes of the workshop,
And monarchs of the soil.

Who spans the earth with iron,
And rears the palace dome?
Who creates for the rich man
The comforts of his home?
It is the patient toiler—
All honor to him, then!
The true wealth of the nation
Is in her workingmen.

For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep;
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep;
Then Labor's "anvil chorus"
Broke on the startled air,
And lo! the earth in rapture,
Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control;
And purifies and hallow
The temples of his soul.
It scatters foul diseases,
With all the ghastly train;
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain!

The Grand, Almighty Builder,
Who fashioned out the earth,
Hath stamped his seal of honor
On labor from her birth.
In every angel flower,
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches,
The handiwork of God!

Then honor to our workmen,
Our hardy sons of toil—
The heroes of the workshop
And monarchs of the soil!

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Woman's Rights Question.

BY G. D. C.

The principal idea, or, more properly, the only fairly defended argument expressed by the negative side of this question is, that many, if not all, of the duties of citizenship would interfere with the duties and offices peculiar to the sphere of woman, and thus strike a blow at the root, the foundation of society, which would be anything but beneficial.

This statement of the negative argument is plain and fair, with nothing either added or subtracted, for we surely would not wish to gain anything by any unfair construction of its statements, or by any emotional or sentimental appeals, but should endeavor to address the cool, better judgment, the reason, (that rebellious faculty,) of our opponents. When we take into consideration the right of citizenship of woman, we are considering but a part of the true subject, it is a division of the main question; but in this division the question which first arises is, What is citizenship?

The idea of citizenship in a free country like ours is the right to have a part or power in the government; and with that right are inseparably connected certain duties. Now, both sides of the question have each an argument which (as far as our knowledge extends) cannot be fairly met. One party states that as woman is subject to taxation, is subject (eminently more than man) to the power of the law, therefore she should have a part, or a voice, in that government to which she is tributary and subject; also, that, as the idea of suffrage is the division of the government among the governed, on the supposition of their possessing a discriminating or governing ability, and as it cannot be denied, is even confessed by the opposition, that woman is equal in the possession of this power with man, therefore should have an equal right. These statements are correct, and the inferences unquestionable—consequently, as a law of reason, they must be true.

The other party state that, as duties are inseparably connected with rights, that the enjoyment of the rights necessitates the performance of the duties, and as it would be nothing short of foolishness to attempt to prove such a self-evident and generally confessed fact as that woman is (both herself and especially by her relations) incapable of per-

forming the duties of government, therefore should not be vested with the rights thereof. It can be said of this, as of the other, we have every reason to believe it to be true. Now, there is no necessity of declaring that there is a discrepancy—"a screw loose somewhere;" it is plainly to be seen that we have omitted to recognize and consider some fact, some condition, which bears a more positive relation, a more radical or primal position, to the question in hand. This inference is inevitable, unavoidable, and unquestionable. It now remains to discover and define this discrepancy. In all the arguments advanced on both sides we have invariably noticed the confession of this principle: That while woman (not possessing either any more or less faculties than man) was naturally the equal of man, yet, nevertheless, was, by the nature of her peculiar sphere, differently related to the government and society of which she is a constituent; or, that, while equal, was entitled to every right common to man, yet, by the nature of her different relation to society, was disabled from the performance of the duties; thus, as we see, constituting a peculiar class, which, as such, must be dealt with according to their special or peculiar constitution. This inference, I hope, is perfectly reasonable, for does difference merely of relation to society (with a confessed natural equality) preclude the enjoyment of rights? So, as we have in woman a peculiar class which we cannot with justice deprive of the rights, neither with justice or benefit to society impose the duties of citizenship, therefore we are, in justice and reason, bound to grant to this class the rights of which they have been so long deprived; and as for the benefit to society of this act we have only to ask our consciences, How can society be injured by granting simple justice to those deprived of it? And if society is injured by the administration of JUSTICE, it is high time that it should be re-modeled.

January, 1867.

Labor—Wealth—Their Uses.

BY H. H. MARSH.

Change is nature's normal condition,
Action or reaction is its ceaseless routine;
With all things, to exist is to do.

Growth in some degree or dissolution is the stern alternative demanded of all conceivable matter. Labor and live; cease to do so, and perish, is immutable. All apparent exceptions, when tested by time, more surely establish its truth. Everything desirable to be achieved, whether small or great, demands exertion. He who does not labor earnestly and energetically has no cause of complaint, though he remain puny and unnoticed. A daily increasing toil is the secret of a great life. It resolves that which in the outset seems impossible, to trifling proportions. To such as practice it, there is no failure. Love of ease more plainly than ought else, discovers want of inspiration and intellectual greatness.

As the mind seeks expression through material conditions so must its activities become conspicuous in deeds. Mental inferiority must be the verdict pronounced upon that life which presents no work of consequence. He who would live by the labors of others, has the stamp of imbecility upon his character; but he who, unaided and unpropped, battles with all contending forces, who with his own hands does whatever is necessary to be done, exhibits a strength of character which sooner or later will be respected. To labor is to be a man; to be a thing, is but to remain in idleness.

However severe this ordeal, when applied to leisurely and fashionable classes, its sentence is irrevocable. In its own good time sound intelligence will consign such to deserved infamy. He who covets their leisure is a fool; scarcely less simple is he who would don their gaudy apparel. Real strength or innate beauty covets no exterior attractions. Clothe deformity with the most artistic surroundings, and the contrast makes it only the more apparent. An elegant frame never compensates for a bad picture.

Affectation is a device so shallow as to provoke either the pity or contempt of the wise. To be, to act himself, is the height of man's endeavor. Yet if his aims are either broad or high, self will be lost in the magnitude of his undertakings. The thing to be done will overshadow the doer. In doing consists all of attainment. To appropriate and hoard the effects of labor, presupposes fear; therefore is weakness. To disseminate wealth, is strength. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt receive it after many days." Multifarious as are the phases of nature, all illustrate, none contradict, these truths. If a tree ceases to grow, it must inevitably decay. Should it fruit in this condition, the harvest is premature. Should it produce none, the design to a much greater extent is unaccomplished. But if healthy, and producing a crop which is retained until maturity, so far as the tree and fruit are concerned, nature's intentions are perfected. So long as contact was necessary to growth, the tree held the fruit, but when sufficiently ripened, the tree casts off what it had before so zealously retained.

Among the lower animals, the mother, with the greatest solicitude, guards her offspring until capable of self-support, then casts it off, and under no circumstances will do ought to weaken the self-reliance of her progeny.

Nature imparts, until the object becomes self-supporting, then as constantly withholds further aid.

These lessons, taught by more rudimental creations, should not be forgotten by man. He should recollect that all existence is unitary; that developed humanity must have corresponding analogies. To labor is noble; the production of wealth is commendable; but to apply that wealth to humanitarian uses, is a far greater test of nobility. Within certain limits we must retain and perfect our products. This attained, like the tree, we must release our grasp, scattering what we had been so intent to gain; else do we less than life in its lower forms. Were such economy possible, what would be our estimate of a tree that should refuse to ripen its fruit through fear that the ripening process would curtail its powers of appropriation? With much ability in this direction do we hug the fruits of our labors, until they wither and rot in our grasp.

Such is the abnormal result of accumulation. The incessant producer, with a weakness closely allied to that of him who produces nothing, refuses to make humanitarian investments. Forgetting, or having never learned, that Nature knows no ends, but uses all seeming ones as means for higher conditions, he hoards, although the treasure becomes a burden, though its sweet be transformed to bitterness. With the increase of ill-used gain comes a yet greater desire to accumulate, until the supervision of the superfluous treasure becomes more laborious to its possessor than the acquisition of life's simplest necessities to him whose wages he has reduced to a pittance. Such persistent chase after phantom-happiness most forcibly exhibits the childhood of the race. His boyhood extended, he has but exchanged one bubble for another.

To labor for the satisfaction of acquisitiveness, or for such display of power as wealth renders possible, reveals gross materiality. To labor for the pleasures which labor confers, is the prophecy of high civilization; but to derive the purest satisfaction from labor consecrated to others' uses is godlike. As even nature asserts herself, as by refraction she shows a glimpse of the coming day, so even now we approach that dawn whose prominent declaration is that labor is happiness, that idleness is misery. Still further, that labor being happiness, any accumulation looking to future ease is as suicidal as is self-destruction to rid ourselves of earth-life responsibilities. To the correct thinker, all toil, however severe, is educational, all life a school which admits of no graduation.

As labor is essential to happiness, so, also, is wealth. As labor must be generally distributed to promote happiness, so must wealth. Proportionate to the inequalities in the distribution must be the amount of misery. He who conceives that self-gratification is true enjoyment, has learned but little. He who sees that universal labor, wealth and happiness are one and inseparable, has reached that point where he can begin to unravel the intricate web of so-called political economy, and, to some extent, present true lights for human guidance, instead of those reflections hitherto so fearfully uncertain. That the elaboration of this idea is to be one of the chief features of the now dawning era, is plainly apparent; that universal liberty, without universal employment, is as truly a slavery as is that system of labor extorted by the lash of a master; that the promulgation of this idea must originate a new political science, basing all proprietary rights upon simple labor, instead of usury, which now swallows up its products; that when each performs so much of physical labor as shall guarantee robust health, then will the lowest and weakest have time for the study of political principles, thus transforming voting cattle into self-reliant law-givers. Only by increasing the dignity of labor can this be accomplished. Tried by this ordeal, all arbitrary, all class honors must perish. Capital is our child-toy; labor the mark of manhood, the great chime of the spheres, whose undulations constitute the eternal.—*National Workman.*

How Capital is Rewarded.

We see it announced that the Ocean Cotton Mills, of Newburyport, Mass., have recently declared a dividend of ten per cent., and added ten per cent. to its reserve funds. This is a pretty good six months' work. The Bartlett Cotton Mills recently declared ten per cent. on \$350,000, which was but fifty per cent. of the net earnings for six months—making an annual profit of forty per cent. The James' Mills did better still, having earned twenty-eight per cent. in six months, over fifty per cent. per annum. These investments are more profitable than mines of silver or gold.

Such profits, however, leave one of two inferences; either the consumers of the articles manufactured, or the workmen, are shamefully wronged, and most likely both. The workingmen, workingwomen, and working children, who make these fabrics, can barely earn a decent living, after working long hours. While the man who invests \$1,000 in James' Mill receives \$500, and does nothing, the operatives, the majority of them at least, earned less than that sum, although they worked hard every day and part of the night.

We are in favor of capital receiving a legitimate reward, but we also believe that labor should be proportionately

compensated. This disparity is monstrous, when we consider the condition of the mill operatives of the Eastern States. It is against both equity and justice that the gains of capital should reach such an enormous figure, while labor is suffered to languish in poverty. Both the consumer and the workman are entitled to a fair share of these profits; and society must be badly organized, indeed, when it robs itself to confer unearned benefits on the rich, while it denies the toiling poor who produce the wealth, all save the clothes they wear, and the food they eat, and both of an inferior quality.

We have rarely met with a more startling exemplification of the avarice of the age, than this little statement presents. Men who are made millionaires by such means, if they have a conscience, must toss upon their pillows uneasily at night, when they reflect upon the wholesale extortion they practice upon society, even if they are not haunted by the spectres of emaciated men, pale-faced women and overtaken children. Yet, in the face of such facts, the people are deceived by such official statements as the following, which we take from a recent Special Report (No. 10,) got up for the U. S. Revenue Commission, by Stephen Colwell:

"Great as has been the progress of the manufacturing industry of the country, and great as has been the consequent increase of national wealth and power, it is believed, on much investigation, that the individuals who have raised this vast structure have never realized two per cent. on the whole of the investments made in its progress.

Such nonsense needs no comment.—*Iron Moulders' International Union.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

Capillary System of Organic Beings.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Organic beings are composed of cellular tissues, and are consequently a frame work of capillaries. The organic system is not only permeated with veins, arteries, ducts and canals, but these ramify into minutest subdivisions, and the substance of the hardest portions of the frame is cellular. The lungs, the liver, in short every organ, depends for its efficacy on a capillary system. The spongioles of the roots of plants are capillary. By this means they force the sap up the capillary stem to the leaves, which entirely derive their functions from their capillarity.

In the sponges we see beings living, entirely reduced to the first principles of capillarity or absorption. Currents of water are drawn in through microscopic channels and expelled. Its nutrient particles are digested in the substance of the gelatinous mass and assimilated, how, it were difficult to determine.

If the hydra furnishes a type of a stomach, the sponges reduce life still lower, and show how a being can exist, can digest, and assimilate food through nothing more than a gelatinous mass of cells, with channels cut as it were through its inter-cellular spaces.

It is not, however, to the solid tissues that the phenomena of life are referable. They only guide and direct, and regulate the mixture and movements of the fluids. In warm blooded animals, the proportion of fluid to solid is as three to one, and in some of the lower forms, as the Medusa, it is probably lower than eight to one. The Medusa or Jelly-fish leaves little more than a stain on drying, and there are beings still lower, which are formed of a membranous cell enclosing a fluid, which seems to be almost completely resolvable to water. The small quantity of nitrogen in the membranous envelope indicates the living character of the cell.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Light in Animals and Plants.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Glow Worm is a coleopterous insect, living in the grass, and showing itself after sunset in spring and summer. The two last segments of its body appear yellowish by day, but in the dark emit a faint intermittent light. These rings remain for a time luminous after severance from the body, showing that the light does not depend on the life of the insect. Wonderful as this light appears, and beautiful to the poetic fancy, it can be explained purely by the principles of combustion. It is a phosphorescent secretion exuded from the rings. It is without perceptible heat, and varies with the temperature like other such substances. When the insect, or a detached segment, is subjected to a rising temperature the light increases in brightness to 99.5° Fah., when it no longer is intermittent, but continues up to 122°, when it ceases and the insect dies. When subjected to a temperature of 30.75° Fah. it becomes motionless and its light ceases. When again warmed the insect revives and its light is as bright as before.

The light is not seen when the insect is placed in carbonic acid, but if a little air be admitted, or a few bubbles of oxygen, it at once becomes luminous. When a detached segment is placed in oxygen, the light is much brighter, and

remains for days, and carbonic acid is found in the vessel caused by the absorption of oxygen.

It is thus evident that the light arises from the union of oxygen with a peculiar secretion. The organs by which this secretion is made can be seen by a good microscope, and are beautiful objects.

The ocean becomes luminous at times from swarms of animalcules. Decomposing fish emit light, and in certain diseases flames appear upon the bodies of men.

The blossoms of plants sometimes emit light. The flower breathes oxygen and exhales carbonic acid; change occurs with great rapidity, and to this combustion their phosphorescence can be referred.

Blood Relationship in Marriage.

A memoir with this title, by Dr. Mitchell, is included in a recent publication by the London Anthropological Society. The author confined his investigations to Scotland, where his duties as Deputy Commissioner of Lunacy have led him to examine many cases of insanity and defective development, some of which he attributes to the influence of consanguinity. His conclusions are as follows:

I. That consanguinity in parentage tends to injure the offspring. This injury assumes various forms, as diminished viability, feeble constitutions, bodily defects, impairment of the senses, disturbance of the nervous system and sterility.

II. That the injury may show itself in the grandchildren, so that there may be given to the offspring by the kinship of the parents a potential defect, which may become actual in the children, and thenceforth, perhaps, appear as a hereditary disease.

III. That idiocy and imbecility are more common than insanity in such cases.

We may add here, that the first thorough investigation on this subject was made in the State of Massachusetts, nearly twenty years ago, by Commissioners appointed "to inquire into the condition of the idiots of the Commonwealth, to ascertain their number, and whether anything can be done in their behalf." Under them 63 towns were examined, and 361 idiots were found. Dr. S. G. Howe, in his able report to the Senate of that State, described many sad cases which were the direct result of misconduct on the part of one or both parents. On the effect of intermarriage of relatives, he said:

"In assigning this as one of the remote causes of idiocy it is not meant that, even in a majority of cases, the offspring of marriage between cousins, or other near relations, will be idiotic. The cases are very numerous where nothing extraordinary is observable in the immediate offspring of such unions. On the other hand, there are so many cases where blindness, deafness, insanity, idiocy, or some peculiar bodily or mental deficiency, is seen in such offspring of the first or second generation, that one is forced to believe they cannot be fortuitous. Indeed, the inference seems irresistible that such intermarriages are violations of the natural law, though not such flagrant ones as always to be followed by obvious and severe punishment.

"Out of 350 cases in which the parentage was ascertained, one-twentieth of the whole were the offspring of the marriage of relations. Now, as marriages between near relations are by no means in the ratio of one to twenty, nor are even, perhaps, as one to a thousand to the marriages between persons not related, it follows that the proportion of idiotic progeny is vastly greater in the former than in the latter case."

In these instances most of the parents were intemperate or scrofulous; some were both the one and the other. Of course there were other causes to increase chances of infirm offspring beside that of intermarriage.

"Then it should be considered that idiocy is only one form in which nature manifests that she has been offended by such intermarriages. It is believed by some that blindness, deafness, imbecility, and other infirmities, are more likely to be the lot of the children of parents related by blood than of others. If so, and it seems likely that it is, then the probability of unhealthy or infirm issue from such marriages becomes fearfully great, and the existence of the law against them is made out as clearly as though it were written on tables of stone."

WHY THE SKY IS BLUE.—It is generally supposed that the color of the sky is due to moisture in our atmosphere, and the idea seems to be confirmed by the intensity of the color during the moist weather of summer, when compared with the sky of the more dry-weathered winter. It has recently been shown by Prof. [Cooke, of Cambridge, in a paper read to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, that this view is correct. He has found, by means of the spectroscope, a very delicate instrument of analysis, by which the most minute substances, even when at a distance, can be detected, that the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere absorbs most powerfully the yellow and red rays emanating from the sun, leaving the blue rays to be transmitted, and thus accounting for the color of the sky. The instrument also proves that the color is due to simple absorption of these rays by the water, and not to repeated reflections from the surface of an infinity of drops, as has been supposed.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Beautiful Land.

There's a Beautiful Land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there;
Its crystalline streams with a murmurous flow,
Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of Jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife;
And One known on earth as the angel of death,
Shines here as the angel of life!
And infinite tenderness beams from His eyes,
On His brow is an infinite calm,
And His voice, as it thrills through the depth of the skies,
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of a Beautiful Land
Walk the Souls who were faithful in this;
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs are fanned
That ever more murmur of bliss;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old Prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,
And left as they walked through the darkness of Wrong,
Their foot-prints encircled with light.

And the dear little children who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirits pure temple within—
All are there, all are there—in the Beautiful Land,
The Land by the spoiler untrod,
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned
That blow from the Gardens of God.

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams
On the city all paved with gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,
As through the green valleys they rolled;
And though it still waits on this desolate strand,
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

The Eighth of January, which has witnessed so many celebrations of the battle of New Orleans, will, hereafter, be more honored as the anniversary of a far greater event, as the day on which the first national legislation in the country in behalf of political equality was consummated. The battle of New Orleans was a brilliant feat; but, except as an exhibition of American generalship and bravery, had no real value, inasmuch as it was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed, and consequently had no bearing on public events. From the comparatively small numbers engaged, it also seems now to us like a mere skirmish beside the great encounters of the late war. But the passage of the District Suffrage Bill on the recent 8th is, we cannot doubt, the commencement of a series of public acts, which will only cease with the full establishment of impartial suffrage and equal rights through the whole land; and, looking to other nations and to more distant times, we may say, through the world.

"Ye circling years, fly swifter round,
And bring the appointed day!"

—The Right Way.

SUBTERRANEAN PHOTOGRAPHY.—A firm in Cincinnati has obtained the exclusive right of taking views in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, for five years. The process successfully used in taking pictures of the interior of the Great Pyramid is adopted, using the magnesium light. The dampness of the cave, the smoke arising in the consumption of large quantities of magnesium, the divergency of the artificial light, and the magnitude and proximity of the objects to be photographed, present a number of serious difficulties. Powerful reflectors are used to throw a flood of light upon the object, and the plate is allowed about twice the exposure required by the heat of the sun.

A HINT FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—John Bright who, when he speaks, usually writes out on a card three or four of the principal branches of his subject, and walks about the room for a little while fitting them to their proper order, says: "There is one thing I always prepare, and that is the end of my speech. Before I get up to speak I always know how I am going to leave off, and that is half the art. Many a decent speaker has spoken well for a time, but while speaking cannot hit upon a few good sentences with which to stop, and at last makes a mess of it and leaves an unfavorable impression."

An Arab Saint.

Some way above Belyeneh, Omar asked eagerly for leave to stop the boat, as a great Sheykh had called to us and we should inevitably have some disaster if we disobeyed.

Of course I expected a good hearty curse from such a man; but he was delighted with my visit, and asked me to sit down, ordered his servant to bring me sugar-cane, asked my name, and tried to repeat it over and over again;

What struck me was the total absence of any sanctimonious air about the old fellow; he was quite worldly and jocose. I suppose he knew that his position was secure, and thought his dirt and nakedness were sufficient proofs of his holiness.

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."

LEVI HUNTINGTON passed on to higher life, from his residence, in Marengo, Ill., January 1, 1867, aged 52 years, 4 months, and 12 days.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

IT LIFTS A HEAVY WEIGHT FROM THE STITCH-BURDENED SEAMSTRESS.—We are very highly pleased with it and its performance. It is certainly fully up to its claims. It seams with great neatness and wonderful rapidity, running easily, and making but little noise.

THE PEOPLE will have their own way, and indeed we do not wonder that every one is bound to use Coe's Cough Balsam, and nothing else, for it is certainly the best thing in the world for Coughs, Colds, Croup, and Influenza.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, an article prepared by the same parties, is equally good for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Rising of Food, Cramps, Pains, and in fact any disorders of the stomach and bowels.

THE SICK ARE HEALED.—Doctor Greer, a spiritual physician, possessing remarkable healing powers, and said to be aided by a powerful band of spirits, is now performing some extraordinary cures at No. 122 North Jefferson street, in this city.

THE "BEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD."—Mrs. D. L. DeGolia says: "I have used the 'twisted-loop' stitch for seven years, and have had nine to sew for; yet I have never known a seam to 'rip'—nor has the machine been out of order.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums.

POLAND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are a sure cure for liver complaint, and all bilious derangements. They never fail. Can be obtained at all drug stores, or by mail. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. M. C. Jordan, Healing, Prophetic and Business Medium, 133 Clark street, Room No. 9, Morrison's Building.

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.

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.

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.

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 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses.

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

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

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 11 1/2 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.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 3/4 o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sansom street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M.

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.

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. Warren Chase lectures in Brooklyn, N. Y., the four Sundays of Feb. Address 544 Broadway, New York City.

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.

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, 67 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 can be addressed during March and April, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; in June, care of SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., also, care of Thos. Kenney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Moses Hull, 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture, in any part of the United States.

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, in 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.

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Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

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

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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 2326, Chicago, Ill.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, 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.

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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.

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