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IT IS COMING.

BY RANA L. MINER.

It is coming! See, the daylight streaks with gold the eastern sky; See the shadows, slow retreating From the morning's radiant greeting, And the earth is bathed in glory, Never, never known before— It is coming.

It is coming. Ah! the quaking, How the very earth seems shaking— How the sunlight plays and gushes, How it creeps and pines and pushes Into dark and noisome places Never warmed by light before— It is coming.

It is coming. What is coming? Better days foretold so long— Woman's hand shall burst the shackles, Last and first, all slavish shackles Born of institutions perished, Perish now forevermore— Yes, 't is coming.

It is coming. Recognition Of the true, the good, the pure— Woman's right her soul to fashion; Slave no more to man's low passion, But the beautiful and holy— In her life will be adored— It is coming.

It is coming. Equal labor, Equal comforts for us all; None shall rest in ease and ease, While with some the hard-earned penny Dold out by disdainful fingers, Scarce keeps warm from our door— It is coming.

It is coming. God still liveth, And though justice seems so slow, Right is right, and truth is strongest, Though oft crushed, 'twill hold out longest; Than let's hope, and wait, and labor, For the good to me still before— It is coming.

Lina, Ind.

Written for The Universe.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY;

Why Did He Kill Mrs. Dalton?

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARTING.

"You say, Uncle Charles, that the history of every life, the meanest as well as the best, would, if written, be intensely interesting?"

"Yes, child, every heart has an eventful history, every thought, word, deed, is recorded in the Book of Life. Each day has a chapter of trials, of conflict with the demons, avarice, hate, vengeance, and all the unholiness of earthlings. And then, too, we have a registry of brave and beautiful deeds, of noble characters, of heroic battles, that have been fought with wrong, and great victories that have been won. The warrior's scars may be counted sins, and the victor may wear his laurels all unseen by human eyes; but there will be an unmasking in the hereafter; the veil of flesh will be rent, and every deed, word, and secret thought, brought to judgment. There and then all things will be adjusted; for Justice holds evenly the scales."

"As you say, Annie, some lives seem to us hardly worth a record. One comes into life and like his half-brother the brute, pitches a battle with the world, to gain a foot-hold. He makes a few venomous thrusts into people's pockets, obtains good food and shelter, then quickly passes away. Time's wave sweeps over his place, and wears away the memory of his name, and very existence. Another hides in the heart the cross and crown. The world only knows that human heart by its pulsations. Then there are little feet that just touch the theatre of life, and turn back to God; but even these unsanded feet and untrod hearts have gone to Eternity with terrible histories."

"You saw that poor, forsaken woman's child to-day on its way to the Potter's-field. That young heart has carried with it the story of its mother's frailties, of her hopes, loves, fears, tears, heart-aches; of its father's guile, artful wiles, faithlessness, and of his deserting those claiming his protection. And I am well assured, too, that every frown and curse, every smile and hopeful word that crushed or uplifted that unfortunate mother, has been written in the life-book of her child; and in the future we shall find our own—reap as we have sown."

"It is these lives are so eventful, I'm sure, Uncle Charles, yours must have a rare history. Will you please tell me of yourself; tell me of Mrs. Dalton, and why you killed her?"

"Why I killed Mrs. Dalton, Annie! Who knows that I did kill her?"

"I did not say that you really did kill her, but people say that you did."

"Do people know that Mrs. Dalton is, in fact, dead? Has her dead body been found? and if it has, does that fact prove me the murderer?"

"No, Uncle, but was 'nt she seen last w'th you on the covered bridge? and was 'nt her shawl found, and was 'nt blood found there, and did not the keepers of the toll-gate hear her screams, and cries for help?"

"That is certainly according to the testimony. It was said, too, that I was her discarded lover, and that I sent her over the falls to punish Julius Dalton for winning the heart promised to me; but is it a little strange that I did not revenge myself upon the man, and let his wife live to love me again, if she could. And then I wasn't executed, Annie, as you see; so the presumption is, if I am the criminal that you have seen me pictured, the fact remains to be found."

then why did you leave the country so soon after the trial?"

"I did leave home, friends, country; who would remain in sight of his late home, a wretched old jail, and with bloodstains upon his reputation? The papers say I bribed the jury? Yes the *Herald*, an infamous sheet, tried, condemned, executed me two hours after Mrs. Dalton's disappearance was known. B-one has an inventive brain, and a heart of iron. He can improvise a rack, and put a fellow to the torture, with as much deliberation as he pours down champagne. The fellow was 'nt content to stab me to the heart, to drive me from my country with a curse; but now, after ten years of wandering, I have returned with whitened head and unsteady step—come back on a pilgrimage to the home shrine—the venom in the heart oozes again from his penpoint. His yesterday leader was headed 'Charles C. Waldo, the murderer, is still in the city.' But, as Long-fellow says, 'A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle.' Taking that for granted, I may interest you by sketching to-night the ruined castles, the charms, the nameless graces, in my soul-land. You may see, too, some fair flowers among the ruins—sweet forget-me-nots, and heart's-ease grow about the ruins of old castles; may they not spring as well from the tear-maturated ruins of one's heart? The green graves of our kindred are sacred, we mark them by monuments. The graves of dead hopes are green in my soul-land; they are very sacred, too; for Love has set upon them her living seal—a cross of light,—and over all, the beaded bow of promise hangs."

"But, Annie dear, this story you ask of me is an old worn-out story. To repeat it, seems like going into old grave-yards, and exhuming the bones of the dead, and giving them place on the earth again."

"You were but a child when this city was then own to convulsions by the disappearance, and probable death of Mrs. Dalton; in fact, I had you in my arms when John Masten, 'clothed with a little brief authority,' put me in irons, and led me away to prison, charged with the murder of Mrs. Ellen Dalton."

"I know that, Uncle; but I have heard the story so repeatedly; the events are as fresh in my mind as if they transpired but yesterday. When I was a little girl, we school-children used to go down to see bloodstains upon the bridge. The children would gather about me and say, 'There, Annie Morrill! there is just where your Uncle Charles Waldo murdered Mrs. Dalton and threw her over the railing into the water!' But mother always loved you, and taught me to cherish your memory very tenderly. And we do all love you, notwithstanding circumstances seem so against you."

"Well, child, let us hold this *tele-a-tele* out on the balcony, where the full moon will give us light and the sea air a fresh breath. Then I will give you the details of my life—leave you my history as a legacy; perhaps I may leave you nothing else."

"But I can't tell you something of Mrs. Dalton's life, as well as of my own, that you may better understand why I was charged with killing her. Listen now, Annie, to the simple heart-history of your good mother's only brother—an old man who stands knee-deep in his grave: "I was destined by my father for clerical robes; but he never made a greater mistake than in this decision. I had no attraction for the Liturgy, none for the pulpit; indeed, I was regarded as a sort of scape-goat for my mis-judging father hoped to bind with ecclesiastical cords. When he found me inexorable on the subject of holy orders, he sent me, in wrath, to your father, saying in a note to him,—of which I had the honor of being the bearer—that I was self-willed and graceless, but had elements necessary to a good lawyer; he hoped, therefore, that I would adorn that profession. Your father did not regard himself as especially complimented by his introduction, but he knew enough of Nature's ways, to know that she had a niche and work for every creature. My place was, perhaps, in the Law-office. I read and studied assiduously. Kent and Blackstone were my constant companions."

"Two years later, I was admitted to the Bar, and bade fair to do honor to my profession."

"Meantime, I made the acquaintance of Ellen Longworth. She was, when I first knew her, a fair young girl of some sixteen years. She was not a belle, not a beauty; but she charmed me—I hardly knew why. There was nothing remarkable in the girl's manner, nor in her looks. True, her slight, graceful figure; her calm, thoughtful child-face; her luminous brown eyes, and her musical voice, rendered her very beautiful and holy in my eyes. I met her in my morning walks. I think now the walking spirit posse sed me. At about her school hours, I would occasionally carry her books to the school-house for her, and talk to her of her studies and of the various books, I found her reading. We met at private dancing-parties, and I became a constant church-goer. The long, free, sermons were endured—they were, indeed, the penalty I paid for hearing Ellen's silvery voice in the choir. I loved the girl before I knew what love, *ignis fatuus*-like, to cross her path at every turn. I did not know for a whole year that my affections were reciprocated. I did not question her heart, or my own; I only knew that something the heart must have to cherish;

"Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn; Something with passion clasp, or perish, Or in its self to ashes burn."

"I did not put on my Sunday suit and go on stated evenings, to woo the heart so dear to me. I may never have said in plain English, 'I love you'; but my looks, my acts, could have no other interpretation. Ellen accepted my love as naturally as the fresh earth accepts the dew, or the opening bud the sunshine. We read from the same books, criticised, and compared notes. As I was her senior by some eight years, I rather assumed the office of teacher, and watched with pride the mental development of my pupil. We didn't talk of marriage—her youth forbade it; but I knew that our lives, our destinies, were linked; that our souls, were en-souled forever. I could wait, so long as she was to me a divine presence, purifying the

air I breathed, ennobling and sanctifying my life. Thus passed two happy years.

"One morning, Judge Longworth, Ellen's father, came into my office. He seemed unusually gracious, and communicative. He said, rather incidentally, 'My friend Dix, of New York, is about making a tour through the Old World. He is rich as Croesus, and half blind. He wishes to engage a private Secretary. Would you like the position? He will give you a fine opportunity of seeing the world, to rely enlarging your sphere, by contact with experienced minds.' I was at first delighted with the proposition; London, Rome, Palestine, Calvary, and the Holy Sepulcher, immediately rushed before my eyes. I then they faded away, and Ellen, the saintly soul, stood transfigured before me, 'I will talk with Ellen, then decide,' I said. 'Oh,' said the judge, 'I have talked with her. She is delighted with the prospect of your obtaining so desirable a situation.' 'And I am to be away three years?' I remarked. 'Yes,' he replied; 'but that is not long; you are young, and have a long life before you. Nothing improves one like traveling. You will accept the situation?'

I said 'yes,' and went, without penetrating the plot. Indeed, for my good fortune I regarded myself deeply indebted to my future father-in-law. I thanked the judge for his timely aid in securing me so advantageous a situation, and made haste to bless Ellen for her unselfishness. She listened to all my plans, and entered into my schemes, like one schooled in life's deep mysteries."

"We parted on a June night—such a night as this—twenty years ago. The night and the parting are fresh in memory to-night. And why should they not be, when in that parting my destiny was hidden? I had taken leave of my family, of the friend about me; I had stored away letters of introduction, seen my baggage checked for New York, and had still an hour or two before the time of departure. I walked over to Longwood, received a parting kiss from Mrs. Longworth, a hearty 'God bless you' from the judge. Then Ellen and I walked out into the garden, and took our accustomed seats in the rustic arbor under the old elm-tree. The breath of roses and carnations perfumed the air. The flowing vines, creeping into our retreat and climbing about us, were asleep in their dewy beds. The solemn song of the nightingale, and the heavy sound of the sea-waves, were in sympathy with the moaning sorrow-waves that beat and broke upon the shores of our soul-world. The full moon was shining under the fleecy clouds, that Alps, like were piled in her path, and the velvet stars, stationed along the aisles of Heaven, made the night seem grand and holy. I looked toward the sea, and thought of the dividing waters. My eyes were brimming with bitter tears, and so I was silent."

"The moon at length broke through the clouds, and poured a great flood of light upon the earth. Ellen, who had been watching the clouds in silence, reaching out to me her hands, exclaimed 'The vision is ended. The clouds will be lifted from our souls, and we shall walk together the upper lands of life.' Then she told me of the darkness that had rested like a pall upon her soul since the day I had decided to go abroad. Julius Dalton and her father had seemed to her like ghosts of evil, plotting ruin and death. But when the moon broke away from the clouds, a voice like that of an angel said 'Even so shall your spirits come forth, sacrificed through much suffering.' I did not comprehend the vision—indeed I did not then know that Mr. Dalton was in any way connected with my new enterprise; but I was glad that my good angel saw beyond the darkness."

"Yes, Ellen," I said, "we shall meet again—beneath the blue skies of the Hereafter, it may be—but we will hope and wait." Kissing the pale lips, and relinquishing the little hand I held in mine, I turned from Longwood forever."

CHAPTER II.

"I went to Europe—to Rome, to Jerusalem. I passed three years in search of pleasure, of profit, and in planning and preparing for a future with Ellen. I had no thought, no existence, apart from her. She seemed ever and everywhere a holy presence, taking note of my goings and doings; entering into all my plans for the future."

"I kept a journal of all I saw and heard, commented upon the books I read, and sketched the objects of interest that came in my way. I made a sketch of the Pyramids of Egypt, and of Minion seated upon his everlasting throne. These things I did for the precious love I bore Ellen, confident that she was laying up treasures for her in my own Soul-kingdom. During my first year abroad I wrote to Ellen weekly, giving her a minute description of every thing of interest that came in my way. Learning that she failed to receive my letters, I wrote less frequently; but I never for a moment distrusted her, or dreamed of duplicity on the part of her father and brother-in-law."

"Ellen spent the first year of my absence at school, in Troy. Her letters from there reached me; but not a line rejoiced my eyes after her return to Longwood. I did not attribute this fact to neglect on her part, but to my so frequently changing places. Julius Dalton, I knew, was Postmaster, but I was so completely blinded by his seeming friendship, that I regarded his appointment to that office as a fortunate occurrence. Ellen would be likely to lose my letters, and hers to me would be promptly mailed."

"The time of our return to America came at last. I need not tell you what joy I heard the announcement that our steamer was ready to sail, nor need I relate the hopes and fears that, like clouds and sun-rays, arose in my soul-sky. I can tell over and over the days that would come between me and the dearest object in life. I amused myself during the voyage by arranging and labeling the various curiosities I had collected for our cottage home, that they might make a more presentable appearance. I had gathered shells and mosses, from the sea, and rare minerals from the mountains; flowers and leaves from the hills of Jerusalem, and a palm-branch from Calvary. All these things had a history in my brain. The story of each I had kept for the pleasant evenings that I believed the

good gods had in reserve for Ellen and for me. If I had fears and doubts regarding our future, Ellen's vision, at our last meeting, immediately rose before me. Hope is rainbow-bued, so I lived in a glorious dream-land."

"When our steamer landed in New York, I made haste for the first train coming here. We arrived a little after dark. I was weak from sea-sickness, and nearly famished from long fasting, but the thought of meeting Ellen so possessed me—of finding the much needed soul-rest in her gentle, loving heart—that I gave no heed to the demands of Nature."

"I went straight to Judge Longworth's beautiful home. The old family servant answered the door-bell. I did not wait to be announced, but rushed into the family sitting-room. The Judge was sitting in his arm-chair, reading the papers. I subsequently learned that he was reading to his wife the account of the arrival of our steamer. I lifted my hat, and advanced, extending my hand to the Judge. His manner, his cool, formal reception, was so unlike what I had expected, that had he not called my name, I should have concluded that he did not know me—the betrothed of his only child. Mrs. Longworth tried hard to give me a cordial welcome, but I plainly saw that she wished that the sea still separated us. I stood for a moment in silence—in humiliation; but I was in search of Ellen, and not to be thwarted. She would receive me joyfully. Throwing off my muffler, and taking the chair that the servant had wheeled to the fire, I asked 'where is Ellen?' Mr. and Mrs. Longworth exchanged glances, but made no reply. I had no thought that she—the hope of my life—had deserted me, my few fears of what she was dead. 'Where is Ellen?' I repeated; 'for Heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense.' The Judge and his wife again exchanged looks; each evidently wished the other to reveal the secret. At last the Judge replied, 'Ellen has, as you may know, married Julius Dalton.' 'Married!' I replied, 'how should I know that she was married, when I had not heard from her in nearly two years!'— [To be continued.]

Written for The Universe.

THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY H.

A copy of THE UNIVERSE for Sept. 11th, sent me by some friend unknown, contains a letter from New York, which not only inspired me with a desire to write one myself; but incidentally suggested the topic herewith presented. During the vacation of the children's season, the large hall of the Everett Rooms has been used by the Conference which has regularly met on Sunday afternoons for some years, and, for the last three years, has been considered subordinate to, or, at least as co-ordinate with the organization known as "The Society of Progressive Spiritualists."

Its sessions have been conducted with the greatest freedom consistent with order, and, as a natural result, topics have been occasionally introduced looking to the affairs of this world rather than the next. This has revealed a wide difference of opinion as to what are proper subjects for discussion. It is thought by the committee of management for the Society at large, that a conference, avowedly spiritual, should be confined to the presentation and elucidation of spiritual facts, and the future which they reveal. They would concede a hospitable margin to this nucleus of discussion, but they say, with no small degree of plausibility, that the social questions of the day, however important in themselves, are out of place here."

This little item of local history introduces the subject I would commend to the consideration of all. In the first place, and as far as the limits of this article will allow, let me try to show why I think these mundane questions not out of place in a Spiritual conference; in other words, why I think Spiritualism is much to do with the problems of modern civilization. Surely, if it is to be emancipated from the troubles of which it complains, a better understanding of principles and their scientific application may be of some avail. The world is governed as yet by doctrines, not by principles. This is a doctrine of Roman Catholicism that the Pope is the Spiritual Father of all mankind, whom he is to look down upon as a family of infants and treat accordingly. He has not the whole, to be sure, but a large class under instruction, showing daily proficiency in moral and spiritual feebleness. Civilization has to bear them, but in its higher aspirations it gets no help from them."

If we consider the means employed by Protestantism for the correction and improvement of society, the same mistake is apparent. It is doctrine still, and, substantially, the same doctrine; for society, in its estimation, is yet a child, and to be kept under the rod of authority. Neither of these great powers admit the possibility of misdeed. What obtained in the infancy of the race they insist shall continue. Does religion languish? They build more churches. Does crime increase? More prisons. Do papers multiply? More "poor-houses." Is dishonesty rampant? More stringent legislation; for, in all respectable Christendom heretofore, its highest rule of life, is the "Revised Statutes of the State of New York," and its only hope in death, the merits of Jesus of Nazareth."

Now, whatever of truth, primarily, there may have been in doctrines or methods now prevalent in the long-ago, civilization to-day finds them inadequate. Righteousness may evade statutes. Public charity acts as a premium on idleness. Criminals are fully aware that judges and witnesses have a keen perception of the use of money; and then, for religion, what operator in Wall street? what thief in Sing-Sing, who does not know that, what passes for religion with the respectable, is about the hollowest sham on the face of the earth?"

The truth is, civilization has grown beyond its childhood. It will not stop crying for fear of "John Dark." It will not be restrained

by a hypothetical "Boog-a-boo in the cellar." It defies the rod; and those who have its interests at heart cannot too soon learn the truth, patent, namely: that, if it ever saved a child, it invariably spoils a man. What help from systems, whether of Church or State, which assume that humanity has made no growth for two thousand years? What hope from a class of instructors, who talk to the world as though it were a baby?"

As it appears to me, these truisms indicate the need of a set of workers in the vineyard of civilization, that shall base their operations upon principles rather than doctrines deduced from history. The world, just now, prefers science to tradition, and proof to faith. It may be made willing to know; but it utterly refuses to believe without knowing. This is the status of the nineteenth century, and the question presses: Whence is the knowledge which it demands, to be derived? It is not in either of the grand divisions of popular religion. They have long since given what answer they could, and propose simply to go on repeating it. But their answer does not answer; and now the age is looking with increasing confidence to science. The Professor is rapidly taking the place of the Priest in the world's regard. Well, the Professor has reached "protoplasm," and there he cries, "halt." The genus homo and the genus ape are homogeneous by virtue of "protoplasm," and the philosophy of life has its source here, say the high-priests of science, upon whose altar the world burns incense. Science makes final proclamation that the difference between the species man and the species monkey is a difference of quantity merely. But there is one little fact which disturbs the serenity of this conclusion. If the difference between these be a difference of quantity only, then, their respective stomachs being filled, they should be alike serene. The fact is otherwise, however; and the difference of quantity does not explain it. Neither chemistry nor the microscope throw any light upon it. Monkey eats his dinner and is happy. Man does the same and is unhappy. And this little fact is but a specimen brick from the structure of human experience, which contains miseries, disappointments, and doubts, such as no creature aside from the human can ever know."

Has Spiritualism any light for these problems of the age? The bare profession of it presupposes that it has. The Spiritualist is what he professes to be, for the basic fact that *man is a spirit*. This demonstrated fact naturally prompts his research into the domain of laws, alone applicable to spiritual beings, and, from his successful finding, must come the science, that shall redeem the present and make sure the future. To rule these questions away from us, and out of order; to confine ourselves, before the public, to a recital, year after year, of what we have seen or known of spiritual things, seems, to me, about as wise, as it would be for a man to go into a state of chronic glorification over the multiplication table, and *never use it*.

New York, September, 1869.

A THRILLING INCIDENT AT NIAGARA.

In the very centre of the seething, whirling cauldron of waters known as the American Rapids, lying equi-distant between the American shore and the Islands, and Bath Island Bridge and the brink of the Falls, a rock projects two or three feet above the water. The eye rests upon it merely as upon a speck in the midst of this angry flood; with every dash of the torrent pouring down from the plateau above, it is half submerged, and sometimes wholly hidden from sight. At the time of this casualty a log, three or four feet in length, had been jammed in or under this rock and protruded from it. The spot was one that was in the daily sight of hundreds, and in the early hours of that memorable summer morning the first man who had occasion to cross the bridge was startled to see a human form standing erect, in the midst of the raging, whirling flood, on the little point of rock, wildly waving his arms. He must have shouted, too, but his cries were drowned in the uproar of the rapids. It was Joseph Avery, the sole survivor of the unfortunate boat's crew. It was conjectured that the boat must have sped down to this point, unharmed by rocks or raids, and that, striking here, Avery was thrown or sprang out, flinging just room enough for a perilous foothold, while the other two, with the boat, were swept on over the cataract."

The alarm quickly spread. It is not difficult to draw a crowd at Niagara—for the excitement seekers of the world are there—and in half an hour the bridge and adjacent shores were thronged with horrified yet curious spectators. With them came some dozens of boatmen, laborers and others, who comprehended at once there was a chance for rescue, and immediately began to devise a plan. In the meantime the man had been recognized by some one, and while the preparations were being made a large board was rapidly lashed with the words, in German, "We will save you!" and held up so that he could read it. He tossed his arms up and down several times, in token that he comprehended its meaning; and then the crowd awaited the result of the preparations, and watched the object of them with almost breathless interest. It was truly frightful to see him there amid that howling waste, almost in the jaws of the mighty cataract, and apparently cut off from all human aid. But as the day wore on, and the poor fellow became used to the situation, he seemed to bear it with much composure. Sometimes, to change his position, he sat down upon a rock, and sometimes made gestures to the crowd, the meaning of which could not often be understood. His face, seen through a glass, looked eager, almost beyond the expression of human faces, but it was hopeful, too."

As noon approached the first attempt was made for his rescue. A large raft had been constructed of heavy plank, bound together crosswise, and this was to be lowered down from the bridge, with strong ropes, to the cast-

away, when it was thought that he could be drawn up without great difficulty. The venture was a failure from the start. The rapids seized and whirled it away before the men at the ropes could check it; the ropes became entangled, the raft was carried far below the rock, and at last went helplessly over the Falls."

It was a bitter, bitter disappointment—as well to the sympathizing, expectant throng as to the imperiled man. But, nothing daunted, the stout hearts and ready hands immediately set about the making of another raft, while others were occupied in conveying food and drink to poor Avery. This was easily done in tin cans, attached to stout cords, which were floated down to him. The castaway ate his solitary meal there upon that inaccessible point of rock with keen relish, and then stood up and bowed his thanks. Again and again the cheering words, "We will save you," were exhibited, and he was encouraged by other short sentences in his native language, which were in the same way painted in huge letters and held up to him."

The afternoon slowly wore on—the long, hot, listless summer afternoon there at Niagara, usually devoted to idling over iced drinks in the shade of the hotel porches or parlors, but now cheerfully given up to the assistance of, or sympathy for, a fellow being. There were hundreds in that crowd who, prompted by the spirit of American chivalry, which is never wanting among us, would have cheerfully plunged in to his rescue, could the act have been any other than useless fool-hardiness; and there were wealthy men there, who went through the crowd under the deepest sense of emotion, offering large rewards to whoever would rescue him. The telegraph had, by this time, carried the news far and wide; the afternoon papers in New York on this day contained it, and the afternoon trains from Buffalo and Rochester came freighted with hundreds more to view the peril of the poor German, for themselves."

The building up of the second raft progressed; but, although everything was done to hasten it, darkness found it unfinished, and the crowd unwillingly dispersed for the night. The Omiscient alone can tell how that poor, forlorn soul passed the dark, dreary hours that intervened between morning—sleepless from necessity—wary, lonely, with the waters raging like unchained beasts all around him, and the great abyss of terror yawning almost at his feet. Some sweet hope must have sustained him in that trying time, or the morning would have found him dead there upon the rock of his dreadful exile."

Daylight came, and with it the eager crowds hastened back to their points of sight. The incoming train all day brought more and more spectators, and before noon the bridge was literally crowded with them, leaving but a small space in the centre for workmen with the raft; and on either side the bank was lined—may packed—with spectators. There were thousands upon thousands present, all eager, curious and yet sympathetic. Avery appeared as on the day before, still hopeful, eating and drinking what was sent down to him, motioning with his hands and arms, and watching all that was done on the bridge and the shore."

The crisis of the excitement arrived when, about the middle of the second day, the second raft was launched from the bridge upon the hurrying flood. Strong and willing hands held the ropes, and it was cautiously lowered until it almost touched the spot where the castaway stood. With a bound he placed himself erect on the raft; and then arose such a shout of rejoicing from the lips of that multitude that it was heard even above the roaring of the waters."

It was a short-lived joy. The ropes were manned by all the hands that could find place, and the raft struggled up a little way in the teeth of the rapids, and then a furious volume of water broke over and upon it, washing it from end to end, and hurling Avery bodily into the rapids! One faint, desperate hope remained to him; as the irresistible current hurried him down he might, by stout swimming, make the shore of Captain's Island, some rods below, and to the west of him. It was a furious, terrible struggle for life; and while the multitude held their breath and looked on, it seemed at first as though the man might still save himself. He almost reached the shore of the little island but he never gained it. Some said that the bush upon which he laid his hand broke in his grasp, others that his strength left him when a few more strokes would have saved him. He yielded himself to the fury of the rapids, and an instant later his body was hurled over the fatal abyss, amid the shudders and groans of the heart-sick spectators."

Those who were nearest the spot where he went over were certain that his dying shriek full of horror of despair, articulated the name "Mary"—*Puckard's Monthly*.

A BLEOCHERIAN PROTEST.

Speaking of the Beechers calls up a "protest," published by Miss Catherine Beecher addressed to the "honorable conductors of the public press," and complaining of several narrative tales which are printed in the public journals concerning members of her family, viz: 1. That Dr. Lyman Beecher, upon a certain occasion prayed and preached in church, when only one man was present, and that this individual was then and there converted. False. 2. That one of the Beecher brothers, at his son's ordination, charged his offspring to remember that he was the grandson of his grandfather, the son of his father and the nephew of his uncle." False. 3. That Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe owned a place in Florida, lost it for want of title, and lost her orange crop beside; and, moreover, that "she changed her opinion of the negro character." False. 4. That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher commenced a sermon by saying "It is damned hot." False. 5. That Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has undertaken, in a book, to teach American women how to cook, without knowing how herself to cook. False. The last charge Miss Beecher denounces as "the most recent outrage." Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is a most excellent house-keeper, "with both talent and taste for domestic employments."—*Cov. Louisville Courier*.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 2, 1869.

THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

BY C. W. S.

It is for this my life has weary grown. And yellow leaf instead of bloom appears! For this that care upon my head has thrown...

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

(Continued)

During these days of exhibition, Dora bore herself with an aplomb, a coolness, a perfect composure, which must have arisen, I think, from a serene consciousness of her exalted merit.

Dora, triumphantly. "I appeal to Aunt Lou." Aunt Lou, who always, upon principle, declined to act as umpire, hastened to make her escape...

"I always thought I should come to you at last," she said. "Yes, but now it is changed," I said, with quick regret.

WM. HOWITT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD AND LADY BYRON.

William Howitt writes to the London Times under date of Sept. 21, as follows, concerning Lord and Lady Byron:

each. I inquired, and found that they had wine, beer, coffee, chocolate, tea and the like. I asked also for the liquor, punch, and learned that they had it, but likewise that it was allowed to the industrious and the sincere.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

"Mamma's darling didn't hurt his little cousin purposely, did he, dear?" It was all an accident, to be sure. "Yes, mamma, and all I want is another accident, so I can crack him again."

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 2, 1886.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.

BY HNO. WILCOX.

Momentous as is the present age in all those predictions that relate to the welfare and destiny of the human race...

Now, while I must admit that this is a beautiful privilege, I can not see that, by such limited use of it, humanity can be permanently benefited...

Let, in all its intricate capacities, be constructed, in its relations to outward things, very much like a fine musical instrument...

Today, the all-important question is agitating the mind and hearts of the intelligent and earnest Spiritualists in all parts of the land...

What we want to-day is men and women, such men and women as, in the dignity of true manhood and womanhood, can take their stand by the great and pressing demands of the age...

Free Love—what is it?—Love is not lust, however much the sensualist may call the gratification of his lust, by that divine name...

final demoralization and extinction of the race. The immoral ty, the cause of which by the Church has been attributed to Spiritualism...

Yet, blind, lifeless and dying Theology, still ambitious for power, and chagrined because of its lost prestige, endeavors to justify its opposition...

We are in the midst of the contending elements. Blinded by ignorance and selfishness, we may retard the coming of the day of our salvation...

Bar, when the work is finished, when op'nd Theology has sunk into the grave of its superannuated social offspring...

A WEDDING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A young American lady thus describes a wedding in the Abbey, in a letter to her friends in Boston:

We strolled into Westminster Abbey the other morning at ten o'clock. The service was being read, and we took our seats among the congregation...

A Canon's daughter was to be led to the altar to-day. Soon the invited guests began to arrive, and their light summer toilettes made a pretty contrast to the massive solemnity of the dark-colored architectural surroundings...

While all true natures must feel the deepest pity for Lord and Lady Byron, who, surrounded with all the adventitious circumstances for happiness, with great possibilities of genius, power and influence, yet made their lives a failure, it is hardly to be supposed that every editor from Maine to California, who has dipped his pen in gall to scold Mrs. Stowe, is impelled by his chivalry for the Byron family...

of life and hope, to the shadows of the "Poets' Corner," where we met suggestions of another character, and as we mused under the mural tablets of names familiar to us from childhood, we felt the place and the occasion furnished us a text for moralizing...

THE MORAL OF THE BYRON CASE.

They who do anything to move the world will find themselves crucified on the cross of public sentiment, and the multitude will shout at each in turn, "Away with him!"

To our mind, there is more involved in Mrs. Stowe's late article in the Atlantic Monthly on the Byron family than the one appalling fact revealed. While ready pens on either side are sifting the evidences of its truth or falsehood, we would fain use the interest of the hour in a broader consideration of those causes that underlie these striking facts that ever and anon startle the civilized world...

From the general tone of the press, one would suppose that American editors had lived only in the atmosphere of Paradise wholly ignorant of the facts of life, of the hideous, disgusting slavery in which the women of every class and clime ever have been, and are held to-day.

From his letters to Tom Moore and her uniform, cold indifference to him, it is well known that he married her for her money, she him for a title. Their marriage was the result of two ambitious too near akin for generosity or sacrifice. It was spiritual incest uniting both alike for any pure and holy relation.

Twice the world has given its verdict in this case, and twice the tyrant Custom, hoary with age and crime, has refused his sentence on the real wrong.

As to the truth of Mrs. Stowe's statement, we have no doubt; first, because she is too cautious and conscientious to venture such publications without abundant proof to substantiate them; and second, because in woman's subject, degraded condition, she has no protection, as woman, in the heart of man.

As to Mrs. Stowe's motive for these revelations, judging from her antecedents, we have reason to believe them worthy and pure. And when a person has a noble motive for performing an ungracious task, a question of taste must be subservient to the public good.

Lessons of individual life are guides for generations, lighthouses on the treacherous rocks, where at night ships have foundered and gone down; and if the living can learn wisdom by the errors of the dead, it is not sacrilegious to unshroud them.

The true relation of the sexes is the momentous question at this stage of our civilization, and Mrs. Stowe has galvanized the world to its consideration. It is a question, too, in which woman will have a word to say, and verily the world will stand appalled as she reveals the tragedies of home life, where the Beatrice Cenci struggle to day in nest set by their own household.

Our low ideas on marriage, as set forth in our creeds and codes, making man master, woman slave, one to command and one to obey, are demoralizing all our most sacred sentiments and affections, and making the most holy relation in nature one of antagonism and aversion.

Al though not understanding his own state, he was firm in the belief that he was attacked by spirits, who manifested themselves to him in various ways, both pleasant and unpleasant. Doubtless his severe trials unbing his noble mind at times to a certain degree, but there was always more method in his madness than those around him had any idea of.

While all true natures must feel the deepest pity for Lord and Lady Byron, who, surrounded with all the adventitious circumstances for happiness, with great possibilities of genius, power and influence, yet made their lives a failure, it is hardly to be supposed that every editor from Maine to California, who has dipped his pen in gall to scold Mrs. Stowe, is impelled by his chivalry for the Byron family...

As again he writes on the same subject:—"I cannot defend anything from my enemies, nor from the devil, except my will, with which I will never consent to learn anything from him, or his followers, or have any familiarity with him, or with his magicians."

In a letter to a friend Tasso complains of the mischievous manifestations of a spirit, thus:—"The little that has stolen from many crowns, I know not what number—nor I do not, like misers, keep an account of them—but perhaps they may amount to twenty. He turns all my books topsy-turvy, opens my closets, and steals my keys, so that I can keep nothing. I am unhappy at all times, especially during the night; nor do I know if my disease be frenzy, or what its nature."

she severed the unholy tie that bound her to a licentious man and revelling court.

Before women who wield strong pens join in this hounding of Mrs. Stowe with Troy, Blanche, Sweetheart and all of them, let them analyze the real position of woman to-day, and the facts of life as they stare us all in the face. Let the women of every household answer. Can you, looking through your lives, say that the men by your side, in all relations, have religiously believed you to develop all the powers of your whole nature, ever subordinating their grosser appetites to your highest health and happiness?

The British Journal of Photography, a very ably conducted weekly, has recently published several articles pro and con upon the possibility of spirit-photography. Thus far, those in the affirmative have decidedly the advantage in the argument. It is exceedingly clever in the editor to allow such a controversy to appear. Science, investigation, freedom, are the watchwords of the age.

I have seen Mr. Fowler's remarks on the statement of Mr. S. C. Hall, and as Mr. Hall only alleges that certain facts were witnessed, I cannot see anything "illogical" in such assertions. Either the statements are true, or they are not true; and as Mr. H. says that the spirit was seen by eight other persons, including an officer in the Guards (he Master of Lindsay), I think Mr. Fowler should have written to Mr. Hall for the names and addresses of the other witnesses, and made inquiries, before making such grave charges against a gentleman of the age and eminence of Mr. Hall.

Not many weeks ago, the Countess de Palmare brought a friend, Miss Ann Blackwell, of Paris, to a meeting of the Diacritical Society, who are investigating the alleged Spiritual phenomena; and Miss Blackwell testified that she and several other friends had at the same time seen the spirit of her sister at a French circle. The address of this lady can be had from the secretary of the Diacritical Society. Therefore, what I suggest is, that Mr. Fowler should inquire into this matter, and gain admission to some French circle of Spiritualists, and afterward let us know whether he has been able to see spirits, or to find out scientific tricks.

It must be remembered, also, that Mr. C. F. Varley, C.E., F.R.G.S., who, perhaps, the cleverest electrician in Europe, swore on oath, at the trial of Lyon vs. Home, that the modern spiritual phenomena are facts and not imposture. Mr. Varley is now at Brest, so I am in Mr. Fowler may, perhaps, be able to gain information. Mr. Wall, ce of the British Museum, who was praised for his scientific attainments by Dr. Hooker, in his opening address as President of the British Association at Norwich, is also an avowed Spiritualist. The editor of the Athenaeum, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, again, estimates the number of Spiritualists in the United States at 3,000,000, and this is about the lowest estimate given by anybody who knows the country.

I attach no importance to the fact that the occupants of the thrones of France, Russia, and Prussia are believers in Spiritualism; but when so many London scientific men, literary men, and barristers testify, as they do, that the phenomena are facts, it is high time that abuse of the witnesses should cease. Men of Mr. Fowler's scientific attainments and materialistic proclivities should try to help them out of their delusion, and prove whether or no, under certain conditions, spirits appear now as they are alleged to have done in the days of old, and that, too, in a form sufficiently palpable to be photographed.

TORQUATO TASSO, A SPIRITUALIST.

In the life of Torquato Tasso, the great Italian poet, who lived 330 years ago (born March 11th, 1544), we find numerous proofs of his having been frequently under the influence of spirit mediumship, passing through experiences similar to the mediums of the present day.

Al though not understanding his own state, he was firm in the belief that he was attacked by spirits, who manifested themselves to him in various ways, both pleasant and unpleasant. Doubtless his severe trials unbing his noble mind at times to a certain degree, but there was always more method in his madness than those around him had any idea of. Whilst in prison, he declared that his cruel keeper, Morti, was in league with certain magicians to destroy his life; and as this was a recognized and capital crime in those days, he threatened to accuse him of it to the Duke.

Dr. Lardner, in his "Cabinet Cyclopaedia," speaking of Tasso, says,—"His life was like the opium-eater's dreams: splendours and horrors, alternations of agony and rapture, changes sudden, frequent, and strangely contrasted. He inhabited a world of unrealities."

In a letter to a friend Tasso complains of the mischievous manifestations of a spirit, thus:—"The little that has stolen from many crowns, I know not what number—nor I do not, like misers, keep an account of them—but perhaps they may amount to twenty. He turns all my books topsy-turvy, opens my closets, and steals my keys, so that I can keep nothing. I am unhappy at all times, especially during the night; nor do I know if my disease be frenzy, or what its nature."

As again he writes on the same subject:—"I cannot defend anything from my enemies, nor from the devil, except my will, with which I will never consent to learn anything from him, or his followers, or have any familiarity with him, or with his magicians."

After more than seven years' confinement he suddenly recovered from his affliction, and was released. He attributed his recovery to the spirit aid given him by the Virgin Mary in a vision, which he thus describes:—"Amidst so many terrors and pains, there appeared to me, in the air, the image of the glorious Virgin, with her Son in her arms, encircled with clouds of many colours, so that I might by

no means despair of her grace. And though this might be an illusion, because I am frantic, troubled with various phantasms, and full of lusty melancholy, yet, by the grace of God, I can sometimes cohberre assensum (withhold my assent), which, as Cicero says, being the act of a sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was a miracle of the Virgin."

Dr. Lardner says:—"One of the most remarkable circumstances of the last days of Tasso was the imagination that he was occasionally visited by a spirit; not the mischievous spirit who haunted his prison, but a being of far higher dignity, with whom, alone, or in company, he would hold sublime and preternatural discourse, though of the two interlocutors none present could see or hear more than the poet himself, wrapt into ecstasy, and uttering language and sentiments worthy of one who, with his bodily, yet marvelously enlightened eyes, and purged ears, could distinguish the presence and the voice of his mysterious visitant. Manso gives a strange account of such an interview when he himself stood by, yet perceived nothing but the half-part which the poet acted in the scene."

The narration given by the Marquis is exactly similar to numberless instances in the life of Swedenborg, as well as of many other spirit-seers, up to the present day. He says:—"One day as we were sitting alone by the fire, he (Tasso) turned his eyes towards the window, and held them a long time so intensely fixed, that when I called him he did not answer. At last—"Lo!" said he, "the courteous spirit which has come to talk with me! Lift up your eyes and you shall see the truth." I turned my eyes thither immediately, but though I looked as keenly as I could, I beheld nothing but the rays of the sun, which streamed through the window-panes into the chamber. In the meantime Torquato began to hold, with this unknown being, a most lofty converse. I heard, indeed, and saw nothing but himself; nevertheless, his words, at one time questioning, and at another replying, were such as take place between those who reason closely on some important subject. The discourse was marvelously conducted, bold in the sublimity of the topics, and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that exalted myself into an ecstasy, so that I did not dare to interrupt Torquato about the spirit which he had announced to me, but which I could not see. In this way, while I listened, between transport and stupefaction, a considerable time elapsed; at length the spirit departed, as I learned from the words of Torquato, who turning to me said, "From this day forward all your doubts will be removed."—"Rather," I replied (like the sceptics of the present day), "they are increased; for though I have heard many wonderful things, I have seen nothing to dispel my doubts."

Not many weeks ago, the Countess de Palmare brought a friend, Miss Ann Blackwell, of Paris, to a meeting of the Diacritical Society, who are investigating the alleged Spiritual phenomena; and Miss Blackwell testified that she and several other friends had at the same time seen the spirit of her sister at a French circle. The address of this lady can be had from the secretary of the Diacritical Society. Therefore, what I suggest is, that Mr. Fowler should inquire into this matter, and gain admission to some French circle of Spiritualists, and afterward let us know whether he has been able to see spirits, or to find out scientific tricks.

THE GREAT NEED OF "THE UNIVERSE."

To the Editor of The Universe:

I can not resist writing you from the Peninsular State, to tell you how we like The Universe. It is the paper, and I would that it could be placed in the hands of every man, woman, and child, who can read. It is of such a high moral standard—it discusses all questions so fearlessly—it tears the veil so ruthlessly from the festering plague-spots that have been so carefully covered lest people might suspect there was something wrong—that I feel that it is just what is needed, and I rejoice accordingly. You will not hard hit, no doubt, because the duck, which cannot fly above the treeps, always envies the eagle which soars to the sky.

The Universe will frighten many narrow-minded old fogies; to see their beloved institutions assailed and torn in pieces, looks like sacrilege to them. Let us hope that they really desire the welfare of human nature, and are only too stupid to see how it can best be brought about.

I rejoice to see that you publish "Inside Views of Marriage." It shocks the sensitive souls of many who are too fastidious to hear the truth, but it will have a salutary effect. The time has come when such things must be told. There has been silence too long. So long as man's infamous conduct is covered over, and carefully shielded from public gaze, so long can he continue his finisish work without fear of being disturbed; but with exposure there is hope of, and chance for reform.

Another wide-spread, and deeply-rooted evil, is found in the way society treats a woman, who has wandered from the path of virtue, and her seducer. The woman, no matter how young, or how innocent, hetro-fro, is shunned and despised, held aloof from all, condemned, scorned, sneered at, down-trodden, as if contamination were in her very atmosphere; while her seducer is received with open arms, courted and countenanced, and all manner of excuses trumped up to vindicate him, if any one ventures to remark on it.

"Young blood," "with oats," "better hush up." They soon forget it—in kind. Women are much to blame in this matter. I am personally acquainted with many women who have honized, and received attentions from a man, whom they knew had ruined a rousing girl; while to his heart-broken victim they vouchsafed not one word or glance. To the shame of women be this said; and it is undeniable.

Much has been said on this subject, but not as much as should be. It is a fearful evil, and every true woman, who has the welfare of the human family at heart, should array all her strength to do battle with it, and never cease trying, out against it, until it is remedied. The old idea that it was a man's right to test the virtue of the woman he contemplated marrying, by the basest means, is at the bottom of it. Thank Heaven, that idea has exploded among the more enlightened class; but unfortunately its adherents are yet numerous, among those who are "still in the dark." If a woman would pause to consider where a man's virtue is, while he is so anxious to know if she is virtuous, she might get her eyes opened. Thank God, there is a better day coming, and it is already dawning.

I am glad to see there is a Dress Reform Picnic about to be held. There is certainly need of a Dress Reform, though, while Fashion holds such a despotic rule, there is not much hope of a general reformation in this respect. I am surprised that Mrs. Stanton, who is one of the leaders in the Woman's Rights movement, should subject herself and her position to ridicule, by advocating male apparel for women. Every person—and every woman especially—should know that this is impossible, and for good and sufficient reasons; and I think Mrs. Stanton could not have well considered the matter, or she would have seen this at once.

But I have already written more than I intended, and will stop here. LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—There are 7,000,000 young men in our land, and on 2,000,000 of them is resting occasion doesn't kiss the bride, but the other one.

—An Iowa parsoness on a wedding occasion participated in by eighty-six different Protestant Missionary associations.

—A man in Iowa in the last stages of emphysema was last week, baptized by immersion, and thinks his health was thereby improved.

—A Jersey Quakeress thinks it an insult to God to force vegetables and meat by the use of hot beds, which she calls an invention of the Evil Spirit.

—The Toronto Guardian says that Mrs. Vandervilt is an accomplished Christian lady, and an active worker in Methodist Church and Sunday School work.

—The Paris journals regard the defection of Father Hyacinthe, the powerful Catholic preacher of that city, who renounces Romanism, as a great religious and political event.

—Rev. James Durbin, an Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia, solemnized, on Sunday evening, his 1,000th marriage ceremony during fourteen years' pastorate.

—The monk who, during a drunken fit, wrote the note to the police which informed them of the noted Graceo convent-outrage did four days after. The authorities suspected foul play.

—A naughty little boy, being told by his mother that God would not forgive him if he did a certain act, replied: "Yes, he would. God likes to forgive little boys—that is what He is for."

—There is a world beyond where there is no change; said a good parson to a youthful sprout of rather cool propensities. "I wonder," said the youth, "if they use postage stamps in that country?"

—Among the banner carried by the Germans in the Humboldt procession in New York was one which read: "Our Genesis, which was a mystery, he made a natural Science, and religious legends myths."

—The late tornado in Boston made such serious work with the churches that Zion's Hebrew thinks it must have been a free religion. We think the same, the more so, as it did not hurt any Spiritualist in Lawrence.

—The Methodist Book Concern at New York, have been indulging in the luxury of a nine pound swindle. It is estimated that about \$10,000 dollars per year has been gouged out of it by one of its conductors.

—British scientists have discovered that Sodam and Gomorrah were destroyed by a November shower of meteors. If that is the case, we have Sodoms and Gomorrah enough at the present day to ruin several first class show-ers.

—A card was hung out of a little story shop in Sandusky City, O., while the Sabbath School convention was held in that place, which read: "Givers in every state, be led to order, Friend of the redeemer will please call."

—A lady has a Sunday-school class in one of the churches. Two brothers attend it alternately. One Sunday the lady asked one of the boys if he would be there on the following Sabbath? "Oh! no," says he, "I can't; it's my turn to saw wood!"

—Two members of a church choir in Albany, having scolded therefrom, have been gratifying their spite by singing in the congregation out of tune and at the top of their voices. They have been arrested and discharged, and still persist in singing out of tune. The fix is an odd one.

—Bishop Wheaton used to say, speaking of his adversary, the devil: "Wh" when he tells me I have preached well, I answer, "Yes, pretty well for a poor worm;" and when he charges that I have preached poorly, I answer, "Yes, but there is little to be expected from a poor worm."

—The Young Men's Christian Association here just received a box of tracts, valued at \$8,000, from Dublin, Ireland, containing 5,000 packages, containing over three thousand tracts each of assorted tracts, which they wish to dispose of to individuals for personal circulation, at \$1 per package.

—Little Susie poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly exclaimed, with vehemence: "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel, and I need not, need I?" "Why, Susie?" questioned her mother. "Tump! leave off all my pretty clothes and wear feeders like a hen!"

—A little boy in a Sioux City Sunday school put a poem to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born in each household to be slain. The little boy listened very attentively, and, at a proper interval, mildly inquired, "what God would have done if there had been twins?"

—The Holy Sepulcher, which furnished the ostensible pretext for the Grimshaw case, is again troubling the friends of the Latin Church declining to comply with the terms of the treaty which guarantees to the Greek Church the sole possession of the new cupola, which has been recently enriched with a magnificent vermilion cross.

—Not many years since a certain German church was in need of a pastor. One Sabbath the minister supplying the pulpit, well known for his eccentric turn of mind, prayed for "a man from the Lord" in this fashion: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his going-down, but a man with all the modern improvements."

—Aunt Judy, pious old colored woman, is said to have expressed herself as follows, with reference to the vociferous habits of certain persons "at camp-meeting": "Tain't de rale goose-boney; tain't de shure glory. You holles too loud. When you gits de Dove in your heart and de Lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as if you was in dat stable at Bethlehem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleeping baby to hold."

—In front of the theater at Oxford, there are some gigantic stone figures, the date and subject of which are alike buried in uncertainty. Two sailors were walking past. "Who are these fellows, shipmate?" said one of them. "The Twelve Apostles," replied his friend. "Why, the Twelve Apostles! how can that be? Why there's only six of 'em." "Well," rejoined his informant, "yer wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would ye?"

—Now, all who have the Collect, raise their hands," said the rector of an Episcopal church in Albany. Only one tittle hand came up.

"Ah! I see a hand raised in Miss—'s class," said the encouraged rector; please repeat the Collect to me my good little girl." The scholar appeared suddenly bewildered, her teacher said: "If you know the Collect, why don't you repeat it?" "Our little heroine, evidently thinking something was wrong, bashfully stammered out: "I thought he wanted all that had the colic to hold up their hands, and I had it the other night, and father had to stay up and take care of me!"

—A metropolitan journal says: "On Sunday last, in one of our churches, stood a couple apparently singing from the bottom of their souls, out of the hymn-book. Being religiously disposed, and not having a hymn-book, our reporter who sat immediately behind them, attempted to read from the same book. In doing so, at the end of the verse, he heard the gentleman whispering: "Oh, say, yes." The next verse began, and the twin sang away as devoutly as if they were thinking about nothing but the hymn. When the verse was ended, the fair one replied, "Go on, pa; all's right, so far as I am concerned."

—The Rev. George Lyon claims to be the pastor of the Methodist Church at Peekskill. Another reverend gentleman claimed to be the authentic spiritual teacher. Mr. Lyon would not acknowledge the authority of the son-in-law of the late minister. The stranger, on the occasion of age, some early in the afternoon, took the pulpit, and preached there, much to the disgust of his rival, who, however, did not interfere. At the close he announced his intention of preaching again the following Sunday. At this the Hon. Mr. Lyon and sundry friends, took the stage, and the latter accompanied Mr. Lyon to the church. The stranger found the door locked, jumped through the window, preached, at his dinner which he had brought with him, preached again in the afternoon, sang more in the evening, and then announced another sermon on the following Sunday, and an intention to fight it out in that line, if it took all Summer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH.—The origin of playing cards, like the origin of most other things, is involved in considerable obscurity. One learned doctor maintains with much tenacity that seven hundred years before the Christian era they were known to the Egyptians—a nation which, like the Chinese, is generally admitted, though with doubtful results, to show us that there is nothing new under the sun. Another authority tells us that they formed one of the amusements of the Lydians during a great scarcity of corn which pervaded their country, when, according to Herodotus, they invented various games, "playing a whole day that they might not be in want of food, and, on the next, eating and abstaining from play." The famine lasted for eighteen years, and it is certainly possible that during this period the Lydians may have invented cards amongst their other sources of diversion.

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

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

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

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—"EXETER HALL," ETC.

The great religious romance, "Exeter Hall," which is pronounced by eminent critics the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" presaging a great theological revolution, is meeting a remarkably large sale. It is a large octavo volume, of 186 double-column pages, and we send it by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, 75 cents.

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

We continue the offer of a choice of a copy of either "Dawn," "Rebecca," "What Answer," "Gates Ajar," "Gates Wide Open," or "Men, Women and Ghosts," to any person sending us the names of two new yearly subscribers, with the money (\$5.00) for the same. The books will be sent postage paid.

THE UNIVERSE AND THE ROSTRUM.

To the Subscribers of the Rostrum.—The Spiritual Rostrum published by me, having been purchased by Mr. H. N. F. Lewis, publisher of THE UNIVERSE, I hereby give notice that the subscribers of my magazine will be supplied with THE UNIVERSE for the unexpired terms of their subscriptions, respectively. This will be a gain to them, as they will receive four times the number of copies of a first-class Weekly in lieu of the Rostrum, i. e. the same number of months of the Weekly, as they have paid for the Monthly. While regretting, no doubt, the discontinuance of a magazine that never catered to the morbid prejudices of the popular multitude, they will hail with pleasure the regular visits of THE UNIVERSE, consecrated, as it is, to the fullest liberty of expression and to the elevation of mankind.

Those who are subscribers of both THE UNIVERSE and Rostrum will have their terms of subscription for the former extended according to the amount their due. Thanking my many kind friends for their aid and encouragement, I remain, as ever, a co-worker with them in the cause of human progress. W. F. JAMIESON.

A murder was committed by a burglar at Detroit, recently, and, as usual, the feeling of revenge takes possession of the public mind, including the ministers of the Gospel of Peace. Rev. S. M. Freeland, of that city, preached a sermon in favor of the restoration of capital punishment in Michigan. He declared that the reformation of the criminal is of no consequence in the eye of the law—that the law is an avenger, a scourge, a terror to evil doers, seeking justice and not reformation. This is rational, considering that gentleman's theology.

Wendell Phillips says:—"Christianity was much nearer to Voltaire when he struggled for free speech, than it was to Jeremy Taylor when he wrote his 'Holy Living and Dying'; and, bating his imperfections and vices, when Thomas Paine went into the other world, he was more likely to be received, with 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' than many a bishop that went up under an English mitre."

The Davenport Brothers are wending their way westward. Chicagoans will have an opportunity of investigating their claims to mediumship. Col. T. W. HIGGINSON says, in the N. Y. Independent, that they are "jugglers." On the contrary, hundreds of as intelligent and perhaps more critical gentlemen say that what transpires in their presence cannot be accounted for except on the hypothesis of an outside agency.

The defendant, in a divorce case at the Common Pleas Court of Morgan Co., Ind., at its present session, addressed a letter to the Judge and jury, informing them that "owing to circumstances over which she had no control," she would be unable to attend the trial, but for God's sake and her sake, she beseeched them to let her husband have a divorce. The court granted the prayer.

In the report of the Dress Reform Picnic, given in the latest issue of THE UNIVERSE, the types should have said that the gathering was had at South Newbury, Ohio, not South Newburg; Chagrin Falls was curiously spelled. If names were always plainly written by correspondents, such mistakes would be fewer, for the proof-reader, at the best, will overlook errors sometimes.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says:—"If the vote is to be granted to woman, then we must arrange to have the voting clean, and honest, and polite. The State must arrange to build houses, instead of dirty rooms and corner shops. The State must build palaces and halls, in which women can deposit their vote, in the presence of their sons, and brothers, and fathers."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—V.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—PROF. HUGGINS' INVESTIGATIONS.—BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE.—ABBOTS AND ABBEYS.—KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.—PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM, ETC., ETC.

GLASGOW, Scotland, Sept. 6, 1869.

More extensive reading and travel confirm our previous conviction that the roots of the tree of knowledge are in Germany, the foliage and flowers in France and the practical fruiting in England and America. The tendency among thinkers, in all lands, is to a closer union between religion, reason, and science. The scientific world is under deep obligations to that German physicist, Kirchoff, for his spectroscopic researches. The light of the sun, of the stars, of the nebular, and the comets, was written all over with unread hieroglyphical characters, until this bold scholar lifted the veil, revealing not only the mineral and chemical composition of the heavenly bodies, but of light itself, independent of ever-changing temperatures. The spectrum of Sirius, with its furrowed lines, indicating the presence of sodium, magnesium, and iron, as well as the bright lines of hydrogen, is deeply significant as a foretaste of what science is yet destined to accomplish. Prof. Huggins' recent investigations prove conclusively that that mysterious order of heavenly bodies, the nebular, are not, as previously supposed, swarms of bright stars, too remote in space to be separately distinguishable. A large portion of these nebulous objects give a remarkable spectrum. It consists chiefly of three bright lines, though in some a fourth line is present, coincident with the brightest lines of hydrogen and nitrogen. It is clear that these nebulous objects, hanging in the bending heavens like silvered clusters of stars, are only luminous masses of gaseous substance, of which the principal constituents are hydrogen and nitrogen. Are not these demonstrations and admissions of scientists, all tending to a confirmation of those spiritual summer-land zones, clairvoyantly seen and described by friend A. J. Davis in his Stellar Key?—The British Association of science, held in Exeter during August, was deeply suggestive and profitable to all thinkers. One of the most practical papers read, was by a woman, upon the subject of education. One of the most prominent scientists of the association grappled bravely with "biology" and psychological inductions. While the country people and the more ignorant, of England, stand aghast at the mention of Spiritualism, those, ranked as noble men and scientists, are anxious to investigate its merits. This we attribute to the power of priestcraft.

The paper read before this association upon astronomical science was impressive and profound. There are no fixed stars. These so-called are not absolutely fixed, like fiery studs riveted into the canopy of heaven; but they are fatigued travelers in space, shifting their places to a considerable extent relative to each other. There is no rest. Solar worlds are but wheels within wheels, and astral systems are moving toward and around vast centers in the depths of measureless space.

THE OLD ABBOTS AND ABBEYS.

The rivers, lakes and mountains of Albion's cliffy Isle, though fine "far as they go," are infants compared to our Nevada, Niagara, Mississippi and great chains of northern lakes. They excite in us little interest and no real admiration. But, the solid culture—the paintings, libraries, architectural structures with weird castles and moldering abbeys, magnificent even in partial ruin—these intruding us into the vestibule of the genius and glory characterizing the past, literally charm the soul into the wor-ship of the beautiful as prophetic of the progressive and the practical.

Abbey, from the French abbaye, implies a religious community presided over by an abbot. This latter term comes from the Syriac abba, of which the original is the Hebrew ab, father, meaning simply a title of respect. A few of the old Roman Catholic abbots lived in enjoyment of great power and state. Others were truly ascetics, who, industrious and sincere, lived out their vow of poverty. Quite a number were very eminent scholars for their time. Friar Bacon, the inventor, author and prophet, was a monk. Subsequent to the mediæval ages, Coke says, twenty-six abbots were lords of Parliament and sat in the house of Peers. For a long period they possessed nearly absolute authority in their monasteries. Abusing these powers, as well as of dictating the policy of national affairs, the Abbots, in the reign of Henry the Eighth and Edward, were either sacked or demolished, and the monks sent adrift upon the charities of the continent. Cromwell, with his Ironside legions, hurled his weapons of war at the castles while contending for the Parliament and people against King Charles, while stern John Knox, a century later, left his "outprints of destruction upon the chapels and chantries of Scotland. Destruction precedes construction. Both are necessities in the order of progress.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

Accompanied by our friend Thomas Etchells, Esq., whose papers have appeared in the literature of the London Spiritual Magazines, we visited this Abbey, a description of which beggars our powers of pen-painting. It was erected originally in Barnoldswick, the Mt. of St. Mary. Alexander was the first abbot dying in 1147. Persecuted, before this, he was brought, says the historian, by a "strange influence to the vale of the Aire, where some humble Anchorites had fixed their habitation; the chief of these was Saleth, who related to Alexander the circumstances which had brought him to that spot. The following is the substance of his narration:—In the visions of the night the Holy Virgin appeared to him, and thus addressed him: 'Arise, Seleh, and go into the province of York, and seek diligently in the valley of Airedale for a place called Kirkstall, for there shalt thou prepare a future habitation for brethren serving my Son.' Having satisfied himself that it was really the Virgin Mary that was talking to him, he proceeded in search of the favoured spot, and after many difficulties, he arrived at the entrance of a shady valley, which he was informed by the shepherds, was called Kirkstall; here he fixed his abode, and, as the Abbot learned from his brethren, his humble cell was greatly revered by the neighbouring villagers, and long was the favourite resort of the devotee. In times of distress, the prayers of Seleh were sought with fervour; and the fame of his piety spread

through the whole country, and induced several young devotees to press upon him to accept the office of Superior; with this request he complied, and this small fraternity built themselves cells beside the river Aire, and regulated themselves by the rules of the brethren of Leath; enjoying all things in common and procuring a livelihood by the work of their hands.

Here again, we have phenomenal spiritualism. This Seleh was a medium gifted with clairvoyance. Encased in popy he would give audience to no spirit less distinguished than the Virgin Mary. Wisdom spirits coming pre-empting this, brought the Virgin before him in a psychologic vision. Great names still have charms with too many Spiritualists: Plato, Shakespeare, Frank in, Theodore Parker and hosts of others are "lying about quite too loosely" for their literary reputation. Father De Smet, a Jesuit of St. Louis, told us, while accompanying the Indian Congressional committee to the Sioux Territory in the West, that Spiritualism, so far as a belief of the possibility and certainty of spirit-intercourse was concerned, prevailed almost universally in the Catholic Church. Concurring a few months since with a very intelligent "escaped Nun" she informed us that the Catholics had their mediums, and consulted them regularly in regard to the interests of the church. Every scholar, read in ecclesiastical history, is aware that the papacy has ever professed to work miracles, heal the sick, and possess spiritual gifts. In brief, Rome has had the phenomena of Spiritualism without the philosophy.

As a sample of letter-writing in the twelfth century we submit the following extract, addressed to the "reverend brethren of the Kirkstall monastery":

'From Castle Reginald, on the M. row of St. Martin A. D. 1287.' 'We salute you, brethren, that if ye hear of our departure, ye will pray for us faithfully, remembering the labours and distresses which we endured in the beginning of our creation, and of which ye are reaping the fruits in peace. 'Ye know dearly beloved, that worldly occupations, such as we have been long entangled in for your sakes, are not without danger to the soul, but we derive great hopes from your compassion, seeing that we aim at no earthly advantage, nor seek the revenues of the Monastery without cause. 'Salute our dear friends, * * * and especially our dearest companion, to whom we would have some one interpret this letter; when he reads it he will surely be able to refrain from tears, which he shed abundantly at our parting. 'We commend our poor mother to your compassion. Salute one another with an holy kiss. 'The salutation of me, John, your minister, such as I am, who am studying to do everything in my power for your advantage and honour. 'We commend you again and again to God and the Blessed Virgin. 'Written at Canterbury, with many tears.'

COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS OF MONKS.

The Cistercian monks wore white linen cossacks or long gowns with a scapulary. This was a long narrow piece of stuff thrown over the cossack descending down the back, or, in front, from the shoulders to the feet. When journeying they put over it a black gown, and hood of woollen. They still adopt this habit when coming from the Continent into England. These are sometimes called white monks in distinction to the Benedictines or black monks, the most ancient of all monastic orders. This singular costume, the monks say, was enjoined upon them by the Virgin Mary in a vision to St. Bernard, attended with a vast retinue of ministering spirits. Besides the Matin, in the morning, and the Vespers, in the evening, these monks engaged in prayers at two o'clock in the morning, nine in the morning and three in the afternoon. The Compiety was chanted at seven, after which all retired, observing the most profound silence. The abbot, called the over-seeer, was virtually a dictator. Obedience is the first command of Catholicism. Among the relics sent to this Abbey, in 1535, were, with other things, a "shred from God's coat, our lady's smock, the nails St. Edmund's nails, an angel's wing, and a part of the rock above which Jesus was born."

Such quaint records seem amusingly strange to a Protestant, who protests against Protestantism itself. The question of Catholicism as a conservative force, cramping and crushing religious freedom, will have to be met sooner or later in America. Roman Catholic influences rule New York to-day. The only really growing church upon the American Continent is the Romish. The great battle to be ultimately fought in our country will be between conservatism and radicalism—church authority and the widest freedom—Catholicism and Spiritualism. God grant that the battle be one of ideas only.

RUTINS OF MONASTERIES.

Catholics and Protestants, reminding us of the Apocalyptic "Gog and Magog," have proven themselves about equally destructive when possessing political power. An act was passed in the reign of Henry VIII, legalizing the surrender of all property, lands and houses used for religious purposes. About this time the ornaments were taken from the inside of Kirkstall abbey, and the bells from the tower, and sold for the English Crown. The church-edifice-circumference—that is, in the form of a cross, was nearly 300 feet in length and a little short of 70 in width across the nave and aisles. The stately gate northwest of the Abbey fronted the Lord Abbot's palace; while on the south rolled the crystal river Aire. The ed Saxon pillars, transepts and square pedestals still stand as mournful monuments of by-gone superstitions. The cloister-court the crypts, house, the Vestment-rooms, the damp the huge stone coffins, the "High Alter, holiest of places," the arched chambers, stone-cells for holy water, and the punishment partial ruin—all exhibit a pile—a speaking pile of solitary ruin. The roofless walls, desolate, a crumbling and forlorn, are embraced only by climbing ivies and stunted shrubbery. Walking across the stone-floor or climbing the worn stairways, guided by our good friend Etchells—both meditative—the spectacle of Protestant spiriting and dancing at or feet, and the wailing voices of destruction, breathed through crypts or hanging vines, render the contrast painful. Rich the lessons from these scenes. Buildings, however massive perish; but the builders live immortal, and their words, if good, and their deeds, if pure, trail in glory through all future ages. Not doubting the industry or sincerity of the old monks we deplore their superstition and lack of wisdom. Visiting many of these ruined abbeys, towers, and castles, we fully appreciate these words: "See how the sharp corroding tooth of Time Hath rent these massy walls!—The stones dissolve; And, like the feeble snows of old age, Relax, and shrink, and tumble to the ground! Thus how the firmest works of busy man? 'Tis even so!—Yes, lastly, he himself, With all his riches, honors, and renown, Hides his poor head in dust."

IN SCOTLAND.

O Scotland! land of moral chivalry and home of my forefathers! how the whole soul rejoiced when my feet first pressed the soil

and my hands clasped those who may well boast of birth in a country that has given to the world a Wallace, a Bruce, Burns, Marvell, Hume, Adam Smith, Hugh Miller and others, equally brave and true. Reaching Berwick Castle—a ruin at the mouth of the river Tweed, strange sensations thrilled our being; for, less than forty miles up this river is the old town of Peebles, mentioned in Burns, Poets, and rendered immortal in Sir Walter Scott's novels. From this old Scottish hive—Peebles, in the Shire of Peebles—went out the young swarm in the days of "long ago," my great, great (continue adding) great grandfather, leaving Peebles-shire and passing through the north of Ireland, landed and settled in Massachusetts. According to history, one of the tribe at least, was an Earl, possessing large estates. What a coming down from such an ancestry to a lean, lank, long-haired, wandering Spiritualist!

UP AMONG THE HIGHLANDS.

The other day, "mine Host and Hostess," Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, most excellent people, whose personal kindness will ever remain fresh in the memory-chambers of our soul, Mr. James Brown, a true man, and G. B. Clark, a genuine Scotch genius, off-hand and clever, and ourself, left Glasgow at an early hour, sailing down the Clyde, to visit Loch-Lomond, Queen of Scotland's lakes, so richly studded with Isles, Lomond-Hills, silvered with firs and crimsoned with heather, and above all of which, Ben-Lomond looked down in peerless majesty. The scenery in these High-lands is absolutely magnificent. To increase the interest we saw Queen Victoria now on her summer's visit to Scotland. We rode upon the same steamer that bore Her Majesty over these peaceful lakes. It was richly decorated with flags, wreaths of flowers, and branches of the bowen-tree. In stature she is small and plain-looking. Any one would know, at a glance, she was of German descent. In the future we shall pen a chapter relating to her Spiritualism.

The atmosphere of Glasgow is American. It was good to breathe it. The hall in which we lectured, under the auspices of the "Psychological Society," was densely crowded. More of Scotland in our next communication.

WIFE AND MOTHER!

"The female elector will fill her role of mother equally well with that of wife." There it is again, "wife and mother." It seems utterly impossible for some to comprehend that woman does not necessarily mean "wife and mother." Won't some one, high in authority, refer them to some good woman who has lived and died without any such appendages?

"Women who embark in public affairs must devote a portion of their lives to reading the journals, studying public and political opinions, assisting at public meetings, and following parliamentary discussions." Theop, of course, women must not "embark." Mrs. Knowlton bears witness that they have enough to do at home. After her "wifely duties" are paid, what time or spirit has she for reading, writing, or public meetings? Of course, such a monstrosity as a woman without a husband, and six or eight children, will not be tolerated in this enlightened age!

"We should see women's clubs, saloons of political women, and journals written by women." No doubt of it. And you would see women as old as thirty with bright rose faces, and eyes sparkling with light and hope, instead of the dull and hopeless wreck who sits at the fireside "waiting for papa." When women write more journals, let us hope that they will be better than some of the low trash dished out to us now.

"Think of women delivered over to the press reports, to the insolence of caricature." Awful, indeed! Ever so much worse than being "delivered over to a man who may practice toward her any cruelty which best pleases him, if he does not murder her too publicly, all under sanction of "our glorious laws." Women are not subjects of press reports and caricature now, are they? Of course not men; are too chivalrous, &c.

"Take from her neither her silent action nor her noble domestic empire, which includes her household, her children, and her husband, too. Deprive her not of her exquisite sensibility nor her ermine-like delicacy; do not plunge her into the rude whirl of outside affairs. She will lose all, even to her grace, even to her beauty." That reads well, but has that silent action brought health, happiness, or elevation, to woman? As for her "noble domestic empire," we must do it great honor while husbands are so very careful of our "exquisite sensibility and ermine-like delicacy," that our pleasure and comfort, nay, even our lives, weigh as naught against their lowest passions.

The "rude whirl of outside affairs" may be bad, but it cannot be worse than the stagnant mud-puddle of "domestic bliss," into which many a woman sinks after the bridal trip. The loss of grace and beauty ought, perhaps, to deter us from taking the fatal "plunge"; but these commodities, let us hope, will be supplied by those sensible women who may still cling to "their respective heads." If "political women" and "blue-stockings" are scarecrows to Count De Gasparin, let him run, for it is very likely that he may be trampled under foot where they all go "marching on."

GOOD BYE.

Sitting in one of our Wabash Avenue omnibusses, the other day, a gentleman on the street signalled the driver to stop, and handing in a lady, said, "good morning." She replied, "good bye."

I pondered in my mind these little words, and wondered if they had as deep a meaning to her as to me. Memory carried me back more than ten years, when, on just such a misty, unpleasant morning as that, I started from my home to visit the east, for the benefit of my health, which had long been failing. A friend lingered to bid me good bye. The last bell rang, and, reaching out my hand, I said "farewell." Don't say farewell, "said he," say good bye. I like the word better." Through all my journey, those little words haunted me like a spell. I could not forget them. Two short weeks from that day a telegram came to me, announcing his death by accident.

Need I tell you, reader mine, that since that time there has been a deeper, sadder meaning for me in those two little words "Good Bye," and my lips would never frame them to a mere passing acquaintance.

FERNIANA.

A correspondent in Packard's Monthly very properly asks why it is that when a woman applies for a situation that her moral character is always inquired into, while the same questions are never asked of a man. Surely, why?

"FREE LOVE."

The term "Free Love" was coined by J. H. Noyes to represent the conjugal Harmony of the millennium—and of heaven. It meant love not lust. It meant harmony—not discord. It meant the reign of pure love over selfishness, exclusiveness, and gross injustice. It meant the perfect reign of the Higher Law of Jesus, Confucius, and all such minds. It meant the order of Heaven—not of Hell. It came from the inspiration of the top, or front brain: As is usual in such cases, the term was soon taken to cover every kind of conjugal action not covered by exclusive marriage—often the most unjust. The author of the term dropped and discarded it. I have not; why should I?

Love is good. Freedom is good. All men worship both ideas. Free-Love must be good. Let all those who mean something bad by free-love—ho mean the reign of conjugal injustice, of impurity, of lust—denounce and make war on it. They really only give two very good words a bad meaning. But if you do not mean the last, you are in an unequal war. But why should we give up a word which so truly represents the purest and best conjugal life. I have lived over thirty years with the wife of my choice, without one hour's conjugal discord. Using the term in its original and true meaning, we are Free-Lovers.

Why should Democrats drop that word, because it has often been assumed by the most corrupt Politicians? So of Republican. Shall we discard and denounce religion because the word has been—and is made to cover the deepest iniquity—the foulest corruption: Let those who must, do this; not me.

I am a Democrat, a Republican, a Free-Lover, and a believer in religion. Let Bro. Potter expose every body and every thing that is bad. He always sends me his Tracts. In return I send him a defence of "Free-Love" to which he will never attempt a fair and candid reply. I am glad he found room in "News" to unload his burden. (Bro. do not go to law, if he has told lies about you). I am for the freedom of the intellect, as well as for the freedom of the affections. I would free both if they are not in the best condition.

Freedom is good for moral and mental growth. I cannot think Bro. Potter will harm anybody, or anything that is good. I am sure this unloading will benefit himself. He must be relieved of so great a burden of other men's sins. His tracts, to me, are the strongest defence ever of what he aims to denounce, that I have ever seen in print. He says it always is found most among the best educated and most enlightened people.

Is he not a friend in disguise—writing the most perfect satire? Seriously, let me tell friend Potter, he cannot stop, or essentially retard, the revolution which is coming, no conjugal relations. There is much folly and injustice in it to deplore. No man regrets this more than I. But, on the whole, it is not retrogression. It will leave us wiser and better than it found us. Bro. Potter desires leave to give "names." I will do better by him. I give write my name.

ILLEGITIMACY.

Recitals of individual experience are inappropriate to a literary and philosophic journal, unless they are remarkable, or illustrate clearly some of the principles which it advocates, and are presented truthfully and modestly.

Yet he that writes from experience, writes more effectively than when he presents only the results of observation; and if his "life-line" has been peculiar in prominent respects, and of a character that has seldom, if ever, been recorded in the prints devoted to the elucidation of its underlying principles, there is more than a mere justification for publicity—there is in some sense a necessity, and hence a duty.

Your correspondent is an "illegitimate," one, "born out of wedlock." Until thirty years of age, he knew not his real name, given below, and has never been the recipient of a father's fond affection and judicious counsel.

Who, better than such a one, can appreciate the inexpressible sufferings of that class, during the early years when the taunts of rude associates, and the terrible sense of alienation weigh down the sensitive youth, and at last send him, a wretched, sad-faced boy, away from the mother, the half home, the schoolmates and the familiar landscapes of his childhood, away into the cold, strange, unsympathetic world, with only conventional stigma to look back upon, and a morbid sense of inherent unworthiness opposing his future progress?

Who, better than such a one, can make large and just allowances for the defects, the mental and moral obliquities, which attach to the unfortunate, and follow him relentlessly at least through the period of his earth-life? or sympathize when protracted effort, to rise; (that have involved strength and health, it may be) result in failure, and "thick darkness" enshrouds the child of fate?

With your permission and emendation, Mr. Editor, I will briefly and pointedly continue my remarks on this subject. What I have said is in no wise inconsiderate, and I therefore have no fears that I shall at some future time regret the plea that long ago should have been made in behalf of those with whom I am identified.

ERNEST FONTAINE.

Chicago, Sept. 20, 1869.

The Tablet, the organ of the English Roman Catholics, speaking of the gradual extinction of the native race in the New England States, owing to the prevalence of infanticide, says that the fact is worthy of serious attention, "as an evidence of the social and religious results of Protestantism wherever they are unchecked by Catholic traditions."

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 2, 1869.

LETTER FROM BATTLE CREEK.

SOME COMPARISON BETWEEN CITY AND COUNTRY—A PILGRIM IN SEARCH OF HEALTH—THE CITY OF BATTLE CREEK—SPIRITUAL MEDIA—PLANCHETTE DRAWING—THE BATTLE CREEK SOCIETY.

[Correspondence of The Universe.]

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Sept. 19.

Six weeks ago, an overwrought brain and nervous system impelled the writer to flee from the routine life in which he had suffered in the commercial metropolis of Michigan, in quest of rest and peace. Let us return to philosophise a little, and to compare situations and conditions. What would the aggregate of society and civilization do without the great city? And yet, how little that is really social is to be found there, and how much also that resembles the barbarous rather than the civilized state. How purely mercenary is everything. What a sum of fraud and crime is concentrated there. Everything one has, is enjoyed at the price of a money value. Except with the more favored, love is an unknown ingredient. Money spreads your couch. Money feeds you. The buttons on one's shirts, and the threads that darn one's stockings, are there at the price of money. Oh, what an exorcise it would be, for once to have something, on which the fingers of love had left their magic magnetism! And that which is commended to our stomachs has the mercenary taint in quadruple proportion. Our vegetables must pass through several hands, and yield a toll in each case, and ere they reach the consumer, all the rich native dew and hue is worn away. If "the harp panteth after the water brooks," they are not to be found, and if the soul pines for a sight of the majestic rising or golden sitting of the sun, for the matchless grandeur of the sky as it meets the horizon, and for the gentle landscape—it is but mocked by interminable rows of brick and mortar and intensified heat reflected therefrom. And the sweet evening song of the crickets is, to the sensitive brain and system, but poorly supplemented by the incessant rattling of vehicles over the cobblestone pavement. But having said thus much in disparagement of the city, or of cities—I must, to be just, defend them as centers of thought, and life, and action, and hence indispensable in the social economy.

My own condition necessitated a change, and I was compelled to travel, whither I knew not, nor had I mental action enough to care. I was impelled, almost as an unconscious atom, and I believe it but just to credit my kind spirit guides with the issue. A wandering carpet-bagger, I found myself, about the middle of August, transported from the larger city of Detroit to this sweet little city of Battle Creek. I had no wish to go further, had I possessed the power to do so. A sense of repose and peace held me. I was as negative as an egg in the nest, and would hardly have ventured to express a preference whether I should be hatched a hawk or pigeon—an eagle or a dove. I was blessed with friends—I was brought under the influence of a spiritual and harmonious atmosphere—I enjoyed the free air and the varied and delightful scenery, the fresh fruits, the pure milk and honey, the pure everything, with which this place abounds, and as a result, I have devotedly thank the Infinite Good that is expressed through these various conditions and states of being, for a greatly improved physical and mental condition. I have been led to write of myself, not presuming that one in a thousand of your readers ever heard of, or will care anything about me personally. The mere relation is nothing, but I have sought to clothe it with thoughts that may have value, and the friends here, to whose kindness I owe so much, may feel gratified by it.

This city of Battle Creek is one of the many gems that adorn our beautiful Peninsula-State. It is sweetly nestled in the bosom of a little valley, through which runs the Battle Creek and the Kalamazoo river, the two streams coming together here, and is overlooked on all sides by gently rising hills. It is extensively known as an important manufacturing point. Its fruit products are large, and more varied than those of any other location in Michigan. Its moral and social atmosphere is excellent. Its population, almost entirely American, is industrious, thrifty and homogeneous.

The general goodness of Battle Creek is in no way better attested than by the Spiritualists that find expression here. Inspiration reciprocates the aspirations of man in proportion to the favorableness of surrounding conditions. I doubt whether anywhere in the country, in a locality embracing the same population, can the same number of good Spiritualists and excellent media, be found. You may, or may not, have heard of the remarkable development of pencil painting here, by means of the Planchette. There is residing in Battle Creek, a family, whose initial letter is F—the family, for reasons of their own, do not wish the name to have publicity.

About the first of December last a Planchette was incidentally brought into this family from a neighbor's. It was treated with ridicule. One of the daughters, however, put her hands upon it. In short, I find the leading facts detailed in a newspaper paragraph, which is subjoined:

While writing with Planchette some time since, it commenced portraying the faces of persons. It then directed her to send to a firm in Chicago and get colored crayons, giving the price, etc. After thinking about it for some time, and having no knowledge of colored crayons, she was induced to send to the parties named, and see if there was any truth in the statements. She found them to be correct, and received the crayons as ordered. Planchette then began drawing the figures on a larger scale, and with some precision. One of the first drawn was recognized as that of a son of her father, who had died before the young lady was born, and persons acquainted with the family could easily detect a resemblance. Another was recognized by a man to be that of a daughter who had removed to California some fourteen years since, and who had been dead about five years. The man being rather skeptical about it, wished Planchette to tell who it was. It wrote something they could not read; and as it seemed to be written backwards, one of the family suggested a looking-glass be brought, to see if it could not be read by the reflection. This was done, and the name "Nancy" was found written distinctly nine times; This fully satisfied the gentleman. Other persons have

recognized deceased relatives. One of the drawings in colored crayons is very beautiful, the expression of the countenance being quite life-like. Planchette commences at the head to draw, and finishes the picture as it advances. When it came to draw the dress of the picture above named, it indicated to the "medium" to take a purple crayon. This she refused to do, saying it would spoil the picture. She strove to resist the "power" for nearly half a day, till, at last, exhausted, she gave way and let Planchette take its course. It combined other colors with the purple, and made a very handsome golden tin, which is the admiration of all who see it.

"The young lady cannot account for any of these mysterious workings of Planchette. She has never taken lessons in even the rudiments of drawing, and of herself cannot, undirected, draw even the roughest sketch."

One picture, yet incomplete, represents a group of seven persons in spirit life. Five figures are standing together, one of whom is supposed to have recently entered the spirit world. Over these floats another figure, bearing a harp and a crown. The piece is replete with symbols, which I did not have time to study, and should not have space here to describe, if I had studied them. Many orthodox people, acquaintances of the young lady medium, have visited her, and have gone away unimpressed. They knew her to be too honest and upright to deceive, even if she were capable of producing the pictures of her own volition, which she is not. On one occasion this sentence was written out in both the Latin and French language; "This is the garden of spirits—the pleasure ground of the soul." The operating spirit artist gives its name as that of a celebrated French painter. It is the wish of the medium that the name be not made public. Much more of interest might be said of this remarkable development of spirit power, did space permit.

Of the other media here, Mrs. Emma M. Martin, trance speaker and improviser, is well known. Her controlling intelligences are the most varied and interesting of any medium that I have ever met. I am also indebted for much spiritual light to another equally interesting medium, Mrs. M., who is not publicly known as a medium, and whose name, therefore, I do not feel at liberty to give.

The Battle Creek society is composed of excellent material. Many leading and wealthy citizens, both in the city and country immediately about, are avowed Spiritualists, and earnest workers in the cause. I should be pleased to name some of them, but to do so might seem invidious, and besides, some modest nature might feel shocked at being in the print. Hence, silence is indicated as the safer rule. J. S. Loveland is the speaker here for the present month. S. B. McC.

IS WOMAN AT THE FEET OR SIDE OF MAN?

At the Council of Censors, one of the honorable councilors seemed surprised that the wording of the report of the Committee on Woman Suffrage should represent the present position of woman in enlightened Vermont, as "at the feet of man."

I will offer neither argument nor assertion as to her position, but simply a few facts for the judgment of the reader.

The writer lives in a large village—of average intelligence and wealth—but would say, in passing, that most of the women would be found in the kitchen, and many of the men in the stores, offices, &c., gossiping and talking politics.

On my left hand lives a professional man, worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and a public spirited, generous man, out of the family. His wife was liberally educated, and is highly esteemed for her personal worth. Yet this man will order this woman around like a child. The bill at the store was more than he thought it should be, (she does her own work and is an economist,) and he forbids her any more credit therein, making very severe threats if she did not obey. He kept the property left her by her parents, in his own name, notwithstanding the law now allows her to own it. She at one time suggested her rights, and he called her a "stingy, selfish woman." Is this at the feet or side of her husband?

On my right hand lives an educated man who is wealthy. His wife has borne him six children, and does all her household work. He looks his money from her, and is unwilling to give her any when asked. He prays, for I hear him sometimes. Is this woman living at his side or at his feet?

Next to his family lives a widow, living with servants only. The boys understand how powerless a woman is without the ballot, and they wantonly break her fence and steal her apples. Would suffrage benefit her?

Next family is a good father and husband, as far as I know. His daughter married a man who has deserted her, leaving her the better for his absence. Next to him lives an educated man, who swears fearfully to his gentle wife when she asks pecuniary favors though he has ample means. A profligate man lives next, who married a noble woman. The law, happily, has rid her of his offensive presence. A loving and true husband lives next to this last man; and I need not say, she lives by the side of her husband, and is happy.

Opposite lives a widow whose son was killed in battle. Her lawyer, in getting her pension, has cheated her out of all he could and clear as a defense? Does she not need it more than man, because of her physical weakness?

A short time since, the writer called at a house with a subscription paper. (then is the time when tell their wrongs,) to see the lady. A dollar was asked. The lady began to weep, saying, "My husband is so stingy of money, I have not a dollar for myself." Yet her husband is the richest man in town, a church member, and she does all her own work. Is this woman at the feet or side of man?

All through town we would find this mixture in the cup of woman. And this town is a good sample of other towns in Vermont, no doubt.

A few weeks since I received a letter from a friend, with "private" marked on it. In it she writes, "O this bondage! How can I get rid of it! I cannot stir without being dictated. My husband tries every method to save money at the expense of the feelings of his friends. Woman's Rights! God speed to the cause! But it is too late for me. It will do good to others, however!"

This woman is sixty years old, her husband is a church member, son of a professional man, and lives in a town of superior advantage. He is rich, and he keeps the money he got by her parents, in his own name, as if it were before the law passed in her favor. Is this woman at the feet of man?—L. B., in Green Mountain Freeman.

PERMANENT REFORM IN THE CURRENCY.

BY V. CONSIDERANT.

[Continued from last week.]

Gold and silver are, under absolute and despotic Governments, the best materials for a currency, and for the reason that the employment of these metals prevents kings and other rulers from increasing or diminishing arbitrarily the amount of currency in circulation, and thereby debasing it, and taking from its stability and fixedness. Gold and silver, furnished by nature, take from absolute rulers the power of creating money, and leaves them only that of coining it—of putting the Government stamp upon it.

When the opinions and business habits of a nation require that money should have an intrinsic value in itself (which is the case with gold and silver, which are valuable metals), kings and princes are restrained from creating a currency out of materials of no, or very little, value. Coinage is not the creation of a monetary value, but the authentication simply of the weight and alloy of the metals used—that is, of the intrinsic value of the price of gold or silver of which the money is made. By this means, the monetary value of the currency is combined with the material of which it is composed, and funds in its metallic substance the measure of its value.

It is easy to see that the guaranty thus offered to peoples against the rapacity and dishonesty of rulers, is based wholly on the principle of the equality of the cost of money with its value. But as soon as a people is free, and has the wisdom requisite to govern itself, why should it pay the cost of this guaranty—a guaranty against itself—of which there is no longer any need? To continue to employ, under such circumstances, a currency which costs the entire value it represents, can only be the effect of the influence of old ideas, the falseness of which has not been discovered and exploded, and which, in consequence, are retained. When a people governs itself, all it has to do is to acquire knowledge sufficient to adapt its laws and institutions to its true interests. If, instead of employing for its currency a material as cheap as paper, and which is more convenient than gold and silver, it keeps in the rut of routine, and uses those expensive metals, it confesses tacitly its ignorance in economic matters. The American people will be rightly accused of this ignorance, if, with the experience it has had in the greenback currency, it does not comprehend the folly of a cheap circulating medium, made of paper, and based on principles which will secure entire stability and regularity to it.

Agreed, it may be said; "let us accept the idea of a cheap national currency, costing, so to say, nothing, which is kept at par and its stability secured,—the sudden return to such a currency, however desirable in itself, would be a severe blow to all having debts, contracted under the old system, to pay." I answer: Nothing is more true; but what would prevent the introduction of a clause into the law which would protect the interests of debtors and serve the cause of strict justice? When Russia bridged over the gulf which separated the paper from the silver rouble—the difference between 350 and 100—she decreed that all debts anteriorly contracted should be paid at their real, not nominal, value—that is, in paper, not silver, roubles. The United States could follow the same policy. All debts entered in Greenbacks prior to the passage of the law in question would be paid in Greenbacks, or their average value during the year preceding the passage of the law. No one could complain of the equity of such a provision.

As regards financial reform, and a true financial policy, the American mind has been led astray by a false conception of the meaning of a single word—the word dollar. The word, in its old, its true and exact meaning, expressed the value of a certain amount of gold (that, contained in a certain amount of gold), and signified, and still signifies, this, and nothing more. At the present day, the American people has contracted, by the use of greenbacks, the habit of giving the name Dollar to the value of a constantly fluctuating piece of paper, which has never been a Dollar, and never will be one, until it is brought up to par with gold, that is, is made worth 23 8-10 Troy grains of gold, and kept there.

If this distinction had been clearly established between a name and a thing, much of the confusion which reigns in the public mind on currency questions would have been prevented. It would have been said: "If Congress by its legislation could bring the country back from a currency worth but about 75 per cent of gold, to one at par, making a greenback dollar worth a real dollar, naturally debts contracted in greenbacks should be paid at the value of greenbacks, that is, three real dollars would pay four greenback dollars. The same principle would regulate the payment of our National debt, and put an end to the controversies respecting its payment in gold or in greenbacks."

Whatever may be the terms of the law relating to the loans contracted by the United States, it is clear that whenever the Government sold a bond of \$1,000, with the stipulation of its payment at maturity, it was \$1,000 dollars that it expected to receive, and in common honesty is promised to pay. Whether the \$1,000 are made of gold, or paper, or of any other substance, is of no consequence. The essential point is that the value which it is to give to pay off a bond of \$1,000 be really \$1,000 dollars. The material no more than the name of the thing to be given to settle the contract, is of any legal importance; the legality consists in the value of the thing given. When a dollar is promised, a dollar must be paid, whether made of gold, silver, or paper. There is no alternative between this and a breach of faith.

It is a piece of knavery to pretend that the National Debt can be justly paid in a depreciated currency—in greenbacks, which may not be worth 50 cents on the dollar—under the pretext that the greenback bears on its face the word Dollar, printed in large letters. On the other hand, it is sheer nonsense to oppose the payment of the debt in a national paper currency, provided the currency is raised to and kept at the standard value of specie.

Another fallacy is to suppose that the monetary capital or monetary total of a country can be increased by new emissions of currency. Let us suppose that the amount in circu-

lation is such that the paper dollar answers to its name, and is worth a dollar. If under such circumstances the amount of currency is doubled, the prices of things will augment until they are doubled; or, in other words, the paper dollar will cease to be a dollar, and fall really to the value of 50 cents. It is consequently impossible to increase, by new issues of currency, the real value and volume of the monetary capital, and the effectual means of facilitating the exchange of products.

It must be clearly understood, once for all, that the monetary unit—called with us a dollar; in France a franc; in Prussia a thaler—will always be worth the value of the labor or effort which, on an average, it costs to obtain it; and that by doubling, tripling, or quadrupling the amount of circulating medium, the real value of the monetary circulation—of what is the dollar, franc, or thaler—cannot be increased in like proportion. On the contrary, the value of the monetary unit will be reduced in proportion to the increase of the currency.

Until these elementary and simple truths are understood, and admitted as the basis of monetary question, the theory of the science of money, in its application to the present industrial and commercial state of society, cannot be comprehended. Before leaving my adopted country, I hold it to be a duty which I owe to it—to the noble pioneer in political justice, equality, and liberty, on the earth—to present briefly what I believe to be the primary principles of a true monetary system, and the means by which—transforming its greenback currency into a permanent money—it will secure for itself a stable currency, and liquidate so much of its national debt as is represented by its greenbacks.

The leading points to be borne in mind are: 1. That a paper currency, resting on a true basis, is the best circulating medium for a free people who possess the capacity of self-government. 2. That nothing is easier than to fix the value of the paper dollar, and maintain it at par value with specie. 3. That there is for the people of the United States a saving or gain of \$500,000,000 or \$600,000,000 to be made, and at the outset, by adopting the reform proposed.

On these three points I challenge contradiction. If any one will undertake to invalidate the second point, which, if sustained, sustains the other two, I stand ready to reply.

P. S.—Some friends, to whom I have read the above, have said: "You lose your time; nothing will be done as regards the currency. The public is satisfied with the greenback; it answers the purpose of a circulating medium very well; it is not the greenback that varies when it appears to fall in comparison with gold; it is gold, which the wants of foreign trade, or maneuvers of the Exchange cause to fluctuate; the price of things is not affected thereby. No desire is felt to bring paper up to the price of the old dollar, and there are powerful interests involved which are entirely opposed to any such policy."

Well, agreed. It is not absolutely necessary to bring the paper dollar back to the value of the old dollar to raise it to par. Let us leave it as it is, provided its present value is adopted, and is maintained faithfully at its actual rate, say 109-133, or about 3-4 of its former value. If gold and silver are, once for all, set aside as money, reduced to the rank of ordinary metals, and left to be dealt with as such; if the privilege of creating or issuing money is taken from all corporations and individuals, and reserved exclusively to the Government; and if the value of the greenback is fixed at its present rate of value, and kept at it, the reform which I propose will be effected.

The all-important end to be attained is to bring to a close—and without expense to the Government, but a saving to it—an unstable and fluctuating monetary state, an ever changing currency, which paralyzes the business of the country by rendering unstable and uncertain the value of its circulating medium. So long as the question of the resumption of specie payments continues to be agitated in the confused manner which it thus far has been, the fear, either of the rise or the fall in value of the Greenback, will be suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the heads of debtors and creditors, and will continue to be a serious obstacle to all regular business, and to a stable credit system. The advocates of a return to specie payments ought to be able to understand that what is right and legitimate in their demand is not Specie in itself, but the regularity and fixedness of value, which are secured by the metallic currency. On the other hand, the advocates of the greenback currency should comprehend that they cannot hope to see their ideas triumph until the greenback (that is, a system of paper money whose value is fixed and determined) is declared by law to be the currency of the nation, and gold and silver are set definitely aside as money.

In a word, the real issue is not Specie versus Paper, but Stability versus Instability in the value of the currency of the country. Let this be clearly understood on both sides, and all differences of opinion, all controversies relating to the vexed question of the currency will be promptly settled, even that of the payment of the national debt, which I can admit of but two solutions: Integral payment, or national default.

THE LAND-QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

An English journal reports an open-air meeting of the working-classes, under the auspices of the Holborn branch of the Reform League, for the purpose of hearing a lecture from Mr. C. Bradlaugh on "The Land and the People." There were about 1,000 people present, Mr. Osborne being in the chair. The lecturer said that to obtain life and happiness from the land was the right of all, and if there were any barrier in the way, the attention of the people should be directed to its removal. The land-owners of the country numbered but 30,000, and while in 1800 the land was taxed to the amount of £2,300,000, the rent received by the landed aristocracy being £22,500,000, in 1869 the rent received had increased to over £66,000,000, while the taxes paid had decreased to £1,750,000, in consequence of the redemption of the land tax. Referring to Mr. Mill's statement that the landed aristocracy had "grown rich while they slept," Mr. Bradlaugh said that it was not so, for the heads of families, being provided for by the law of primogeniture and entail, the aristocracy had provided for the younger sons in other ways, out of the country's earnings. The rights of property in land were different from those in possessions acquired by labour, and those who owned land now had no right to shut it up for pleasure when it would produce grain for the starving millions. He advocated reform in the land laws—firstly, because they had it in their power to reform them; secondly, because it was lawful; thirdly, because, whether it was lawful or not, they could do it, meaning thereby that the happiness of the nation was higher than the mercenary right. The fact that England is a monarchical government was denied, the govern-

ment being that of a landed aristocracy. He did not advocate the equal distribution of land, but he asked that the cultivator of the soil should share in the profits of his labour. A eulogium of Mr. Gladstone closed the lecture.

OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

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

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

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

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

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive, or at least only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no honied words or equivocal phrases to win the favor and assistance of men who otherwise would spurn them. By demanding all, they will get more than by asking only for half of that which they know they should have. The sooner the issue is joined and the position of the respective parties in this "irrepressible conflict" is clearly and fully understood, the sooner will the grand triumph be accomplished—for triumph will surely come, though the struggle may be, at the best, bitter and protracted.

On this platform does the CHICAGOAN [now THE UNIVERSE] advocate the cause of Woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved,—that, in the granting of "woman suffrage,"—to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto,—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system involuntarily as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its de-ficiencies and all its virtues—all its baseness and its highest uses—all the diseases, discolorances, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

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

LIVING BY DAY.

"I compare," says John Newton, the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too heavy for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us one stick which we are to carry to-day and then another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we could only take the bundle appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it."

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

Pittsburg is said to be rivaling Chicago in the divorce business. A newly-married couple at Evansville, Ind., lately committed suicide together. Old Prince Charley, of Prussia, has been horsewhipped for engaging in a bar-love affair. Brigham Young is in trouble; his family record is just, and he is maddled about his children. A Hindoo widow marriage has taken place at Calcutra, and caused a little excitement in the native community. A Chicago street-car driver, named David Walsh, shot his wife through the lungs, because she asked him for a divorce. "Scandalous reports" say the mother of the Duke of Genoa and perhaps future King of Spain, is Victor Emanuel's mistress. Madame Rossini is troubled by a seedy chap who hangs around her place insisting that he is the son of Rossini, his mother living in Florence. The clerk of a Portland hotel threw a man down stairs and killed him for insulting the head waiter girl. A young lady teacher in a negro Sunday-school, in Detroit, was somewhat surprised to receive an offer of marriage from the most burly and blackest of her pupils. Sarah Hay, formerly of Albany, now a noted *opograph du pave*, of New York, has fallen heir to property valued at over \$1,000,000, through the death of an aunt in England. The Frankfort correspondent of the Berlin Post mentions the interesting fact that the Prince of Wales has in that city, as well as at Wiesbaden, several illegitimate children. The laws of California prohibit the marriage of young girls under sixteen years of age. Hence one Jane Frost took her lover and a person in a tug and went out "one marine league from the shore," and was married. A Missouri girl lately shot at and missed a young man who had invited her away from home, taken her to Omaha and then deserted her. She had three more shots left, but the young man capitulated and compromised the unpleasantness by cleaving to her again. "Old Joe Roberts," of Hawkins county, Tenn., the other day, deliberately took a bundle of straw and fired his wife's house, then burned his mother-in-law's house, and then proceeded to attack his wife with a butcher knife, and literally cut her to pieces. He was arrested. At Madison, Ind., Sept. 22, William Mooly, an old and respectable farmer, murdered his wife with a hatchet, dragged her body into the house, set fire to his dwelling and outbuilding, standing guard, with a gun, over the burned buildings until they were consumed, and then shot himself dead. An English judge lately instructed a jury to give moderate damages in a breach-of-promise case, because it was a most mischievous thing to "frigate a man into marrying a woman he did not like by heavy damages. It is much better for the girl that she should find out his dislike before than after marriage." A young butcher in Middletown, Ct., eloped with the daughter of a wealthy citizen of that town last week. He had wooed and won her against the protests of her stern father, who, on one occasion, drove the young man from the house, accusing him of movements by vigorous blows with a cart whip. John O'Donnell, who hanged himself the other day in Liverpool, left a letter to his wife, saying he hoped she would meet him in heaven, where there would be "no Mrs. Corbick or Mrs. Batters for to drink health to me, wishing me in hell, and libel enough to stand a pint of beer to old Nick to stir the coals." Two persons, who passed at Washington under the names of Gordon Walker and Sterritt, were arrested on charges of fraud. Sterritt hailed from Chicago, and advertised there for a governess to come to Washington. A lady of that city came on in answer to the advertisement, and is now at Willard's not having been able to find Sterritt at all. There is also a young lady at another hotel, to whom he is engaged to be married. A young man at Nashville, undertook to commit suicide, by jumping from the railroad bridge into the Cumberland, but a citizen prevented him. He had proposed, the day before, to a young lady whom he had been courting, not knowing she was engaged. She had promised to answer him on Wednesday morning, and when he had called to get her answer he had learned that she had just been married, and was gone on the bridal trip. An altercation occurred in Cordobale, Ill., the other day, between Mr. S. M. Medley and his son-in-law, Mr. Organ, in which pistols were freely used. During the melee the wife of Mr. Medley, who had been between the parties, and received a very painful and dangerous wound in the hip from the pistol of Mr. Organ; one eight or ten shots were fired altogether; one respectable position, and the parties occupy a respectable position, and the wife was severely wounded. A wedding at Fort Smith, Ark., was interrupted the other day, when the groom entered that portion of the service which requires a vow of abstinence on the part of the bride. At that critical moment there resounded a crash from the church a most emphatic no from the lips of the lady. The clergyman threw up his hands in dismay and then closed his book, and the excitement among the spectators was intense. But one of the bridesmaids whispered something in the ear of the bride who gave the required pledge, and thereafter all went merrily as a marriage bell. A married man named A. Schultz, forty years old, residing on Chicago avenue, near Wells, has, some time ago, accomplished the ruin of a young girl named Emma Hamilton, daughter of a respectable citizen and former police officer, living on the same street with Schultz. The girl is but fifteen years old. For some time past the parties have been scandalized in the neighborhood, but despite the stories and warnings Schultz has led his victim on to ruin and depravity; so that now she presents a bold front and makes no disguise of her shame. A brother of the girl shot Schultz, but did not hurt him so much that he was allowed, soon after, to throw a stone through Hamilton's window. He was afterward arrested. Two girls from New York crossed to Hoboken, on the afternoon of the 1st instant, to drown. The girls, who gave their names as Mary Johnson and Mary Jane Williams, aged respectively 23 and 21 years, went to the Elysian Fields by the shore walk. Their names attracted the attention of two young men who watched their movements. When they arrived opposite Kelly's Cave, they held a short consultation, then walked to the sea wall, and the girl Williams plunged into the river. The other was about to follow, when Constable Kenny, of Weehawken, sprang forward and prevented. At the same time one of the young men plunged in and rescued the girl Williams. The girls, who had been living in a respectable home in New York, had agreed to end their lives together. Justice Witney committed them to the county jail. The following note, dated at Leavenworth, Kan., was recently found in a bottle, floating in Missouri River: When this note is found I will be at rest forever. My life has been bitterly wretched for four years. The world is dark and gloomy, I have no friends here. Disappointed and wretchedness is my lot. There is nothing in life for me to live become enemies in a day. I have had my virtue for a morsel of bread. I have lost my happiness, life of a woman of the town, starve me in Ash! but there is a home over my head. I am in hell in death. Sit down, come, darkness must fall into the heart of some. What is, is right; reveal in ease; others grow a god of justice. Some loss and a lifetime of misery, their way in wretchedness never lingers where the sunshine of happiness can my hope. He, whom I once loved, will no longer give him and me. We have both stood. Fare thee, earth, —earth that where the shadows of trouble are more common than the sunshine of joy. My mind will sleep where no one to all that is mortal. Welcome, sleep—death—rest,—a grave beneath the waters. Farewell! JENNIE WILLIAMS.

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THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 2, 1896.

THE UNSEEN CITY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I think of a city I have not seen... Except in my hours of dreaming... Where the feet of mortals have never been...

MIDDLE-AGED AND RESPECTABLE.

WANTED—A middle-aged, respectable woman, to go into the country, as housekeeper. Apply from 12 to 1 at No. — Astor House.

'Middle-aged and respectable,' eulogized Annie Bronson, letting the paper fall listlessly on her lap.

'Here I have been six months,' she went on sadly—'looking for some honest employment, to keep body and soul together.'

'I shall never forgive their conduct to poor Harry,' she went on a-sighing, 'and now he's been dead six months, and I am nearly destitute.'

'Now if I could only take this housekeeper's place,—I'm sure I could fill it, thanks to Aunt Jane's training—but 'middle-aged'—

'I wonder,' she began, after a long silence 'if a widow's cap and a pair of spectacles wouldn't make me look old; I'm sure I feel old enough. Another fit of musing.'

'I mean to try it. If I can make myself look old enough without any positive disguise, I really believe I'll try for that place.'

Her busy fingers were soon at work on some muslin and lace, and when the article was finished she took her luxuriant hair down, twisted it up in as unobtrusive a knot as possible for such a quantity, and donned the cap, before the glass.

A burst of merry laughter followed. 'Well, it does add ten years to my face, and a pair of glasses will finish the matter. I'll try.'

She then went to work to review her wardrobe, and soon selected a sober gray dress, carefully removing all ornaments from it.

Long before twelve she was fully arrayed, and demure enough she looked, in her gray dress and white collar, with not so much as a ruffle or bit of lace visible;—and her widow's cap green glasses and black mitts to hide the delicacy and youth of her hands, completed the transformation, and when she presented herself, before the eyes of the advertiser, no one would have thought her other than she seemed,—a matronly maiden of about forty.

Mr. Marshall, after dismissing several disagreeable aspirants for the office of housekeeper, was delighted to see one who did not threaten to give him the nightmare, so he engaged her at once, asking few questions,—and she was so frightened and confused a her strange position that she never thought to ask one. She rushed home with only his last words in her mind, 'I shall leave at six; be sure to be at the cars.'

Annie dared not allow herself time for reflection on the step she had taken. She felt glad to be at rest, and the prospect of a home was too tempting to the homeless, for her to inquire too closely how it was obtained.

She hastily packed her trunk, and at six met Mr. Marshall at the cars.

'When I get where his wife is,' was her thought, chafing under her deceit, 'I will confess, and throw myself on her mercy. He seems so gentlemanly, I know that his wife must be a lady.'

When they reached Mr. Marshall's house, a fine old mansion, a few miles from New York, he delivered his housekeeper into the hands of the old one, who only awaited her arrival to resign her keys and set up house-keeping for herself.

She introduced Annie to her rooms,—two pleasant and sunny ones, overlooking the flower garden;—and remained to chat with her as she took her tea.

'Is Mrs. Marshall an invalid?' Annie asked, by way of conversation.

'Mrs. Marshall! Why Mr. Marshall is a bachelor?'

'Didn't you know that?' said the housekeeper, eying her sharply,—'well, you are a green one.'

'Yes, this is my first place,' Annie said meekly regarding her self command—'I forgot to ask about the family.'

'Well, I can tell you, Mrs. Bronson, you have got into a good place, by accident, it seems. Mr. Marshall is a gentleman, but one of those called a woman hater. I think he had some trouble in his early life,—at any rate he never speaks to one if he can help it; but in his household he is a perfect gentleman.'

Much to the relief of her listener, the housekeeper was here called away.

Annie was aghast!—an old bachelor!—not so old either,—not more than forty,—and she—a young widow—what would she thought if she should be discovered! But the comforts under the protection of some one, even as his housekeeper, had begun to creep into her lonely heart, and even if she could have found any excuse for leaving, she should not bear to think of it. So she firmly resolved that nothing should cause her to reveal herself,—she would keep constant watch over herself and he should never know that his housekeeper was under thirty-five.

Well—she was introduced into her duties

—one of which she found was to preside at the tea board. This was pleasant, particularly as, under her ancient guise, and as a dependent, Mr. Marshall condescended to be very sociable, and finding her companionable he prolonged his meal and his conversation, till soon this hour became the most interesting of the day, to him—as well as to her.

Everybody likes to talk to a good listener, and Mr. Marshall had traveled and read much, descriptions of men and things. He was not slow to discover that he had an extraordinary housekeeper,—so the tea hour gradually lengthened into the whole evening,—and it was not long before it was her constant habit to spend the evening in the library, with her sewing, while he talked or read to her. She was not sufficiently well informed about a housekeeper's position, to see the absurdity of a gentleman's devoting his evenings to her entertainment, and being accustomed to be treated like a lady, it never occurred to her that it was anything unusual.

Meantime, he was engaged in a new—to him—study.

Now, I know that the orthodox way of bringing about the catastrophe of the story, would be to bring down my hero with some malignant disease, have all the servants fly, and his housekeeper alone nurse him through a dangerous illness, to be rewarded of course, with his hand—what was left of it—when he was able to sit up.

But I'm not cruel—and I haven't the heart to do it, and, besides, the facts—to which I confine myself (in a measure) will not bear me out in any such poetical fiction.

The facts then (à la Gradgrind) are these: Annie's love of truth and honor had been waging continual warfare all this time, with her dread of 'The World' and 'Poverty'—two grim and horrible monsters to uproot the womanhood, and it was not until a year had dolled around, that power and truth gain the victory. Annie in her serious meditations in her room, finally resolved that she must seek a cause for leaving this home, which she sorrowfully admitted to herself, was becoming too pleasant for one who must fight with 'The World' for her bread.

The catastrophe—which my readers have of course guessed before now, (else why, indeed, should I tell the story?)—finally happened in this wise:

One evening Annie went into the library, here he sat reading the papers, with mind and heart fully nerved up to do her duty. He looked smilingly at her, as she was pleasant; and as she sank into a chair, quite unnerved by that look, he began himself.

'Mrs. Bronson,' he said laying down the paper, and setting himself in his easy chair, 'would you mind leaving off that horrid widow's cap? I'm sure you have plenty of hair and it is so suggestive of dead and buried beauties, that it is painful to me.'

The color came and went in Annie's face. She tried to speak, but somehow she felt choked. It was hard, when he sat there so pleasant and genial, when the world was so cold and hard, and his protection so dear—yes, that was the word—that was the frightful thought, that brought back strength to her voice, and she said ha-tily,

'Mr. Marshall, I must leave you.'

'Leave me! indeed you must not! I can't spare you!'

'O, I must' energetically.

'I tell you I won't have it. Did you not promise to stay two years, and have I not performed my part of the contract?'

She came now and stood before him.

'Mr. Marshall, I have deceived you.'

'Have you?' he said, smiling: 'what about?—the price of tea, or some peccadillo of the servants?'

'About myself,' she went on hurriedly, 'I'm not middle-aged—for I am but twenty-two, and I'm not 'respectable' because I have descended to deceit. I'm not weak-eyed,—and she dashed the spectacles to the floor,—nor do I admire this cap, which she tore off, and with it her comb, letting down her abundant hair around her white and quivering face.

'There!—she went on, the crimson coming into her cheeks, and the tears into her eyes,—'thus I strip of all disguise, then I can walk out of this house in honesty, and she turned to go.

'Stay!' he cried, 'tell me who you are, you witch.'

'I am Annie Bronson, the widow of Henry Bronson.'

'Harry Bronson! the notorious!—'Gambler,' she said firmly. 'He made my life a torture for six months, and then killed—himself!—she hesitated.

'I married against the wishes of my friends, of course,' she went on in a low tone, 'and I was too proud to return. I had a little money; I sought employment a bitter six months before I saw your advertisement, and—'

'And then,' he interrupted, 'you thought of a harmless little deception by which you could procure a home?'

Mr. Marshall, she broke in, 'I thought you had a family. I should never have ventured to come here, but I expected to find a Mrs. Marshall to whom I could confess myself, believe me.'

'Do,' he said earnestly. 'But when you got here, and found I was not so happy as to have a family, you could not bear to go out in the cold again. Was that it, Annie?'

'Oh, I was weak—as I am now,' she said, sobbing, sinking back in her chair.

'Annie,' he said softly, 'if I'll place a Mrs. Marshall here, will that obviate the difficulty? will you stay then—if you are young and lovely?'

'Oh, no, no, no,' she cried, 'I must go.'

'But I think you will like the lady I propose to place in that position.'

Annie covered her face in agitation, for she began to see why she hated to leave, and why she could never live with Mr. Marshall's wife, and the discover filled her with dismay. But he went on quietly:

'I've been thinking for some time, (a few moments, he added mentally) 'that I ought to have a wife—but I am so accustomed to you as housekeeper, that I can't spare you. I can't indeed, Annie,' he added after a pause.

His tone was so different that she hastily looked up—something in his eyes brought a flash to her face, and she hurriedly rose to leave the room, but he caught her dress as she passed, and drew her gently but firmly to his side.

'Annie, can't I have my wife, and yet not lose my housekeeper?'

WOMEN NEED THE BALLOT.

A venerable lawyer said to me the other day: 'I am willing for the ladies to vote when a majority of them ask for it.' This seems to me very unfair. If it is conceded to be a natural right, where is the justice of denying it to even one woman who demands it, because the majority of her sex do not demand it? Mrs. Stanton wants to vote; Anna E. Dickenson wants to vote; Susan B. Anthony—all the eminent women and some that are not so eminent, want to vote; and do you persist in withholding from us, who claim what you concede to be an inalienable right, because a majority of our sex do not claim it?

Suppose a majority of the women of America rose up tomorrow, and demanded suffrage; how long do you think it would be before they would vote? Man is a noble animal, a heroic creature; but who ever heard of his resisting the woman he loved, when he found she intended to have her own way?

Who will thank you for your willingness, when women have so outgrown their ignorance as to rise up in their strength and demand their rights?

'Outgrown their ignorance?' said the gentleman in astonishment. 'Why the ignorant, as a class, are more anxious to vote than the educated. I heard some black woman talking, the other day, and one of them said: "Jes wait, gals, till we gets our rights. Den we wont sweat over the wash-tub all day for seventy-five cents, while de men-folks gets three times as much for dea twelve as little. Jes' wait, gals, till we gets to vote. De white folks be glad to git us at any price den, you bet!" In this case you see the view of the ignorant woman,' continued the gentleman, 'and indeed I think the rough and uneducated will everywhere seize upon the ballot, while the better class will shrink from it.'

Yes, the ignorant woman's vote will count as much as the ignorant man's. I know hundreds of voters in Missouri that sign their names with an "x," and they are not black men, however, and it was a dangerous thing in those days to hint at a nigger's inalienable rights. It is not dangerous now to speak of woman's, even an ignorant woman's rights; but it is very disgusting to man.

The ignorant woman, is the poor woman, who finds life's burden a weary load. She is cook, house-keeper, laundress, milk-maid, seamstress; dish-washing, scrubbing, cleaning, rocking the cradle, and attending to the wants of a numerous family and a husband with buttons always off, and clothes always in need of repair.

He works hard, she works harder, and he talks about supporting her. She knows there is something wrong somewhere. She hears that the ballot will better the condition of woman, and she knows nothing could make her worse, hence she is willing to vote. The "better class" realize the fact that society thinks it disgraceful for ladies to work. If their male relatives are in moderate circumstances, they economize in a thousand mean ways to make both ends meet. The "get as much work done for no thing, or its equivalent, as possible, close their ears to the poor, and make a genteel appearance. These ladies do not believe in "Woman's rights," because Mrs. Somebody (that wears such elegant clothes!) does not!

The wealthy class, with every advantage for education and refinement,—who could not guess why the majority of these ladies do not desire "Woman's rights?" Suppose I say to you, noble lord of creation, "come, leave that shop or office, or dusty counting-room, ignore the vulgar cares of business-life—I have money enough to supply your wants. Enjoy yourself; be a gentleman. Go to the theatre, till it grows stale. I'll pay the bill. Drink, smoke, chew, revel in all delights of life. Drink, drink till your soul grows eloquent—till you flounder in a sea of delicious oblivion of all the cares of life. Travel, my jewel; go to the fashionable resorts; go to Europe, if you can endure the trip, and spare no expense on your attire. I'll pay for all the diamonds you can sport. But, there is one thing you must give up. I hate politicians; they are all corrupt. Politics is a filthy pool you must not dabble in. It will degrade you. Give up your vote, my hero, and I will pay your bills.'

I fancy I should hear:—'Who cares for a vote, when a fellow has all the glories of life within his grasp?' I think a few of the noble rulers of the earth would find voting a degrading thing, even to them, under such circumstances. The woman of luxury and ease, the woman whom nothing is expected from but fashion and tolly, has no reason to clamor for any more rights. I never have wondered that argument was lost upon women who have nothing to do but spend their husbands' money. There is a difference between the rich and poor. But the poor man can rise. Who are our legislators, who are our statesmen, who our orators, that stir the soul with impassioned eloquence? Yonder, ragged, barefooted boy, trudging his way, with the burden heavy upon his youthful shoulders, stands as fair a chance, eye, a fairer one, to rise to eminence, than the paupered son of wealth; and that very burden that weighs him down, now, to a sorrowful childhood, will be the developer of all the latent good that is in him.

But yonder is a little ragged girl; barefooted, bareheaded, alone in the world. She comes to my door, and tells her story of loneliness; and I pity the forlorn child, and would take her, but I have two precious little daughters whom I would shield from contact with the coarse and low. I find her a place, however, and she proves to be a very hero in any work she is given to do. She grows to be a woman, with brown hands, brave heart, strong mind, and a truly noble soul. She does her work well, gets poor, good, and lives in the hope that some great, good man will discover her worth, and lift her from obscurity to a place in society above those who look down on the poor working-girl.

But good, great men do not always find it their duty to lift poor girls from obscurity and humiliation. It is not always their taste. A proud and graceful head, a light and airy step, a smile full of tender poetry, and a voice of entrancing sweetness, are not always to be found in the brave girl who does with all her heart, all the poor workman has left for woman to do. It is the part and favorite of society, the idle, dependent woman, who studies graces, and dignity, and sweetness, that wins the great man's heart.

'But genius will show itself in woman as well as man,' said the gentleman. 'There is nothing to prevent such a young woman from writing a book. She could educate herself, and some of our greatest men have done so.'

True, I know that there is one field open to woman if she be talented. She can write a book! O, you girls with a capacity for

business! you girls with mechanical ingenuity!—you girls with the same bumps on your heads as the merchant princes have on theirs—'you girls with lawyer's heads, with doctor's heads—'with orator's heads!—you girls like some men I know, that haven't any heads, but succeed admirably in business and get rich, come, you are offered an equal chance with your heroic brother man! Blue-stockings are tolerated in this nineteenth century. Come—'you may write a book!'

'But how is the ballot going to help the condition of woman?' urged the lawyer. That is the very question I heard men ask in regard to slavery. 'What good will freedom do the "niggers"? They are better off as they are,' cried the Southern man. I remember afterward how they scoffed the idea of negroes making soldiers; and later, when suffrage for the black man was hinted at, how they grew indignant at the thought of negro equality. 'What!—do you suppose we want our daughters to marry niggers?' They never seemed to fear, however, that their sons would marry negroes. They were afraid, if negroes were allowed to vote, their daughters would marry them. Now the same spirit fears that the ballot will plunge woman into vice and degradation!

Men are often mistaken in their most confident conclusions: it was once boldly asserted that one Southern man could whip five (some ten) Yankees. We must test the opinions of men, notwithstanding our reverence for their superior judgment, before we can accept them as facts. Female suffrage must be tried, before it is a humbug. If it is then found to be so degrading, let us hope the innate modesty of woman, and her strong desire to win the approval of man, will pre-dominate over all other feelings, and save "our mothers, our wives, and our daughters," from degradation, from masculine vices, from sin and shame!

Betsy Troutwood.

MEDICAL DEFINITIONS.

To the Editor of the Universe. After reading your brief on "Medical Progress" in the issue of Aug. 7th, I resolved to write a few lines concerning one of the most muddled of middle terms—medical definitions. That the definitions of the medical profession are muddled, incongruous, etc., is not any wonder, for if they were otherwise, they would not be in keeping with their several decisions, theories, etc. We never can expect correct definitions from a profession that does not understand the essential requisites to such. How can any body of men that confess to their ignorance of the essential nature of disease, of the nature and action of remedies, etc., give us correct views concerning them? Says Prof. G. Gross, "Miscellaneous is a term which only expresses our ignorance" of the essence of disease very little known, indeed, nothing at all." Says Prof. Alouzo Clark, "I do not know what is the cause of fever." Says Prof. E. H. Davis, "The modus operandi of medicines is still a very obscure subject. We know that they operate, but exactly how they operate, is entirely unknown." Says Prof. E. R. Peaslee, "I do not know what the nature of vitality is." In speaking as regards the action of remedies, Prof. I. B. Beck says, "How it is, or why it is, that such effects are produced, are subjects entirely beyond our comprehension." Says Dr. Bostock, author of *History of Medicine*, "Every dose of medicine given, is a blind experiment upon the vitality of the patient." Says John M. Good, M. D., F. R. S., "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon." I could add to these, the testimony of eminent professors and authors, sufficient to occupy several issues of your valuable journal. These that I have quoted are good indices of what can be added.

It is my design here, only to refer to the late action of the *British Medical Association* as regards calomel or mercury. They have concluded "that it (mercury) is not a cholagogue." Now, according to their theory of cholagogue medicines, it just as much belongs to this class as any other so-called drug does, according to their definition of a cholagogue, viz., "a cathartic that promotes a flow of bile"; not anything but food can come under that classification, for nothing else will occasion a flow of the biliary secretion.

If the profession had a true scientific basis, we would not find a certain drug a cholagogue today, and to-morrow something else. The same drugs always bear the same relation to the system. Their definitions of the so-called properties of medicines are inconsistent with natural law. The true definition of a cholagogue is an agent that occasions a discharge of an excretion from the biliary apparatus, analogous to bile. Some may consider this definition a play upon words, but such is not the case, for they are as widely different in what they express, as day is from night. The one is error; the other truth.

Bile, being a secretion, is only secreted under normal conditions; and none but normal agencies incite its secretion or flow. The presence of food in the duodenum occasions its discharge. It is secreted and discharged for the furtherance of the digestion of certain elements of food. The fluid, resembling in some of its appearances bile, that is excreted under the administration of a cholagogue, differs widely in properties from bile. It leaves, after manipulation in the laboratory, a different chemical residue. With as much cogency and propriety may we call the diphtheritic membrane that lines the tonsils, pharynx, etc. in disease, the same as the secretions of the sub-mucous glands of those parts.

No one would think of calling the glandular secretion of saliva that aids in deglutition in the dog, the same as the excretions from those glands that occasion hydrophobia in the human. That person would be considered a fool or an ignoramus, if pretending to a knowledge of science, that would say that the drivings of the maniac are saliva. The one is the result of physiology and the other of pathology. The one is the promoter of health, the other is the result of diseased action.

Substances, that hold normal relations to the several organs, tissues, etc. of the system, occasion secretions; those that hold the reverse relation excretions. Air, food, water, etc., occasion secretions; malaria, drug, impurities, etc., occasion excretion. Secretion is the result of physiological action. Now, the relation of a cholagogue (drug) to the biliary apparatus is one of abnormality. The action that ensues from their contact is pathological, and as a consequence the result of said action cannot be a secretion—bile. To call the excretion, the result of pathological action, bile, is implying that physiological and pathological actions conduce to the same result. Until the latter is proved, the medical (I allude here to those schools of medicine that teach that there is a virtue, a healthy power, a power of physiological action in drugs, curative properties outside the living system) definition of a cholagogue is but an incoherent incoherency.

THOS W. DEERING, M. D.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—It takes two hours to marry a couple ritually. —There are fifty candidates for the vacant Chinese mission. —A dŕawn-East invalid makes cast-away spoils into toy furniture. —Ninety-nine towns in Kansas claim to be the railroad centre of the State. —Of all horned cattle, slanders and cows surest to come home before night. —Secretary Cox has appointed a colored man on the examining corps of the Patent Office. —A pumpkin-vine, one hundred and forty feet long, is running around New Haapsalshir. —A trunk passed over the Boston and Albany Railroad, the other day, directed to "11-worth, Kansas."

—The coolest place in London is the reading room of the British Museum, which, strange to say, is cooled by steam. —"Beauty is eternal." The face of Spinner, on the fifty-cent notes, is gone, but that of Lincoln remains in its place. —Klamroth, the champion velocipede rider of Great Britain, has lately performed in six days a bicycle journey from London to Edinburgh. —Every man has three characters: one which is given him by his friends, one which is given to him by his enemies, and one which he really is.

—Two Bengalee ladies of good position have applied for admission to the Matriculation Examination in connection with the Calcutta University. —Approach doubtful pleasures as you would get into a birch bark canoe. Step carefully, balance evenly, or be prepared to go under in a hurry. —The San Francisco *Alta* says that since the completion of the overland railroad the overland telegraph receipts have fallen off seventy-five per cent. —Fifteen years ago there were eighteen stage lines in New York city; now there are only six. Nearly four hundred stages have disappeared from the city streets. —A medal given by Charles I. while on the scaffold, and but a few minutes before he was beheaded, was recently sold in London for the large sum of \$1,735 in gold. —The eldest son of the Viceroys of Egypt is to enter Christ Church College, Oxford. A house has been rented for his use, of which he will take possession next month. —Breaking off a bad habit gradually, is generally found to be about as concealing as pinching off one prickle a day, with the view of exterminating a Canada thistle. —The city of Washington is bankrupt. Negroes are starving there, because they cannot get paid for the work they have done for the city. Property holders are selling out and going to Baltimore. —It is asserted that the Chinese Government has taken immediate steps for the punishment of those who were concerned in the late murder of over twenty missionaries in the province of Szechuen. —The aggregate membership of the various branches of the Order of Odd Fellows in all parts of the world is considerably over 1,000,000. In Great Britain alone there are more than 500,000 Odd Fellows. —The honor of first opening the halls of a Medical College in Chicago, to women, is conceded by the Chicago Medical and Hanemann Colleges, and by the Bennett College of Eclectic Medicine and Surgery. —The European International Workingmen's Congress lately convened at Basle, Switzerland. The attendance large. A. C. Cameron, of Chicago, made a long speech, and invited the delegates to visit America in 1870. —The United States has 27,131 postoffices. The numbers of postmasters, clerks and mail contractors must be forty thousand. The post-office department receives, transmits and delivers \$20,000,000 letters annually. —Not long since, a clerk in New York fell and the long cedar pencil in his breast-pocket so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon the top of the shoulder, to prevent his bleeding to death. A three months' illness followed. —The Social Science Association of Boston is in trouble lest the present system of teaching sewing be allowed to expire, and wants special schools established for instruction in cooking, housework, printing, telegraphing, drawing, designing, etc., all for girls. —A new knitting machine has been perfected in Hamilton, Ontario, that knits 324,000 stitches of ribbed work, colored or plain, per minute. It has been patented in the United States and Canada. It is estimated that one machine will turn out 500 shirts per day. —The *London Times* says of the letter of Father Hyacinth, renouncing the Church of Rome, that "it is not the production of a worldly spirit. It is the effusion of a soul in earnest, and is the first utterance of a work which may take root and grow and fructify." —The vaccination war, in England, appears to be raging with renewed fury. The public sentiment appears to have been generally prevented against the practice of Jenner's discovery, and the probability is that, as public opinion really governs in England, compulsory vaccination will be discontinued. —Luther's native town of Eisenben has experienced within the last decade an influx of Roman Catholics, and contains a church of their denomination, as well as a conventual establishment, which is frequented by the monks of the society of Jesuits at Rome, and is making extensive acquisitions of real estate. —The lists of patents granted in France contain some curious articles, among them the following: A hat with decorated trim; an umbrella hat; a woman's hygienic and impermeable skirt, called *la Prévoyante*; stockings with garters attached; a mechanical mustard-pot; application of the steam engine to the guidance of steam carriages on ordinary roads. —The entire cost of the Suez canal, to be opened next December, has been about \$81,000,000. But, to include improvements, which will be applied as experience may suggest, we may safely set the total sum at \$85,000,000. It is estimated by some authorities that the annual business of the canal will amount to 10,000,000 tons, and that its gross receipts will be 100,000,000 francs. —Koopmanschap has been consulting the Secretary of the Treasury about his coalle project, and has been informed by that official that the department has no intention of interfering with the scheme of Chinese immigration unless the laws are violated. Koopmanschap left yesterday for Memphis and New Orleans, and thence to attend the Louisville Commercial Convention. —Annexation has been gathering strength in Nova Scotia, though the subject has been but little agitated lately. Two factions are contending for precedence in the matter. One favors annexation directly to the United States; the other favors a declaration of independence from England and the Canadian Confederation from England and step. Both, however, are ready to escape from the unfair union which the articles of confederation impose. —The refinement of etiquette is this: Rothschild and the Archbishop of Paris met at a public dinner some time since and arrived at the same moment at the door. Neither wished to step first in the showing respect, the Archbishop first—The Jew showing respect, the Archbishop first, you are the son of Moses; out! —M. Rothschild, you are the servant of Jesus; you have the precedence of age. The Old Testament is more venerable than the New." And the banker went in first. —The Marquis de Boissy—Countess Guichard—has been heard from concerning Mrs. Stowe's *La Liberté*. She announces, through the *Union*, that she is in constant and direct communication with Lord Byron, by direct means of a process similar to that known in America as "pianchette," and that she was informed by the poet, two years ago, that "an American author was preparing to write on his life a book full of false and horrible things." This is something authentic and official. —The last skirmish in the vaccination war in England is rather singular affair. A gentleman having purchased a lot in the Highgate Cemetery in London, undertook to erect a monument to the memory of his child, with the inscription "Died from the mortal effect of vaccination." The authorities of the graveyard ob-

jected to such a record, and the case was carried into the police court. It was proved that the words of the proposed inscription were those of the verdict of the Coroner's jury. A higher court is to decide the question at issue.

Among the different means employed by the Russian Government to effect the thorough Russification of Poland, the most singular is undoubtedly a decree lately issued by the Emperor, in the future all public books throughout the kingdom are to mark no longer Polish but St. Petersburg time. An amusing anecdote is reported in connection with this new act of despotism. The Emperor proposed a few days after the promulgation of the decree, to visit the residence of a Pole, what o'clock it was. The effect, without looking at his watch, replied, "Whatever hour your Majesty pleases."

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, City of Chicago, ss. Records of the Court of the City of Chicago, do hereby certify that the said James J. Jones, complainant, vs. Truman S. Jones, defendant in Chancery. Affidavit of the non-residence of Truman S. Jones, defendant, named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Recorder's Court of the City of Chicago, Notice is hereby given to the said Truman S. Jones, that the complainant filed her bill of complaint against the defendant in Chancery side thereof, on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1896, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against said defendant, returnable on the first Monday of December next, and that the law required. Now, unless you, the said Truman S. Jones, shall personally appear and answer before said Recorder's Court of the City of Chicago, on the first day of the next term thereof, to wit, on the first day of December, 1896, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters therein charged, shall be taken as confessed, and judgment shall be rendered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

DANIEL O'HARA, Clerk. A. GOODRICK, Comptroller of the City of Chicago, ss. Records of the Court of the City of Chicago, do hereby certify that the said Daniel O'Hara, complainant, vs. Truman S. Jones, defendant in Chancery. Affidavit of the non-residence of Truman S. Jones, defendant, named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Recorder's Court of the City of Chicago, Notice is hereby given to the said Truman S. Jones, that the complainant filed her bill of complaint against the defendant in Chancery side thereof, on the 22nd day of September, A. D. 1896, and that a summons thereupon issued out