

# THE UNIVERSE.

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## WAITING.

BY ISA GILBERT.

Harvests are white, and laborers are few,  
And yet these hands are empty, Lord;  
Where is their work to do?  
Somewhere in old or new,  
Some hidden path must lie,  
Waiting my feet;  
Some place where I could try,  
At least, to meet  
And earn, some laborer's reward.

Our air is wild, with discords all infused,  
And yet my lyre is tuneless, Lord;  
When shall its voice be used?  
When shall the chain be loosed,  
That now binds all its strings  
To silence, and to rust.  
Sealed music hath no wings  
To rise from earthly dust  
And o'er inharmoneis, station melodious ward.

Busy, on all the world's vast ramparts, stand  
Reformers, tolling with full need of care;  
With burdened soul and hand  
These saviors of our land  
Cry out to us who "wait":  
"Help, Cassius, or we sink!"  
Where is the open gate—  
'Tis not from fear we shrink;  
The gulf is bridgeless, between here and there  
Waukegan, Ill.

Written for The Universe.

## AN OLD MAN'S STORY;

### Why Did You Kill Mrs. Dalton?

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

#### CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

"That is the last I remember, till I found myself, a month later, in your mother's room. I awoke as from a dream; Ellen was at the bed-side, holding my head. The past—the long, stormy sea-voyage, the search for Ellen, the terrible tidings of her marriage, all passed like kaleidoscopic views before my mental vision. Then the present? How came I here? Why was Ellen watching over me?—were questions I could not solve. Had I dreamed? Was Ellen yet free? Was she mine? I dared not ask; so I looked into her pale face for the answers. She comprehended my thoughts, as readily as when no shadow darkened our lives. She laid me back on the pillow, and then, kissing me, said, 'Clouds are in our sky, Charlie, but be patient and hopeful; soon or late we will reach the shining hills of day.'

"I may forget my nights of sorrow and days of deep anguish, but those words—the first I had consciously heard her speak in years—are written in deathless lines on Memory's page. Even now they seem to me prophetic; I sometimes think I see the hills of day, and hear her silvery voice, calling me thither.

"As I gained strength, I learned of the events that had transpired during my illness. Judge Longworth, to excuse himself for not caring for me, said that I blundered in upon him, and reeled about like a drunken man; so of course he could not be expected to extend the same hospitality that he had years before. I was next picked up in the street, and taken to the American Hotel. A physician, who chanced to be present, pronounced my case brain fever. In my delirium, I revealed the story of my love and of my disappointment. By this means I was identified. Your father had me taken to his home, where I was kindly watched over during a long fever. Ellen heard the story of my inebriation, but she knew it was an invention of her father, to excuse himself for turning me—as he did—cold and hungry from his house.

"In my delirium, I constantly called for Ellen. For a time, neither her friends nor mine would consent to her seeing me; but after she heard of my pleading, she did not wait for advice, nor ask consent to visit me. She, uninvited, without a welcome, walked straight into the house, and found her way to my room. 'My place is here,' she said, 'and here I will remain.' From that time forward she assisted in nursing me. When I was delicious, her gentle voice calmed me; when I was burning with fever, her cooling hands dispelled the heat.

"When my convalescence was no longer doubtful, Ellen came but seldom to see me. When I was able to leave my room, she ceased altogether her visits. But I know that she remembered me kindly, by the little bunches of buds and green leaves that were sent to me from her green-house. This is all I had a right to expect—with this I ought to have been content; but I was not.

"Still weak, and a little childish, I wanted her by me. Had I not need of her healing hands—of her gentle magnetic influence? What were the laws of the marriage ceremony to me—worn and wasted by a great heart-sorrow?

"I did not—could not reason myself out of the idea that Ellen's place was at my side. I asked her, and was told that home and husband had claims upon her attention. I sent to her scathingly, by my physician. He was a sensible man and knew that my malady was hidden from human eyes; that drugs would not bring me health. He went to headquarters—to Ellen's father and husband, and represented me as half imbecile, half child; and declared that my return to health of body and mind depended entirely upon indulging me in my whims.

"However inconsistent they might seem, father and husband, both declared that Ellen's good name was worth more to her and her family, than my life could possibly be to the world. They protested that she did not, never could, love me; and the gossips were already busy, surmising and retailing scandal regarding us. The doctor, finding himself

unsuccessful in that direction, watched for an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Dalton. She readily entered into his plan that she should see me secretly.

"Your mother would not consent, nor assist in the clandestine meetings; but she did consent to leave the hall door open, at a certain hour, and to leave me alone. I well remember how anxiously I waited day by day, for the hour of her coming. I had the position of the little clock on the mantle changed, so that I could see the pointer as it neared the appointed hour. I fancied that I heard her faint step upon the pavement half a mile distant. I distinctly heard her say 'I'm coming Charlie.' I would listen and watch till the gate swung back and the light step upon the stair assured me that she was near. This hearing seemed imagination to others; to me it was no Utopian fancy. My soul was so linked to her soul,—my hopes, plans, joys, so centred in her, that I knew no life apart from her. Every day she visited me; and I felt, day by day, that I was gaining strength.

"At length I was able to leave the house. Then the stern conviction forced itself upon me, that I must relinquish all claims to Ellen. She was the wife of another; and I must be brave and manly and go out into the world, forgetful of my love and disappointment. Ellen must know of my resolution. She should henceforth feel that I had no claim to her heart—none to her hand. I had asked no explanation of her strange course regarding me; I would ask none. She had married Julius Dalton, doubtless from choice. The reasons I had no need of knowing.

"When, one fine spring morning, Ellen made her usual call, I seated her by my side and unconsciously took her hand and slipped from her finger the marriage ring. By this I knew that we must part. I said, 'I have hoped, but hope is dead.' She made no reply, but laid her head upon my shoulder and wept. I thought they were tears of pity shed for me, so I said, 'I'm strong now and have less need of your care. To your love I have no claim. Your voluntary marriage has divided us forever.'

"Do not say voluntary, Charlie, for Julius was not my choice; he was urged upon me."

"When Ellen had dried her tears, I seated her upon a little ottoman at my feet, just as she used to sit when she was in her teens, and repeated to me her lesson, or listened while I read from some of my favorite books. 'Now, Ellen,' I said, 'I'm strong enough to hear the story of this strange marriage, if you choose to tell me; and I would like to know what induced you to change your mind, regarding me.'

"I had determined that that should be our last meeting; I therefore urged her to relate, at once, the facts. Ellen rested her head, as of old, upon my knee, and I ventured to twine her brown curls about my fingers, as I had done in happier days. At last she raised her head, and looking me calmly in the face, said:

"Charlie, I will tell you the truth—tell you all. I may seem to forget that it is for me to keep the secrets of those nearest me; but you shall know that I am not wholly unworthy of your faith—I will not say your love, for I may have forfeited that."

"A ringing of the doorbell aroused Ellen. Starting to her feet she exclaimed, 'They have come for me!'

"Come for you? I said, 'Who has come?'

"The plan is to take me to an insane retreat,' she said, 'and I make no objections to going. It is far more respectable to dispose of me in this manner, than to have me separate from Julius Dalton, thereby disgracing the family; and I much prefer the asylum to a home with my brother—as his wife.'

"With these words she passed out of the back door into the street. Mr. Dalton, an officer and a physician were then waiting for her in the parlor.

"Mrs. Dalton was pronounced insane upon her own testimony. She had, in visions, dreamed dreams, and declared that Julius Dalton was but a brother, and that I was her soul-wedded. She knew no other marriage. She had no respect for any law or institution that conflicted with God's law. These sentiments were considered contraband doctrines—the vagaries of a maniac. When I heard from Ellen, she was safely locked within the walls of a lunatic asylum. I went out into the world, to work and wait for the passing away of the clouds that now overcast our sky.

"Three months passed and a letter from Ellen reached me. In it she gave me a full history of the vile machinations resorted to by her father and Dalton, to entice her into the matrimonial meshes. Other letters followed; I have preserved the letters. To me they are very precious. I may read them to you, but not to-night. They will answer your question, 'why did you kill Mrs. Dalton?'

#### CHAPTER III.

MRS. DALTON'S LETTERS.—NO. 1.

LUNATIC ASYLUM, July 18, 1869.

"MY DEAR CHARLES—Israel's sweet singer called to God from the heart of hell. The good Father, no doubt heard his voice and opened the prison doors.

"From these lower regions I call to you. Will you heed my petition—open my prison doors?

"But, after all, this may be just the place for me. It is well to know life's sorrows. No soul is strong that has not been tried by affliction's fires. The pure gold has been tested by the furnace heat. The old oak is strong because of the thousand storms that have beaten among its branches.

"Shall I, who claim kinship with angels—I, who expect to live when gold is like dross, and trees are dust, shall I complain because ignorance has sent me to this abode of unfortunates? No! no! yet, I lost heart at one time, and through the losing, lost faith in man, in God, and in a future life. But in my calm, reflective moments, I saw the wisdom of the ETERNAL in all things.

"To be doomed to live among lunatics, to listen to their cries and complaints, to be regarded as mad, and treated like a maniac, is enough to drive the strongest-nerved woman to desperation. But I now see the needs of these poor, wandering spirits, and think

that I may do something toward bringing them back to reason.

"The physician and directors of this institution may be well-intentioned people, but they are totally ignorant of the needs of their patients. They do not know that the spirit is sick, and that their efforts must be directed to soothe and restoring the soul. They give opiates when a gentle word, a ride by the seaside, or a chat with a genial friend would administer to a mind diseased. And again, the patients hear their maladies discussed, and often to the disgust of the maddest among us.

"I was not a little amused by hearing Dr. Baker relate to a visitor my particular phase of insanity. I had been beguiled into promising my hand in marriage to a graceless scamp, who left me for parts unknown. After my marriage, so the story ran, the man returned and insisted upon the redemption of my promise. I, a simple minded girl, thought it was a crime not to marry the man to whom I had promised myself, (and it was hinted that I still loved you). The affair wore upon me till health and reason gave way.

"The listener, a gentleman in a frock coat, gravely remarked, 'Poor thing! I wonder if she ever met with a change of heart. The grace of God only will save the soul from unholiness.' Then he turned and quizzed me in regard to my domestic affairs. My replies convinced him of my right to a strait-jacket.

"But did I not promise you an explanation of my marriage? Here are the facts:

"Long before Sarah's death, I was selected as the second wife of Mr. Dalton. You thought, and so did I, that my father was very disinterested in obtaining for you the situation with Gen. Dix. He represented to me the vast advantages that you would derive from visiting other countries. The whole plan was to get you out of my way. Julius concocted the scheme, and my father entered heart and soul into his wicked project. Julius had money and position; but what cared I for that? To me he was but my brother-in-law, the husband of my deceased sister. But to my father, love was of secondary consideration.

"Julius was fifteen years my senior. I did not love him—I protested against the safe father seemed determined to make of me, body and soul. I blush to repeat the fact that the heart that should shelter a child, thrust her out; the hand that should protect, opened to her the tomb—closed, barred the gate; the soul that should have pitied, mocked her misery.

"Sarah had been six months in her grave when you left. Three months later, Julius asked me to be his wife. I told him frankly of my attachment to you. He feigned astonishment. He had never thought of you only as a profligate that Mr. Morrill was vainly trying to rescue from dissipation. 'Why did he urge Gen. Dix to employ you?' I asked. That question he never answered.

"My mother sympathized with me. She insisted that I should be allowed to judge for myself, in matters of the affections.

"I did not receive your letters, nor you mine, after the first year of your absence, simply because Mr. Dalton was postmaster. A very grave charge to prefer against one's husband!

"Then came letters of your recklessness, your dissipation,—of your being discharged for dishonesty; I did not see the letters, but I had, at the time, no question as to the truth of the reports.

"Well, I married Julius, and might perhaps, have loved him, as a sister loves an older brother, had I not heard soon after our marriage, that the reports of you were manufactured expressly for my ears. 'I ceased to respect him from that hour. As I did not love him, I had no claim upon his love. How could I require of him what I had not to give? Where there was no love, there was no marriage; only law-links bound us, so I reasoned.

"I told Julius frankly of the divorcement of affections, and left it to him to break the external bonds. He coaxed, threatened, prayed and plead; but all to no purpose. My father refused me a home, hoping, thereby to compel me to a life of degradation. I was inexorable. I remained in the house with Julius, waiting for the opening of the gates, to the land of Freedom.

"Why is it that no philanthropist has invented an underground railroad for white slaves? For such captives, why is there no Canada? We have no Garrison to plead our cause.

"Things went on smoothly, so far as the world knew, till your return. My father, pride and my husband's position were as flaming swords, warning them to beware lest the world pluck and eat from the tree of knowledge, and thereby learn that the serpent had a prominent place in our Eden.

"I did not disguise the fact of loving you and should have risked all for that love's sake; but for your family, they were not ready to be compromised.

"Well you have the sequel. I was sent here a lunatic. Dr. Davis testified that no sane mind held such blasphemous sentiments in regard to marriage, as I held, and that no sound-minded married woman would leave home to watch over an old lover. The proof was positive; therefore, this was the place for me, and I readily consented to the plan of being sent away. Any place was preferable to a home with the man I detested.

"How long I am to remain here, I do not know. That the clouds will be lifted, I do know; that we shall yet walk the world together, I know, but when, and under what auspices, I do not see. It may be that the morning light of Heaven above will scatter the darkness. If so, God has willed it. His loving hand will soon or late lead me out of the valley. I trust in Him and wait—*au revoir*.

ELLEN."

(To be continued.)

Written for The Universe.

## SAMPLES OF EVIDENCE FOR SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

In my last paper I gave an example illustrating the phenomenon of Spiritual Guardianship, or, in other words, of care occasionally exerted by denizens of another world over those they have loved, and left behind, in this. In this I furnish a well authenticated narrative, of a character less pleasing, but, perhaps, supplying a lesson as important. Inasmuch as we ought not, in my judgment, too hastily determine the exact character of that lesson, I heard the story with a query:

WAS IT RETRIBUTION?

During the winter of 1839-40, a young lady of Philadelphia, whom I shall call Miss Wilson, had occasion to pay an evening visit to the family of Mr. Joseph O—, then residing in a house, owned by Mr. O—, on Third street, in that city.

The house, not a corner house, fronted West. Its first floor consisted (besides the kitchen) of two rooms: a front parlor and a back room used as the ordinary sitting-room of the family. Between the two was a five-foot hall or passage, in which a stairway ascended, from north to south, to the second story. The door from the hall to the back sitting-room was a sash-door, and was immediately opposite to that which communicated with the front parlor. The street-door opened into an old-fashioned box-entrance, situated in the north-west corner of this parlor; and from this entrance there was a second door into the room itself. The only communication from the street to the back-room was through the box-entrance into the parlor, and thence, by the passage, through the sash-door already referred to. The parlor had two windows looking on the street; and it had no mode of exit except these windows, the street-door and the door entering on the hall, above mentioned.

It was past seven o'clock, and already dark, when Miss Wilson reached this house. The door was opened by a girl named Phoebe, about eighteen years of age, who had been brought up in the family. After double-locking the street door and letting down the night-latch, she ushered Miss Wilson into the back room, where the latter found two children on the floor, at play.

"There's nobody but the children and me in the house," said Phoebe; "the rest have gone out for the evening."

It so happened that Miss Wilson, conversing with this girl, sat close to the north wall of the room, whence could be seen, through the sash-door, the passage beyond and the lower steps of the stairway. The passage, however, was not lighted.

Suddenly Miss Wilson heard, quite distinctly, as if on the floor above, a heavy, sluggish footstep; at first as crossing one of the rooms, then as if descending the stairs. Looking up, she saw, through the sash door, a light which increased as if the bearer were approaching. Then came the appearance of an elderly gentleman descending the lower steps; in his left hand a flat brass candlestick, with lighted candle, his right on the bannister; his dress black, with a satin stock, but no hat. Descending slowly, he passed into the parlor, of which the door was open. Miss Wilson saw his profile only. After he had passed in, out of Miss Wilson's sight, that lady still saw the light in the parlor.

She turned to Phoebe for an explanation. The girl appeared to take no notice, and did not even look up. "Phoebe," said Miss Wilson, "I thought you told me there was no one in the house but yourself and the children."

"Neither is there," answered the girl in a low voice, but without raising her eyes.

"How! No one? Didn't you hear that old man come down stairs?"

"Hush!" said Phoebe.

Very much puzzled, Miss Wilson looked again toward the parlor. No light to be seen there! Though a good deal alarmed, she picked up a candle and passed into the room, hoping to solve the mystery. Not a living soul there, nor any vestige of an occupant. Her first idea was that the man must have passed into the street. She carefully examined the windows, raising the sash for that purpose; the shutters were securely fastened on the inside; then she looked to the door; it was double-locked and the night-latch still down. Completely bewildered, she returned to the back-room. "Phoebe," she said, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"Surely," said the girl, now as pale as a sheet, "you must have heard of the old man that haunts us."

Then, for the first time, it occurred to Miss Wilson that she had heard some vague rumors of the kind; but she had attached so little importance to them that the sight she had just witnessed, had failed to recall them to her memory. Even now, so palpable to her senses had been these sights and sounds, so like a matter of an every day occurrence was the appearance, that her mind, at first, instinctively scouted all idea of the supernatural.

"Did you hear him?" she asked Phoebe; "did you see the light?"

"Oh yes," replied the girl, with a shudder; "it's nothing new. I'll tell you about it, by and by."

Miss Wilson sat down and tried to collect her thoughts. If she had not heard that heavy tread, if that light had not illuminated the stairway, if she had not seen that figure in black descend the steps and enter the parlor, what dependence could she place on any thing she had ever seen or heard in all her life? If she had dreamed, if she was still dreaming, what evidence could she possibly have, at any moment whatever, of waking sense? And then, too, the girl had seen and

heard the same incredible sights and sounds as herself.

On the other hand what was it that had entered the parlor and vanished thence, without possible means of human exit? An apparition? But even if she had been willing to abandon the belief of a life-time, and adopt as real what her education had taught her to regard as one of the idlest of nursery superstitions, there was nothing in what she had witnessed that at all corresponded to the ghostly legends of the nursery; nothing that savored of the unearthly, nothing ghastly or terrible; no dim spectre in shadowy robes of white, no hollow, sepulchral tones; no lights burning blue. She ran over every incident in her mind, and felt that nothing could be more commonplace, or more seemingly material, than all she had witnessed. One only circumstance occurred to her as out of the ordinary course, and even that was an after-thought. She remembered now that the light, shining down the stairway, had appeared to her of a reddish color.

Miss Wilson sat, as she told me, she thinks, for half an hour, her mind in a tumult of conflicting thought. At last she reminded Phoebe of her promised explanation.

But the girl had little to tell her except that the house had long been troubled (as she expressed it) by the old man. At one time or other every member of the family had seen the appearance. An apprentice boy, Samuel, sleeping in an attic, had, on one occasion, been awake about midnight, and had found, to his indescribable terror, the figure beside him, on the bed. He instantly left the house; and, throughout the remaining term of his apprenticeship, no inducement could prevail on him again to sleep there. Phoebe herself, going out one summer evening to church, and having forgotten her hymn book, which she returned to fetch, discovered on re-entering her room for the purpose, the figure lying on the floor. The children had been so constantly disturbed by what they called the "old black man," who came, as they said, and pulled the bed-clothes about, that the girl was in the habit, when the family went out, of keeping them up, as on the present occasion, so as to avoid the annoyance. The figure, she added, was the exact counter-part of old W. O— (the father of Joseph O—), who had died many years before.

Other particulars subsequently came to Miss Wilson's knowledge, and these, taken in connection with what she knew of the previous history of the family, long furnished to that lady materials for profound reflection.

Old W. O—, a man of a worldly turn of mind, had been proprietor of a tavern which was frequented by the better class of farmers and by country gentlemen; and there, by dint of thrift and economy, he had accumulated a comfortable independence. He had two sons, Joseph and John, and a daughter, Mrs. Joanna H—. If there was anything which the old man loved beyond the money, which it had been the object of his life to make and to save, it was his daughter Joanna; and when he came, at his death, to divide that money among his children, she had the larger portion. By will he left to each of his sons ten thousand dollars and a good dwelling house; to his daughter a dwelling house and fourteen thousand dollars, entirely at her own disposal.

The sons, whether by extravagance or bad business management, having in a few years, run through the money which had been left to them, induced their sister, under various pretexts, to lend them one thousand dollars after another, until ultimately they stripped the generous, warm-hearted woman so completely of all her father had left her, that when, in middle life, she was left a widow, she found herself compelled, for a living, to go out as a monthly nurse.

What the father would have felt, had he been alive to witness the thriftless and heartless proceedings, may be readily imagined. Did Death shut out from him all knowledge of the misconduct of his sons, and the destitution of his favorite daughter? Or did the consciousness of these, following him to another world, attract back to the earthly scenes of selfishness and wrong, the troubled spirit?

To aid the reader in answering these questions it is proper I should lay before him the remaining facts in the case, in so far as Miss Wilson was able to furnish them.

It was not to a single locality, nor to the family of one brother only, nor to a few months, or even years, that these disturbances were restricted. They followed the family of Joseph through three different changes of residence. John's family also were subjected to the same annoyances. These became, at last, a matter of common notoriety throughout the whole connection; and they occasionally resulted in serious consequences. One morning early, a daughter of Joseph, coming into the parlor to open the windows, and turning round after having done so, saw the figure of the old man seated in an arm-chair by the fireplace. A shriek brought the family into the room and they found her in a dead swoon. A succession of fainting-fits followed; and she remained ill for months, of a nervous fever. The persons who came to her assistance found no one but herself in the room.

When years succeeded to year without bringing relief, and each still marked by the recurrence of these painful visitations, though neither brother was ever heard, outside of the family, to allude to them in words, the result on the health and spirits of both became apparent. They went about with a hopeless, despondent air. The mystery seemed to hang like a cloud, over their future; it cast a settled gloom on their countenances; it darkened their lives. Throughout ten years, to Miss Wilson's knowledge, this terrible intrusion continued to dog their steps. Then that lady lost sight of both families, and she could not inform me of the final result.

The memory of the incident I have related, is still, Miss Wilson assured me, as vividly present to her, as if it had occurred yesterday, and the features of the apparition remained stamped on her memory. In connection with this last assertion she mentioned to me an additional particular, which it is proper I should state, as a link in the chain of evidence I have supplied.

Three years after the occurrence first related, Miss Wilson, on a visit to Mrs. John O—, who was a relative of hers, in turning

over some articles in a drawer, chanced to lay her hands on a miniature which she had never before seen. The portrait was in profile; and Miss Wilson, with a start, almost of terror, instantly recognized it. It was the very face of the old man whom she had seen descend the stairs and pass into Joseph's parlor. "Who is it, Anna?" she said, turning to Mrs. O— and showing her the miniature.

"Don't you know?" was the reply; "have you never seen it before? It is John's father, old Mr. O—."

The above narrative I had from Miss Wilson herself. I met her, April 2, 1860, at the house of an intimate and valued friend—a gentleman, little disposed to give credit to similar narratives, but who, having known Miss Wilson well for half a life-time, indorsed, in unqualified terms, her character for strict veracity and good sense. Her demeanor and manner of narration strongly confirmed my friend's testimony in her favor.

I wrote out the narrative the day after I obtained it. Miss Wilson told me that though no incident in her life ever made a stronger impression on her, she had never related it to more than three or four persons; fearing that her story would subject her to suspicion either as fabricator of the marvellous or the subject of hallucination.

In conclusion, let us recur to the question embraced in the title to this narrative—*Was it Retribution?* Not, we may rationally conclude, in the usual sense of that term; not, as an example of what is sometimes (strangely enough) called Divine vengeance. Arago tells us that, on one occasion, a noted brigand, confined in a Bavarian prison, was killed by lightning, and that his comrades thought it a special judgment of heaven, in retribution of his crimes. There is a story, too, told of a murderer who was struck dead by the electric fluid, at the moment he was about to despatch his victim; and in such cases, people are wont to say that it is the hand of an avenging God. If all brigands and all murderers were struck by lightning, if all innocent men were safe in a thunder storm, there might be some in such a theory. But the rain and light may descend under natural laws, on the just and the unjust.

Even so, thousands of brothers have behaved selfishly and heartlessly to their sisters, and no apparitions showed themselves to disturb their quiet. Apparitions, like rain or lightning, are but phenomena occurring under natural laws; and, according to our state of mind, Natural phenomena may give us pleasure, or they may arouse the terrors of a guilty conscience. Oberlin, the Abolition philanthropist, believed that his wife visited him frequently, for years after her death; and her visits brought him comfort and consolation for her loss; but when the brothers O— were visited in like manner, by their father's appearance alike remorse for their misconduct.

Yet, it was not an angry God punishing them by a supernatural agency; it was their evil deeds,—as evil deeds, in their natural results, will—avenging themselves.

## PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

Last week the distribution of prizes took place at the school in the Rue de Valenciennes, Paris, one of the educational institutions under the direction of the Society for the Professional (or, more correctly, industrial) Education of Women. The meeting took place in the garden of the establishment, and was presided over by Madame Jules Simon, who was supported on the occasion by Messieurs Millard, Cohn, Morellet, and other ladies well known in connection with this particular educational movement. A great many gentlemen were also present—men of science and letters, advocates and artists. Among others were present M. Garnier-Pages, Jules Simon, the Count d'Estampes, and Dr. Hédar. The proceedings were opened by Madame Jules Simon, who, in the course of her address, said:

"You will doubtless be surprised, my dear children, to hear that the opening of this institution aroused the most violent opposition. Some people have brought against us the curious complaint that we not only teach you hygienics, botany, and chemistry, but also show you how to turn to pecuniary profit your knowledge of these subjects. Strange, is it not, that the acquisition of scientific knowledge, and the practical application of that knowledge, should be regarded as blameworthy and hurtful? The profession of science seems to us to be one of those peculiarly fitted for the mental endowment of women. Pay attention to hygienics, and to the ways of rendering the home prosperous and comfortable; devote yourselves to children, studying their peculiar ways, so that you may the better be able to take care of their health; soothe the infirmities of the old, which is a duty so natural to woman that we see her performing it in all families where there is such duty to be done—performing it always with pleasure and goodwill, but not always with sufficient light. From this point—the discharge of a common family duty—and the undertaking the profession of a trained sick-nurse as a means of gaining a livelihood, there is, in respect of fitness, only the difference of the instruction you receive here."

Madame Simon concluded her address with the following words: "In addition to instruction to work, which is your necessary fitness, you must cultivate good morals, of which you have had the precepts and good examples in this place. Do your duty, even when that duty is painful. Labor and when you find your work too hard, come back among us to recruit your energies (vous reprenez); here you will always find affection, support, and that sweet fraternity, which makes life better and more easy to bear."

—There is a little girl, ten years old, in Kentucky, who has never spoken to her father. She converses freely with any one else, but when her father speaks she is dumb. She has been whipped for her obstinacy, but persists in saying that she has tried to speak to him and cannot.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 9, 1889.

A HEART'S IDYL.

To my Husband on his Twenty-Sixth Birthday.

BY MRS. R. L. MINER

Another anniversary comes, dear one, And, as in purple flush of morn, I woke, Sweet thoughts of the came breathing through my heart, Like wind harp thrilling to an unseem touch. Deep, fervent thanks welled upward from my soul To that great cause—eternal, infinite— Through whom we live.

Next unto her, who placed her life In jeopardy for thine; who shaped and moulded The good, the true, the beautiful in thee— You owe her much, I none the less, I feel, As day by day, along the uneven path of life, We walk together.

Thine, a noble form, wherein life's functions play With buoyant strength; where justice, truth, All that which constitutes the noble man, Lives uppermost; nor were the finer parts— The rose, the violet, and the muscivore, Of tender love, sweet patience, and fond trust, Uncalled for these.

And I, as through the winding ways Which woman's thread of life must ever run, Turning where'er in pain or sad discouragement, Have ever found thee ready at my side; Strong in my weakness, bravest when I shrink— All woman's gentleness and faithful trust, Along with manhood's sternest staid, combine To make thy being up.

I have not said I love thee, but too well Thou knowest the inner feelings of my soul; Or, judging my heart by thine own, can feel How every thought, emotion, hope of life Revolves in orbit round thyself, my own, My central sun.

And this we pray for, that united strength, And hopes so fashioned in one common mould, Shall lead us in the higher walks of life; Shall make us yet more brave, more loving, and so true To God within our own souls, and without, That we to none of our great family Can e'er be false.

And when this day shall double on thy head, With all its dark and bright experiences; When shadows of life's afternoon shall fall Across thy way, let this be said By all who watch thy driftings to the moor: "An honest man; one who, through adverse tides and fates, Has never left a stain upon his soul."

—Western Rural.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

(Concluded)

"It would be an excellent match for you," said Dora, with a wise air. "Captain Conwell is generally much admired."

"Pray, Mrs. Stuart, which of his charms is irresistible? His six feet of common clay, his splendid black eyes, his lovely moustache, or his magnificently-furnished brain? Or is it the combination of all his perfections?" cried Agatha.

There was a scornful ring in her voice that jarred upon my feelings. It was so unnatural. "I never heard you speak so before, Agatha. What hurts you?"

"Just this, Lou. It hurts my pride to be so readily assigned to a man whom I wouldn't admit into the outer courts of my heart, to say nothing of its secret places. Now, this Captain Conwell I divined at once. An afternoon in his society would tire me excessively. To know I must spend my life with him, would make an end of me very soon," said Agatha, in a glow of excitement.

"I think you are much too particular," said Dora, with her dogmatic air. "You want your husband to be respectable and to be good to you."

"And give you plenty of money," interrupted Agatha, the latent fire in her eyes beginning to shine.

"Oh, yes, that, of course. Nobody could be very happy without that."

"Couldn't one? All women are not like that, Dora, Heaven be praised. I could live on bread and water. I could go and dwell among the Zulus, or, what is quite as hard, I could sit at home and wait night after night, year out and year in, for my hero to come—only he must be a hero. And when mine comes I shall know him!" She said the last words with a soft, tender laugh.

"For my part I believe in love at first sight," said Dora, who had a set of sentimental fancies which she kept quite apart from her practical notions, and which, like her religion, never seemed to have anything to do with her daily life.

"Yes; only one must be sure that he doesn't mistake the breeze raised by his own bellows for the divine afflatus," said Agatha. A little pause then, which I broke. "But, Agatha, two people can be quite comfortable, if they are not exactly congenial."

"Comfortable! oh, yes, if it comes to that," said Agatha, with a curious, quiet scorn in her voice. "I think, Lou, this is the way it is. We have two natures, you know. One part of us creeps along this earthly level and is content—the other part soars toward the sky. The first has its pleasures. As long as you can live in that, you find life's common things satisfy. You are fed, and housed, and warmed. Simple, animal pleasures have a relief; common, instinctive affection pleases you. And you are quite content with companions that keep along this same level. But when your soul awakes; when the winged thing within beats its bars and longs to rise; when that lower level grows unsatisfactory, and you long to scale the heights where greatness waits; when imagination is kindled and reaches high and far, and the ear catches celestial sounds, and the earthliness becomes a clog—oh, then, Heaven help you, if instead of an inspiration, you have taken to yourself an incubus. I wonder if the Fall did not begin when the sons of God took wives from among the daughters of men!" There was an instant's silence as the passionate, vibrating voice died on the air.

"That sounded uncommonly like a sermon," said Dora. "Was it borrowed from one of your, Ray?"

Agatha started, and I looked around. Ray had come in unobserved, and heard all. "Now," continued Agatha, with a vivid blush, "now that I've defined my position, you won't mistake me in the future." She glanced up at him with her arch smile. But the smile fled, and the eyes of the two met and lingered. Agatha's blush faded out. She

grew white before Ray released her from that gaze which seemed to charm. Then he turned and went out. Dora was playing with the baby, and Agatha came and sat down by me.

That look, so involuntary, so full of meaning, haunted me in my dreams that night. There was danger, my heart said, danger in the intimacy between these two. But reason laughed at my cowardly fancies, and said the harm was in me, if any harm there was. Her regard for him was perfectly frank in its expression.

"He is so good to me," she said, a day or two after. "I value him so much. You know I've never had a brother?"

"I said a harsh thing then?"

"But, Agatha, a man's wife is his best friend; she must be, always."

"Do you think Dora understands her husband?" asked Agatha, and her lucid brown eyes met mine unabashed.

"That is nothing to the point," I returned sharply. "He chose her out of all the world, and he must abide by his choice."

"Surely!" looking at me wondering; "and he is very fond of her, isn't he?"

"Very fond of her!" Yes, that was it—a pitying, mournful, half-tender fondness; not that robust affection that endures, and believes, and hopes to the end.

A shadow crept over Agatha's face. "You think I value this friendship too highly?" she said, gravely. "You know he will only remember me as an immature girl who fitted across his path, and whom he helped to much; while I—I shall miss him. But I know, that too—I know that the ocean can't take account of all the little brooks that flow into it. But the brook may sing, and be glad and grateful—" She stopped short. She could not trust herself to go on.

"Pray God you may not have cause to curse him," I said, in my heart. Could I say any more? Could I warn her not to love Ray? I could not have looked in her innocent face and whispered such a thing. But I comforted myself by the thought that the holidays were close upon us, and then Agatha and I were going South to spend the Winter. Then it would all end. Meantime, Ray and Agatha read and talked, and had long discussions upon every conceivable thing; or they talked small talk as only people of genius can do. It is only the nonsense of wise people which is utterly charming.

Meantime, Mrs. Vandevere came into our lines from time to time, like a baleful Fate disguised as a Grace. She could not well be regarded; so, now she carried us off to the opera; now she fascinated us with longings to behold a new star which flashed across our sky; she got up church festivals, where people danced, and flirted, and made sharp bargains for the love of religion; and she gathered a party of lions—very tame lions—claws pared, and teeth blunted, and invited us to the spectacle.

"I do hope Mrs. Vandevere won't give one of her parties while I am gone," said Dora. "I don't care for the literary people, you know, but the toilets are worth seeing."

Dora was going to pay a visit to her Aunt Mehitabel. "Now was the time for her to go, while Agatha was here," she said. She could leave the baby at home. To be sure, I didn't know much about babies, but Agatha did, and she could feel quite easy about it. It! She wondered how long Ray's foolish obstinacy would oblige her to say it!

I did not like this visit; but I had no single reason to oppose to it, and Dora went. Her fortnight grew to a month. We were alone, and we were happy. We drove, and went to the sport a delight. We read, and went to lectures and concerts, and Ray wrote, and read aloud his papers, and we criticised and praised, and gathered inspiration, and found our daily life rich. Ray was what I had once dreamed he would be, gay, graceful, debonair, charming—with eager outlooks, too, toward somewhat nobler and higher. The Spring I had missed so long, was there. I was glad, and yet I trembled.

"We are so happy!" said Agatha, with shining eyes. "But it can't last; I have a premonition."

There was a singular beauty in Ray's pale face as he turned and looked at her—a rapt sweetness that I cannot describe.

"What is coming will come, and what is to be will be," he said. "Now we are happy."

A slight shudder ran over Agatha. "Somebody is walking over my grave," she said, in a low, solemn tone.

"My dear child, run up and get your shawl," I said, trying to be gay. She smiled—and then went out. We were alone, Ray and I. By-and-by he walked to the window and gazed out into the falling night. "Ray," I said presently, and I trembled as I spoke, "Agatha is going away in a week."

There was half a minute's silence; and then he came and stood before me, looking down at me with burning eyes, and speaking passionately: "Do you think I can be ice and rock to her? Ice and rock? Can I see her, hear her, know her, and not feel? I with this tortured, longing human heart? Did you think a few words said over before a priest, a prayer, a benediction, could sanctify an idle, shallow dream? Lou, for a month past I've been either in heaven, or I've been looking down into hell."

"Ray, Ray," I cried, "think of your wife."

"Of my wife? I do think of her as the drowning man thinks of the weight which is dragging him to the bottom."

The bitter recklessness of the tone made me shudder. "Oh, Ray," I sobbed, "God forgive you."

There is only this one evening. I shall never see her again."

"No; you must never see her again. And sometimes, Ray, this will seem like a dream—very sweet and very bitter—but only a dream. God is not going to leave you in this struggle all your life." My words fell from him like hail from armor. He was where I could not help him. That night there was to be a little sleigh-ride—one of Mrs. Vandevere's plans. It included a call at a friend's house in the suburbs, a little supper, music and merriment.

Agatha wondered at Ray's paleness, pitied his headache, and talked low and but little all the way. But I knew every moment was sweet to him. He was counting the hours to the end. It was all over at last, and I was inexpressibly thankful. One by one the sleighs were brought up, and the party started. Ray's horses were spirited, but docile creatures. We established ourselves at leisure, our friends assiduously folding the robes around us. I remember Agatha's face in the moonlight—looking as if it were carved from marble, but unutterably soft, and tender, and lovely. Once, only once afterward, I saw it just the same.

Ray took up the reins. The horses were docile, as I said; but they had a capacity for being frightened. What frightened them then I don't know; but suddenly they reared, plunged, wheeled swiftly, and then—I lost all consciousness of what was happening. I remember a sensation of keen, physical pain, simultaneous with a great outcry. Somebody helped me to rise, and said that Mr. Stuart and I had been hurled from our seats. I think they said he clung to the reins until he became insensible. I hardly know what followed. I was helped back into the house, and presently they said that Ray had escaped death by a miracle, and was fast coming to himself. But, Agatha, Agatha!

Fast horses with eager men were started in pursuit. Ray came in, and we sat with clasped hands and looked in each other's faces, and lived through an eternity of agony. At last, at last, a cry went up outside. Mrs. Vandevere came running in.

"She's safe, safe!" she cried. "They say she managed to get the reins and stop the horses. She fainted when they found her, but she's quite unhurt."

Ray started up at the first words, but quickly sat down again. In a minute the door opened and Agatha stood within it.

"My darling, my darling!" I cried. She did not see me; she only looked at Ray. He sprang up, said something inarticulate, and held out his hands to her. A step and she was beside him. He took her in his arms; looked down into her white face; kissed her over and over again, and at last, with a sob of anguish, let her go, staggered toward the door like a drunken man, and went out. And so home.

I watched Agatha in her dreams that night. The nurse said baby was not quite well, and I went from one to the other.

Agatha smiled in her sleep, murmured Ray's name, and woke up sobbing. When daylight came she opened her eyes, looked at me, grew red and pale, and hid her face on the pillow. I went down to Ray, and made coffee and prepared breakfast for him. In the gray dawn of the winter morning he looked wretchedly haggard and ill.

"I can't go, Lou; not till I've seen her once more," he said.

"You must go, Ray, and you must not see her again."

"You are cruel, Lou; you weep for me, but you are cruel."

"I must be pitiless, dear." I kissed away the hot tears from his eyes.

"Only once more, Lou," he whispered. "Ray, do I not love you? Think of the old sweet times before this trouble came. But I will not let you stain your soul with sin. I will not let you trail your fair name in the mud. Go, now. No matter for the past. The future is yours. You must go, Ray."

He went, at last, saying, "I could have given her up to death last night, and it wouldn't have been so hard."

I went up to Agatha. She was sitting in an easy-chair in her wrapper. I busied myself about the room. She watched me silently, and looked away when I glanced at her. At last I said, "Ray is gone away."

She uttered a cry. "O, Lou, Lou, it is I who have done it; I who have driven him away."

"It was fust he should go, dear," I said, soothing her.

She clung to my hand; wet it with her tears. "I did not mean it," she sobbed, brokenly. "I never dreamed of it till last night."

There was a loud ringing below just then. I shrank from the thought of visitors. But, indeed, it was early for company. In a minute there were hurried steps in the entry. The door opened.

She glared—aye, that is the word—glared upon us. I felt Agatha shake like a leaf. "Dora? Yes, it is Dora! No wonder you look so. You thought I wouldn't find it out. But I did. Mrs. Vandevere wrote to me. My husband in love with Miss West! To me, will you leave my house instantly! Little did I know I was cherishing a viper in my bosom. O, what a wretch you are to abuse my confidence so."

Agatha slipped from my arms. She dropped upon her knees before Dora. "Mrs. Stuart, I never meant it. I never thought of wronging you. God knows I am innocent of a dream of harm."

I tried to speak. I tried to stay the passion that broke forth then. She turned upon me. "You! You tried to prejudice him against me the first night I came. I heard you."

I heard her murmur, "It will atone, it will atone!"

A few days and our little one came back from the way that led so far—came feebly, but surely came. And then Agatha drooped. We wasted skill and care. We besieged Heaven with prayers in vain. Some exhausted drain upon her vitality, the doctor said, had left her at the mercy of the disease. My darling girl! I think she would not have feared to go had she known. But death was kind. She went one night in a soft sleep, so quietly that no one knew when the beautiful soul started on its journey.

And so Ray saw her once more, where she lay half hid by white blossoms, herself the fairest blossom of them all.

Months afterward, bending over the baby, Ray said, softly, "I wish, Dora, you would call her Agatha. She gave her life—her life, Dora!"

If Dora could have been magnanimous! But she frowned, and said, "Indeed I won't, Ray."

I need not linger over Ray. The world knows the rest of the story—how patiently, how unselfishly he lived, how grandly he died! I think no truer soul than his ever passed into the eternities.

ANNA L. JOHNSON.

AUNT MAGGIE'S STORY.

BY E. J. S.

Yes; what your grandfather came to tell me, lassie, was, that Paul Cardell was dead. He was just eighty-five. He'd lost sight and hearing, both, they say, and was glad to go. It's not so bad with me; but I wouldn't mind going too. It's stirred my memory to hear of Paul's death. I've loved many in my life, but never any one as I did him. Ah! I'm not ashamed of it, lassie, if I am an old maid.

We met often, and for a while I thought he liked me pretty well. But soon I began to think I was mistaken. It makes a girl tremble to think that she may show a man who does not love her, that she likes him over well. All she can do is to wait. Ah! lassie, many a time the waiting is a weary thing, and the right one doesn't come, and the wrong one does, and even the wrong one seems better than none at all. It seemed to me that Paul was the right one; but he did not court me, and I could not court him. And James Reeder, being a man, could do as he chose, and did. He loved me, and I loved Paul Cardell. Heaven help us all. I think if we women had no hearts, the world would be a merrier place, lassie.

I put James Reeder off a while, and just kept my eye on Paul. I did not love him, and I did love Paul. Why could I not love the man that loved me?

Then said I to myself, "Be a sensible woman. It's better to marry a man that is fond of you, if he doesn't seem perfection, than to waste your youth and strength and your hope, pining for one you are nothing to."

It's prettier in a poem to do the last, but I wasn't so very young, or so very beautiful that the whole world wanted me. I guessed what life would be when I was a lonely old maid, handed about, like a bad penny, from cousin Jack's to Uncle Ben's and from sister Hannah's to sister Jane's—not much wanted anywhere. Better try to make a man who loved me, happy, and so learn to love him.

I thought it all over, before I went to bed, one night, and I made up my mind that James Reeder should have a "yes" when he asked for it. Then I cried—oh, how I cried, lassie!

The girls envied me my handsome, dashing beau. But often, walking with him, or riding with him, I'd pass Paul Cardell in his shabby coat, and say to myself, "Oh, to be a man—just to be a man, and go a courting whom I chose, instead of taking what comes!" I didn't want money, nor such beauty as James Reeder had so much of. I wanted—well, lassie, I wanted Paul, and no one else; though, why he was perfection to me, heaven knows. I do not, and never shall.

What seemed a great deal to me, isn't much to tell. There were picnic-parties where I met Paul, but where he let James carry me off when he pleased, and never tried to step between us.

At last Kitty Walsingham married, and they gave a great wedding party. They were rich, and did it in style. They had a fine house and fine furniture, and silver and china, such as no one else had thereabout. And it was an all-day party. The wedding first, then breakfast and dinner, and a dance and supper, of course. I was a bridesmaid, and Paul stood up with me. After that, you know, it was his place to be my beau all day. I thought of that and nothing else, lassie. It gave me one chance more. A word from him, and I'd give James Reeder the mitten. A word!—a look even.

When I walked into church, I kept thinking how it would seem to be the bride. I looked prettier than she—I knew I did. I was dark, and white became me. I had roses in my hair, and pearls in my ears. I did look pretty, lassie. You're not so pretty, vain as you are. It's all gone at eighty— all gone—all gone! What do we live to be eighty for?

Sometimes he looked at that morning as if he liked me. He told me how my dress became me. Any man may do that, but it made me happy. I had not been so happy for months.

After we came home from church, there was the breakfast—and he beside me all the while—and then we all went into the garden. We set under a great tree, apart from the rest, and all of a sudden he looked me straight in the eyes.

"Miss Maggie," he said, "do you think—"

But before I knew what he wanted to know if I thought, some one came, all in a hurry, up the path, and stopped beside me. It was James Reeder.

"Here you are," said he. "Paul Cardell, Mrs. Walsingham wants you to drive Grand-ma Thompson home. She isn't well, and wants to go. I'll take care of Miss Maggie meanwhile."

Paul got up. He gave me a look I couldn't understand; and after he had gone a dozen steps, he came back and offered me his hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Maggie," he said, and I heard his breath come short and fast—"good-bye;" and away he went. And I and James Reeder were left alone.

He asked me exactly as I knew it would. He asked me to be his wife before we had been together half-an hour, and I said, "Yes,"

Oh, now, don't lassie! It's all against the women in this world. It always will be. Let the strong-minded bodies do what they may, you can't alter the hearts we are born with. We are bought and sold a good deal as Turkish girls are, after all.

And now I said to myself, "I will be content. I've made my own choice." I knew I hadn't, all the while. "I am to marry the richest man I know, and one they all call handsome. Madly in love with me too. What more do I want?"

It wouldn't do. I hid the fox in my bosom, but it gnawed me all the while.

"The sooner it is over the better," I said; and, as if that was the way to have it over, I let James coax me to fix the day very soon—six weeks from that of our engagement.

There was a busy time at our house, you may suppose. All my things to make in a hurry. I was in a sort of fever all the time. They teased me.

"In love," they said. So I was, lassie, but not with James Reeder. So, one day, mother said to me, "You are the only idle one, Maggie. Run over to Mrs. Walsingham's and borrow the pattern of Kitty's traveling basque. It will just fit you, and I want yours to be like it."

I went, of course, and I got the pattern of Mrs. Walsingham. She was a merry soul, and she would tease me. No one knew why I blushed so. It wasn't for the reason they thought. We stood talking, and she a teasing, until all of a sudden she said, "And James isn't jealous any more, I hope?"

"Jealous?" said I. "Oh, he was wild the day our Kitty was married," said she—"wild with jealousy of Paul Cardell. He told me all about it. They are paired off together, said he, and with a girl it is the first who asks her. Paul is as much in love as I, and she is lost to me. So Granmie and I set our wits to work to help him. And we sent for Paul, as you know, and gave Jim his chance. Now say 'Thank you, Maggie, as he did.'"

But I couldn't. I took the pattern, and ran away. I ran until I came to the bridge, and then I stopped, looking down into the water.

"No, no," I kept saying to myself—"no, no; he never cared anything about me. He gave him chance enough to speak, and he did not."

And while I said it, I heard a step upon the bridge. I looked around—it was Paul Cardell. I couldn't move. I had not seen him before since Kitty's wedding party, when he came back to say good-bye.

He held out his hand. "How do you do, Miss Maggie?" said he. "I didn't speak—I only bowed. 'You are to be married very soon, I hear,' he said."

"They say so," I answered. "James Reeder is a splendid fellow, and as rich as he is handsome." And he caught his breath in a little sigh. "God bless you Maggie."

He had never called me plain Maggie before. He had never looked as he did then. I tried to thank him, but I didn't know what I said. Suddenly he took both my hands.

"I'd like you to know it," he said—"somehow, I'd like you to know it. I was very fond of you, Maggie. I—I loved you, my dear. If James hadn't called me when he did that day, I should have told you so, and had my 'No' from you. I always felt afraid you liked James best. No wonder. It's better for you—altogether better. Only—quite as a past thing—better than life, Maggie. I'm not going to pine to death or make an idiot of myself. I shall marry. Lucy Swallow has promised to be my wife. She would not care for such love as I now have to give; and she's very good and pretty, and we shall be happy. God bless you, and good-bye."

He took my hand and put it to his lips, and went.

Only for what he had said of Lucy Swallow, I'd have called him back. But if they were to be married, better let matters stand as they were. I held myself up by the bridge rail until he was out of sight; then I dropped like one dead.

I did not marry on the day fixed for me, for I was ill of a fever, then, and not expected to live; and afterwards I knew my heart too well. I could not forgive James for cutting short the words that would have made Paul and me happy for life; and I told him plainly that I never could love him.

But Paul and Lucy Swallow married; and she lived thirty years with him—thirty long years. What a happy woman, to live thirty years with Paul Cardell!

I never married—never, as you know. And James Reeder never did, either. When he was sixty he told brother Dick there never had been but one woman in the world for him, and that was Maggie. Poor Jim! he cried when I told him he must go. And he was very handsome, so they said—a very fine man; but I can't remember much about his looks.

And you see I never forget Paul. I could draw his picture now. I know the touch of his hand, and the tone of his voice by heart. He was very happy with Lucy, they say. I haven't been. But it was better than marrying any one else, after all. A wasted life and a wasted heart, but nothing worse. Good night, lassie.

MEN'S CLOTHES.

Lydia Maria Child notes the fact that a striking change has taken place in the costume of men. There has been an increasing tendency to simple colors and convenient forms, until at the present time their dress is universally unostentatious and useful. This is doubtless owing to nearer and nearer approaches to equality among mankind. Privileged classes, who lived on the toil of others, are disappearing. The complicated toggery, worn by the old nobility, would be too inconvenient for merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and others who have work to do in the world. Men now pride themselves upon spending their wealth on colleges, railroads, steamers, and other public improvements, rather than upon personal decorations. Fidelity is considered decidedly unmanly. And as women become invested with larger responsibilities, and become conscious of living for more extensive usefulness, will they not shake off the tyranny of fashion and learn to combine gracefulness with simplicity and convenience, in their costume? I believe so; for there is the same human nature in men and women, and similar influences will produce similar results in both.

Among the parishioners of Dr. Bellows, at one time, was a family with the name of Spear. They brought a son to be christened, and when the doctor asked, "What name?" the answer was "Shake." Somewhat puzzled at the oddity of the name, he afterward asked the parents for an explanation. They replied, "Why, don't you see, with Spear and Shake, it makes the Christian name of Shakespeare?"

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

—A story is told of a belle at White Sulphur Springs who, according to a vow, accepted the one hundredth man who proposed to her.

Self-reliant.—A wealthy merchant, who had become a bankrupt, was met, some time after his misfortune, by a friend, who asked how he was going on. "Pretty well," said he; "I am on my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my carriage and horses, and now must walk."

—A pious old lady was asked why she named her dog "Moreover." "Why," said she, putting on her spectacles to find the place in her Bible, "it is a Bible name. Here: 'Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores.'"

—Lord Abingdon once met a boy dragging a calf along the road. "Why don't you take off our hat?" demanded his Lordship, pompously. "So, Sir," replied the boy, "if ye'll hold the calf!"

Birds of one Feather.—A storekeeper of the capital of ancient Persia went one day to Ibrahim, the Governor of his province, to request the abatement of the taxes he was unable to pay to Hassan Ibrahim, a chief magistrate of the city, and the Governor's brother.

"I must pay, or leave the city," replied the Governor. "Where shall I go?" asked the shopkeeper. "To Shiraz," was the reply. "Your nephew rules that city, and your family are my enemies," said the shopkeeper. "Then go to Cashan." "But your uncle is Governor there." "Then complain to Shah." "He is your elder brother, and Prime Minister." "Then go to the pashaw regions!" exclaimed the Governor, in a passion. "Alas! your pious father is dead," retorted the shopkeeper.

—Original, elevated little Gertrude—observing from the elevated seat of her little chair, the busy flies over and around the uncovered sugar bowl—exclaimed: "Oh, Mama, put the sugar's bonnet on!"—Is she ever to become only—a copy.

In what Field?—"My dear boy," said a young lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you should tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or revel amid the dusty paths of literature?" "No, mama, I wish to go to the set me at work in the tatter field."

—One sometimes finds spicy reading in the official bulletins of the governmental departments. Thus, Pepperville is the name of a Postoffice in Nebraska, and Strong Pepper the Postmaster, who was commissioned there a few weeks ago. He has probably been mustered in by this time.

—A stirring event—making hasty pudding. No Business of Yours.—An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs in Bellows Falls, Vt., the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up.—But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered aid, roared out: "Now, you jes lem me lone. Wan' no slobberin' aroun' me. I allus come down stairs that way."

—Is your master up? asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blandford's valet. "



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. G."—In reply to your questions as to the best course to take in order to prolong the life of your father—already ninety years old—we would say that we know of no better means than regularity in diet, hours for sleep, exercise, etc. Annoyance will soon wear out the old; therefore see that your father's mind is pleasantly employed. Do not commit the common error of letting him sit all day inactive, for the faculties fall with his disuse. Contribute little errands for him; let him think himself of use to you. If he has used stimulants, as you say he has,—tea, coffee and strong beer—do not wholly withdraw them; that would be of no use, but would keep him harassed with ungratified wants; only see that he is as moderate as possible in their use. We commend you for your filial heart, yet is it worth while to care for keeping the soul chained too long in such a decaying prison?
"JAMES."—Always introduce the gentleman to the lady—never the contrary. Etiquette assumes that the lady is, by right of her sex, superior. You will also present the younger to the older, the unmarried to the married, the inferior in rank or talent to the superior. A gentleman should not be introduced to a lady, without first asking her permission. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Two persons meeting, at the house of a mutual friend, should, in courtesy to their hostess, suppose all her guests worthy of recognition; and the formality of a request for presentation may be dispensed with. The lady of the house, indeed, has the right to acquaint her guests with each other, if she chooses.
"CHERO."—It does not appear to us that there is anything credulous or foolish in your believing yourself the subject of an actual pre-arrangement, in the case you allude to. It was certainly remarkable that your unexplained return, having kept a whole party from their excursion, should have been the means of saving them all, yourself included, from a dreadful death. But similar instances are recorded; and to doubt some spiritual agency in the matter, is far more weak and foolish than to accept the fact, with that spiritual solution, reverently and gratefully. It is a mark of positive mental weakness to doubt too much.
"H. H."—Human hairs, left in water a certain length of time, do assuredly appear to become living, thread-like snakes. Other hairs do the same. We remember, in childhood, finding a horse's tail, which had been cut off, lying round a stick, which protruded into a stream of water; and every hair was crawling and poisoning itself after the approved fashion of snakehood. Perhaps this fact originated the ancient story of her, whose hair was turned into serpents. The poet Southey, to please his children, carefully investigated the matter, and you will find the results of his investigations among his published letters.
"A. N."—The book, of which you saw a fragment, and which excited your curiosity, must have been "Quarles' Emblems;" a book published in Queen Elizabeth's time, and highly esteemed by the Church. It was republished, by one of the religious publishing houses of New York, about twelve years ago, and is certainly valuable as an illustration of the modes of thought in former times; as well as curious on account of its extraordinary wood-cuts of demons and angels—the one quite indistinguishable from the other.
"JOSEPH."—You were entirely right in your discussion with your friend, in regard to the awe with which the British Parliament, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, regarded her royal mandates. So far, indeed, was the feeling carried, that let but a member whisper—pending any proposed measure, "The Queen will be offended," and it was instantly suppressed. No influence could surpass that she exercised over her ministers, lords, and people—woman's weakness to the contrary notwithstanding.
"E. E."—You ask if anything be known of the psalmody of the Puritans. A little has been handed down; how will this do as an example?
"ALL HAIL, THOU GREAT AND GLORIOUS SUN, BRIGHT AS A NEW TIN PAN!"
"THOU CLAREST, FINEST, PUREST SOURCE, OF BREAD AND CHEESE TO MAN!"
Or this, with the last line fugued?
"Ye monsters of the briny deep, Your master's praises shout; Up from the sands ye codlings peep, And wag your tails about."
"FAIRER'S WIFE."—Light blue dye, for silks and woolsens, is made with the blue composition, to be procured of the hat-makers; fifteen drops to a quart of water. Articles dipped in this must be thoroughly rinsed. For a dark blue, boil four ounces of copperas in two gallons of water. Dip the articles in this, and then in a strong decoction of logwood, boiled and strained. Then wash them thoroughly in soap suds.
"SOULIER."—The night-battle under Lookout Mountain and the battle of "Mission-Ridge" are not identical. The former took place a month earlier than the latter, and on the first night of the entrance of Hooker's forces into Lookout Valley. The latter attracted more attention, but the fighting could hardly have surpassed, in spirit, that of the night-battle.
"READER."—The government of China is patriarchal. The Emperor has the title of "Holy Son of Heaven, sole governor of the earth, and great Father of his people." It is however, patriarchal on the largest scale; for the family consists of more than three hundred million members.
"MONROE."—The adage to which Shakespeare refers, in the passage, "Letting I dare not wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat in the adage," is of Latin origin; and, being translated, reads literally, "The cat loves fish, but dares not wait for her foot."
"BOY."—Animal magnetism was discovered by Mesmer in 1783. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it was named and investigated by him; for the principle was well known and practiced among the Hindus for many centuries, under the garb of sorcery.
"MARY."—Ladies can work at farm-work without losing either their lady-like appearance or manners; and will gain immediately in health, if cautious not to overwork; which, by the way, is the usual fault of womankind.
"M. Y."—Glass windows were first brought into use in 1180; and were considered so much of a luxury, that, for a long time, the people of England were taxed for every pane used in lighting their dwellings.
"THORPÖR."—The expression "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" originated with Thomas Morton, who lived in the early part of this century.
"T. V."—In case of bleeding at the lungs, give a teaspoonful of dry salt, and repeat the dose often, or, if attainable, an infusion of witch-hazel bark, drunk in small quantities.
"ELIZA."—The flower you describe must have been of the Salpiglossis family.

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 9, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In response to the request of many friends of THE UNIVERSE, we will renew our offer to send it to new subscribers "on trial," for the term of three months (to commence with any month) for Fifty Cents.

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

We continue the offer of a choice of a copy of either "Dawn," "Rebecca," "What Answer," "Gates Ajar," "Gates Wide Open," or "Men, Women and Ghosts," to any person sending us the names of two new yearly subscribers, with the money (\$3.00) for the same; or Ten Trial Subscriptions with the money, \$5.00.

The books will be sent postage paid.

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A writer in the Batavia, N. Y., Batavian, recently, took exceptions to some quotations made by that paper, saying:

"I do not believe they [the extracts] were in any well-sustained Spiritualist journal of the present day."

Whereupon the Batavian remarks that the quotations were made from the columns of THE UNIVERSE, the one copied by it from another Spiritualist journal, and condemned, and the other from a contributor dating at New York city. The extracts related to the mooted marriage question, of course.

No mistake is more common, yet at the same time more inexcusable, than to hold the editor of a journal responsible for the sentiments expressed by contributors. Especially is this a mistake in judging of THE UNIVERSE, which, perhaps more than any other prominent journal, encourages a large liberty of expression and a free range of discussion among its writers. Erroneous ideas are best combated when met by Truth in open field. No truly brave person shrinks from encountering antagonistic doctrines fairly and squarely. So THE UNIVERSE seeks to subserve the interests of Truth and Right and Justice, by giving all views an opportunity for presentation and comparison and criticism.

This is not to say that THE UNIVERSE has no opinions of its own concerning questions—especially on the Social and Marriage questions, which it regards as of the first importance to humanity. Indeed, it has very strong views,—we think well-digested and sound ones; but it is not our purpose to obtrude these, in arrogant and assumptive manner, upon the public. We want those who have views of their own, whether coincident or conflicting with ours, to express them freely in our columns. When we express our own views—which, in the absence of signatures, names, initials, or other marks, indicating other origin, may be known as our views—we may be held entirely responsible for them.

These remarks are made, at this time, for the benefit of those editors and other individuals who pretend to read THE UNIVERSE critically, and who should do so, before making extracts from its columns to sustain a hypothesis or to demolish an opponent. We may endorse a correspondent, but that is not to be inferred from the fact of publishing an article, in the absence of a positive verbal endorsement.

In another place may be found a condensed report of the proceedings of the third annual meeting of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists. Most of the resolutions adopted were reserved for the next week's issue. The occasion was highly gratifying to those in attendance, and promotive of advancement in the cause of practical reform. Ohio has been among the foremost States in the matter of organizing liberal thought and accomplishing tangible work, and this Convention was an earnest of still greater attainments in that direction. There are twenty Societies and Lyceums on the Western Reserve, we are informed.

A California correspondent and agent for THE UNIVERSE writes:—"Please change the name of Mrs.—to Mrs.—, as the former lady declines the paper on the grounds that it is immoral. Out of the twenty persons who take it in this town, I have heard of no other complaint, but considerable commendation instead."

GLENN B. STEBBINS held a discussion at Farwell Hall, Chicago, last week, with Rev. Mr. BLANCHARD, on the national question of Protection, the discussion continuing for two nights before large audiences. Mr. STEBBINS still lectures occasionally for Spiritualism and reformatory subjects, not giving all his time to the advocacy of Protection.

Mrs. ADDIE L. BALLOU is prepared to answer calls to speak in behalf of Woman Suffrage.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—VI.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT—THE MUSIC MEANS PEACE—JAMES BURNS' SPIRITUAL LIBRARY—SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON—"DAY OUT," HAMPTON COURT—OLD WITCH TIMES—THE PROPHECY'S FATE—THE GENERAL CONVENTION, ETC.

LONDON, England, Sept. 18, 1869.

It is estimated that London contains a population of three millions—what a mass of moving throbbing humanity! I was made painfully conscious of its singing multitudes, while attending, through the politeness of Mr. Pearce, the monster musical concert at the Crystal Palace, in imitation of the Peace Jubilee held last spring in Boston. The chorals last numbered eight thousand, and the immense volume of voices was supported by instrumental bands and the firing of cannon by means of an electric battery. The admission being only a shilling, the crowd could not have been less than fifty thousand. The unbroken mass of gaily-dressed people, as seen from the galleries, with the decorated orchestra, filled with vocalists; the ladies, all in light summer attire; the men in black, and all grouped artistically, presented a sight beyond the power of pen-painting.

Over the heads of this orchestra, hung unfolded by a breeze the flags of England, Ireland, Scotland and America. Their proximity seemed prophetic of goodly peace and fellowship. After the National Anthem the first piece upon the programme was Wendell Holmes' Hymn of Peace, written for the June Festival in Boston. The execution was admirable, the ladies excelling. It was not exactly a chorus of angels; but one of the nearest approaches thereto since that Heavenly host, some two thousand years since, hovered over Bethlehem hills, singing the sweetest song that ever trembled on holy lips—"Peace on earth, and good will toward men." For the moment I was transported to Syria. The shepherds were in these green pastures, Galilee lay at my feet. Persian Magi were in counsel upon the thither shore, and an angel-band, robed in white, were sweeping through the air, stirring it with their soft-breathings of love. Hush—I hear music—O, the sweetness, the over-mastering majesty of that prophetic song—"Peace on earth." Peace is the inspiration of Heaven, and the ally of all true religion. How my soul melts into the spirit of Jesus' prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven."

It was stirring to the feelings, and impressive in a high degree, when, in rendering "Auld Long Syne," coming to the lines: "And here's a hand, my trusty friend, And gie's a hand o' thine," the whole orchestra clasped hands; and while the intertwining arms and hands rose and fell, keeping time with the music, and the shoutings of the multitude, the canons thundered from their iron throats "peace on earth and good will towards men."

The chorals gave us the fine poetic setting of Lowell Mason, commencing "Star of Peace, to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pilot's vision dreary, Far, far at sea.

The "Star Spangled Banner" lifted the masses to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The audience was treated to choice selections from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini and others. The influence of these Peace Jubilees is blessed. Those attending go away purer, with better conceptions of human nature and human destiny. The Crystal Palace—the world in miniature, remaining much as when first opened, has become a standing institution of London.

Though familiar to the readers of Human Nature, let me further introduce to American Spiritualists, Mr. James Burns, who, in connection with editing and publishing this able Monthly, has recently instituted a Progressive Library and general depository for works upon Spiritualism, anthropology, phrenology, physiology, and the liberalizing literature of the age. This is a circulating library, from which books and pamphlets go out to nearly all parts of the Kingdom, like white-winged messengers bearing knowledge and gladness to thousand souls. Many secure the reading of books in this way who do not choose to purchase them. It is the only practical movement of the kind in Great Britain and is doing a vast amount of good. Spiritualists, ethnologists, liberalists in all the regions adjoining London, should largely patronize the institution. Connected with the library is a reading-room, in which may be found all the spiritual and progressive weeklies and monthlies of the world. On the walls are portraits, spirit-drawings, spirit-photographs, and symbolic devices interesting to Spiritualists. A reformer feels at once at home in these drawing-rooms, so richly furnished with the progressive literature of the century.

Though tracing relationship to Scotia's immortal bard, friend Burns' intellectual predominates over the mere imaginative faculties of the brain organism. By birth he is a Scotchman, sincere earnest and aggressive. Temperamentally speaking he is a genuine genius, related magnetically to the Yankeeedom of New England. He is a compact man, of medium height, tough, wiry, healthy, kind-hearted, outspoken, firm in conviction and possessed of great muscular and mental activity. In the dictionary he consults, there occur no such words as "fear" or "fail." What the externalist terms failure, is frequently the gateway to the most masterly successes. Such men as this, are absolutely indispensable in the founding of new epochs. He lectures upon phrenology, anthropology and Spiritualism, inspiring his audiences with inquiry and enthusiasm. Those, interested in growing science, philosophy and religion of the age, should find him soon as possible after crossing the Atlantic. He publishes both the London Spiritual Magazine and Human Nature. Those more intimately connected with the Spiritual Magazine have not yet returned to the city from the watering places and other summer resorts; accordingly we have not, as yet, had the pleasure of meeting them.

Relative to the condition of the spiritual philosophy in this thronging city of souls, we are necessitated to trust more to the testimony of others than actual observation. Mrs. Harding, admired and loved not more in America than England, her native land, can give direct information upon this subject. Suffice it in us to say, for the present, there are excellent mediums, in the city and the country adjoining, for physical manifestations and mental tests. Most of the media, how-

ever, are what might be termed private, holding seances for the few and that without compensation. It is generally conceded, that though there is a large number of intelligent Spiritualists in London, they lack unity of action. While having no children's Progressive Lyceums, they are disintegrated, almost destitute of organization and, seemingly, without any well-systematized plan for the furtherance of the principles of the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism cannot be organized; but Spiritualists can organize upon a financial basis of co-operation and a more general concert of action. Many of us have yet to receive a new baptism—toleration. The angels ask; is the heart—is the life right?

D. D. Home is giving readings in Bristol, and the different cities of the Kingdom, receiving, with hardly an exception, the highest commendations of the press. He frequently gratifies inquirers with seances in which occur manifestations as interesting to believers as astounding and convincing to skeptics.

Hampton Court Palace, the residence in times ago of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, of Charles and King James Second previous to his abdication, is still burdened with the rich, yet crumbling relics of royalty and pomp of heraldry. The paintings from the hands of the old Masters are magnificent. Many of the apartments, with the drapery, furniture and carvings remain as when in the use of kings and queens. The parks, gardens and fountains had the more charms for us. After hours of wandering in this wilderness of beauty, our band of "day out" Spiritualists assembled in the park under the oak and linden trees for social converse and speeches.

Senor Damiani, an Italian nobleman and a man of fine culture, was made the presiding officer. His remarks were eloquent and full of spiritual import. Mr. Burns' speech was as sound as pointed. Mr. Pearce spoke earnestly upon the truth and beauty of Spiritualism. A stranger, our remarks were few. On the whole it was a pleasant and profitable season.

To better note the footprints of progress, it is wisdom to occasionally compare the past with the present. Prof. W. D. Gunning, an American scientist and distinguished lecturer, writing to a Unitarian clergyman in England, relative to the evangelical doctrines of the church says:

"The old faith is dead. \* \* \* A hundred and fifty years ago, is far away from our to-day, as five hundred years ago of England is from your to-day. I have been looking up some of the early town records of New England. You will remember that in Puritan times, New England towns were little theocracies. I find an entry in the town book of Hatfield, only a hundred and twenty years old. It stands thus: 'Voted that we build a meeting house in which to serve ye Lord. Voted second, that ye aforesaid meeting house in which to serve ye aforesaid Lord (I) have a steeple ten feet higher than ye steeple of ye meeting house in Sunderland.'"

"Entry the next year. 'Voted, that a committee be appointed to get cakes and run to assist at ye raising of ye meeting house in which to serve ye Lord.'"

This American Scientist, writing further of Puritan persecutions and witch-hunting, asks—"Can old England furnish anything more ludicrous or wicked?" Let us see. In the annals of Leeds, York and Pontefract, now before us, we find that in 1622 six persons were executed, at York, for witchcraft, twelve at Lancaster, sixteen at Yarmoth and one hundred and twenty in Suffolk and Huntingdon. Matthew Hopkins, an authorized witchfinder, undertook to "clear these localities of witches for the sum of twenty shillings." Among the tests, was the thrusting of "pins into the naked body." Further "if a witch could not shed tears at command, or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's prayer, she was held to be in league with the devil." \* \* \* Tortures were inflicted, and tests, such as these, were admitted as evidence by the administrators of law, who, acting thereon, condemned all such to tortures. (annals, p. 62). This Hopkins was a very pious christian man, who hunted and hung witches for "Christ's sake" and twenty shillings! The authority for pursuing this murderous course towards those considered witches, was based upon the Bible command—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." In this period of English history, Capital punishment was inflicted for the most trivial crimes. On page 55 of these annals we find that "during the reign of Henry VIII, there were hung 72000 thieves and rogues, beside other malefactors"—over two thousand a year. But in Queen Elizabeth's reign there were only "between three and four hundred hung each year for theft and robbery." The infliction of Capital punishment in any case is a lingering relic of medieval barbarism.

Traveling, the other day, from Leeds, through the Yorkshire country, towards the city of York, for the purpose of looking up records to identify Aaron Nite, the controlling intelligence of Dr. E. C. Dunn, we passed the old castle Pontefract, where King Richard 11, was slain. Pontefract himself died in the seventh year of Henry 11, A. D. 1107. Thomas deCastelford, a Benedictine monk flourishing about 1326, wrote a history of the place, the Castle and King John who signed the Magna Charta—the great charter of English liberties. The Castle, nearly in ruins, interested us deeply in consequence of its having been at times the resting-place of the hermit Peter of Pomfret, richly gifted with prophecy. He had frequently foretold things years before they transpired, astonishing the people. Early in 1213 he prophesied that King John would lose his crown before Ascension day. The following is an extract from Hollingshed's history of Peter, the hermit prophet:

"There was at this time a hermit of Pontefract, a man of great reputation with the common people, because, either inspired with the spirit of prophecy, or skilled in magic, he was able to tell what would transpire in the future. His sayings proved so true that he was considered a wonderful prophet. Many feared him. This Peter, about the 1st of Jan. 1215, told the King, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his Kingdom; and he further offered himself to suffer death, if his word did not prove true. Soon, by the King's order, he was thrown into prison at Corf Castle until the day appointed, when he was publicly dragged at a horse's tail to Warham, where he was hanged. He expiated the people, who considered the hermit a man of great virtue as well as prophet."

Though life paid the penalty, the prophecy of poor Peter was verified. There is to be a general convention of Spiritualists in Manchester, England, the second and third of October. The following questions and propositions will be considered:

- Are not the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism more strange and profitable than the literature of fiction?
—The historic relation existing between Spirits in both spheres, shown to be alike taught by ancient and modern Spiritualists.
—Are matter and spirit two existences, or one existence under distinct conditions? if the latter, what are the conditions?
—What is the most rational interpretation of the principles involved in the occurrence of phenomena at remote distances from persons known to produce them?
—Is there sufficient evidence to show that the animals of our sphere enjoy conscious existence after death?
—On what combination of conditions do the

successful development of spiritual faculties depend?

—Seeing that man is an inhabitant of both states, how is his education in the spiritual state carried on?

—On what principles do the spiritual personalities control and direct the affairs of the mundane sphere?

—In the divinely ordained progress of all creation, how are undeveloped spirits disciplined and brought to order?
Only absence upon the Continent, on our way East, prevents acceptance of the kind invitation to attend. In our next, after reverting to Scotland scenery and life, we shall speak further of London sights, the appearance of Spurgeon, the Museum, the beggars, the parks &c. The fog and smoke are dense today, and the weather is chilling. Leaves too, are falling, and the sailing clouds seem to leave in their wake, signs of frosts and coming wintry blasts. The poet's words echo in my ear:

"A ruffled moon and a clouded day My portion of life hath been; And darker, and darker the evening sky Stretches before me gloomily, To the verge of the closing scene."

J. M. P.

TEACHINGS OF SPIRITS.

"Why do not the Spirits tell us some new facts in relation to astronomy, and other physical sciences?" asks the doubting investigator. "Let them prove to me that something is true which I could not have learned from other sources by mundane investigation, and I will believe," says the cavalier.

These questionings are natural; for man has an innate impulse to learn new things, and ever since the world begun has questioned super-mundane intelligences in relation to causes and effects; but generally with very unsatisfactory answers.

Now what reason have we to suppose that an earth-born spirit can know any more of the planet Mars, for instance, than we do?

"Why," says one "it can go there and see, and come back and tell, or it can commune with intelligences who there originated, and thence derive information, which we could not by any other means obtain."

Now if this were possible,—if some supernatural intelligence from the planet Mars should seize upon one of our mediums and deliver to us lectures upon the Geography or natural history of his native sphere, of what advantage would it be to us? His teaching would have to be received upon the strength of his testimony alone, could not be verified by any means in our power, and would therefore be of no value except as a pleasant amusement. I am aware that teachings of this character have been attempted, but I consider them to be of no more use to us than a volume of Gulliver's Travels or Munchausen's tales.

There seems to be a great want of appreciation among the people of what are really the modes of Spiritual existence. In man here on Earth we find a connection established between the Spiritual and material which is sundered at death, and their connection with each other, ever afterward, is so difficult that after four thousand or more years of investigation, the question is left unsettled in most minds whether it ever occurs, even with that portion of matter to which it had been most nearly affiliated. Why, then should we expect that man's spirit would be able to enter into rapport with the material substances that make up the ponderable universe, and make discoveries which could be made while it had the aid of its near and intimate connection with those substances through the body.

Man's body, I apprehend, to his spirit, what the tool is to the artisan, the telescope to the astronomer, the means—and the only means, which it has of learning anything of physical existence, and when this is thrown off, all connection is sundered by which anything may be learned of the laws of physical science, or the modes of physical existence.

But that a connection of spirit with spirit can be maintained while either, or both, are in or out of the body, I, think, proved without a doubt, and instances are numerous in the details of spiritual manifestations, where information has been obtained of occurrences taking place, the knowledge of which could not have been got in any other manner: Judge Edmunds affirms that in several instances a state of mind and body was conveyed to the circle, of which he had been a member in New York, while he was journeying on the Ocean and in Central America, and that a knowledge of the fate of one of the best steam-ships was conveyed to that place before any knowledge of it could have been had by natural means. That such instances are not more common is not strange. One proved instance is enough to establish the fact of its possibility, and, while we know so little of the laws which govern these communications, we should not expect that those most ignorant of their action could control them at will.

But the unbeliever first denies the possibility of such a thing, and then asks why it does not occur whenever he demands it. While scarcely one in ten thousand are gifted with any powers of spiritual communion, and while the science of it is entirely unclassified, and is but a mass of undigested facts; and while, as a general rule, those most gifted are least capable of rigid and careful analysis and observation, we should not expect that rates as positive as those of Chemistry or as clear as those of Geometry could yet be laid down.

And here I wish to say one word in relation to the conservation of such facts as are susceptible of being proved in connection with this matter.

It seems to me that what is needed is a society formed for the purpose solely of investigating and recording all that does occur of a nature that hereafter may throw light upon the subject. Let it be a center of correspondence, and let it be supported with sufficient funds to allow of personal investigation by authorized agents, whose word cannot be disputed and who are accustomed to look upon every side of a question before deciding. I am glad to see that such an organization exists in England, and why not one in America? CHAS. BOYNTON.

WARREN CHASE has removed to St. Louis, and opened a Liberal Bookstore at 827 North Fifth st., under the style of "WARREN CHASE & Co." They have a complete stock of publications in the line, and will have THE UNIVERSE for sale at their counter.

MOSES HULL speaks at Salem, Mass., during October. His address is Boston, care of the Banner of Light.

Written for The Universe.

"HAVING EYES THEY SEE NOT."

A few weeks ago we remarked on the General Assembly's resolutions, warning the church against the crime of infanticide, and we said, "We do not believe the crime is so common among the female members of the church as to render such a warning necessary." Our disbelief has brought to us letters of testimony, from intelligent parts of the country. One physician, an intelligent and reliable gentleman in a small town, reports three cases in which he had been personally applied to, to be some party to child-murder. One of the perpetrators, another was an Old School Presbyterian Minister, another an advertisement in a paper, edited by reading an advertisement in a paper, by a New School Presbyterian minister, and the third was a member of the Methodist Church.—New York Observer (Presbyterian).

No wonder the Observer's incredulity is shaken. The only wonder is, that it ever was incredulous, considering, that one can hardly take up a paper that does not contain some scandalous story about church members or ministers. The Observer wishes they might be exposed, in their villenous, to the indignation of the churches they dishonor." Perhaps it does not know that the "indignation" depends upon the purse of the sinner, and decreases as the latter expands. "It wouldn't be good policy to expel brother Jones for being too sorely tempted, for he might join the other church, and so enable them to make a greater show than we do." But there is sister Smith, "poor as a church mouse," they will make a great stir about her shortcomings, and so air their pious indignation without cost to "our society."

Verily the church "covereth a multitude of sins," but it cannot hide them all. It is, or was once, so respectable to belong to the church that many, with as little piety as purity, joined for the sake of popularity; but as the church cannot prove their sins they have gone to seed, and now the church is so overrun with wickedness that the only remedy seems to be to raze it to the ground and build a new structure of "The good, the beautiful, the true."

The particular crime charged upon the sisters (the brothers have no hand in it—see quotation for proof) is creating much commotion at present. The editors take particular pains to avow their horror of it, in one column, and in the next advertise the means to accomplish the very crime decried!

"Women don't like to be kept at home," they want to "follow the fashions," and "unsex themselves." (I'd like to know what that last horror means) are some of the reasons given for this "unnatural crime." But I do not believe that we will find the true reason in that direction. "I have wished, many and many a time, that I could lay my children in the grave, away from this disgrace," said a mother, whose heart was at last broken by her husband's infidelity to his marriage vows. May not man's crime be one great cause of the present trouble? Dear brethren, do take a little time, from picking at the moles in the sisters' eyes, to remove a few of the beams from your own.

But isn't it curious that any one should be astonished to find sin and crime in the church? If one half the misdeeds of christians were committed by Spiritualists, they would be easily seen by the blindest observers.

ARDIE BEE.

ADDRESS OF HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following synopsis of the Address of Hudson Tuttle at the Ohio State Convention of Spiritualists is given by the American Spiritualist:

Hudson Tuttle referred to the harmony which had characterized the transaction of the business brought before the Convention. Do we fully appreciate our mission and our cause? Why is Spiritualism better than the old systems of religious faith? For what purpose do we organize? What is our aim? These are vital questions. All religions systems are based on ideas. Eighteen centuries ago Jesus appeared in Judea, but he and his few despised followers had the power to change the religious character of the world, because he had an idea—that of the Brotherhood of man.

We have a grander and more glorious idea than is contained in Christianity—the divinity of man. God was not only incarnated in Jesus, but he is incarnated in every human being. Nature points to the immortality of man as the crowning glory of creation. We place upon our banner the noble idea that man is divine; that there is an immortal germ in his nature that cannot be crushed out.

What is the aim of Spiritualism? No system has ever presented such noble incentives to well-doing. There is no escape from the effects of evil-doing—no salvation except by growth. We must work in harmony with immutable laws, and if we violate them we suffer the penalty. It is by growth alone that we become a perfect spirit. The good angels rest over the basest criminal; sooner or later they will find an entrance to his heart, and bless and reform him.

The Churches are organized—the Catholics are marshaling their forces—the Old and New Presbyterians have united; it is proposed to put God into the National Constitution; the Young Men's Christian Association, one of the most secret societies in its operations now in existence, by a preconcerted move, rapidly and secretly executed, last winter sent a petition to Congress, signed by immense numbers, asking that Christ be engrafted into the Federal Constitution; Catholic Priests are being sent South to convert the ignorant negroes, and untold numbers of Japanese and Chinamen are swarming to our shores. The friends of religious despotism are straining every nerve to accomplish the overthrow of free religious institutions. A gigantic struggle between religious intolerance and free thought is impending. What have we to oppose the onward march of our enemies? We are compelled to organize in very self-defence. He looked upon this State Association as the best form of organization that can be adopted at present. From it we may expect grand results. He believed that the time will come when the delegates present will regard it as one of the proudest acts of their lives that they took part in the proceedings of this Convention.

We have given only an imperfect and brief outline of Mr. Tuttle's philosophical, and interesting address; nothing but a verbatim report could do it justice.

When Fred, Douglass was once traveling on a boat and compelled to take the "deck," his dignified appearance led a compassionate officer to think his condition might be improved during the passage if the bar of "color" could be avoided. So watching his opportunity, he approached and inquired significantly—"Indian?" "No, Nigger!" frankly responded Fred, and paid the penalty by remaining a deck-passenger all night, walking to keep warm.



THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 9, 1869.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

(Reported for The Universe.)

The Third Annual Convention of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, convened in Empire Hall, Akron, Sept. 10, 1869, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by the President, A. B. French, of Clyde, who after a song, and invocation, by E. T. Blackmer and Dr. L. K. Coonley, offered suggestions as to the business that would come up for consideration, and urged the importance of organization.

A. A. Wheelock, Geo. Wm. Wilson, Geo. W. Roberts, Mrs. S. M. Bassett, Miss Marcia B. Lane, O. P. Kellogg, and W. H. Houghton were selected Business Committee, with instructions to report on credentials, and to present names of officers for the ensuing year.

In the afternoon, the said committee reported fifty-five delegates, from eighteen societies.

Committees on Finance and Resolutions were elected.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That we respectfully invite all Spiritualists from this and other States to seats in this Convention, to participate in its proceedings in accordance with its rules, except the privilege of voting when the yeas and nays are called.

Remarks were made by Hudson Tuttle, J. A. Sumner, Dr. Houghton, Dr. Underhill, A. A. Wheelock, Mr. Blackmer, Dr. Newcomer, and the president. All agreed in the wisdom of consolidating the Society and Lyceum, instead of having two organizations, and urged the importance of advancing the latter:—It constitutes the basis of the great Spiritual movement.

If the conductor and leaders perform their whole duty cheerfully, there will be no want of interest on the part of the children.—We must not stumble on the block of monotony, but must vary the order of exercises, and not be bound by books or any stereotyped plan of instruction, whatever.—We should seek the best methods of interesting young and old; work in opposition to those systems of education which crowd the mind with words; seek to develop the faculties of the child; never forget that we are children.—Such were the prominent sentiments of the various speakers. The evening session was opened by a song from Emma Tuttle, "The Unseen City," published in last week's UNIVERSE.

M. H. Houghton addressed the Convention for a half hour, taking for his subject "What is Man?"

O. P. Kellogg followed with a humorous but effective speech, of which we cannot give a full report.

O. L. Sutfill advanced strong arguments in favor of the immortality of the soul. He believed that the scriptural passage, representing the angel Gabriel standing with one foot on the land and one on the sea, really meant the electric telegraph, which now spans continents and oceans, and encircles the globe.

C. D. Ensign spoke of the importance of conference meetings.

Mr. Blackmer sang a song—"The Silent River," and the Convention adjourned to 9 A. M., Saturday.

Second Day—Morning Session.—The Convention was opened by a song from Mr. Blackmer. The Business Committee reported order of exercises.

During the half hour conference interesting remarks were made by O. L. Sutfill, O. P. Kellogg and Mrs. Shepherd.

[The State Missionary Report, and that of the Recording Secretary, will appear next week.]

A. A. Wheelock, J. A. Sumner, A. Williams, Emma Tuttle, D. J. Starbird, Lewis King, and Mrs. G. W. Shepherd, were elected a Committee on Education and Revision of the Constitution.

The Business Committee made a report, suggesting names for officers for the ensuing year, which was adopted.

The Convention then elected the officers suggested by the Business Committee, as follows: President—Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Erie Co.

Vice Presidents—J. A. Sumner, Akron; Mrs. Zilla Kellogg, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co.; Oliver Stephens, Toledo.

Recording Secretary—George Wm. Wilson, Auburn, Geauga County.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Erie Co.

Treasurer—D. U. Pratt, Cleveland.

Trustees—George Rose, Mrs. S. M. Thompson, Cleveland.

Hudson Tuttle, the newly elected President, was introduced to the Convention by O. L. Sutfill. Mr. Tuttle feelingly returned thanks for the honor conferred, and urged the importance of a thorough and efficient organization, that will unite and concentrate our forces.

A. B. French, the retiring President, eloquently and feelingly returned thanks for the generous assistance he had received from the Spiritualists of Ohio in the discharge of his official duties.

On motion of A. A. Wheelock, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention, representing the Spiritualists of Ohio, are hereby tendered to the retiring officers of the State Association, for the faithful discharge of their official duties, during the past year.

O. P. Kellogg offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That this Convention tenders its warmest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, for their self-sacrificing labors in our missionary work.

The Business Committee reported the order of business for the afternoon.

After a song by E. T. Blackmer, the Convention adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention was opened by a song from Mr. Blackmer.

The Committee on Resolutions reported. [Resolutions next week.] The following resolutions presented by individuals, were also adopted: Whereas, As Mediumship is the real distinctive characteristic of modern Spiritualism, therefore, Resolved, That the promotion of mediumistic unfoldment should be a primary object in all the organizations of Spiritualists. Resolved, That we, as an Association of Spiritualists, individually study to control the evil in our own natures, before we exhibit to the public view the weakness and failings of others; when we can do this, and not until then, shall we be true men and women, and true Spiritualists.

Before the adoption of the latter resolution, brave and noble words were spoken in behalf of mediums by several persons.

After a spirited discussion, the report of the Finance Committee to raise funds for missionary work, by yearly subscriptions, payable quarterly, and recommending the appointment of two persons by each society to superintend the raising of funds was adopted.

Evening Session.—The Akron Lyceum choir sang a song, entitled "Stand for the Right." O. L. Sutfill, Dr. Coonley and Mrs. Marcia B. Lane spoke.

A. A. Wheelock, Ch'n of Committee on Education and Revision, reported that the Constitution of the State Association be so amended as to read three Trustees, instead of two, and four Vice Presidents, instead of three. The proposed amendments were unanimously adopted.

The Convention then elected Dr. W. N. Hambleton, of McConnellsville, Vice President, and N. E. Crittenden, of Cleveland, Trustee. The Committee on Education and Revision of the Constitution reported resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

The Business Committee reported order of exercises for Sunday.

After a song by the Akron Lyceum choir, the Convention adjourned.

Third Day—Morning Session.—Song by the Akron Lyceum choir.

S. S. Clark recited a Poem, entitled "I don't like to hear him pray!"

Addresses by Mrs. Thompson, Dr. Bailey, Dr. Coonley, O. P. Kellogg, Hudson Tuttle, and A. A. Wheelock.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention convened at 2 P. M., and was opened by a song from the Akron Lyceum choir.

Mrs. Shepherd, of Geneva Lyceum, recited an interesting dialogue of her own composition.

On motion of A. A. Wheelock, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are hereby most sincerely tendered to the Spiritualists and citizens of Akron, who have so generously opened their homes, and so fully provided for the comfort of the delegates and friends attending the Convention.

Resolved, That when this Convention adjourns, it adjourns subject to the call of the Executive Board of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.

Geo. Wm. Wilson offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted: Resolved, That our thanks are due the Akron Lyceum choir, E. T. Blackmer and Mrs. Emma Tuttle, for furnishing the Convention appropriate music.

Resolved, That this Convention tender thanks to the Akron Society and Lyceum, for the free use of this Hall.

O. L. Sutfill then addressed the Convention at length. Remarks by A. A. Wheelock, O. H. Kellogg, Hudson Tuttle.

Evening Session.—The Convention met at 7 o'clock, Vice President Sumner in the chair, and was opened by a song from the Akron Lyceum choir, entitled "Rest in Heaven."

Remarks by D. J. Starbird; addresses by A. A. Wheelock and O. P. Kellogg. Adjourned.

DR. HATFIELD AND THE CAMP-MEETING.

We have allowed the singular and anti-Methodist attack, recently made by the Rev. Dr. Hatfield upon the Sabbath and camp-meetings, to pass without comment, preferring first to see what might be their effect upon the religious institutions at which they were aimed. The effect is now so obvious as to be a fair matter of impartial comment. Three or four hundred persons have gathered daily at the Desplains meetings, of whom a handful have been faithful workers, and the rest orderly and attentive listeners. But the leading Methodist clergy of the city have been told to stay away, and they have apparently been glad of a pretext for doing so. Though the preaching of Christ was almost wholly at camp or grove meetings near the towns of Judea, and He seldom went into the synagogues, yet there is a primitive cheapness and simplicity about them, which neither the Levites of old nor the fashionable shepherds of the present day enjoy. True, the air is pure, the groves delightful, and the change from the artificiality of the city to the simplicity of nature, is of itself a religious influence,—all means of grace, which the truest saints of all ages have found more conducive than almost any other influence to piety. Then, Methodism itself, like its prototype, Christianity, is the outgrowth of these open-air meetings. In the days of the Wesleyes, and of Whitefield, no pretended follower of their word had ventured to arraign them for preaching in the open-air on Sunday, or for going that without which camp-meetings could not be held on that day—feeding the crowds who might go out from the cities to attend them. If any uncircumcised Jew who mistook himself for a Christian had rebuked the founders of Methodism for leading the people out into the groves for the Lord's worship, on the Lord's day, he would have been sternly answered: "Fool! is it not enough that Christ was annoyed by men of your class for feeding on the Sabbath the crowds whom he taught, and must you, with his rebuke in your memory, repeat the same complaint against us?"

But as there are men who would find themselves unable to make any other use of milk than to convert it into whiskey, if they could not get the article in any other way, so there are men so covetous of rule, and addicted to discipline, that the very milk of kindness, the gospel of persuasion, every other line of which is a renunciation of authority, must be transformed into stern, inexorable law, or they will have none of it.

Of course, we do not expect Dr. Hatfield to notice the fact that the Christian day of worship was never made the subject of any Divine command whatever; that in simple undeniable historic truth, which Dr. Hatfield knows as well as we do, "God's word" no more commands the observance of the first day of the week than it does that of the third, or Wednesday; that Paul classed the observance of "Sabbaths" in the Jewish manner as among the "beggarly elements" which could have no part in the Christian work; and that, if the former, or Jewish obligation, relative to Saturday were transferred to Sunday under the Christian dispensation, it would be lawful to stone Dr. Hatfield himself out of Chicago, for being a chief violator of the Jewish law, which he so freely invokes against the Desplains camp-meetings. How many Sundays of his life has he obeyed that portion of the law of the Jewish Sabbath which forbids a fire to be kindled within the house on the Sabbath day? not once, intentionally. And yet, for each violation of the law to which he appeals, he is worthy of death by stoning, according to that law.—Chicago Tribune.

SOLEMN REFLECTIONS.

ON ATTENDING THREE RELIGIOUS MEETINGS IN ONE EVENING.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Anticipating a journey Westward, and a probability of remaining all winter, I found myself, on Sunday, Sept. 26th, 1869, in this highly civilized and Christian city of Chicago, without having gratified a desire to make a tour of some of its leading churches and listening to its pulpits celebrities, and but one Sunday evening at my disposal. Rev. J. S. Sweeney has a reputation for an intimate acquaintance with devils, i. e. he talks about them, and candor compels me to admit that a man should be posted upon a subject concerning which he strives to enlighten his fellow-beings. At twenty minutes past seven I was, a mile and a half from the Court House, seated in the first Christian Church, on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Sixteenth Street. Mr. Sweeney, a tall gentleman, of the nervous temperament, read a few verses in Galatians, explaining, as he read, what the true meaning is—according to the Greek—and finding a great deal of fault with what, he said, is "very bad translation." I wondered what some Christian people would have said if a Spiritualist were guilty of such blasphemy! It is surprising, though, how much consolation is derived from the Greek. The battle-cries of modern theologians and pious Woman's Rights people is "the Greek! the Greek!" The English language is a great barrier to the spread of the gospel (?) Many blessings have been credited to the devil; but never have I heard it affirmed by any theologian that the English language was formed by the Arch-Enemy as an ingenious flank movement on the Heavenly hosts. Yet, there is an abundance of room for such a charge. Take an illustration: Brother Sweeney said the twenty-fourth verse of the third chapter of Galatians, which reads, "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ," means something entirely different, in Greek. Its true meaning, according to J. S. Sweeney—a and the Greek—is that the "law" is not a schoolmaster, it is only a pedagogue. He informed his hearers that in olden times pedagogues merely led the children to the schoolmasters. Christ, he said, was the schoolmaster. With this explanation of the mystery of Godliness his listeners, for the most part, seemed to be satisfied. It would have been cruel to have disturbed their tranquility by suggesting that even Greek Scholars disagree among themselves as lamentably as do Doctors of Divinity, and their followers, in their interpretation and understanding of the Scriptures. Of this very passage in Galatians one Greek Scholar says that the law was our schoolmaster "until" Christ, and not as it now reads, "to bring us unto Christ. That makes them both schoolmasters, and neither of them a pedagogue.

Brother Sweeney informed us that a man may often be deceived, himself, when he thinks he is religious. It is not enough to "believe," or have faith in Christ, which he says, is all necessary in order to become a Christian; he must "confess" it before men. But even belief and confession is not enough; he must "repent," that is, forsake sin, be good, moral, upright. But, said he, it is not enough to believe or have faith, and confess one's sins, and repent or do good; there is one more degree. What is that? To be baptized! According to this Christian doctrine a man may believe in Christ; confess his sins, present and in advance; clothe the naked, feed the hungry, love his fellow man; live a pure, noble life and—go to hell because he failed to be baptized! To show his hearers the great difficulty of being a Christian, he made a startling announcement, "Whatever man loves in this life, wife, or husband, that prevents one from being a Christian, will prove his ruin in this world, and his damnation in the next." This catastrophe will certainly ensue if a man loves his wife too well, or a woman cares more for her husband than for a man she never saw. Heavenly prospects look dubious in that direction.

At the conclusion of the Sermon, which was well delivered, the people sang, and then, after getting blessed, dispersed.

Wabash avenue boasts of a number of gorgeous temples where the followers of the "meek and lowly" worship him and his Father. How beautiful the Avenue looked with its pretty shade trees, the moonlight shimmering through their leaves; the flag-stone sidewalks; grass-plat borders, and nicely-carved Nicholson pavement! A rapid walk soon brought me opposite the First Baptist Church. Obeying the impulse to softly enter it, about fifteen minutes of the preacher's sermon was secured. His theme was the "Sabbath." He said that he feels sad to know that there is a disposition by many naturalized citizens to discard "our" Sabbath. He thought if these wicked, low foreigners do not wish to conform to the institutions of America they should go back whence they came. At the East he said, there is a general complaint because there is a falling off in church attendance. People are becoming godless, indifferent to the Sabbath, and neglectful of the sanctuary. Instead of going to church they drive out to parks and beer-gardens; or remain in their counting-rooms, attending to business correspondence or accounts. He thought that the Sabbath law should be enforced. He had no hope of raising people from a life of wickedness to one of piety unless the Sabbath day is observed, and God would not keep them unless they kept his Sabbath.

The Reverend gentleman had no idea of allowing the pleasure-loving, beer-drinking Germans to worship God according to their own consciences. He thought they had abused their liberty. Evidently he thought this country belongs exclusively to the Christians. Freedom to worship God, he intimated, might mean the license of vandalism. The drift of his discourse was in the same channel of all its class. If they had the power, Christians would compel all mankind to bow down before the God whom they ignorantly worship. There is a disposition among them to eschew sectarian differences and to unite their forces for the overthrow of republican institutions and compel a recognition of their views of God, Christ, and the Sabbath, as a part of the organic law of the land. Liberalists will find that there is work ahead.

My neighbor in the pew is Rev. Dr. Everts. The grand organ pealed out its delicious music, then another blessing, and I was in the open air, still northward bound. A few rods brought me in front of another grand church, and the words came into my mind, "The poor

ye have always with you." That magnificent edifice, costing tens of thousands of dollars, casts its shadows upon many of them in more than one sense. To be sure, we have the poor always with us! Carriages were waiting in front, which indicated that "divine service" was not yet concluded. Stepped inside to get some more of it. In a pleasant conversational style the speaker, Rev. Robert Laird Collier, was relating incidents of a European tour in which his parishioners had indulged him; and for their very great kindness he was exceedingly thankful, especially as they had furnished him a thousand dollars to defray his traveling expenses,—owing to a difference in the times, probably, the advice of their master, as laid down in the tenth chapter of Matthew, "Provide neither gold, nor silver in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes." Oh, well, there is a great deal of advice in the same book which was well enough, perhaps, for that age, but will not do for this.

According to Mr. Collier's account, Sunday is worse off in Europe than in America. He did not seem to have as much fear of the foreign population as the Baptist preacher to whom I had just listened. He informed a European that we Americans allow the Irish to come over here and rule the city of New York; yet, said he, such is the nature of our institutions that they soon become imbued with a more liberal spirit, and though many of them are Catholics when they come here, in Ireland he met a woman selling articles on Sunday. He spoke to her about the sacredness of the day. She replied that she had been to mass in the forenoon which, in her judgment, did not injure the afternoon trade. She wanted to know what he would have her do; for, she had been starving, was starving then, and always expected to be starving! This bit of humor caused a laugh all over the vast audience, which was a shock to one's idea of the sanctity of the day.

Some more music, another benediction and I was again outside, under that dome, twinkling with diamonds of light—a house not made with hands—and covering all God's children. Its unapproachable grandeur is at the expense of no wail of the children of poverty, as is that of the temple made by men. Its magnificence is at the cost of no heart's blood of God's image. Its foundations bruise no son or daughter. Oh God! when will there be less talk about creeds, holy days, salvation of souls, Bibles, missionary-enterprises for the heathen, and more genuine love-labor for men and women; fewer temples dedicated to God, and in their places, edifices dedicated to humanity—erected to help human beings to help themselves! Were the millions of dollars that are expended to build churches, and to support religious societies, devoted to establishing a systematic organization for the relief of the unfortunate, and the encouragement of all to improve and beautify human nature in this life—the wickedness, the festering crimes of political and social life, which able divines this night have declared are on the increase, and which threaten to engulf and destroy society, would be swept away. Christian theology has had the field for nearly two thousand years, and is compelled to deplore this increase of crime in its very midst—thus acknowledging its incapacity to save the world. It is a failure. Spiritualism will accomplish what Theology has failed to do, because it is logical. The major premise of Theology is that human nature is totally corrupt; but Spiritualism affirms the divinity of human nature. It asserts that right generation and proper cultivation will insure true salvation from all the sins that flesh is, at present, heir to.

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 insurrection 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 nor 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 involute as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its deformities and all its virtues—all its baseness and its highest uses—all the diseases, discordances, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

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

The Rev. W. H. Channing, nephew of the famous American, W. E. Channing, preaching last Sunday, at the Free Christian Church, Notting Hill, pointed out that Confucius, and many of the ancient Heathen teachers, exhibited a love of humanity which nineteenth century Christians would do well to imitate, and said that he had worked side by side with secularists, the most devoted, earnest, self-sacrificing men, whom he honored, and was proud to call his friends; men whom he claimed as Christians, because they carried out the highest Christian doctrines in their lives; men of strong and independent thought, who had been repelled by the absurd dogmatism and gross superstition of theologians.—London National Reformer.

Let the old and long-tried "devil have his due!" Respectfully, V. JONSKA WENDAR.

OUR PLATFORM OF "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 so 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 assaulted 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 disavowal 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 comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

Such is the ultimate of the present movement in behalf of Woman, and only to this will it come at last. Whether it will be sooner or later, depends upon the wisdom, the courage, and the strength of its advocates. It is plain that, unassisted, Woman cannot speedily accomplish the work. Repressed and dwarfed by false teachings and worse customs through the ages, it is wonderful that she should have wisdom, courage or strength, even to take a humble part, much more to inaugurate the grand work of insurrection 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 nor 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 involute as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its deformities and all its virtues—all its baseness and its highest uses—all the diseases, discordances, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

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

The Rev. W. H. Channing, nephew of the famous American, W. E. Channing, preaching last Sunday, at the Free Christian Church, Notting Hill, pointed out that Confucius, and many of the ancient Heathen teachers, exhibited a love of humanity which nineteenth century Christians would do well to imitate, and said that he had worked side by side with secularists, the most devoted, earnest, self-sacrificing men, whom he honored, and was proud to call his friends; men whom he claimed as Christians, because they carried out the highest Christian doctrines in their lives; men of strong and independent thought, who had been repelled by the absurd dogmatism and gross superstition of theologians.—London National Reformer.

PROF. GALEN'S SCIENTIFIC EXPOSURE NOT SATISFACTORY.

To the Editor of the Orange Chronicle: In a recent issue of your enterprising paper one "Professor Galen" attempted to scientifically explode the mediums and manifestations of modern Spiritualism. In my opinion his attempt was a miserable failure—nothing but a string of incomprehensible and unpronounceable words. He asserts that the mysterious rappings proceed from "the subarrangement and hyper-effervescence of small glandular bodies situated in the rotundum!"

Where on earth, Mr. Editor, did Prof. Galen learn all this science? Did he find it in the works of Prof. Faraday? Perhaps he has swallowed an indigestible quantity of Protogens, discovered by Prof. Haeckel, of Jena, which is said to consist "simply of a minute drop of living jelly, far simpler than even a white blood corpuscle, having no nucleus, no contractile vesicle, 'no nothing,' in fact, except the property of flowing in various directions, and of protruding innumerable fine processes of pseudopodia, which are very efficient in seizing and engulfing anything nutritious, the act of deglutition consisting, as it, about fifteen minutes of the preacher's sermon was secured. His theme was the "Sabbath." He said that he feels sad to know that there is a disposition by many naturalized citizens to discard "our" Sabbath. He thought if these wicked, low foreigners do not wish to conform to the institutions of America they should go back whence they came. At the East he said, there is a general complaint because there is a falling off in church attendance. People are becoming godless, indifferent to the Sabbath, and neglectful of the sanctuary. Instead of going to church they drive out to parks and beer-gardens; or remain in their counting-rooms, attending to business correspondence or accounts. He thought that the Sabbath law should be enforced. He had no hope of raising people from a life of wickedness to one of piety unless the Sabbath day is observed, and God would not keep them unless they kept his Sabbath.

The Reverend gentleman had no idea of allowing the pleasure-loving, beer-drinking Germans to worship God according to their own consciences. He thought they had abused their liberty. Evidently he thought this country belongs exclusively to the Christians. Freedom to worship God, he intimated, might mean the license of vandalism. The drift of his discourse was in the same channel of all its class. If they had the power, Christians would compel all mankind to bow down before the God whom they ignorantly worship. There is a disposition among them to eschew sectarian differences and to unite their forces for the overthrow of republican institutions and compel a recognition of their views of God, Christ, and the Sabbath, as a part of the organic law of the land. Liberalists will find that there is work ahead.

My neighbor in the pew is Rev. Dr. Everts. The grand organ pealed out its delicious music, then another blessing, and I was in the open air, still northward bound. A few rods brought me in front of another grand church, and the words came into my mind, "The poor

ye have always with you." That magnificent edifice, costing tens of thousands of dollars, casts its shadows upon many of them in more than one sense. To be sure, we have the poor always with us! Carriages were waiting in front, which indicated that "divine service" was not yet concluded. Stepped inside to get some more of it. In a pleasant conversational style the speaker, Rev. Robert Laird Collier, was relating incidents of a European tour in which his parishioners had indulged him; and for their very great kindness he was exceedingly thankful, especially as they had furnished him a thousand dollars to defray his traveling expenses,—owing to a difference in the times, probably, the advice of their master, as laid down in the tenth chapter of Matthew, "Provide neither gold, nor silver in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes." Oh, well, there is a great deal of advice in the same book which was well enough, perhaps, for that age, but will not do for this.

According to Mr. Collier's account, Sunday is worse off in Europe than in America. He did not seem to have as much fear of the foreign population as the Baptist preacher to whom I had just listened. He informed a European that we Americans allow the Irish to come over here and rule the city of New York; yet, said he, such is the nature of our institutions that they soon become imbued with a more liberal spirit, and though many of them are Catholics when they come here, in Ireland he met a woman selling articles on Sunday. He spoke to her about the sacredness of the day. She replied that she had been to mass in the forenoon which, in her judgment, did not injure the afternoon trade. She wanted to know what he would have her do; for, she had been starving, was starving then, and always expected to be starving! This bit of humor caused a laugh all over the vast audience, which was a shock to one's idea of the sanctity of the day.

Some more music, another benediction and I was again outside, under that dome, twinkling with diamonds of light—a house not made with hands—and covering all God's children. Its unapproachable grandeur is at the expense of no wail of the children of poverty, as is that of the temple made by men. Its magnificence is at the cost of no heart's blood of God's image. Its foundations bruise no son or daughter. Oh God! when will there be less talk about creeds, holy days, salvation of souls, Bibles, missionary-enterprises for the heathen, and more genuine love-labor for men and women; fewer temples dedicated to God, and in their places, edifices dedicated to humanity—erected to help human beings to help themselves! Were the millions of dollars that are expended to build churches, and to support religious societies, devoted to establishing a systematic organization for the relief of the unfortunate, and the encouragement of all to improve and beautify human nature in this life—the wickedness, the festering crimes of political and social life, which able divines this night have declared are on the increase, and which threaten to engulf and destroy society, would be swept away. Christian theology has had the field for nearly two thousand years, and is compelled to deplore this increase of crime in its very midst—thus acknowledging its incapacity to save the world. It is a failure. Spiritualism will accomplish what Theology has failed to do, because it is logical. The major premise of Theology is that human nature is totally corrupt; but Spiritualism affirms the divinity of human nature. It asserts that right generation and proper cultivation will insure true salvation from all the sins that flesh is, at present, heir to.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE. Chicago & Northwestern Railway. COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA LINES—DEPOT, NORTH WELLS STREET.—G. A. DIVISION.

Michigan Central Railway. UNION DEPOT, FOOT OF LAKE STREET. Mail Express..... \$3.00 a m. \$7.40 p. m. Day Express..... \$3.00 a m. \$8.00 p. m.

Illinois Central Railroad. UNION DEPOT, FOOT OF LAKE STREET. Cairo Mail..... \$3.15 a m. \$8.45 p. m. Cairo Express..... \$3.15 a m. \$8.45 p. m.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. UNION DEPOT, WEST MADISON ST., COR. CANAL. Express Mail..... \$6.00 a m. \$7.00 p. m. Way Express..... \$6.00 a m. \$7.00 p. m.

