

THE UNIVERSE.

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Written for The Universe.

THE UNIVERSE!

BY LAURA.

Collective name of all things, in Heaven, earth, and sea!
How grand, sublime, poetic, should thy lessons ever be!
How free from all sectarian galle, how free from all malign,
And naught but virtue, love and truth, beam forth in every line
Of thee, O UNIVERSE!
Thou hast indeed a great name, but "what is in a name?"
It may be empty baubles, it may be truth, the same;
It may be selfish motives;—they may be broad and free,
But whatever it may be to some, 'tis everything to thee!
Yes, thee, O UNIVERSE!
So we'll not presume to find fault; we'll not presume to know;
Neither will we dictate terms, or ask, "Why do ye so?"
But will simply say to thee, and thine, that *virtus* truth and love
Are levers used by the Allwise, the Universe to move;
Yes, move, O UNIVERSE!
Then if THE UNIVERSE, just born, obey the laws of love,
Its power will soon be felt at home, abroad, beneath, above!
And its mission-work so well begun, be felt in every clime,
Till the nations of the earth exclaim— "How beautiful, sublime,
Thy work, O UNIVERSE!"

Written for The Universe.

MARRIED;

A Woman's Deception.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

CHAPTER VII. VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT!

[Continued.]

"Richard," she said, saddened and subdued by all the trouble which surrounded her—for she was yet his wife, and doomed in some way to bear her share of that which had come upon him—her voice made tremulous, too, by the burden of that which she had to say; "Richard, I am partly in fault and to be blamed for all this trouble. I am a Catholic now, and my religion teaches me to make amends, so I will write you a letter with an evil intent; it was a greater sin to show it to another. I have gotten the letter from Aunt Vaughan; and there it is. And now having made such poor reparation as was in my power, I ask your forgiveness, and solemnly promise hereafter to do my whole duty—so far as I know it—as your wife. Will you forgive me?"

Richard received the letter, and held it silently in the flame of the candle. He took her hand in his, and held it tightly.

"Elsie," he said, "may God forgive me, as I truly and sincerely forgive you. Moreover, may He help me in the day of my trouble, as I am true to you and yours in every relation which is possible to us. If ever, my child, a man suffered agony and torture—was broken in pieces for his faith—I do at this moment. But, Elsie, love is love, as God is God. I dare not compromise my vision of the one or the other. But so long as you shall need a true and faithful and devoted friend, even unto death, you may count upon me."

She was sobbing, with her head upon his knee and his hand upon her hair. He raised her quietly to a seat by his side, and they proceeded to talk over what had occurred during his absence. She told him of the change in her religious views and relations—of the comfort which she had already experienced in them, and the persecution which she was likely to encounter; and he gave her the assurance of his friendship and support through whatever trials might come to her in her efforts to live what seemed to her a true life. Then they talked of Zaria and her pious life in behalf of virtue and the Vaughan family; and at last of his mother's death and his great sorrow. When they separated for the night, Elsie felt a peace of conscience and a serenity of spirit which were nobler and sweeter and purer than anything which she had ever known of love. Trouble, even to her, was working out its legitimate and most blessed results.

Miss Zaria's emotions, when she heard of the Doctor's return, would be difficult to picture. It is a little to be feared that she did not greatly rejoice in her own discomfiture, although the victory was surely on the side of virtue. The neighborhood felt, as a neighborhood always does under such circumstances, greatly abused; and instead of visiting the offence on the heads of the Vaughan family, where it certainly belonged, with the usual consistency, reserved all its wrath for the Doctor, and, it would seem, visited him with terrible punishment, because he *did not* clope.

From the day of his return, he was a marked man in the community. He attended strictly to his own business: was the same wise, kind, faithful watcher and healer of the sick; the same good citizen and true friend of the poor that he always had been. In his family, he was faithful, and tender, and true: no woman in all Brookfield found her domestic life more serene, or her every material want more carefully supplied, than Elsie: and, aided by the pious and faithful exhortations of Father Dunne, no woman lived a more discreet and blameless life. The Doctor, moreover, stayed at home, and there was no hint of any further indiscretions, even of an epistolary kind. Yet two-thirds of his old friends shunned him: his practice fell off; he was pointed at as a man who held strange doctrines; the clergy called him an infidel; he was denounced in prayer meetings—a person to be shunned even more than to be prayed for.

With the Vaughans he had little intercourse; albeit Elsie had quietly reinstated

herself in the favor of her uncle and aunt. Between himself and Miss Zaria there was a well-understood enmity, which, however, so far as the Doctor was concerned, was of a perfectly passive kind.

All this the Doctor bore with such patience as he might. The labors of his profession engrossed a great share of his time; another portion he gave to books and his own meditations thereon, and the remainder to his family. Little Dora, who was growing to be a most sweet and engaging child, was his almost constant companion—his perpetual pride and delight. No child was ever more tenderly reared or enveloped in a more perpetual atmosphere and sunshine of love. Whatever bitterness might at any time linger in his own heart, no flavor of it was ever permitted to taint the pure cup of her life. Between himself and Elsie there was a confidence on this subject, and both were resolved, in any event, never consciously to mar, but always to cherish and perpetuate, that sweet filial devotion which she manifested toward them both.

But the Doctor grew old very fast. His face was seamed with furrows; his hair was rapidly turning gray. He had laid a great offering upon the altar of love and as yet God seemed to have forgotten the answering blessing.

Again and again, in his solitary night-rides and his lonely hours of watching by sick-beds, he had gone over in his own mind the course he had pursued, and always with the same result. Not only the teaching of his social, but also of his professional life, went to show him the fearful penalties with which God visits any infraction of that primal law of human life on which rests the union of the sexes. He saw vice and immorality, disease and death, springing everywhere from marriages unblest by love. If abstinence were as common as the laws of health, he knew how much more suffering is visited upon the world as the penalty of unholiness. Moreover, abstinence can injure but one; but from a single act of license may spring a stream of corruption and impurity which shall not expend its force for many generations.

Having seen the truth, he prayed daily for strength to abide by it; and to his torn and bleeding heart strength was borne upon invisible wings. Oh! if all eyes could be opened to the fountains of heavenly love and wisdom ordained from the beginning of the world for the succor of all those who, tried and tempted and trampled upon in the cause of Truth, look upward to the God of Truth for support and comfort, how many faint hearts would grow strong!—how would the world's heroes be encouraged and multiplied!

Through the clouds which compassed the Doctor about, there came at times celestial shavings. The harmonies of heaven were wafted downward to his ear, and, however his heart might sink in its solitary and unloved way, that great principle of love for which he suffered, winged with divine and celestial glory, descended and filled his soul with its serene, enraptured peace.

And so he waited.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

Eloise did not find Cape May to agree with her. The winds visited her brow, but left no coolness thereon; neither could she win from the waters any sense of refreshing. Her rest was lassitude, her activity discord. Solitude depressed her, and from society she gained no healthful stimulus or recreation. Her mind was usually strong, serene, buoyant. She had never known what it was to be seriously thrown from her poise before. Not even in those weary months of self-examination and retrospect which had followed her night adventure with Richard, had she experienced anything like that inharmony and revolt which now possessed her.

She had passed a week in this way, before news came to her of Mrs. Vaughan's enormous blunder. The sensation was salutary. She could not trust herself at once to write to her aunt, but when she did, her style was fluent. Her pride and indignation were sufficiently roused to produce a wholesome reaction upon her former state of apathy and discontent, and she was determined to shock Mrs. Vaughan into something like a recognition of the moral purpose and truthfulness by which she felt herself to have been governed.

"I should like," she wrote, "to be able to make you perfectly understand how utterly I have misjudged both Richard and myself; but if our previous lives could not impress you more deeply with a sense of truthfulness and honor, I despair of putting the English language into a shape which shall carry conviction to your soul.

"All that has thus far happened to us has been so little of our choosing or devising, that I can but recognize in it the working of that Providence in which, from childhood, I have implicitly believed. So far from having any sense of guilt in the matter, twice on my knees daily I pray to be safely guided, from on high, in my conduct of it. So believing, while I cannot deny what God has shown me to be true—I still feel it my imperative duty to wait, till in his own good order, He shall show me where and how to act; and when the mandate comes, it will not bid me disregard the rights of others, or to stain my own soul with any dishonorable or clandestine course. No; though I should never in this world see Richard Glendennings's face again—never again in this world hear one faintest intimation from his heart to mine of affection, which, if I might enjoy it, would be to me a taste of pure, celestial bliss. I will never compromise my self-respect—my womanly honor. Joy so obtained would be fleeting indeed; while that for which I wait till that event occurs which sets us free of all earthly ties, will be as lasting as the soul itself.

"I fancy, my practical aunt, that you will say, at this point, that all men and women are not so constituted that they can adopt and carry out such a rule of action. Very possible; but a few there are who can so live, and for them truth and honor constitute a higher law than human enactments. For those who cannot so live, and I admit that under some circumstances it would be most difficult for any to do so, there remains two

courses: either an honest divorce, or a separation and an open protest against the law which refuses divorce, on the one hand; or, on the other, a quiet submission to the great burden of their lives, with reverent trust in the Father above to turn that most severe of all chastisements into the instruments of blessing to their souls. But, in any event, I cry out for truth. Let the whole matter be open and above board, as a matter of common honesty to those who, coming after, will of necessity be more or less guided by the experience of those who have gone before them. Let it be known that a tie before marriage, or a lie in a marriage, breeds millions of lies thereafter; and that out of falsehood only wretchedness can spring; and false marriages, from being in a majority so great that no man can number them, would soon cease from off the face of the earth.

"I hope at last you understand me, and will no more be troubled by the fear that I shall commit any deadly sin through my love for Richard. Aunt, there is in that love an element of truthfulness and purity which of itself would lift one above anything gross or dishonorable; which even, now that the keen edge of my indignation is worn off, bids me remember the true friendship which you have hitherto shown me, and with patience and charity so temper my language as to convince you that that the love which God has placed between the sexes is not only the profoundest emotion of the soul, but also the most exalted. That, truly experienced, it is a consuming fire, kindled from heaven, to drive out of the soul every false and evil desire; to be, in the hand of God, his best earthly instrument for chastening and purifying and making holy this living temple of the human heart, and fitting it for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit through whom the perfect uplifting from earth to heaven must finally come."

When Eloise had written this, her mind was swept clear of every mist, as the west wind parts and scatters the fog-banks, and drives them off to sea. Not that her perplexities were all unraveled, or the path made wholly smooth in which her feet were to tread; but above all the puzzles and all the pains, she was buoyed on strong wings of faith.

She returned to Philadelphia in the Autumn, and through the Winter she patiently worked and prayed. There were hours when she would have given half she possessed for one line from Richard, one strong assurance that it was well with him; and the knowledge that he, too, would have felt his heart steadier and his arm stronger for one word of cordial good cheer. But, of the whole, she should not feel certain that she had waited for some circumstance in which she could see a Providential opening.

She waited vainly. Winter changed to Spring, and Spring deepened into Summer, and still she heard no word from Brockeview. The letter to her aunt had never been answered, and all lines of communication with the family seemed utterly cut off.

But as the midsummer heats began to wane, she was possessed with strange longings for the old home. In dreams she listened perpetually to the murmur of forest boughs; the cool ripple of the river flowed all about her; haunts which she had not known for years rose green and vivid before her, and faces that were dear to her in years gone by, looked mournfully upon her out of dim cloud-vistas, as out of another world.

She said, one day: "I must go to Brockeview. If they will not keep me at Vaughan's there is at least the hotel. Nature takes no account of man's conventionalities. The woods and the fields will still welcome me just as of old. Blessed, blessed Mother who bares her precious bosom for all her children alike, and exacts of none of them anything but the simple tribute of a pure and answering love."

She packed her trunks, and in two days was on her way. All along the swift miles of her journey, her thought was busy with a thousand and one recollections of her childhood. She seemed again a girl in sleeves and frocks, with her hazel brown curls blowing about her eyes, while Proctor, in his boyish animation and glee, planned, in a jacket which his fair handsome face all aglow with joyous animation and glee, planned, in a field of woodland adventures and pastimes of field. Her aunt's matronly watchfulness of her quiet but not the less intense anticipation. Her aunt's quiet but not the less intense anticipation. Her aunt's quiet but not the less intense anticipation.

But the air, instead of growing clear and fresh as was its wont, seemed to her to rest the aerial currents as they flow. The haze gathered on the hills. Tokkericho pulls up its ridiculous little root, and drought lay over all the landscape. The grass was sere and withered along the banks, and even the meadows were dry, and such pools as still remained in the depths of them, were thick and turbid, and covered with slimy exhalations. The aspect of nature saddened Eloise, and she knew not why, that even as she awaited her.

As she alighted at the station, struck with a fresh sense of desolation, instead of handsome carriages awaiting her as was usual at this season, there were empty hitching-posts; instead of anxious waiting friends, there was a platform, upon which merely the stout who transferred the mails, inside the station, she met the aged new face, and she hesitated to what deadly blight had struck the looked up and saw her waiting, and "You wish to be directed, Madame?"

"Oh! no she said; 'I know very well. I am Eloise Vaughan, reside here, at my Uncle Abner's not been here for some years, and seemed very much changed. Is that matter?"

old and young alike, and is about sure death. You say Abner Vaughan is your uncle, then you won't find none of your friends here. They all left a week ago. They were here."

"Are they all gone, did you say? Are the Glendennings gone?"

"Oh! no," said the man, apologetically—"the Doctor remains. His wife and child were among the first to leave. But the Doctor is a good deal of a man. He won't leave the town, but rides day and night. If anything could stay the panic, it would seem as if he could. He talks so cheerfully, and such good common sense to folks. But, bless you, when folks get frightened, and is afraid they're going to die, it seems as if they hadn't any sense in them. And it is scary when you see them or twenty people, young and old, carried into the burying-ground every week."

The other Doctor—he got taken sick a week ago and left—went off just the day after your Uncle Abner's folks went. Of course, they're old folks, and couldn't do much toward nursing the sick, and a body can't blame 'em much for going; but it would have done a sight of good toward keeping the people in good heart, if they had stayed. They left some behind 'em, though, to take care of the poor; but then money ain't, after all, like what you call personal presence."

"He was not educated, but he was very much in earnest. Eloise stood for a moment apparently absorbed in thought.

"Your folks have gone to the Water-Gap," said the agent. "You'll be going to find them I suppose. In that case you'll want to take the evening train which gets along here."

"I think I shall stay; there may be nurses wanted for the sick."

"I ain't afraid of the fever?"

"Very much, I think," she said, quietly. "You will have the kindness to allow my trunks to remain here for the present. When it is settled where I shall stop, I will send them."

She bowed, and walked quietly away, down the street.

Thaman looked after her with a peculiar expression of countenance:

"She's a slight little thing," he said to himself, but there's true grit in her. I wonder, now, that can be the girl that there's so much talk about concerning the Doctor. It may be"—with which sage conclusion he went back into his office and resumed his occupation.

He was an old acquaintance in town, a Mrs. Hay. This lady was in very moderate circumstances, with only child, a son, was a mechanic, and lived with her in a small cottage near the outskirts of the village.

Hay was a woman of deeper experience in life, and of broader views, than most of those acquaintances. She possessed, moreover, a certain steadiness and poise of character which had won for her the respect of an entire community in which she lived; and she felt it to be at once her duty and privilege to do, that, however she might misunderstand, so long as she remained in Mrs. Hay's roof she could not be seriously maligned.

Thank God for the noble few in this world who are in themselves a refuge from the oppressor, a tower of strength against the many who, single-hearted and single-handed, take the banded wrongs of the world.

[To be continued next week.]

THEODORE PARKER.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Theodore Parker was a man of utilities; grand a specimen of his class, that he has been mistaken for a separate peak thrown up by a special convulsion of Nature. To most of us, however, it is clear that he stood on the ground. The geologist will tell his era; his joints, his fair handsome face all aglow with joyous animation and glee, planned, in a field of woodland adventures and pastimes of field. The amount of the universe they can appreciate. The tulip pumps its life from a voted affections, all passed in slow review for her, and she lingered over the prepared for it, and smiles in the sunbeam last the river came in sight, and she had that steals over the fence into its garden-plot. As a dear and well-remembered friend, she oak lays acres of land under contribution. She whispered to herself, "sucks vitality from the primeval deposits of the globe, revels in oceans of light, and rests the aerial currents as they flow. The and oppressive. The sky was heavy, more majestic, the more local. The rose of haze gathered on the hills. Tokkericho pulls up its ridiculous little root, and drought lay over all the landscape. The grass was sere and withered along the banks, and even the meadows were dry, and such pools as still remained in the depths of them, were thick and turbid, and covered with slimy exhalations. The aspect of nature saddened Eloise, and she knew not why, that even as she awaited her.

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"Oh!" he said, "you have never been here for some years, and seemed very much changed. Is that matter?"

fulgits faithfully employed. His qualities were the qualities of ordinary humanity, industry, truth, fidelity, affectionateness, simplicity, trust and good will. He had these qualities in large dimensions, but the bulk does not affect the kind. His life was spent in taking and giving.

What seemed his creative power was simply a wonderful talent for putting things into portable shape to carry away. He was a cordial receiver. His power of absorbing was prodigious; but his heartiness was its beauty. You could not draw him. His strong mental constitution made blood of everything. The dust and ashes of the old world, the chips and gravel of the new,—nothing came amiss. He was always hungry. His mill never stopped. His powers seemed to work automatically, like the laws of attraction. "Feeble to-day,—languid: can do nothing." No matter: the caravans come in just the same. The porters push open the doors, deposit the goods; the obedient powers invoice, price, and store them away. It mattered not to him whether the vapors that gathered on his summit were drawn from the salt sea or the silver lake, from rivers or marshes, from pools or from gutters: it was all good to make rain of, and dew. Once, in evil days, I asked him why he took the Boston Courier?—"Suppose," he replied, "you were inspector of public sewers. Would you not hire a man to bring you every morning a bucket of the dirtiest water he could find?" If there was anything to be known, he wanted to know it. His heart was not satisfied with the love of kinsman, friend or neighbor. I have seen him shed tears because his enemies did not love him. Deluged with complaints of wrong, with tales of misery and distress, he never tired of listening or of compassionating. The ugly religions of the world laid their arguments on his desk: he did his best to understand them. As Wendell Phillips well said, "He was not ashamed to light his torch at other men's candles."

His receptive powers were hardly more remarkable than his powers of distribution were. What openness of hand! What generosity of mind! What exuberance of affection! What copiousness of tongue and pen! What vividness of style! His lectures ploughed through territories of thought. His sermons groaned with the press of matter. His addresses had stuff in them for volumes. His letters would furnish a library. He grew wealthy by dispensing. He was ever on the lookout for pitchers. Wherever he saw a mind, he filled it. No matter whose mind: a farmer's, a mechanic's, a stoker's was as good as any—the emptier, the better. Gave him a piece, and Parker, we say, accepted his place and time. Both were great because he was in it, and made the most of it, and greatness. Parker's age was no more significant than another; but to him it was crowded with meaning.

England was grappling with social questions. France was teeming with criticism, and straining to the utmost her talent for exposition. Germany was a center of light. Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, and the chorus of lesser bards, were filling the air with song. The writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, were glowing all over the firmament. The in criticism. Paulus, Strauss, and Baur of Tubingen, were effecting a revolution in liberal interpretation. Theology was becoming respectable as a science. The Teutonic spirit of liberty was asserting itself against the Latin spirit of law. Bright minds were looking forward to a future that would make the past dim.

At home, the new intellectual world was waking. The air was full of the fire mist that was soon to break into stars. He knew Dr. Channing, then in the full maturity of his powers. He greeted the brilliant genius of Emerson, as it rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look at that great new star, a beauty and a mystery now as then. He saw the phrenologists weakening the power of the old supernaturalism. He saw the significance of Wordsworth, and of Thomas Carlyle, who was then diffusing strong and healthful influence on old and young. He caught the genius of Coleridge. Schliermacher made him familiar with the religion of sentiment. He helped the hand of the *Dial* in its attempting to mark the progress of celestial time. Transcendentalism communicated to him his new school of religious philosophy. On all hands he welcomed the soul of man coming to honor.

Not heedless was he of the movements in society that others flouted. He saw Mr. Garrison with his "only visible auxiliary, a negro boy," printing the earliest copies of the *Liberator*. He saw Horace Mann beginning his labors for the education of the people. He saw the champions of temperance mustering their bands for conflict with their redoubted foe. He heard men discussing the rights of labor and the rights of women. He saw socialism organizing communities on principles of national justice. He had an eye for enterprises like "Brook Farm" and "Fruitlands," which aimed at a combination of hard work with high culture, the equal bearing of burdens, and the equal sharing of profits, the application of the Sermon on the Mount to the ethics of industry. He studied the doctrine of Fourier, St. Simon, P. Leroux. As we think of him now, he appears like some strong mountain mediating between the skies and the earth! Seen from this point, he was black and craggy: seen from that point, he was sunny and sweet. Here the pines were breathing the tempest; there the violets were blooming, and the children were playing on the grass. Down his sides the water-courses found their way, bearing with them rocks, trees, barns, houses, cattle, but also irrigating gardens, and making the lowlands green. Whether it was his duty to bloom in the spring, the autumn, or be tempestuous in Winter; whether he were called on to show a silver avalanche on a gang of robbers,—he was there to do it. He took himself and his position for granted. Not a man of doubts, misgivings, questionings, side-glances, no skeptic he; not a bit of a Montaigne. His whole heart went with him in everything he did; and

all the time it was the same heart, serene because sincere, breezy and sunny because profound.

Theodore Parker teaches the lesson of sincerity. He believed in himself; he trusted himself. It was the leading of the spirit in him that he trusted. Sincerity! Strike that chord, and response comes from every hour of his life, and every response in unison with every other. It comes from the farm where the poor boy worked with his hands. It comes from the hills where he picked the berries that laid the foundation of the noblest private library in Boston. It comes from the village school where he outlearned the teacher, and from the solitary chamber where in secret he read the words of wise men. It comes from the college where the eager lad, supporting himself by teaching, outstripped his classmates, and pushed his acquisitions into realms of learning which the college course never contemplated. It comes from the cell where the divinity student toiled at tasks never undertaken by the professors, and laid in as preliminary furniture material of knowledge sufficient for a burdened life. It comes from the little study in the parsonage at West Roxbury, where the young minister sat enthroned in books, the sunshine streaming in between the vine leaves, the bees humming at the window, the fragrance of flowers mingling with the odors of wormy volumes. It comes from the village, whose farmers and mechanics loved him as their teacher, friend and servant. It comes from the parlors that rang with his merriment, from the chambers that hushed at the voice of his prayer, from the pulpit that he made a flaming or a beatific mount. It comes later from controversial camps and battle-grounds. It comes from the melodeon and the Music Hall. It is the key note to the experience of the prophet, the reformer, the theologian. It explains all the moods. What he was called to be at the moment, that he was all over. He wished to be nowhere else. He sighed for no rest but that which was appointed. He was content in West Roxbury. He was content to be in the melodeon. He was content in his library. He was content on the railway train and the street. His faith was in the immanent and instant spirit. "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" seemed his hourly aspiration. "Let me lie where I fall," was his last request.

Parker's grand characteristic was character. Not learning, though few were so learned as he; not eloquence, though few had his power of speech; not intellectual range, though his was so wide; but *singleness of purpose and steadiness of will*. Such men always are misunderstood. This earnestness, turned directly on instant ends, is a terrible ball in the China shop of society. Idleness, weakness, cowardice, effeminacy, always protest against it. Its courage is obstinacy; its independence is insolence; its self-assertion is brag; its persistency is fanaticism. It is a lazy world, and hates alarm-bells. It calls the doctor nuisance and the schoolmaster knave, the reformer ruffian and the saint devil. It nails its consolers on the cross for intimating that it needs consolation; and it hangs its deliverers on gallows for hinting that its well is not well enough.

Sinners are a touchy folk. The pachydermas of Boston thought it hard that Parker fired minie balls into them instead of blowing peas. It was ungentlemanly of him to hit sinners hard that the sinner's head ached. Why could not the man labor human nature for its depravity? Nobody would be hurt then but Father Adam and Mother Eve, and they had no reputation to lose. But we are his neighbors. "I like you," said a proper man to John Wesley, "I mean to come to church sometime. I should like to come, for I am a Christian man, and want to lend my support to the gospel. But I am afraid you would say something against cock-fighting, and I can't stand that." Parker was sure to say something against cock-fighting, especially if he saw the owner of the cock-pit in the congregation.

Parker was a Realist. Original sin was pretty bad, but that sin that was not in the least original was a great deal worse. To him sin was a sinner; malignity was a man; crime was that, being a soldier, he loaded his rifle with ball; that being English, he spoke English. *The Truth!* He would have nothing less than that. It cost him a good deal to get at it. Having, as he thought, got at it, he spared no pains to let it be known. For, in God's name, what is truth for, but to be spoken? And in what way should it be spoken, if not in the most effective way? In love, by all means in love—in the love that irradiates, woos and wins, if that will answer. If it will not, then in the love that purges the dross from the gold by furnace fires.

"One fault he had," said Emerson—"he over-estimated his friends." We will rank alongside of it another fault equally heinous—he did not hate his enemies. The two explain each other. The duty of loving a world in which one does battle, lays a severe strain on the affections. To have love enough to baptize such haters, he must needs have enough to drown such lovers.

How happy the music of his heart made one sad hour. What a testimony to the immortal faith of goodness! Nothing wounded him, for nothing found him vulnerable at the core. Even clerical malignity, most vitriolic of all, found no weak point in his virtue. Impotent itself, it could only pray God to blast the man it could not injure. He feared nothing but fear. "If I ascend up to heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." He knew that he was not mean, nor tricky, nor cruel. Nobody ever charged him with lying, or saying what he did not believe, or doing a thing to be ashamed of. There were none he could not look in the face. There were none he would not take by the hand. There were none he dared not speak of in his prayer. He had no foes but the foes of his ideas. And those, if they had known him, would have been his friends. The opinions might rebel: the man was irresistible. "I differed from him on almost every point of religious doctrine," said an illustrious friend. "I found myself drawn close into the most intimate brotherhood with him in every act of religious life."

[To be concluded.]

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 14, 1869.

ONLY TWO RELIGIONS.

BY A. G. SPALDING.

Secular names are of no moral consequence. They confuse and stultify the mind. Principle is the thing. All religions—ancient or modern, of whatever name or country—may be combined under two heads, and marked by two underlying distinguishing principles, which may be termed the God principle and the Devil principle. So there are but two essential religions in the world—the God Religion and the Devil Religion.

God is Love; and such minds as practice that fact, making life progressive, reformatory and beautiful, and believing in a hopeful and happy future, have in their hearts the true God Religion.

The Devil is Hate; and those who embrace that principle, promulgating the doctrine of partial salvation and hell and damnation for eternity, and sustaining hateful and cruel institutions on earth, have what may justly be termed the Devil Religion.

There has always been a benevolent, intelligent and liberal-minded class of mankind, who had faith in humanity, worked for all good causes, and believed in a good time coming. That class has been known in private names as Prophets, Seers, Poets, Heretics, Infidels, Martyrs, Radicals, Liberals, Spiritualists, Abolitionists, Reformers, etc. They fought a moral battle, each in his day, and triumphed, or will triumph, sooner or later.

Then, there is another class—narrow, bigoted, mole-eyed, and conservative, who worship the dead past, but have no faith in the living present. Such were the Pharisees. They believed in the old Adam, but not in the new Jesus. That class are now called Orthodox. They are great sticklers for prayers, sacraments, sermons, Sunday-keeping, and meeting-going; for that gives the ministers a living, and keeps up the respectability of fashionable society.

The Persians believed in a good and an evil principle, as the governing power of the universe. These two principles were co-eternal, and kept an even balance. The Orthodox hold that the human race was entirely and absolutely lost, by eating a certain kind of fruit, whereby man became too knowing and wise, and consequently was ruined. This was the work of the devil. God invented a plan, however, to rescue man; yet he will succeed in saving but few, says, perhaps, one-tenth. The Devil will get the remaining nine tenths. Great is this Devil Religion, and very popular!

This Devil Religion rules the world to-day, in the name of Catholic and Protestant Orthodoxy. Its spirit pervades Church and State. It is a spirit of pride, dominion and conquest—of avarice and selfishness. It assumes the name of Christianity, but is a total perversion. Jesus was the Prince of Peace; but Orthodoxy is practically the religion of War. And what is War? It is human bloodshed, and hell torments on earth. Savages and brutes could do nothing worse. The organized war system of Christendom is tenfold more terrible than that of heathendom. In our blessed Christian (I) nation, in time of peace, the government expenses are 20 per cent. for good uses, and 80 per cent. for war purposes. So says Charles Sumner. Twenty per cent. to make earth a Heaven, and eighty per cent. to make it a Hell! Isn't that Devil Religion?

The spirit of our penal statutes is supposed to be Christian, but it is not so. It is Orthodox, or Jewish, not Christian. The method is eye for eye and tooth for tooth, or so much punishment for so much crime. Jesus forgave, and enjoined forgiveness, seventy times seven, and says, "go and sin no more." Devil Religion, or Orthodoxy, makes no such laws. Slaveholding was Orthodox; War is Orthodox; the Gallows and Prison, and vengeance on the guilty, are Orthodox. In the State of Delaware, the whipping-post and pillory have for a century been the barbarous Orthodox instruments of punishment.

Ignorance is said to be the mother of devotion, or extreme sanctimony. Fear and ignorance go together, and are the main elements of Orthodoxy. The Devil Religion is the bugaboo power to get up revivals with, and it works well on children and young people. Both the Catholics and Protestants understand this. It is essential in Sunday schools and camp-meetings. One amiable young man in a neighboring town, lately became insane through the influence of a revival, and is now in the Insane Asylum at St. Peter. The argument to such minds is, that eternal torment MAY BE POSSIBLE—therefore, beware! Be wise, and escape it ere it is too late!

Ignorance has no defense against such an appeal. The late imbruted slaves and the Poor Whites of the South, like the tyrant slave-masters, were all Orthodox, either by profession or tacit consent. The convicts of prisons are generally Orthodox, and are preached by Orthodox chaplains. Our country neighbors and ignorant peasant laboring class are usually Orthodox, or lean that way. They argue that it is prudent to be on the safe side—which is not the logic of reason, but of fear and ignorance. Remove ignorance, and you knock the bottom out of Orthodoxy.

Training up children from the age of nursing-infants in the forms and dogmas of the Church, they become crystallized, and imperious to all reason. Who would think of arguing with an orthodox Catholic? They are stuck in the mud. There is no window to their souls. Never having learned to reason, they are ruled by the old Pope, of Tradition, old Conservatism, old Foggy, and old Mrs. Grundy. Talk to them of Woman's Suffrage or any other new thing for humanity, and of course they can't appreciate it.

"Religion is the chief concern of mortals herebelow," to keep us out of Hell. That is Devil Religion. Its advocates should not talk of Devil to those who have no faith in Devil. To use a Hibernianism, the Devil is the fourth person in the Orthodox Trinity. It is exclusively Orthodox. Without a Devil, the great plan of salvation would be stripped of all its ingenuity. Through his instrumentality, the future world is made nine-tenths Hell and only one-tenth Heaven; and correspondingly, the present world becomes a hell of fear and trembling and depraving influences, to prepare us for the Hell of the great Hereafter.

The writer was once a believer in the Devil Religion; but a wider range of Thought has converted him to the God Religion. He now believes in a Good Time Coming, when good will supersede evil, light will dispel darkness, and the mustard-seed will develop into the branching tree. Devils, Hells, Hobboblins and Bugbears are all realities in the

dark; but when light breaks in, how soon they prove mere imagination and fancy! Trust God! And if you can trust him to-day, you can trust him to-morrow. God makes all the future bright, as well as the present. "Perfect love casteth out all fear," and—the Devil. Anoka, Minn.

MORE OF THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

BY JOSEPH SINGER.

The participation in the exercises of all the members, as well as the general spirit of the Lyceum, tending to promote the independence and firmness of those frequenting it,—and being one of the chief benefits of this educational scheme, a survey of the individual exercises shows that they are well adapted to this end.

But again, we must be resolved upon uprooting the weeds, before they grow too strong for repression. While venerating the principle of universal freedom, there is such a thing as misapplying this noble doctrine. Whereas children laboring under the defect of an extreme diffidence should be encouraged at all times to remedy this imperfection by public speaking, etc., it is highly pernicious to apply this advice to children already possessing a superabundance of self-confidence. Extreme independence is much more to be feared than unlimited bashfulness. For as one can make a good loving person in private, which mere time may transform into a public worker; the other generally turns out a charlatan. This unbounded confidence in self, is no sign of genius, as some suppose (and particularly foolish parents); on the contrary, true talent is generally retiring and self-depreciating. "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." And if this truth cannot penetrate to the minds of those naturally most interested in the cases coming under these remarks, then it should be the duty of the Lyceum collective, to found a healthy opinion (if not actual laws of prohibition, which I do not believe in, except in a slight and necessary degree) upon the matter, and by its united voice check these evils.

Now, regarding the length of pieces chosen. It may be thought a sign of great intellectual power and precocity for the child to treat the audience to a half-hour lecture, poem, or oration. Nothing of the sort; this power of memorizing is a gift of nature; a person possessing it may be most mediocre in talent,—in fact beneath mediocrity,—as the case of blind Tom shows. Though capable of manifesting this power to a marvelous degree, yet he is almost a fool. It shows that one gifted thus, should strive hard to cultivate the opposite talent, judgment, (which is often in cases of great memory-wanting, to make an harmonious balance. And this can only be done by studying short pieces, and those well.

Besides, a child's voice, though pleasing for a short time, becomes most disagreeable and harsh when continued too long. For all know it needs the most talented orator to enchain our attention throughout a long strain. And in the Lyceum, more than one sensitive and sensible person has expressed a feeling like that of "setting on needles," to hear a sharp, shrill voice declaiming a soliloquy that a Murdock would be needed to grace. "Facts are stubborn things,"—this is one, and the sooner we get rid of the trouble, the better.

Sometimes we are treated to a word of wisdom by some one, read from a manuscript of ten pages foolscap, more or less. The presenting of words of wisdom is a most useful and pleasant feature of the Lyceum. The idea of it, to embody in a short, concise sentence, some noble truth or moral teaching. But when a long essay is called a word of wisdom, it is a rather lax use of words. No word of wisdom should be longer than can be memorized, (leaving out the india-rubber memories), and never should be read.

There is a growing tendency in children to sing songs alone, i. e. without accompaniment. Those who listen and applaud these performances, have simply the use of their ears (musical) perverted. To any one of their kind, the most current range of musical literature and feeling, this practice is unendurable. Seldom is the right key struck; and oftentimes an audience is kept from laughing outright by decorum, when a child thus beginning wrong, before it is through with its song, finds itself seeking among the too high or too low notes, for a proper ending. And even other things being right, if there should be seventeen and a half verses to a song, persuade the singer to drop fourteen and a half of them, and depend upon it, the three stanzas will sound angelic, whereas in the case of singing all that are marked down, the singer and song will have no effect. "Short and sweet," is as applicable to songs as to sermons.

Regarding the accompaniments to songs, it may be said that there is no one to practice them with the children. If a child has learned a song and prepared to sing it alone, five minutes rehearsal with a competent pianist will enable them to proceed together. But if this is impossible, then, in heaven's name, omit the songs, for there is more pain than pleasure in hearing them sung alone.

But the worst of all is, when two persons sing a song together, each chanting the same parts. None but the most cultivated singers should dare to do this, and unless both voices blend as in one, it sounds barbarous. No comment is needed upon this, to persons having ears, and with those not gifted that way, words would be wasted on the subject. I do not complain, thus incidentally, to the Lyceum, of these errors, in a civilizing spirit. They are sober realities, and can and should be rectified. For with the progression of the Lyceum, Spiritualism will flourish, and those having the good of the cause at heart, should labor, love and work, to raise a monument for the delight of the future, which can only be done by making the children the living, active stones with which to build it. This monument can never perish, while remains the material which peoples the kingdom of Heaven.

"EXETER HALL."

Of this great romance, B. F. UNDERWOOD, writes to the Boston Investigator as follows: I have just finished reading the new theological romance, "Exeter Hall." It is, indeed, "a wonderful book." The author is entitled to the cordial thanks of every man and woman who deny the claims and despise the authority of the prevailing system of religion. The style and arrangement of the work denote taste and culture, while the remarks put into the mouths of the leading characters, and the observations contained in the work, stamp the writer as a clear thinker and a cogent reasoner. I wish a copy of "Exeter Hall" could be put into the hands of every intelligent person in the United States.

MARRIAGE REFORM—NOT ABOLITION.

Admitting that our present marriage is, in all the higher aspects, the grave of love, as is abundantly proved by observation and (experience, and attested by every novel coming to a close when the ceremony at the altar begins), is it therefore certain that the expunging from the statute book of all laws relating to marriage, would result in thoroughly pure and noble relations between the sexes? Would men, born into the old theology, that inculcate an inferior position for woman, and brought up on tobacco and whisky, at once proceed to govern their animal instincts by the higher law within them? Would women, slaves for ages to the unquestioned authority of men, the larger number either frivolous and devoid of real self-respect, or sober drudges,—would they at once rise to the full proportions of womanhood, and with the conscious power always inherent in the best women, proceed to cleanse (as they only can) the Augean stable of society?

Vast improvement is possible inside our present system of marriage, and much more likely to come inside of it, than outside of it, at present. Men are not all selfish and sensual. Very many of them are only now beginning to see, that they have a right to hold sacred to purity and health, their own bodies, as well as their own souls. Hitherto, it was believed that, rightfully, marriage annihilated a woman's control of her own person, thoughts, and actions. Till to-day, she did not suspect her vastly preponderating influence in the creation of the character and intellect of her offspring, but took man's verdict in this as in other matters. Darwin shows that qualities induced by conditions, are transmitted through generations to one sex, missing the other. We can now understand how, after ages of slavery for herself, women can give birth to slaves who have force and independence, and to girls who dare not think or act for themselves.

Certainly, before the chains are entirely removed; it would be advisable to bring up our daughters to learn trades and professions whereby they can be self-supporting, so that when they find themselves badly mated and unhappy, they can quietly and without fear of dependence or starvation, take their destinies into their own hands again. Liberty for self-support, and more rational divorce laws, we shall have to begin with. We have to learn, and progress on many sides at once, and can only go so fast. In this day and country, we can get things nearly as fast as we are ready for them. Let us be in earnest, but not violent, in our statements and demands. By all means expose the evils of the present social customs and laws; but we must remember that this generation of men did not institute them. They were born into them, like ourselves.

The present marriage laws were a step upward in their day. Feudalism, which we look back on with such horror, was at that time the only possible way society could organize at all. Monarchy followed, then Republicanism. Each step was a progress, and imperatively necessary before the one following. "Facts are stubborn things,"—this is one, and the sooner we get rid of the trouble, the better.

It was a marked advance, when a man honored a woman by giving her his name. It will be another, when she respects herself too much to take it, feeling that what has been to others and herself the synonym of her individuality for twenty or more years, should not be carelessly abandoned for another which must for a long time represent nothing, either to her or any one else.

When, as a voter, woman is called on for the consideration of gravest social and political questions, her eyes will open to her own glorious possibilities. She will no longer be content with elegant dependence before marriage, or with enforced maternity and neglect, afterward. Let us all exert ourselves to convince her that it is her duty to leave politics with her keener and truer moral sense,—that she is indeed indolent and cowardly, when she refuses this responsibility.

A WOMAN.

to the correctness of my statement of the affair, the reader will have, for the present, to take my word. I will simply say to those acquainted with me, that while my "hor" and standing as a "prophet," are not my "own country" (Berlin Heights, Ohio) remarkable, my reputation for veracity is decidedly good.

Not long since I wrote an article for the Present Age, criticizing adversely the "peculiar institution" of Marriage. I considered the name, the motto of the paper, ("Come, let us reason together,") with the fact that a place had already been found for "South Side" views of the institution,—these I thought sufficient to warrant a counter-statement, or North side view. I was mistaken; for the editor informs us that his readers do not care for the discussion propounding looking to the abolition of Marriage, only to its maintenance.

Every editor should know his audience. But I do say, that this question of marriage, is so important in its consequences, that it should be pushed aside with a shrug, and that polemicals that the North was a "unit," itself, as N. P. Rogers would say, drift, then known to be true so much of the present "astern of the times."

It is too late in the day to talk of having despaired of the Union! It is now institutions of any kind "too sacred" to be discussed. The genius of marriage reform North were more in sympathy with the South need not say with Garrison—"I will have with the Lincoln administration. It is equivocal—I will speak the truth; known that Louis Napoleon made a proposition to England to join him in interfering with the South. It is known that the woman, Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is South had the sympathy of the English ten, and there is scarce a hillside or a Government, and some of its money and in all our broad domain, but has heard sources of its own, and a spirit of persistence blood of the nation is stirred, and every of men and women are taking sides. I repeat, had these facts (which many Spiritualists received more or less distinctly, by impression, or otherwise, from spirits) been known, the conclusions to which certain did come, would have seemed natural and reasonable enough as matters of opinion.

Doubtless many correct impressions, received from spirits, are made to appear erroneous through the recipient drawing his own unwarranted conclusions. And none of us claim that spirits themselves do not err. I sincerely hope the Nation is "out of the woods," and that the man who thought it was, was badly mistaken, and that we are to have no more fighting, and only hard, persistent, reformatory work. That will suit me. 555 Ninth Avenue, New York.

How many things we despise in others, when the same things exist in ourselves! Yes, and oftentimes we know it, and see them. We do not sufficiently regard the foe.

women may not mean this; but God means the emancipation of Woman,—aye, of man, too! There is scarcely anything left now but the name of marriage, so loose are left as free to become, when parties are left as free to marry as to marry, and that point is almost reached. It is idle to call it marriage. The old idea of marriage is dead, past hope of resurrection. A system which places the body and soul of one human being in the possession of another, destroying individual responsibility and making personal purity impossible, is contrary to the whole spirit of the age.

"THE PARADOX OF SPIRITUALISM."

BY FRANCIS BARRY.

J. Stahl Patterson has a very ably written article under the above caption, in the July number of the Radical. I do not propose a reply. I only wish to state a single fact. One of the strongest points in Mr. Patterson's article, and which he follows up with commendable industry and evident enjoyment, is the palpable failure of various Spiritualistic "prophecies" to prophesy correctly in relation to the late war and its results. He gives various illustrations of these failures, all of which I, for one, acknowledge with becoming meanness.

But will Mr. Patterson be merciful enough to consider that there were a great many false predictions made, during the war, by persons who were not Spiritualists? Besides Wm. H. Seward, who predicted, repeatedly, that the Rebellion would be put down in three months, there were, probably, not one in a thousand in the country, who did not make or endorse false predictions. Miscalculation seemed to be the order of the day.

If Spiritualist had, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, said that its suppression would cost (on one side) half a million lives, three billions of dollars directly, and many millions indirectly, Mr. P. would doubtless have pointed to him as one of the craziest of crazy "Spiritual prophets."

I have myself known of a great many incorrect predictions in relation to the weather. Perses, venerable too, and sane enough on other subjects, merely on the authority of the Moon have made the most numerous and confident predictions. When these predictions fail, as they very often do, the weather-prophets, like the Spiritualistic prophets to whom Mr. P. refers, are quite apt to be read with an explanation to shield and save their theory. What is proved? About the same in one case as the other. No Spiritualist claims that the spirits themselves are infallible, much less that the "prophecies" are. But to the fact to which I proposed to refer. In the spring of '62, I was in Cleveland, Ohio. During the time I was there, I attended various "circles," generally composed of two or three "prophets," and as many other persons in more or less sympathy. On one of these occasions, the "medium," a woman, was influenced to appear precisely as a delicate woman naturally would on witnessing a horrid tragedy, with only this difference, that she was "deep laid" to assassinate "President Lincoln and several prominent officers of the Government, including some of the members of the cabinet!" One will remember that such a plot as these words describe was developed, though it was only partially successful. Whether it was already laid at the me of the prediction, does not matter. And do not refer to it here so much as a proof of Spiritualism, (for it might be referred to circoyance,) as a case of genuine prophecy. And I will put it against all the "furies" to which Mr. P. can point.

to the correctness of my statement of the affair, the reader will have, for the present, to take my word. I will simply say to those acquainted with me, that while my "hor" and standing as a "prophet," are not my "own country" (Berlin Heights, Ohio) remarkable, my reputation for veracity is decidedly good.

am not reviewing Mr. Patterson's article, will only add a word or two. Some time in year '62, one of these "prophets" (then fishing a small paper, devoted in part to prophecy) was questioned (through the ether) as to the wisest money investments.

What wonder, then, that the courts abandon the daughters over ten years old to the tender mercies of the ravisher! That mother who does not wish and strive earnestly to obtain the right to equal voice and participation in the government in every department, has abandoned her young daughters too. She is accessory to all the terrible ruling of Justice Voorhies and all the courts. Nay, she is an accomplice with all the infamous Ludlam Cornells who prey upon woman's virtue, young or old. With such mothers, we shall have such monsters as he, such judges as Voorhies, and such legislators as made the law on which he based that diabolical decision. The woman, the mother more than all, who, in view of this Anna Larout case, and the rulings of the court upon it, does not desire the ballot, does not desire all the power possible for her protection and that of her children, is certainly logically consistent in quenching the life of her offspring before they are born. Many of the ancient philosophers and stoics inculcated and practiced suicide as the best escape from inevitable ills. Women who do not desire the ballot, who are willing to trust their daughters to such protection as the laws and courts now give them, would add little to their present fearful culpability, by openly proclaiming and defending, as well as perpetrating the crimes of foeticide and infanticide.

We scarcely blame the Hindoo mother for tossing her female child to the crocodile to save it from her own sad fate. But what shall be said of American mothers, of New York mothers, who plunge their little ones into a fouler stream than the Ganges, where crocodile Cornells and crocodile Voorhies, more dreadful than swim those waters, mercilessly prey upon them? The legislature having decreed that at ten years old they are able to protect themselves! And if their virtue be in pieces and devoured, their bodies despoiled, their souls polluted, their salvation imperiled, it is their own fault. For behold! they were not "above ten years of age?" and did they not "consent" to the ruin?—The Revolution.

Every circumstance, however slight, has an effect, and leaves an impression. Not more certain and eternal is the result of the mighty tempest, than that of the drop of dew that falls at our feet.

We should turn the faults of others to our own advantage, by avoiding their errors. We often despise that in others which we see plainly in ourselves.

DECISION DIABOLICAL!

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

One of the court reports last week read thus: The child Anna Larout, eleven years of age, with her step-father, Charles F. Gittens, of India street, Greenpoint, appeared before Justice Voorhies yesterday to complain of Ludlam Cornell, of No. 5, Benson street, New York, who was arrested the previous evening on a charge of rape. The child originally accused Cornell of ravishing her three times, on Wednesday night last while she was alone with him at her step-father's residence. The fact that she was injured was attested by a physician. The accused yesterday pleaded that the child consented, and the Justice held that the law did not hold him responsible in such cases when the child is over ten years of age! Cornell was discharged.

State and church, common consent and general usage, have decided and declared man to be "the natural protector of woman," and here is a specimen of his protection. Here is Ludlam Cornell's protection, and Justice Voorhies' protection in a New York court, under New York law. New York law, civilization, and religion, abandon girls "over ten years of age" to the lust of such human fiends as this Ludlam Cornell, only if they can procure their "consent" to such abominable, unnatural outrages! This is the legal as well as natural protection which justice Voorhies extends over his little daughters of ten and eleven and twelve, if he have them. And the daughters of Fifth Avenue. And Murray Hill. And the baptized children of Grace Church. And of Trinity Church. And all the churches! "The fact that Anna was injured" was attested to, by a physician. "Injured," but what of that? The child "consented." She may have been injured for life. But suppose she is; "she was eleven years of age!" And she "consented." So her out-raged "was discharged." The child was injured; a physician said so, but then it was not the wretch who ravished her that did it, though the horrible act was "three times repeated!" He was innocent and was acquitted. Justice Voorhies discharged him under the law of the christian state of New York. Only the child sinned by consenting. Why did not justice Voorhies order her to be stoned to death? He himself casting the first stone! In an offence so diabolical as that, somebody was guilty, and the court declared Cornell innocent, so there was nobody left to stone to death but the poor child.

Let the ravishers who go about seeking those little daughters they may devour, be careful as to the age of their victims. Be sure of more than ten years. Ten years and a day will do, or a night. But remember justice Voorhies says, and the law of New York says, the victims must be "over ten years of age." And New York religion helped to make and sanctifies the law. And, demons, be careful of another thing! Be sure that you can make the court believe your victims consented! That, too, is very important. In little Anna Larout's case, that was what saved your fellow-fiend, Cornell. It is not likely he produced any witnesses to swear they heard her give "consent." Justice Voorhies would not be so hard on him as that. His own deration doubtless would be all that justice would require. He might possibly ask him to be good enough to hold up his hand and swear that he could do doubtless, without pricking his conscience skin-deep. So a brood of chickens, or a flock of sheep, were involved; instead of one of God's "little ones," whose protecting angels in heaven "do always behold the face of their Father!"

And now who can expect any extermination of such indescribable horrors, until woman herself, the mother of these babes, has a voice in both the making and executing of the laws? What mother's, what woman's heart is not wrung with anguish unutterable, at only reading such a decision as stands at the head of this article? Not to speak of being the mother of the poor victim of a fell demon's lust; a court's ungodly decision; a state's most inhuman, unnatural and unrighteous laws; a public sentiment foul as the breath of perdition, and a religion that solemnly sanctifies it all!

It is said that woman does not want the ballot. True, nor does she want children in alms! how many million homes? And so she kills them, kills them unborn! The awful time predicted has come. Nature has changed;

And mothers, monsters prove! What wonder, then, that the courts abandon the daughters over ten years old to the tender mercies of the ravisher! That mother who does not wish and strive earnestly to obtain the right to equal voice and participation in the government in every department, has abandoned her young daughters too. She is accessory to all the terrible ruling of Justice Voorhies and all the courts. Nay, she is an accomplice with all the infamous Ludlam Cornells who prey upon woman's virtue, young or old. With such mothers, we shall have such monsters as he, such judges as Voorhies, and such legislators as made the law on which he based that diabolical decision. The woman, the mother more than all, who, in view of this Anna Larout case, and the rulings of the court upon it, does not desire the ballot, does not desire all the power possible for her protection and that of her children, is certainly logically consistent in quenching the life of her offspring before they are born. Many of the ancient philosophers and stoics inculcated and practiced suicide as the best escape from inevitable ills. Women who do not desire the ballot, who are willing to trust their daughters to such protection as the laws and courts now give them, would add little to their present fearful culpability, by openly proclaiming and defending, as well as perpetrating the crimes of foeticide and infanticide.

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RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—Lord Stanley, Jr. is a Mohammedan. —A well-to-do New Bedford lady attends church in calico. —Some of the Mexican Jesuit priests have been turning Episcopal. —The Bishop of London disapproves of ritualistic music and services. —Twenty-eight young Chinese have arrived in Marseille, to study theology. —Ninety-five Protestant churches will be erected in Madagascar this year. —A \$200,000 Roman Catholic church has just been completed in Fall River, Mass. —It is rumored in Constantinople, that the Sultan intends banishing all Jesuits from his domains. —Rev. S. P. Linn is being tried at Pittsburg, Pa., for "unministerial, indiscreet, and immoral conduct." —Katie Pitt is supposed to be the champion Bible-jeopardist of Missouri. She has already tallied 13,657 verses. —The General Moravian Synod has voted to allow baptism by immersion, and not to compel infant baptism. —A Richmond (Ind.) saloon-keeper has become converted, and gone into the daily prayer-meeting business. —No woman is allowed to speak or pray in the Fulton street prayer-meeting, New York. Which-ever attempts it is shouted down. —In England the Bishops, encouraged by the result of the Mackonochie case, are prosecuting heretical and innovating clergyman. —Dean Alford, of England, has edited a new edition of the New Testament, which, like all others, is of course the correct one. —The Grand Jury of Owen county, Ky., has presented a true bill for witchcraft against an aged woman. Light up the old Puritan fires! —The new Jewish synagogue in New York cost \$125,000. During service, the men sit in the body of the church, and the women in the galleries. —A Kentucky clergyman has discovered that sixty of his best manuscript sermons have been burned by accident. They probably had too much hell-fire in them. —An orthodox Congregational Church in Massachusetts has subscribed \$1,700 for singing and \$1800 for preaching. The value placed upon each, is about equal. —The Catholics at Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind., will construct a magnificent cathedral within two years. Irish servant-girls, get ready your contributions! —More than a dozen Philadelphia clergymen have united in the determination to attend no more Sunday funerals, unless the necessity is certified to by a physician. —The sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, New Orleans, have prosecuted three of the Sister Annie's relatives for abducting her from their Convent. Case not yet decided. —The Arch Street Methodist Church, of Philadelphia, is building a white marble church, at an expense of \$200,000. (The "beggar- nuisance," in that city, is becoming intolerable.) —Five hundred dollars' reward is offered in London for two young ladies who have absconded "with the supposed intention of proceeding to Rome for the purpose of conversion." —Rev. Sanford Halbert, editor of the Christian Advocate, was "thrasped," at Buffalo, July 23, by Norman Hally, son of the Collector of Customs, for printing an article relative to himself land father. —A little girl, worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for the introduction of another "point," exclaimed, "Oh, mother, he is not going to quit all! he is swelling up again." —There are 669 Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States. Many of these own, and more of them are erecting, buildings for their special use. The actual membership of all classes will reach about 90,000. —Father Hyacinth, the most popular, eloquent and Catholic man among the Roman clergy of France, these lately gives it as his private judgment, that the day is gone by for preaching up fanaticism, asceticism and celibacy. —The Court of Appeals at Naples, Italy, has decided that the marriage of priests of the Catholic Church is legal. This decision establishes the perfect independence of the State in its relations with the Church, and determines the position of a priest in presence of the law. —In a recent official report of the Greek Church of Russia, it is stated that during 1867 there were 13,539 persons who left the Roman Catholic for the Greek Church, mostly in the western provinces. Entire communities came over, with the priest at their head. —Three boys were once disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace. First boy—"My father says 'Thank God.'" "Oh," said the second, "mine says, 'Amen.'" "No, no," said the third, "mine's the best of all; he nobt but pushes his plate away and says 'Theer.'" —The action of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod in disowning and expelling Mr. George H. Stuart, for the ecclesiastical offence of joining in the worship with Christians, who sang hymns other than Psalms of David, has led twenty of the thirty-six ministers of the Church to withdraw. —A pious old gentleman congratulated an acquaintance upon recovery from recent sickness, and inquired who his physician was. "Well," replied the convalescent, "Dr. Jones brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe he did, but I am certain the doctor will charge for it." —Dr. Robert Patterson, of Chicago, delivers in the Presbytery, of Cincinnati, an obituary discourse over the sudden death of the Northwestern Presbyterian. The substance of it is, that all who know the deceased are satisfied; its old enemies, because it repented just before its death for its opposition to rebellion, and its old supporters because it died soon after repenting. —The Established Church of Scotland has, through its leading agent, been asking Mr. Gladstone to introduce a measure for abolishing Church patronage, so as "to bring the election of ministers into harmony with the feelings of the people." The Methodist Episcopal Church of this country have adopted lay-representation. Two simultaneous evidences of the motion of the earth. —A merchant, being unable to live as comfortably as he desired, and at the same time pay his debts, failed several times in business, and made assignments of his property. Finally he died. Among those who had cause to remember him was Mr. B—, who, meeting one of his neighbors, was informed that the United States was dead—had paid the debt of nature. "Is that so?" repli Mr. B—, "why did n't he, make so an assignment?" —Two Mormon elders have been proselyting in North Carolina, and managed in two counties to make one hundred and thirty converts. "The people seem to be deeply imbued with the peculiar doctrines of the sect, and to have full faith in their leader. They have sold off their property, whenever practicable, and will take a fresh start in the land of promise. Some of them, being unable to dispose of their lands, let them, rather than be left behind." —A man has appeared in a country district of Poland, who pretends to be the Saviour come again to save the world. He has selected twelve apostles, and pretends to heal the sick. Having gained considerable popularity, he is now turning to politics. He denounces the peasantry for their indifference to the rising of 1863, calls upon them to repent and prepare for new efforts, and prophesies the speedy re-establishment of the old Polish Kingdom. The authorities are attempting to catch him down, but he does n't put down word a cent. —A farmer in a remote district of the Yorkshire woods, recently met a country rector, who had been two years absent. "Mr. Rector," said the farmer, "you're been to the Holy Land, I hear." "I have, John, and got safe back, you see." "Well, I often thought I'd like to hear about that spot. It's a fine country, isn't it?" "Well," said the rector, "I saw Jericho, and Jerusalem, and the twelve palm trees, and the wells of water in the great desert, and we went across the Jordan, and went up Mount—." B. Excuse me interrupting you, Mr. Rector, no, at it is a fair question, too, was turneps. (turnips) looking out yonder?"

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGIOUS REFORM.

BY F. L. WADSWORTH.

Probably one of the best definitions that can be given of religion, now, is the following, to wit, "Religion is the spontaneous expression of the human spirit, consequent upon its relation to the Infinite spirit."

Theology, which in high tone is said to be "the science of God and divine things," is the expressed intellectual convictions of man, relative to the object and subject of religion.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the theology of all religions Christian denominations, accepting the idea of a personal supreme God, assumed that all spiritual manifestations and religious experiences were supernatural—that they transcended the law and order of nature, and came as a special expression of God's will direct to mankind, or indirectly through Jesus as the world's Savior.

Spiritualism is diametrically and irrevocably opposed to Christian Ecclesiastical theology. It confronts Supernaturalism with the declaration that the laws and methods of nature are universal and supreme, and that the expressions of life and wisdom thereby made are God's only authentic revelations.

The reader will please not fail to make a distinction between religion and theology, as viewed in the light of Spiritual Philosophy. Religion is of the spirit, and is universal and spontaneous. Theology is a mentally contrived system touching the source and ways and means of religion.

The ethics of the people reached by this reform, will be largely revolutionized. Personal relations will be re-adjusted. Old standards of moral and social judgments will be removed, and others fill their places; personal responsibilities will be enhanced; indeed, a radical religious reformation is the immediate precursor of corresponding social and political revolutions, the latter being as complete as the former is thorough.

ing religious and personal duties, until dishonesty is the acknowledged rule of life in many of the avenues of society. The fear of the devil no longer disturbs people of ordinary intelligence, so that in many respects life has become a scene of riot and plunder, without the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, and modern theological doctrines have no remedy therefor. But this is not all.

A diamond besmeared is a diamond still. The germ enshrined ever struggles toward the sunlight. And so from beneath the inherited error of the past and the passion of the present, the God in man rises up and demands its own, and finds it in the idea of Spiritual Philosophy, and he will receive it at the hands of this revolutionary age.

Spiritualists ought to fully comprehend this demand, and the importance of its attainment. As religious reformers, they should be as earnest for their time, as was Moses, as uncompromising as Jesus, as brave as Luther, as persistent as Murray, and as rational as Bacon, and holding fast to nature in all things, seek to lay the foundation for a new administration of religious, social, political, and commercial interests.

To cultivate religion as a divine emotion of the human spirit, and to sanctify therewith all of the pleasant and useful relations of life, is a purpose worthy of sincere and lasting devotion.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered "Behind the Scenes in Richmond." Containing Curious and Extraordinary Information of the Principal Southern Characters in the Late War, in Connection with President Davis, and in Relation to the Various Intrigues of his Administration. By Edward A. Pollard, Author of "The Lost Cause," etc. Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Atlanta: National Publishing Co.

One thing can be said of Mr. Pollard, in contrast to most other writers of the day: he has a unique way, a very original way, a refreshingly independent way, of his own. He has his own theories, sees things with his own eyes, tells them in his own words, and fearlessly submits them to his readers.

Whatever the opinions or theories advanced by a writer, we like to see this spirit, and we always respect it, independent of belief or disbelief in the assertions made or the theories submitted. If a man will say that the moon is made of green cheese, and say it in such a sharp, confident, aggressive way that it will stir up the resentment of a few thousand muddled, sleepy heads so far as to drive them to consider what it is made of—we esteem that man far higher than him who lulls his readers to sleep, and deadens their intellectual sensibilities, with time-honored theories and stereotyped views.

Now here is Mr. Pollard's novel definition of Eloquence:

"As a term of art, eloquence has a very distinct and severe meaning; it denotes a quality that is the rarest of human gifts, and which, however difficult of definition, is as unmistakable in its effects as the mesmerism that by subtle influences enchains its subject, possesses all his sympathies, and makes him for the time obey the will of the magnetizer; it is, in fact, a moral mesmerism; the conversion of an audience into the alter ego of the individual, the irresistible command of a sympathy that identifies itself with the speaker, and binds up the hearts of men in one common feeling and affection. It is no more possible to mistake this mysterious power of eloquence than it is to mistake the power of mesmerism."

This definition is certainly different from the popular one, and illustrates very forcibly the independence of the author. Another instance is the plan he adopts in the writing of his work. He holds that every thing, memorable in a historical sense, and all that is really essential to tell, takes place within a limited number of years; and within this compass he finds the proper limits of Biography. So, he does not commence with Mr. Davis several hundred years before he was born, telling all the characteristics and deeds of his various grandfathers and grandmothers, and gently chronicling all his infantile sports and peculiarities. He does not follow him through his boyhood days, and relate the inevitable precocities which induced old neighbors (as they afterward managed to remember) to shake their heads ominously, and predict that this boy would some time make his mark in the world.

This peculiarity of Mr. Pollard's is sensible, and up to the times. The annals of a great man's boyhood are almost inevitably a bore, for embryotic great men are usually not brilliant successes, as boys. Let us hope, then, that Mr. P. is introducing a new era in this respect. Let us hope that future biographers will tell the public just what they want to know, and not palm off a mass of common-place incidents, instead of useful and interesting matter.

But with all these merits, this work lacks that true dignity and impartiality which should characterize a history. We admire our author's independence and general indifference to the opinions of everybody else, when he discourses concerning things wherein his feelings are not interested; but when he allows his prejudices and his personal enmity to affect his estimate of character, then we must see, directly, that just in proportion as his judgment is thus affected, just in that proportion must his work fail of being a true historical narrative.

In his Preface, with a readiness which shows him to be fully conscious of whatever talent he possesses, he informs us that he "proudly ventures to produce a work that will not only interest these present times, but that 'will live,' permanently and assuredly, if even among the humbler monuments of the historical literature of America." Now, if he is going to do this, he should lay personal enmity aside, and, when he criticizes, do so candidly, and not with that air of premeditated disapproval which pervades nearly every mention of Mr. Davis. Indeed the entire book bears too much the character of a mammoth invective upon its subject and his doings. Even when for the sake of seeming impartial, he attributes some virtues to Mr. D. The disguise is too transparent to hold.

The historian of a nation or a succession of events, should be impartial and truthful; he should tell facts as they occurred, without fear or favor, and when he criticizes, do so honestly and fairly. But when, instigated by ill-feeling, he descends to the level of personal disparagement, then he is no true historian, but, as it were, a pamphleteer. Whatever may be the personal merits of Mr. Davis or Mr. Pollard, (and we are not disposed, from our Northern standpoint, to regard either of them very favorably,) it is tolerably clear that a man whose judgment is so warped by personal feeling as is Mr. Pollard's, cannot produce a history, which, as a history, will be of permanent value.

With the originality of ideas, facility of language, and power of directness which Mr. Pollard possesses, we doubt not he might write a really valuable historical work, concerning some subject in which his feelings are not interested.

This work is not sold by book-sellers, but by agents. The publishers desire one in every county.

THE DYNAMIC CURE. By LaRoy Sunderland Third Edition; Published by James Walker, Chicago, 1869. Pp. 116. Cloth.

This is a new edition of a book previously published by Bela Marsh, Boston, and which has achieved a deservedly wide circulation. The term Dynamic is selected as the scientific expression of those processes which the soonest assist the nutritive functions, as a general rule, without medicine. When either the ingestive, retentive, or egestive motions are disturbed, the phenomena occur which are called disease; and when the cure is brought about, it is said to be Dynamic, because it is performed by the Economy of Life. The author does not deny that the sick may recover through the use of medicine, but he affirms that in all cases the healing force is in the human organism, not in the medicine. To the elucidation of the modes of this natural cure of disease, so as to place them under human control, this volume is devoted. The work, however, does not deal exclusively with the cure of ailments, but also with the philosophy and science of healthful nutrition and modes of life—dress, sleep, air, occupation, etc.—in order to preserve the human economy from abnormalism.—Curious facts in the history of medicine and brief quotations from many learned medical authorities are brought forward to illustrate the dense ignorance and self-contradictory theories which have prevailed in doctoring under the empirical system. The crude opinions of orthodox medicine are made the means of contrast and illustration, and by these means Dr. Sunderland seeks to make more plain his system of Dynamic remedial processes, which may be indicated here, to some extent, by the statement that he is utterly opposed to drugging, endeavoring to point out a method by which special choice of food will produce the effect of any medicine which the system appears to require, without any of the collateral injury which, he affirms, is inseparable from the practice of swallowing drugs. How far he succeeds in this very important task, the reader of his pleasant book must determine by individual experiment. To judge from the care with which the statements are made and the strength of reasoning displayed it is to be inferred that *The Dynamic Cure* is a book which will go far to solve the deep vital questions raised in its pages.

PERSONAL.

—Secretary Rawlins is a good shot. —The queen of Portugal is sick at Baden. —Frederick Douglass, Jr., has been marrying. —General Joseph E. Johnston is in Savannah. —Gladstone's friends are anxious about his health.

—Mrs. E. A. Pollard is very sick at Washington.

—Hildebrand, the Missouri outlaw, has gone to Texas.

—Horace Greeley has been "stumping it" in Virginia.

—John and Wesley Harper, are both said to be in very poor health.

—John Morissey has made \$200,000 in New York Central stock.

—Gen. Rosecrans declines running for the Governorship of Ohio.

—Mile. Schneider came very near burning to death on the stage, July 21.

—The Emperor of China contemplates matrimony. He is fourteen years old.

—Jefferson Davis' two nieces are at Paris, and are said to be modest and beautiful.

—The Siamese twins have arrived in New York. They have not been divorced.

—Admiral Dahlgren is going to be chief of the navy yard instead of the Ordnance Bureau.

—Powers the sculptor has been making insinuations against the courage of "Old Hickory."

—Gen. Forest is making rapid progress with the construction of the Memphis and Selma railroad.

—Anthony Trollope is still contending serially if not seriously, that "He Knew He Was Right."

—Isabella says she will abdicate theoretically, as well as practically, in favor of the Prince of Asturias.

—Henry Vincent, the great English orator, will devote next winter to lecturing in the United States.

—Gen. Butler and Brick Pomeroy are advertised to address the National Labor Union from the same platform.

—William H. Seward is going to have a thousand dollar came presented to him when he gets back to San Francisco.

—Max Maretzek is a brick. He has retired from the management of theatrical companies, that of a brick-yard on Long Island.

—Isaac V. Fowler, who defaulted and ran away from the New York Postoffice a few years since, has arrived at San Francisco.

—The Princess of Wales helps for a charitable enterprise, at the Crystal Palace. She doesn't take less than five sovereigns. She very successful.

—Sing Man and Choy Chew, of mercantile houses in San Francisco, visited the Chicago Board of Trade one day last week. Choy made a short speech, and was greatly applauded.

—A correspondent of *Zion's Herald* thir that Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church wearing out by overwork. The last we heard of him he was working at a favorite water place.

—Mrs. Sarah Remond, a colored lady, of Ionia, Mass., who has been studying medicine some time in Italy, has been admitted to practice of midwifery in Florence, where she resides. She has many friends in Italy, including that list Garibaldi and Mazzini.

—Susan B. Anthony has a short and method of dealing with objections. At the 8th Wagon's Suffrage Convention, she was interrupted in her remarks by a man who said "What is to be done with St. Paul's saying, 'women should be subject to their husbands'?" She replied, "The same as men do to their wives—pass them by."

—A Washington correspondent says in a cent letter: "Robert Douglas, son of the Senator, and private secretary of the President is a short, round-shouldered, ungainly fellow, who wears a palm-leaf fan and can latter much too thick and long for such a body, reaching up to his second button shirt front. Robert's speeches cannot be a success as yet, but I am told that he is a kind, amiable young gentleman, and real many traits to remind one of his father."

Cure for Cancers.

An entirely new and scientific cure for cancer has been discovered by Dr. Everson, who is in Farwell Hall, No. 148 Madison Street, Chicago. The astonishing feature of his method is the success with which he removes and other tumors, without cutting, and without pain. A microscopic examination shows that this disease is dependent upon an altered condition of the Blood vessels. He corrects the degeneration or clogs the vessels, when the local affection yields to his peculiar treatment, and radical cure results. His cures are well-authenticated, truly surprising. A pamphlet on this dread subject is sent free to all who are of desire information.

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A CARD. ROCKVILLE, Md., June 30, 1869. DR. WILSON—Dear Sir:—I sent you, on the 28th of this month, one dollar in payment for magnetized paper that you had forwarded to me, and now that paper is all gone, and I wish you to send me more as soon as you possibly can, for I have calls for it every day. It is doing great wonders among the people. Send some circulars. I wish you would come to Maine personally. Respectfully yours, J. M. GURNEY.

*Dr. Wilson's office is at No. 66 Madison St. corner of State St., Chicago.

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OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

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

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

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disavowance 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 instantaneity in the school of external life; delicate, 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 inviolate, 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 baseness 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 need a flood; the fifth of years has gathered round us. Roll, then, on! What cannot stand had best be gone!

GETTING THE "POWER."

A teacher at the South having written to the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* an account of the strange and disgusting performances at some of the negro religious meetings, the editor finds their parallel among the ignorant whites of Southern New Jersey. At their meetings to seek "sanctification," they work themselves to a great pitch of excitement, by incoherent shouts, until the Lord "comes down," as they suppose, when the physical demonstrations become frightful: Then the men and women dash themselves over seats, against the walls, grasp each other in frantic ecstasy, reel and leap and dance in one promiscuous herd of howling contortionists, until the scene is fairly demonic, and it becomes easy to believe in the scriptural tales of men possessed of devils. The easier,

indeed, as in these scenes is often reproduced that inexplicable exception from all ordinary physical laws which made famous the convulsions of St. Medard. Literally insensible to pain, they treat with reckless violence the delicate tissues or still more sensitive organs of the human frame, and yet experience no pain, but actual delight and rapture. (This abnormal condition sometimes continues in individuals for months after; rarely, however, save among the more excitable women; these live in half-hysterical, half-tranced state, grasp fire without being burned, and do other such violations of law without physical injury.)

When, from sheer exhaustion, the crazy crowd subsides into quiet, the scene is hardly less repulsive. The late devotees lie or lean strewn around where their latest twist or rick left them, male and female, unmindful or reckless of modesty or decency, looking more like the participants of Bacchanalian rites, than the worshippers of the "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity." Such scenes as these might well excite despair for the future of the people who consider their religion; and such as these are for months of nightly occurrence in the region we are speaking of. So there is hope for the Southern negro.

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THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 14, 1869.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY HATTIE E. HAYNER.

Beautiful birds, gentle warblers of Spring, Making the woodland with melodious ring, Taking joy, hope, and gladness, wherever you go, From the highly-poised hill, to the valley below!

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

'Tis common in these latter days to jeer at ages gone before; And still, the further back he strays, the modern scoffer finds the more

A cold, drizzly May-day afternoon of the present season, found us, chilled and weary, on the southeastern border of the Empire State, near Lebanon, famous for its springs as Summer resorts and for its "Society of Believers" called "Shakers."

In 1837, to 1844, there was an influx from the spirit world, "confirming the faith" of many disciples, who had lived among believers for years, and extending throughout all the eighteen societies, making media by the dozen, whose various exercises, not to be suppressed even in their public meetings, rendered it imperatively necessary to close them all to the world during a period of seven years.

During the Spring anniversaries in Boston, we felt a deep interest in only these, the woman's suffrage question, the Peace Society, the workingmen's examination, the free religionists and the Shakers, the latter, saying nothing of their inspiring songs, deeply interesting us because of the full enunciation of their doctrines.

They believe so far as we understand them in the paternity and maternity of the Divine Nature, and the inherent fraternity of human souls, originating from the same primal foundation.

They believe that Jesus was a man, overshadowed from the moment of conception by divine influences from the Christ heaven of to-day; and, baptized, consecrated and controlled by this Christ-Spirit, as one "among many brothers," he lived a pure unmarried, self-sacrificing life.

They believe the Bible, the inspired bibles of all nations, to be a record, or records of the word of God. The word is not infallible. It is the "spirit that giveth life," and the inspiration that lies behind the word that gives truth its moral force.

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ceed that of any other body of people in existence. "Would you not like to have us call a little meeting?" said Elder Evans, after tea. "Certainly," was the reply, "providing such is your pleasure."

At eight o'clock a brother invited us to accompany him to their Hall, for a sort of social conference. Approaching the foot of the stairs, the brothers and sisters commenced singing. It was unique, and yet touchingly thrilling. Every nerve-center of our being was electrified by the inspiring melody.

Entering the well-lighted room, the scene and surroundings, though unpretending, were in spirit absolute magnificence. The sisters on one side, tidy, sweet-faced and devotional, the brothers on the other, neatly dressed, with white kerchiefs lying across their laps, and all sitting in the form of half-moons, the Elder and Eldress at the head, constituting the curial points. Our seat was directly opposite, positioned to feel the full current. The battery was powerful. Every nerve and muscle in our organism trembled. The sensation was uplifting. The music, so spontaneous and gushing, kindled new fires of devotion upon our souls' altar.

This is a free meeting. Let there be no restriction. Our brother has come among us to testify a day or more, hoping to learn something of our customs and doctrines with the reasons for the same. Are former, a Spiritualist and a radical? He is doubtless like ourselves very much of a heretic in the eyes of evangelical churchmen. But we should like to hear him. We are Spiritualists in the sense of believing in a present conscious communion with spirits, and are striving to live pure and spiritually-minded that our order on earth may in some degree at least correspond to holier orders that obtain in the upper Kingdoms of God.

Then followed short pithy speeches, with questions from all sides, intermingled with singing. It was good to be there. The sisters spoke as freely as the brothers, and thoroughly appreciating the equal suffrage, and equal rights they had so long enjoyed, humorously regretted that their sisters of the world, dragging along some seventy years behind them, the Shakers, had not till the present aroused themselves to the necessity of that branch of the reform-movement known as the "equality of the sexes," to keep the doors of their dispensational church closed till the appointed time. Elder Evans in the Atlantic Monthly speaks of this as follows:

In 1837, to 1844, there was an influx from the spirit world, "confirming the faith" of many disciples, who had lived among believers for years, and extending throughout all the eighteen societies, making media by the dozen, whose various exercises, not to be suppressed even in their public meetings, rendered it imperatively necessary to close them all to the world during a period of seven years.

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They believe that Jesus was a man, overshadowed from the moment of conception by divine influences from the Christ heaven of to-day; and, baptized, consecrated and controlled by this Christ-Spirit, as one "among many brothers," he lived a pure unmarried, self-sacrificing life.

They believe the Bible, the inspired bibles of all nations, to be a record, or records of the word of God. The word is not infallible. It is the "spirit that giveth life," and the inspiration that lies behind the word that gives truth its moral force.

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nations. Certainly their works, speak well for their faith. The Rev. Henry Vincent, the English scholar and orator, after visiting them, wrote as follows: I saw a community of men and women of all ages living a pure celibate life, under the same roof, full of sweetness, love, and gentleness, a happy family of brothers and sisters. I knew that many of them had been married men and women before they were led, by a religious principle and motive, to "crucify all worldly lusts," and enter into what they regard as the millennial state. I knew that this life had been lived by monks and nuns, who were excluded from each other with a prison-like rigor, under lock and key, bolts and bars; but here I saw a spiritual family—the one husband and wife entering upon a new life in the daily presence of each other and that this community had tested this life of purity for many years without any cloud arising to dim the lustre of its chastity.

Of course we all exclaim, "How can these things be?" And the profligate and the base raise the yell of laughter; but the Shakers modestly reply, "Not unto us, but unto God, be all the glory." The world laughs again, and slanders; but the answer is the fact of this life, which this people lays open to the gaze of all the world. I saw, moreover, a people who will not hold private property a people who rest securely and in perfect harmony and prosperity, upon a community of goods. The dream of Utopia is here realized.

The Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopkeda, Mass., a Spiritualist, though acting nominally with the Unitarians at present, in elucidating his "social community" principles in connection with abstention from sensual pleasures says: That man has an animal nature and without a spiritual nature to be developed that the animal nature is first and afterward the spiritual that the animal is naturally egotistic, exacting and selfish on its own plane; but the spiritual, capable of believing in a present conscious communion with spirits, and are striving to live pure and spiritually-minded that our order on earth may in some degree at least correspond to holier orders that obtain in the upper Kingdoms of God.

Then followed short pithy speeches, with questions from all sides, intermingled with singing. It was good to be there. The sisters spoke as freely as the brothers, and thoroughly appreciating the equal suffrage, and equal rights they had so long enjoyed, humorously regretted that their sisters of the world, dragging along some seventy years behind them, the Shakers, had not till the present aroused themselves to the necessity of that branch of the reform-movement known as the "equality of the sexes," to keep the doors of their dispensational church closed till the appointed time. Elder Evans in the Atlantic Monthly speaks of this as follows:

In 1837, to 1844, there was an influx from the spirit world, "confirming the faith" of many disciples, who had lived among believers for years, and extending throughout all the eighteen societies, making media by the dozen, whose various exercises, not to be suppressed even in their public meetings, rendered it imperatively necessary to close them all to the world during a period of seven years.

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from her namesake, the lunatic, all round to his personal relative, the lover; yet, really, how innocent the poor moon has been all the while! I believe that the spiritual lights of ancient times were, and are, just as innocent of what is now done, or believed on, in their name. I can no more believe that any one of the ancients had any more to do, or thought in his sober senses he had any more to do with this age, than that the moon as a conscious being or an unconscious power, has to do in producing wet weather in the west, common weather in the south, and dry weather in the east, all at the same time. Let those whom the truth has made free and strong, boldly discard the unreasonable myths of the past, and intelligently defend and sustain the facts of science, as revealed and demonstrated at the present time. E. S. B. Chicago, Aug. 9, 1869.

WHAT A GIRL CAN DO. In the year of our Lord 1862, fate found us a student in the Normal University in this State. In common with about three hundred others, we patiently delved through the mysteries of learning how to teach, in order that we might teach how to learn. A queer set that three hundred were—and very naturally, for at that time only the queer ones ever thought of becoming professional school teachers. "Those who did were either crippled, poor, or, like myself, both poor, and too lazy to think of doing anything else, or have an ambition above the spelling-book and ferule. Well, the profession has looked up for some time since then, which may furnish a reason why we left it. There was in the school a heterogeneous class, composed of these scholars who had been in school long enough to graduate, but who, from inattention or inability, had not kept up to the average standard, and had been put back to go over the ground again. Some of them had been in school three, some four, and some five years. They were looked upon by the "regulars," i. e., the students who had kept up with the regular course, with a feeling of mingled contempt and pity, and even the scholars in the lower classes patronized them. If any mischief was done, this class of "stupid" were pretty sure to have a hand in it; on which account they were not favorites with the faculty.

One of the most notable of this class was a young girl named M—. She was a fair mathematician, a tolerable scholar, a good-natured, rather quiet girl. She had no trouble in the lower classes, and it was not until she came to those rhetorical studies where composition is required, that she stuck, fast and hopelessly. She could not write. Every year she passed through the same examinations, failed exactly in the same place, was not allowed to graduate; and, at the beginning of the next year, took her place where she had commenced the year before, and, with a docile perseverance that was funny to think of, went over, and over, and over the same round of studies, with sober, demure and painstaking method.

She bade fair to be what a great many other girls become—the ordinary wife of an ordinary man. More than once the faculty shook their heads and declared that M— was useless, dull, and objectless life, and then a change came. Her parents lived in Bloomington, where her father carried on a furniture store. He was stricken down by disease, and after a long and lingering illness, died, leaving M—, the oldest girl, her mother, a younger sister, and two younger brothers, all of them dependent upon their sister for a livelihood. People sympathized with her—sympathy is so cheap—and came to the following charitable conclusions:

First, That she would have a hard time of it. Second, That the best thing she could do would be to get married. Third, That if she couldn't do that, she might be able to teach school. And having thus settled her case, they left her to her fate.

Then the girl's nature asserted itself. Instead of selling off the stock which her father left, for what she could get, and living on it until something turned up, she hired workmen, put the stock to rights, and sold it at retail. People pitied her—but they bought her goods. People sympathized with her, as if it was a dreadful thing for a girl to do what in a boy would have been thought highly commendable.

When the stock ran low, she astonished her friends by going to New York city and buying a larger lot of furniture than any one ever before had had the hardihood to bring to Bloomington—and what is more, she sold it. For the first year, the open sympathy and covert sneers of her friends were hard to bear. She succeeded, of course. The other day we saw her, after seven years of hard work. The same old-fashioned, quiet, good-natured manner, the same M—, the horn of the moon turns down and hold no water; "there will be storms and hurricanes at that time;" "the world will come to an end;" "the world will come to an end;" "the world will come to an end;" "Oh, because the scriptures said up."

"Well, do you believe it?" "Oh, yes, I believe the scriptures." I soon took occasion to enquire of him if he had observed any of the so-called Spiritual Phenomena, but he had not—and yet very good manifestations had been occurring all around him, for so it is, and has been, with nearly all the world;—they are more attached to the frivolous fancies of a dead past, than the valuable truths of the living present. Among the worldly wise, it has been said that a living dog is better than a dead lion. But the plodders along the religious path-ways, though assuming an enlightenment from high, are prone to regard a dead dog better than a living lion. Some vision, or dream, or even, of some Ezekiel or Daniel, thousands of years ago, about "a time, times, and half a time," of more account than some palpable presence now, that demonstrates immortality and the duties of life.

And so it is, too, with many Spiritualists that have accepted such demonstrations. They still cling to the name, the follies and weaknesses of christianity, just as many of the half-wise still give their support to the signs and wonders of the moon. How many wonderful things have been caused by the moon! and particularly how much has been wrought by her changes! at least according to the fancies of all people.

THE ECLIPSE. wonder of the much talked of event, and curious it is, to consider— Science has long since shown that an eclipse of the sun is, and that it imports no more than the usual movement and revolution of the planetary bodies—only this, that that which would occur each month, if the earth, moon and sun were in one plane, occurs only occasionally, on account of some deviation of the moon from such a plane, and produces no effect at all, except the temporary shadow upon a portion of the earth; and further that, as to moon moves steadily in its orbit, its changes, so called, from quarter to quarter, being arbitrary divisions by man where there are no natural divisions, and from old to new, being a change of relative position gradually arrived at, and the same to the whole earth the same day, it cannot be referred to as causative cause of anything.

Before science had done this, as the cause of an eclipse was unknown, ignorance and fear associated with angry deities, dread calamities, and prophecies of woe. And now after science has made such demonstration, it is wonderful to see how tenaciously many of those who are pretty well versed in the learning of the day, as well as the ignorant and superstitious, cling to the old signs and wonders, and yield a tacit, and oft-times an explicit assent to their correctness and potency.

How full this community has been of such phrases as these: "there will be no change of weather till the moon changes;" "when the moon changes there will be settled weather;" "the horn of the moon turns down and hold no water;" "there will be storms and hurricanes at that time;" "the world will come to an end;" "the world will come to an end;" "the world will come to an end;" "Oh, because the scriptures said up."

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ITEMS OF INTEREST. —Meadville, Pa., has a ghost. —Cable rates are still coming down. —The Chinamen never repudiate a debt. —Chinese laborers are invading Georgia. —Cable projects are thick as blackberries. —The Carlist party in Spain is going under. —The grass-hoppers of Kentucky chew tobacco. —Stockport, N. Y., has been indulging in a land-slide. —Washington has a "flying load," captured at Cape Henry. —Two Tennessee negroes are to have a butting-match. —A girl in London bought a chignon and caught leprosy. —Germany is beginning to export sugar in large quantities. —The railroad to the top of Mount Washington is successful. —Dr. Mudd has recovered a good practice, but not good health. —John C. Breckinridge says he shall locate as a lawyer, at Lexington, Ky. —Belgian chemists are famous the world over for their skill and ingenuity. —A clergyman has recovered \$26,000 for an injury on an English railway. —Receipts of Internal revenue are much higher than last year at this time. —The colored people of Texas have diminished ten per cent. in four years. —German sewing-machines run three hours a clock-work without winding. —Four villages in Maine make two-thirds of the spoils for the whole country. —Newark bay, N. J., has a successful sea-scaper, which has carried off one bather. —Letters from Cuban revolutionary sources give very hopeful views of their prospects. —In China the father is allowed to order the decapitation of a son for smoking opium. —Blue and white striped grenadine is the favorite material of the Princess of Wales. —There is only one woman in the Oregon State Prison—Miss Mary Collins—who is in for stealing. —A procession of 2,000 tailors, or 222-2-9 men, recently paraded the streets of New York on a "strik."

—Minnesota is larger than five New York States, and nearly equal to Illinois and Indiana combined. —There has not been a day's interruption in the operation of the old ocean telegraph since July 27, 1866. —The United States Post Office Department now receives, transmits and delivers 730,000,000 letters annually. —The Adriatic, Michigan, hotels, which were recently closed by the temperance men, have resumed business. —They are discussing the question in St. Louis, of removing the national capitol there. The day is not yet fixed. —The St. John Globe, New Brunswick, is publishing a series of letters in favor of annexation to the United States. —Enough currency is used up in pockets to pay the whole expense of printing and issuing this fragile species of money. —Bamboo cloth is a loosely-woven fabric made of bamboo fibres, and imported from India for gentlemen's summer suits. —Judge Ridgeway, noted as the inventor of the Ridgeway revolving turret, for iron-clads, died on the 4th inst., aged 56 years. —A Woman's Suffrage Convention will be held in Cincinnati in September. New York, and Newburyport, Mass., have also been holding them. —The government of Austria and Italy have exchanged satisfactory explanations with regard to the recent riots between Austria and Italian sailors. —A London girl bought a chignon, which contained the taints of a leprosy disease, which entered her system so that she shortly afterward died. —Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of whiskey was burned at Philadelphia, August 4, with the Patterson stores. Loss, \$5,500,000. Insured for about two-thirds. —The Coast Survey Party went to Springfield Ill., to view the eclipse, and are in contact with their success. They took two-hundred and fifty photographs of the affair. —We have telegraphic accounts of the eclipse from all directions. It justified the predictions of the astronomers, appearing promptly on time, and giving very general satisfaction. —One hundred and sixty-eight thousand and sixty-four emigrants have arrived this year to date—an increase of thirty-four thousand compared with the corresponding period last year. —The N. Y. World says that women of respectable appearance, but decidedly under the influence of liquor, are not unfrequently to be seen in the streets. There was a notable case of this kind on Saturday afternoon in Broadway. —The European Correspondent of one of our State newspapers, writes back from France that Fernando Wood, (the sensational politician of New York city) made the voyage with him, and adds, by the way, that he "plays an excellent game of poker." —The Viceroy of Egypt is said to have in operation two hundred sets of steam-plowing machinery of the largest class, by means of which the recent remarkable increase in Egyptian cotton production has been attained, and the quality of the fiber improved. —Two ladies and gentlemen of Memphis, on Monday went up in a balloon and came down on a chimney. Nobody hurt. S. S. Thurston (that is an ominous name in balloon literature!) and two other adventurers, made an aerial voyage from Meadville, Penn., the same day. —Mrs. Cross, a strong-minded widow lady, the owner of considerable property in Chistnu, Wabash county, Minn., was called upon last week by the Road Supervisor, in order to obtain some one to work out her tax on the road. She promptly replied that she would do it herself, and she did, and that too to the entire satisfaction of the Road Supervisor. —The New York Sun is after the "diplomatic humbug." It says: "A gentleman who has served in full regiments at one of the chief courts of Europe, has told us that the amount of his actual duty did not average thirty minutes a week. For this lazy, aimless, loafing, ginewag, aristocratic sort of thing, we ply hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. And it is all for no object except to pension a lot of politicians in showy offices and get them out of the country."

—Not long since a young man was taken dangerously ill in New York, at night. He was alone with his sister, and she was obliged to go, about 12 o'clock, for a physician. She trembled at the thought, and her brother resolved again and again to bear the pain until morning, but at last they felt she must go. The happy thought suggested itself to put on her brother's clothes, and take his loaded pistol; the result was, that she brought back the physician, and he never knew, until he reached the house and she told him, that she was a woman. She said she had such a feeling of independence and safety as she passed men and women in the dark streets, that she immediately prepared a complete wardrobe, and wear whenever she sees fit. Thus armed and equipped, she takes evening walks, goes to church, lectures, the theatre, and when in the country, rooms alone by day and by night. —A swarm of hived bees, on a Great Western train recently created a lively time at Princeton, Canada. When the train stopped at the station, it was discovered that the wire gauze placed over the entrance to prevent their escaping, had become displaced. The bees had made the discovery first, and resolved to "swarm" and make the rest of their journey in their own way. They did swarm, too, and about the ears of the officials, who for some time made ineffectual attempts to induce the saucy little creatures to go back into the hive. A dozen or more passengers who ran to the spot to learn the excitement were stung. The train started on, and the refractory little creatures, who had refused to return to the hive, were observed on the wing a few rods behind the train, doing their best to keep up, generally coming in, as the train stopped at the distant stations, in time to sting the brakemen.

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