

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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THE WILTON OUTRAGE.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., May 10, 1875.

Dear Weekly—Talk about savages and barbarians, scalping-knives, tomahawks and rattlesnakes, they are not to be mentioned in the same era with the refinement of torture inflicted upon one poor civilized white girl by a set of respectable, Christian ladies in a North-western town.

I am glad there is one paper in the land that will dare characterize the inhuman conduct of those feminine fiends as it richly deserves. And that paper is our free and fearless WEEKLY.

Other papers have chronicled the "spicy piece of news" with gingerly comments of the affair, as though fearful of treading on the tender, sanctified corns of modern respectability.

I came across the recital for the second time in the columns of the *New York Clipper*, which I beg parson Talmage's pardon for mentioning; but he can use a deodorizer and employ some sweet sister of his flock to swing the censer while he sleeps.

I presume the *Police Gazette* and *Day's Doings* have had the tale I refer to, illustrated for the delectation of a select class of readers. If those "juicy" sheets have only reproduced the features of those consistent followers of Mrs. Grundy, those "highly respected" ladies who performed the demon-hatched work of tarring and feathering a young girl in the town of Wilton, Iowa, we should for once feel indebted to their prolific artists; for 'tis meet we should learn the varying expressions of human fiendishness and female devilishness, though masked in the garb of social purity, sanctified by Church and State.

Listen to the story! One of the best-known citizens of Wilton had a daughter so unfortunate as not to bear a good name for two years. She was seventeen years, old, "handsome, intelligent, and of winning manners."

Years ago her mother died and her father gave her successively two step-mothers, and was much absent from home himself. These are circumstances and surroundings enough to move the bowels of compassion of any humanized soul, save, perhaps, a set of immaculately virtuous old Christian(?) hags on the rampage after a young girl who has strayed from the social corral, and who can discount a painted savage on the war path in the execution of malicious cruelty.

It is asserted the girl had turned her step-mother out of doors, and she sought protection of her neighbors. That is a likely story! We believe that, of course; it is full of Beecherian plausibility.

More likely the step-mother was in league with the "twelve or more ladies," who had resolved, in their virtuous wrath, to exterminate that girl; so she, the step-mother, gave the operators a clear field for their tar bucket and bag of feathers.

I wonder what sanctified marriage-bed furnished those feathers? I wonder if in handling pitch those "ladies" got soiled? Perhaps they received an absolving kiss from the minister before they started out.

The girl had possession of her father's house for a week, where she entertained nightly some of the "most respectable" young men of Wilton.

The night selected by those amiable dames for the work of devastation was Friday, some time early in April. The hour was eight P. M., a decent Christian hour for "respectable" females to be out; neither too early to tar and feather a young girl nor too late for rigid virtue to walk the streets.

The wind howled, as is fitting it should when grim, gaunt and hideous witches ride the air. Few souls who valued comfort were out of doors in Wilton when those avenging furies took up their line of march for that doomed domicile.

Silently those "ladies" assembled in the back yard with the awe-struck tom-cats dumb for sympathy. Silently they laid hold of numerous iron bolts that their patron saint, the devil, had left handy, and at a concerted signal from the presiding fury, the old boss tiger-cat herself, crash went the windows of the lighted room!

The neighborhood was aroused! The girl shrieked! The "ladies" yelled! The four young men *en dishabille* took to their heels and made for the opened windows, whence, all but one escaped amidst the cry of "Shame! Shame on you!" from those valiant Amazons, every one of them, I'll wager, much opposed to woman's rights, but belonging to the insane sisterhood who led the late frantic temperance raids.

The young man who did not at first succeed, tried again,

and made his egress by "laying out" two of those devoted Christian warriors on the floor.

One of the young men was a son of one of the "ladies" who helped on the work; another was in the employ of the husband of another "lady," and boarded in her house.

After the escape of the lively young men the "sport" commenced; the tar ran down the long locks of the girl (O, what would she not have given for short hair then!) the feathers flew and stuck to the girl and to the contaminated hands, heads and clothing of those other soiled doves!

The poor victim's cries for help and mercy were unheeded, and soon "she was unrecognizable." The deed was done and devils danced, while those virtuous matrons returned to their chaste sheets! The female fiends out of our social hell had accomplished the supreme work, which, the *Davenport Daily Gazette* said, no man in Wilton could be found to assist those "ladies" in! Ladies, indeed! That tarred and feathered girl is white and clean beside them. The house was rendered uninhabitable, and as trophies of the war, the "ladies" carried off the hats, boots, coats and vests of the young men.

The wandering girl was found, out in the night and the bitter cold, by a man who provided shelter for her, and she next day left the pure precincts of Wilton, sent far on her road to hell by those—what shall I call them. Virtuous females will do, for only a woman hardened in the great world's misconception of virtue could have committed such a deed.

Could I find it in my heart to say it of a single soul, however depraved, I could say it of those "ladies" who tarred and feathered that young girl—God damn them!

One of those young men beat his mother for her part in the affair, and they all left town, leaving sorrow and disgrace at their heels and in their homes as a result of feminine fury let loose without sense or judgment to guide or check.

And there is no worse fury to set on a cause than a set of ignorant, prejudiced, vicious minded women. They have not foresight to see that they can not drown out the social evil with a bucket of tar or smother it with a sack of feathers, though they take them steaming from a licentious, sanctified marriage-bed.

That evil has got the upper hand, "ladies," and your husbands, and your sons, your fathers and your brothers, and even the unborn babe in your wombs, they are all marked from the sins of the parents!

Think not, "ladies," to escape the judgment for the share you took in the infernal torture of that girl; 'tis a deed darker than moonless midnight and stamps you more hopelessly depraved than the struggling victim of your misguided wrath.

There is such a thing as righteous indignation, but it never resorts to a vile revenge; it holds up a warning finger and says, "Let him or her who is without sin among you cast the first stone!"

Go, "ladies," on your virtuous way, breeding sinners for more of your class and calibre to pour tar and feathers over; but verily I say unto you, "A harlot shall enter the kingdom before ye!"

HELEN NASH.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE ETC."

"Prisons are built with stones of law; brothels with bricks of religion."
—Blake.

What the obscurantists would do to suppress freedom of thought, speech and action, is indicated in the following uncouth denouncement of the *Evening Bulletin*, of San Francisco, of April 24:

"A NUISANCE."

"A well known citizen complains that a copy of an indecent paper, containing an article by Rose Mackinley, has been dropped in his door-yard. The article is vile enough to have been the product of the most abandoned woman in town. Some months ago an indecent poem, purporting to have been written by the same woman, was dropped on the door-steps of private residences through a large part of the city. Many believed at that time that the name of this woman had been unwarrantably used. But a recent contribution in WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY over the signature of this person, removes all doubt as to the question of authorship. There is not another city within our knowledge where such a nuisance could be committed in this public way without an arrest and speedy punishment."

I am surprised that the editor of this paper, in whose Saturday number there sometimes appears a scholarly book

notice, should so far forget what is due to belle-lettristic art, as to invoke the constable against a license of opinion that should be judged only by the critic. Certainly a different spirit presided over the penning of the above call upon Dogberry to that which inspired, in the same journal, a very appreciative review of a recently published volume of the poems of William Blake. Neither Solomon, Aristophanes, Juvenal, Rabelais nor Dean Swift have exceeded Blake in a cool anatomical way of dealing with the refinements of mock-modesty. Perhaps this prudish editor would not have been so ready to laud this somewhat erratic genius, had he been aware that the poetry and philosophy of Blake foreshadowed the principles of that much-maligned school of thinkers, called in America, "free lovers." Blake expatiates upon sexual liberty more forcibly, boldly, and at the same time poetically, than any writer I know of. The progress of public opinion toward sexual disenthralment, is to me most significantly indicated in the recent recognition extended toward the startling revelations of this great spiritualist and free lover. The volume of his poems last published has been very favorably noticed by conservative journals, and his works are now in demand at the circulating libraries, an unfailing sign of growing popularity.

I would especially recommend the perusal of Blake's works to students of the social question. On that topic they will find him as much a great teacher as were Pythagoras, Epicurus and Socrates to their disciples. What Homer and Shakespeare are to the art of poetry, Blake is to the art of life, the peerless exponent of the highest truths whereon it is founded. The following extracts from Blake will illustrate what I say above, and perchance convince the editor of the *Bulletin* that one to whom he has given high praise is as frank in expression (or indecent, if the prim so choose to call it) as I am, in the article in WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, which he so fiercely censures.

EXTRACTS FROM BLAKE.

"Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair;
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there."

"Moral virtues do not exist, they are allegories and dissimulations."

"He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence."

"The pride of the peacock is the glory of God;
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God;
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God;
The nakedness of woman is the work of God."

"Was Jesus born of a virgin pure,
With narrow looks and soul demure;
If he intended to take on sin,
His mother should a harlot (have) been:
Just such a one as Magdalen,
With seven devils in her pen;
Or were Jew virgins still more cursed,
And more sucking devils nursed?"

"Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires."

"Those who restrain desire do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained, and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling."

"The one thing unclean is the belief in uncleanness, the one thing forbidden is to believe in the existence of forbidden things."

"What is it men in women do require!
The lineaments of gratified desire.
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of gratified desire."

"Let not pale religious lechery call that virginity that wishes but acts not."

"I tell you no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments."

"Can that be love which drinks another,
As a sponge drinks water?
That clouds with jealousy his nights,
With weepings all the days?"

"He who preaches natural religion or morality, is a flatterer who means to betray and to perpetuate tyrant pride."

"Why should I be bound to thee,
O my lovely myrtle tree?
Love, free love, cannot be bound
To any tree that grows on ground."

"Divide from the divine glory the softness and warmth of

W. J. Doornick

human color—subtract from the divine the human presence—subdue all refraction to the white absolute light, and that light is no longer as the sun's is, warm with sweet heat of life and liberal of good gifts; but foul with overmuch purity, sick with disease of excellence, unclean through exceeding cleanness, like the skin of a leper 'as white as snow.' "

It may be as well for me to say, also, that the manner in which anything I have written came into the possession of the well known and immaculate citizen to whom the *Bulletin* refers, is as mysterious to me as it is that the modesty of the shame-faced burgher should have permitted him to read or even handle a filthy sheet. I have never distributed any of my penings in this city. Some few copies of my poems I have given away here, but only to friends and personal acquaintances.

In a world so openly licentious as this, a virtue that fears to be corrupted by anything that it may read, is, as we are told by Macaulay, like the felon who begged to have an umbrella held over his head from the jail to the gallows, because it was a drizzling morning and he was apt to take cold.

FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

APHRA BEHN RETREAT, May 5, 1875.

[N. B.—The works of Butler, Dean Swift and Lawrence Sterne, three eminent English clergymen of the Episcopal Church, are considered standard British classics, and are to be found in all our best libraries. Those who read them have little reason to criticise the writings of Frances Rose Mackinley as being too truthful and too outspoken to be tolerated. In our opinion, both in style and perspicuity of expression, the works of the author of the above letter will bear a favorable comparison with those of either of the British divines mentioned; and, on the score of propriety, are certainly far less censurable.]

A FEW MORE QUESTIONS FOR THE CHURCH AND THE COURTS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Since the Beecher trial is a model for future reference and may be a guide in other suits, cases and States besides New York, we propose to keep some important points in the case before the people.

This suit is brought for damages done to the property of Theodore Tilton by Henry Ward Beecher. It should have been an action for trespass, or trover. It could not be for stealing, since Beecher did not carry the property off the premises of Tilton, the lawful owner of it. Now, if this action for damage could be made to lay, would it not be necessary to have an appraisal of the property and an estimate of its real value before it was injured, and after, so as to ascertain the exact amount of damage? It would not be difficult to prove the ownership of Tilton because Beecher himself was a witness to the legal transfer of title and sale of this property to Theodore. That he was the real owner by law no one can dispute, but the value of the property is a question to be settled in the trial—the real damage being the vital question. How much did Tilton value this property? Was he assessed and taxed for it? We have no recollection of this kind of property being exempt from taxation by special act of legislature, and believe this is the only way that property can be exempt from such liability in N. Y. Church property and some other kinds are by special provision exempt; but this kind of property is not named in the list of exemptions; hence we wish to know why Tilton did not give in to the assessor this piece of property at \$100,000 or more if he intended to hold Beecher for damaging it to that amount. Men were taxed for slave-property in the South, why not for wife-property since it is acknowledged to be property in law? If Mrs. Tilton was anybody and owned her body she could bring a suit for assault and battery, or personal damage if she chose; but no other person could unless he had a right of property in her. If Mr. Beecher had injured the horse or house owned by Mr. Tilton he could recover the actual damage by appraisal and proof. As this suit is for damage, why not go by the same rule and ascertain the real damage to Tilton's property and assess accordingly.

There is another view of this case which is largely on Beecher's side. He gives his meaning to conscience in a sermon to which we heartily subscribe, and by this rule his conscience was for him alone and not for an orthodox church nor for anybody else. By it he must be tried for moral or sinful acts, and not by that of public opinion. He is accountable on his own conscience. Now we believe that Mr. Beecher justifies himself conscientiously for all he has done to Mrs. Tilton, and that he does not believe that Tilton really owned Mrs. Tilton at all, but that she owned her own body and had a right to dispose of it as it was evident to her Tilton did with his, as he pleased, not consulting her. Hence he could say conscientiously he did not make any improper proposals to her nor take any improper liberties with her, since they were all welcomed and even invited. Since his testimony on the witness-stand contradicts other witnesses and his former statements, it is evident that his conscience has been limbered up on these subjects since the trial, and especially since Tracy's wonderful speech disclosed the plot and character of the conspirators. Poor Elizabeth seems to be a nobody in this case, or a puppet to be danced about for the amusement of all parties, and about as important as a wax doll in the audience, only to be looked at and talked about. Beecher would not insult or injure her; of course he would not; his heart is too generous and too honest and conscientious to insult her or to make improper proposals, or take improper liberties, and he says he did not. But he has not told, nor is it likely he will tell, what he has done with her consent and invitation, and who would expect or require him to do it? Will she, should she, tell it? Will he, should he, tell it? Let Tilton tell it if he will, and prove it if he can. How do the consciences of these men differ? Is not each acquitted by his own conscience, while he will not forgive his brother? Is Tilton without sin or is Beecher?

ONE of the old settlers at the Isle of Shoals, seeing the name of Psyche on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't the durned way to spell fish!"

VOICE OF COMMON SENSE.—GOD AND THE DEVIL.

BY BACKWOODS RHYMER.

God made this world himself alone,
With no one to assist him;
And then, too, on the other hand,
There were none to resist him.
He made the world for our own use,
We could not live without it;
And so he made it very quick—
Was just six days about it.

He made the rocks, and hills, and plains,
And all the towering mountains,
And all the little rippling rills,
And all the flowing fountains.
He made the sun, and moon, and stars,
And placed them all in order;
Then spread a curtain over all,
With a star-spangled border.

'Tis said he made these things at first,
From nothing but etheral;
But could he form such solid things,
And make them all material?
He made an Indian and a squaw,
And placed them in the bushes,
And taught them how to get their meat,
By catching fowls and fishes.

And then God made another pair,
And called them Eve and Adam;
When they'd been here a few short years,
He wished the Devil had 'em.
There was an angel up above,
Who always had been civil;
But now he got so awful proud,
He turned into a Devil.

And then they had a war in Heaven—
His temper got so heated,
That Michael and the Dragon fought—
The Dragon got defeated.
And then God sent old Satan down,
With mother Eve to grapple;
And Satan turned into a snake,
And offered her an apple.

She took the apple, ate it all,
But just the core and paring;
And those she gave to her old man,
And that set him to swearing.
So now we all must go to hell,
With devils there to grapple,
Because, six thousand years ago,
Our parents ate that apple.

We've many men in all the world,
In every land and nation,
Who make jackasses of themselves,
And call it inspiration.
God made ten thousand little things,
Black, yellow, green and red bugs;
And then he made two species more—
We call them fleas and bed-bugs.

He made a million things with wings,
Gnats, black flies, and mosquitoes;
But, O the devil, how they bite!
Those wicked little creatures.
I wish they never had been made—
Those naughty little midgets;
They bite our dear sweet babies so,
Their mothers get the fidgets.

But God saw fit to make such things,
He made them all to suit him;
And we can have no right at all
To grumble or dispute him;
Ten thousand times ten thousand things,
And little living creatures—
One man could never name them all,
Or know them by their features.

There are bugs and worms, ants and toads,
And caterpillars crawling;
And snails, and birds, and crows, and hawks,
And cats that do the squalling;
God took his servant by the hand,
And gave him good instruction;
If he received it, very good,
If not, he'd see destruction.

They went upon the mountain top,
To make the Ten Commandments,
To be a guide to all the race
Of Abraham's descendants.
God wrote them on two flattened stones,
That one small man could handle;
It took just forty days and nights,
And Moses held the candle.

God worked right on, five weeks and more—
Paid no regard to Sundays;
But strove as hard through all these days,
As though they all were Mondays.
He never stopped to rest at all,
No, not a single minute;
And now, to say that he was tired,
I say there's nothing in it.

God never tires nor stops to rest,
But works in every nation;
He rolls the wheels of time along,
And stops at no one station.
The Book of Nature is quite plain,
If you will read the volume;
The truth you'll find on every leaf,
In every single column.

The book we call the Bible here,
If you will read its contents,
One half you'll find is decent good,
The other half is nonsense.
There is no devil in the world,
In no dark place he lurches;
He has no refuge anywhere,
Except 'tis in the churches.

And priests may keep the devil there—
They think it very funny;
As long as they make them believe,
They grab the people's money.
But let folks hear, and pay them too,
Yes, any one that pleases;
I'm sure of this, they can't get mine,
Till melted brimstone freezes.

Now take a peep at Plymouth Church—
Behold their godly teacher;
There's no worse devil in the world,
Than their beloved Beecher.
And when all find he's lied like hell,
No one believes his story,
He'll take a rope and hang himself,
And swing right into glory.

CHAMPLIN, Minnesota.

DAWN VALCOUR COMMUNITY.

VALCOUR ISLAND, May 5, 1875.

Numerous versions of the history of this movement have been given to the public, but none of them have done us justice.

Feeling it my duty to give a brief sketch of the most important incidents that have characterized our history, which may be of service to similar enterprises, I present the following outline:

For some reason we obtained in the outset greater publicity through the public press than any communistic enterprise that ever started in this country. We were brought rapidly into communication with nearly all the prominent communists in the country.

Probably the popularity of the movement was largely attributable to our proposed system of organizing the community into groups drawn together by the laws of congenial association as a means to overcome the antagonism that will always result from bringing together too great a diversity of mental temperament. In attempting to harmonize a number of individuals in one family, reared as they have been in hotbeds of vice and crime, the problem of successful communistic enterprises is rendered extremely doubtful. That the future destiny of the race is to be the union of society into one fraternal bond of love and tender forbearance for each other's misfortunes in life is unquestionably the destiny of the race. But from the lower to the higher gradations of human development, we pass up through successive stages of enfoldment.

First we have the isolated home system that inculcates within us a love of self and a tender regard for the members of the family, while a cold, relentless selfishness controls our every act toward all the remainder of the race. This system has served its uses, and lies to-day at the foundation of all the ills of human life. The next step upward in the reconstruction of society will be the organization of small communities or groups drawn together by the laws of associative attraction, the number of which is to be determined by that which will produce the best harmony, while each group will be united in co-operative industry with a number of other groups: the number of the groups also to be determined by the best results to be obtained in the industrial pursuits in which they may be engaged. The relation of the groups toward each other to be comparatively the same as the relations between isolated families, except that they will be co-operative instead of competitive.

The third and highest organization of society will be the collective union of the community into one common family, ignoring all social distinction, each individual working as faithfully for the interests of the whole as we work now for the promotion of selfish interests.

With this preliminary explanation I will now proceed with a brief rehearsal of our experience.

To begin with, we were somewhat unfortunate in calling in a class of members who had, as a general thing, made life a failure; they were destitute of means, and, with a few exceptions, were rather inexperienced in any particular industrial pursuit. A much better class was disposing of its property with a view of joining us this spring. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that a large percentage of those who are ready to embark in an enterprise of this character at first are made up largely of adventurers who have nothing to lose, but join with a view of promoting their selfish ends, without contributing to the general welfare of the enterprise. They are the first persons to pass resolutions of censure for the terrible wrongs and deceptions that have been perpetrated upon them. They are the bane of communities. No man or woman should be admitted as members unless they are willing to make as much personal exertion in building up the home as they would be under the necessity of doing as producers in a new country. Yet ten earnest, determined pioneers, who are blessed with patience and who know no such word as fail, will lead on to success a hundred indifferent members who are always floating down the stream of life. We never had at any one time more than thirty members, although hundreds were corresponding with us with a view of joining us as soon as they could dispose of their property. We would have succeeded beyond a question, although we would have passed through the trials incident to the growth and development of the new enterprise in which we had embarked, if it had not have been for the one bone of contention, the unsatisfactory property basis and the code of tyrannical laws imposed upon us by Mr. Shipman through the bond. The first bond that existed during the time we were organizing was without conditions, other than the simple transfer of the property to the community. This usurpation of power by Mr. Shipman was met with universal disapprobation among the members, which resulted in the most of them leaving. It is unnecessary to state, even if it were possible to do so, exactly where the blame existed. My theory was that if there was dissatisfaction among a considerable number of the members, that the dissatisfaction should be overcome by the removal of the cause that had produced it; but Mr. Shipman differed with me and held persistently that the bone of contention should be removed by coercive laws. His mode of government has been used successfully in the

lower stages of human growth and development, but is in no wise calculated to produce harmony among advanced thinkers.

The most prominent cause of contention was the estimated value of the property. In our statements in circulars, we claimed the property to be worth \$100,000 to a community, and we still hold to the same opinion. Shipman seized upon this opportunity to proclaim himself a philanthropist by making a gratuity of \$74,000 to the community, while he only exacted \$26,000 to be paid for the property. Comparing the price of Valcour lands with lands upon the main shore, I believed the property cheap at \$26,000, but I was astonished, at a very late day, when I ascertained through Shipman's creditors that they did not consider the property good for the debts. This grows out of the fact that lands on the small islands without schools and churches are not held as high in the money market for isolated homes as the same lands upon Grand Isle or the main shore, though on this account I held it was worth more for a community. But it seemed strangely inconsistent for Shipman to proclaim himself a benefactor to his race, as a great donor of gifts, when he was exacting of us more than double what he could realize in the world's market. It was utterly impossible to reconcile this complicated condition of affairs in the minds of the members. The most of them maintained the present market value of the property should determine the price that the community should pay Shipman for it. But this position was untenable, since Shipman would not accede to it. I maintained that the intrinsic worth of the property far exceeded its market value, and that we could not afford to sacrifice the opportunity of securing it as a basis for our community, even though Shipman's course had made him distasteful to all the members. Oftentimes when those troubles would seem about to wreck us, Shipman would make overtures looking toward the probability that he would make an investment of the whole property subject to the payment of his debts. This was the point that I was working for, but the most of the members had no faith in his promises. Had Shipman done as he now proposes to do in his circular, we would have saved him from ruin, and the community from a disruption that has given to the world the idea that we have failed. But we now see the wisdom of it all. We get rid of many insurmountable obstacles by obtaining the island property directly from the creditors, and we are still determined to exemplify the principles that have been previously set forth as the basis of our community.

Address John Willcox, South Plattsburgh, N. Y.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VICTOR HUGO'S OPINION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of Women have sent an address to Victor Hugo, appealing to him, in the name of right, to lend them the aid of his valuable voice. The poet replies in the following characteristic letter:

Mesdames—I have received your address, which does me honor. I am aware of your noble and legitimate demand. In our society, such as it has been made, woman suffers. She is right to claim a better fate. I myself am only a conscience, but I understand your rights, and to obtain them is one of the duties of my life. You are, therefore, not wrong to rely on my good will and assistance. Man was the problem of the eighteenth century: woman is the problem of the nineteenth. And who says woman says child—that is, the future. The question thus put appears in all its profundity, and on its solution depends the fate of the supreme social battle. What a strange and anomalous situation! In reality man depends on you, for woman holds the heart of man. Before the law she is a minor, incapable, without civil action, without political right—in short, she is nothing; before the family altar she is everything, because she is the mother. The domestic hearth is what she makes it. At home she is the mistress of good and ill. Sovereignty complicated by oppression. Woman can do all against man, but nothing for herself. It is imprudent of the law to make her so weak when she is so strong. Let us recognize that weakness and protect it; let us recognize that strength and counsel it. There lies the duty of man, and there is also his interest. No, I shall never cease to say it, the problem is laid down, and it must be solved. She who bears half the burden ought to have half the right. Half of the human race is deprived of equality; it must be given to them. This will be one of the grand glories of our grand century. Let the right of woman counterbalance the right of man—that is to say, let the laws be placed in conformity with the morals and manners of the country. Accept, mesdames, my respects.

A TRIAL LAMENTATION.

Dear Editors—I humbly pray that you will cast a ray of light over a mother's heart whose son seems to be going down behind the hills of perdition. We are farmers. Our home has been one of the most happy; our children are industrious and intelligent; the best books and papers have found their way to our domicile. The day's work being over, the evenings were spent in reading, talking, singing and other social amusements. Evening greetings were frequently interchanged with our neighbors. Our boys were as chaste as our girls; and our girls—well, they were immaculate. Our husbands were as pure as new mown hay and as sensitive as the morning dew-drop. But alas for our neighborhood! a storm has swept over it. The north pole seems to have been torn from its moorings and scattered in icy fragments around our hearth-stone. Our husbands and boys no more read to us from the daily papers, and we are forbidden to read them for ourselves. They hold them from us with a suspicious grasp, while they gather in groups, snicker and laugh over that which our curiosity is killing us to hear. By attentive listening we catch an occasional word like "paroxysmal," and innumerable ways of kissing, when we, poor ignorant things, never knew but one; "amorous glances," which all the men of the place spent twenty-four consecutive hours in trying to give; "Bessie" and "soft places," "pillow" and "night

scenes." And, as if itching for more, they express regrets at not seeing the inside and "bones of a woodcock," "Vickey's merits," etc. "Lie and lying" have become household words. And *Oh mon dieu*, my son so far forgot himself as to say "adultery" when asked if our minister attended the prayer-meeting. He has been running to Brooklyn every day for the last three months, and now our husbands and all the boys of the place are on the Brooklyn rampage. Our farm is neglected, our horses strayed or stolen, and there is nothing left but one poor old ox and the girls to do the spring plowing. The women becoming exasperated, called a meeting and appointed your correspondent a committee of one, to go at once to Brooklyn and inquire into the cause of these terrible results. On leaving the ferry I asked where all the men went that visit Brooklyn from afar. "To the trial," was the ready response. I hastened to the city court-house, ran the gauntlet of more than a thousand men and boys over a pavement of saliva, knocked at the court-room door, when a man squeezed his head through a crevice so small that on withdrawing it he left red hairs sticking to each side, and said I could not come in. I showed him my ticket of admission—"Can't come in, judge says so, so" I turned away something frightened. I had heard those very words from our boys. Just then a door opened on the opposite side of the hall, and a voice sang out, "Make way for the counsel," and giving me a poke or two in the ribs with his elbows, precipitated me on a slide over juice, into the very face of the judge himself. "Your honor," I said bringing up short, and with as much composure as a woman could at suddenly encountering and old Jersey stump over which a last year's pumpkin vine had run leaving nothing but a round specimen of its fruit on the top.

"Yes," he said, looking coyishly from under his eyebrows, and nervously fingering the button of a long frock-coat. I held up my pass. He never spoke, but shook his head like our old brindle when about to kick. Our neighborhood is demoralized, our boys are ruined, I said, still pleading for one little glance at the court-room "inwardness." Old brindle again: "Bad atmosphere," sung out a mysterious voice. Still I plead, declaring that I was not afraid; that I was impervious to all kinds of contagious complaints, from whooping cough and measles to vertigo and small-pox; that I had been vaccinated and baptized, and was never known to faint. "Nevertheless, madam, you were born without feeling," was the heavy reply that fell on my poor head with the weight of a cheese press.

"This is a place of emotion; men weep here; plaintiff and defendant weep; jury, counsel and witnesses weep; spectators weep; and my own pent-up fountains I am holding in reserve for my charge. Then the gates will open, and this very court-house be flooded with the long and resistless discharge, and all women found here will be forever lost."

Well, I was scared, and never stopped running till I reached the ferry-boat.

Now, in the name of all the singing-birds in my garden, what are we to do? The revelations of that court-house have destroyed the purity of our husbands, made rakes of our boys, and our girls are all *enclente*. DAISY JAYNE.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

MILWAUKEE, March 15, 1875.

Dear Friends of the Weekly—I have been thinking much of late on life and its lessons, and propose from time to time to jot down some of my thoughts for your perusal.

The first in importance of all considerations, is how to live so as to insure us the best possible health. Proper generation is of the utmost importance, but in order for children to be properly generated, woman must have perfect freedom sexually, and this can only be acquired through pecuniary independence. I claim that among the people of ordinary intelligence, the lack on the part of woman of any avocation whereby she can make a good, respectable living, is the only reason why she submits to undesired and often disgusting relations, either in marriage or otherwise. So, as the case stands, the right education of those who are already upon the stage of life is necessary before we can have any children properly born.

A child must, even when properly begotten, if reared without regard to the laws of health, eating every kind of unwholesome food, drinking disease-producing beverages, breathing air filled with the emanations from decayed teeth, putrid stomachs, tobacco-filled carcasses, and all manner of evil fumes combined—soon become unhealthy; for a child is being formed faster after birth than before, and takes in more to build up its system well or ill. It requires nine months of gestative life to produce the average weight of seven pounds, but see how much more the child builds in the next nine, and so on year after year. Those who are so wisely talking of the importance of proper generation, should not lose sight of the fact that we are constantly dying, constantly being born, and as a child's ante-natal life is poisoned when its embryo form is nourished by the scrofulous blood of a pork-eating, whisky-drinking mother, so a child, though born with pure blood, can be ruined in health by its ignorant mother feeding it upon unwholesome food, and then trying to remedy the disease thus caused by something still worse in the form of poisonous drugs.

It is estimated that it only requires about seven years for every particle that composes our bodies to be disorganized and replaced by new; so persons who have the misfortune to be badly organized, will, if wise, take courage and strive to learn what food they can use to furnish the material for proper building, that will not make impure blood; that will not overtax the system to digest and assimilate.

For instance, a person with scrofulous tendencies will learn better than to eat pork, pastry made with lard, or any other greasy food; will eschew salt and other condiments, and will live upon fruits and grains in their various forms of preparation; will drink only water and thus rebuild in purity. I know this can be done, from my own experience with regard to myself and also my experience with hosts of patients. There are no elements in this form of food that can be converted into impure blood, and just in proportion as the sys-

tem is rebuilt will the impurities be more rapidly thrown off. Then the sewerage of the body, the perspiratory ducts, should be kept open and thoroughly cleansed by judicious bathing, else the effete matter from worn out, broken down tissues will not escape, but, being retained in the system, will cause disease.

When I see the manner poor humanity is living in; when know that the greatest dietetic abominations are what are considered by our appetite-depraved people as the greatest luxuries; when I see the result of all this ignorance pictured in the wan faces, stooping forms and listlessness of our children entirely wanting in the buoyant step and spirit that belongs of right to childhood, I only wonder that any one lives to maturity and not that everybody is sick as I see them around me; I only wonder they are not all dead. Human nature is surely tough to stand so much abuse. People ought to be as much ashamed to be sick as they are ashamed of drunkenness, and when they come to understand that all sickness is the result of wrong doing, that ignorance alone is responsible for it, then we will find people in earnest to learn how to live instead of boasting of their delicacy and feebleness as they do now.

It should be our religion to live so as to be healthy, strong and vigorous. Then will we be ready to meet the emergencies of life with brave hearts, self-supporting and self-poised; then will what seems to us now like mountains crushing us to earth be no more than mole-hills, easily removed because we are strong; then will we be saved the agony of watching with throbbing brows and aching hearts by the sick bed of those we love, feeling for the last faint flutter of the waning heart, straining our nerves to catch one more tone of love ere they leave us forever. The ties of kindred will be no more harshly sundered, but all will live to ripeness and maturity. Old age will not mean churlishness, decrepitude and imbecility, but richness, sweetness and spirituality, and death will only be opening the portals of a more richly furnished apartment, beautified by the result of good works here. Then life will not only be but seem a blessing.

Yours fraternally, JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

201 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
May 13, 1875.

Dear Weekly—A short time since the New York and San Francisco papers gave a detailed account of the illness and death of a talented and lovely woman, and promising vocalist. The lady had been formerly a resident of this city, and the news of her demise occasioned a profound sensation even in this great centre of fashion and folly, not only because of the youth, beauty and genius of the deceased, but in consequence of the fact, revealed by her upon her death bed, that the fatality was the result of an abortion procured at her solicitation through the agency of a certain female practitioner.

Language was exhausted by the New York correspondents of the San Francisco press in denouncing the infamy of the abortionist, and she was characterized as a monster in human form, a wretch unfit to live, and all agreed that the virtuous conservators of public morals had fitly expressed the universal sentiment, no one stopping to consider that the abortionist is the legitimate fruit of our present social system, and nourished and sustained by it. Compulsory maternity finds refuge in infanticide. The victim of seduction does the same, and the married matron and the despairing girl enter the door of the abortionist on the same errand, though in different guise, both regarding the practitioner, male or female, as an angel of deliverance, a benefactor, a friend in need, and if successful they are profoundly grateful, but if death ensues the victim of ignorance and false education spends her latest breath in betraying the person whose aid she had supplicated with tears only a short time before. Out, I say, upon such treachery! Every enlightened mind reprobates infanticide and all other forms of murder, legal or otherwise, and a few at least realize that the social condition that makes such a crime possible is alone responsible; that when a more wholesome system is inaugurated it will disappear. An infidel physician in Binghamton told me last summer that a married lady, a member of a church in that city, while beseeching him in vain to produce an abortion for her, confessed that she knew of "thirty married women in her own church that had sought relief from the burden of unwelcome maternity in the same way—one of them nine times." This infidel doctor gave me permission to use his name if necessary as confirmation of this story, and I relate it here as proof that so-called Christian women, married, moral and respectable in the estimation of society, assist largely in creating the demand that the hated abortionist satisfies amid universal execration if detected, and that the sooner we turn our attention to the underlying cause of the evils we deplore, instead of dealing simply with results, the better. We shall then find where the blame legitimately belongs.

Yours for the whole truth, LAURA KENDRICK.

THE POOR PASTOR.—The self-denying clergyman has some trifling compensations occasionally. There is poor Dr. Hall of New York. Finding it absolutely impossible to endure any longer the plainness of their church edifice on the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street, costing not much over \$200,000, his suffering Presbyterian people have bought, further up, a piece of ground for \$350,000, and are erecting thereon a building costing over \$500,000 more. The poor pastor's humble house was abandoned and sold at auction for \$24,600, and his flock have bought him a tolerable home for \$60,000, where, on a salary of \$10,000 or \$15,000, he may eke out a scanty existence. Meantime thousands of heathens, within sight of this new temple, are starving to death, intellectually and morally, as well as physically, and the lofty spires of this \$900,000 monument to worldly pride and luxury look down on them in pious scorn.—*Chicago Courier*.

"EACH one of us," says James Freeman Clarke, "has a different Satan." James, the reader will observe, has been married some years, and doesn't believe there is an unfaithful man in the whole world.

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"The diseases of society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language."—JOHN STUART MILL.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are under the necessity of requesting all those to whom we shall send bills in the next few numbers of the WEEKLY and those to whom they have already been sent, to give them prompt attention. Many subscribers are three and six months in arrears, and the number is constantly increasing, which makes it imperative for us to call special attention to the necessities of the situation.

We have no doubt that many of those now in arrears, keep so on account of the recent movement made by us which is interpreted by them to mean conservatism. We have again and again shown the fallaciousness of this, and stated that we have another and a higher truth than any yet promulgated by us, to give to the world—a truth so radical and yet so absolutely important that we approach it most guardedly and carefully. We have to do this for our own safety. We remember too well how our supporters fell away from us when we announced social freedom for the sexes; how they bolted from supporting the WEEKLY when we acknowledged the right of Moses Hull to recite his experiences in the WEEKLY for the benefit of the world. It would be rashness indeed were we not to remember this, now that we have a truth to bear to the waiting world compared with which those that lost us so much support, are tame. The WEEKLY is a thousand times more radical to-day than it was two years ago. Truth is always radical, while error is always conservative, because it consists of dead things—things of the past out of which all life has gone; debris which cumber the way in which the new must come.

So may we not ask our readers to regard the work that we have done, and until they can see the greater one that still remains to do, have a faith in us that we shall never apostatize to the truth, remembering that truth is always radical. What the world needs is to get hold of eternal life. We are going to show it the way. Not by merely saying that it is a possibility, but by unfolding the road (and the only road) that leads to it. In the meantime let us not be made weak and faint by the way by a failure on your part to give us your further aid. Let every one to whom a bill is sent think that upon him or her rests the responsibility of non-support, and hasten to put that responsibility away. We do not want to stop any subscriber's paper, because we know that the next few months will bring revelations, compared with which all former things are but the stepping-stones; but we shall be compelled to drop from our lists those who are greatly in arrears if they do not respond to this call, or request the continuance of the WEEKLY with assurance of early payments. Those who miss their papers within the next few weeks will please understand that they are greatly in arrears, and should remit what is due us at once with another year's or six month's subscription, if possible, in order to insure the regular receipt of the WEEKLY thereafter. Any errors on our part will be promptly corrected on notice.

SEXUAL PURITY—"THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY."

And Jesus answering, said to them, The children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they that are accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.—LUKE xx., 34 to 36.

Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.—ST. MATTHEW, vi., 10.

We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not. And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and Eternal Life.—2 JOHN v., 18 and 20.

Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God.—1 JOHN iii., 9.

But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets.—REVELATIONS, x, 7.

THE TWO KINDS OF LOVE.

It will be remembered by those who have been following this series of editorials that some weeks ago we abruptly left the consideration of a certain phase of the general question, to discuss the general facts of brotherhood, most, if not all of our remarks since then relating to this kind of love. Nothing can be more evident than that there are two kinds of love, one of which relates to the general condition of all people, regardless of sex, and the other built upon the distinctions of sex. In the present development of humanity, nobody will pretend that these two loves are alike; although there are some who may think that the love of sex will, at some time in the future, be merged in the other kind. But against this position we hold that the love of sex will become ever more distinctly separated from brotherly love as men and women grow more and more perfect, spiritually.

So far as love for the whole goes, it will, of course, supply equally all the physical needs and furnish every one alike with all the comforts and luxuries of life. But each and all might have all these things in abundance, and mankind still continue to die. Death is the result of a failure of some one or more of the nutritive functions of the body—of digestion, assimilation or renovation. It is not at all improbable that a natural understanding of all these, and a like understanding of just the material that is needed to replace the worn out particles of the body, would tend to prolong life and to insure health. But this process can never be carried to the point of overcoming death, which is the great and final enemy over which man will have to triumph so that he "shall not die any more, being equal to the angels."

In the legal administrations of man, there have been no provisions made that are based upon the principles of sex-love, except so far as legal marriage may be held to be provision. Legal marriage, however, does not pretend to take any cognizance of love. It is law, and nothing else, and stands in force whether there is love, indifference or hate really existing between the parties married. All legal enactments are based upon the material relations of man, and are the forms of which Jesus represented the spirit—are the body without the soul—are the lifeless forms out of which the spirit long since departed; indeed, in which there is no life—in which nothing but death resides.

THE BIBLE MYSTERY.

It is not a little singular that in all of Christ's teachings he said almost nothing about any kind of love or any of the other relations of the people, save those growing out of brotherhood. Aside from his conversation at the well with the Samaritan woman, to whom he said that if she had asked of him he would have given her water that should be a well in her, springing up unto everlasting life; aside from his, Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more; and aside from his declaration that in the kingdom of God there is no marriage, he said little that can be construed literally to relate to the love of the sexes. Indeed, his dispensation may be regarded as relating wholly to humanitarian love, although if the hidden meaning of much that he said were understood, it would be found to refer almost altogether to something else. There is a hidden thing permeating the whole Bible. The book itself purports to be a mystery in its most essential parts—a mystery that was not to be revealed until the Seventh Angel had performed his work; until the biblical end of the world, whatever that may be proved really to mean, should come. Not even the most dogmatic Christians pretend that the hidden things of which Christ and his disciples, and especially St. Paul, spoke so frequently, have ever been revealed to them. Indeed they cannot consistently so pretend, because the Revelations made by Jesus to John on Patmos, claim specifically that the mysteries of the book—the whole book—are to be unsealed at some time in the future, long distant from that in which they were written.

It is true that St. Paul had considerable to say about marriage and adultery; but what does he tell us he means by all this? In his letter to the Phillippians he says: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." But he hastens to correct the literal rendition of this language by also saying: "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and his church." If this language to the Phillippians instead of having reference to the legal marriage relation of the sexes, as it is held to do by modern Christians, in fact related to the connections of people with the church of Christ, as St. Paul himself explains that it did, then it follows that all of his writings in which the words marriage, wife, adultery, fornication, etc., etc., are used, must by the same rule be also held to refer to the church and not

to legal marriage and its violations. This interpretation of St. Paul's writings, so rich in the mysteries of godliness, will become clear as this subject develops. When we shall show what it is to join the church of Christ and to become a son or a daughter of God, then indeed it will be seen that whosoever marries her that is divorced from the church, committeth adultery. But this not yet; for, like the disciples of Christ, "ye cannot bear them now," and for the same reason. This that his chosen ones could not bear, was the same hidden mystery, but it was made known to Paul, who considered it "not lawful for a man to utter."

Now, to what part of our natures does this mystery refer? Surely not to those parts about which it was not pretended that there was any mystery; surely not to the physical needs of the body; not to the religious demands of the soul; not to the intellectual comprehensions of the mind, because all of these were treated of without reserve or constraint. There was no mystery possible of them. Everything else save the sexual nature—everything save the proper methods of reproduction—is to be found on almost every page of the Bible, but of these there is scarcely a word. It is very naturally to be supposed that, upon so important a matter as that of having the race born properly, Jesus would have taught profusely, instead of giving his attention wholly to curing the ills inherent in the flesh. But he said to the Centurian that "Except a man be born again of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven;" and even this he would not explain. Here, then, we have a direct clue to the mystery so strictly preserved by Jesus and by Paul. It is to be born of the Spirit, and to be so born is to enter into the Kingdom. While to become an inmate of the Kingdom is to also become a Son of God, whom Paul informs us cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him; and this, Paul says, is a great mystery. And, indeed, it remaineth so to this day.

THE MYSTERY OF PRACTICAL LIFE.

In all things that have already been examined in this series, it has been found that, between the prophecies of the Bible and the deductions of science, there is a perfect similarity. So in this mystery that has prevailed all over the earth so long there must also be found the same relation. If it can be discovered that the great mystery of life and of living, is the same that is concealed in the Book of Prophecies, then still another link will be added to show the connection between the inner and the outer, the material and the spiritual life.

It may not have ever occurred to many that there is a great mystery in our everyday life; but it only requires a moment's consideration, after having the attention called to the fact that there is such a mystery, to realize fully that it does exist, and that it is as jealously guarded—as carefully concealed—as is that of the Bible. As all references to the Biblical mystery are made in parables and in allegorical pictures, so also is every allusion to the great mystery of the origin and plan of human life, with the people, shrouded in imagery and spoken of in language which none but the initiated ever for a moment suspect has the remotest reference to the thing really involved. People complain of the difficulty of understanding the Bible, but they never stop to think that the language they themselves use about the very things in which that Book is mysterious, is more open to this criticism. Who is there that speaks out in plain language, which everybody can understand, about the hidden facts of the sexual relations which are the hidden mysteries of the Bible? Who, indeed! There is no one who dares to speak, upon these subjects, for if they do they are hurried to prison to stop the vulgar obscenity, and to prevent the demoralization of the people. Of such people St. Luke wrote truly:

"Wo unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge. Ye entered not in yourselves, and those that were entering in ye prevented."

As Jesus had many things to say to his disciples which they could not bear, and as Paul knew things that it was not lawful for a man to utter, so now there are truths pressing upon the world to find a way to the hearts and understandings of the people which it is not lawful to utter—which even the disciples of truth cannot yet bear. Nevertheless, they must be spoken, else the destruction which the race has inherited will culminate in its being carried down into oblivion, only a Noah's arkfull possibly being saved.

Then who shall prevent the lips of those that know these things from giving them forth to the world, from sounding the alarm from the house-tops and from the heights of the mountains! Cursed forever should be the tongue that refuses to utter the prophecies that are committed to its keeping to be proclaimed! But yet who shall have courage, in the face of all the terrible powers that are arrayed against the truth, to stand in the open places of the earth and call upon the children to keep their hands from polluting the holy temple of their bodies, and to preserve it for God's divine purposes of happiness and of redemption, and to tell their guardians what must come to them to keep them pure and good and strong, and to preserve them always fit emblems of the kingdom as Jesus declared them to be when they were brought to him for his blessing!

Who will be willing to be sacrificed upon the altar of public opinion for bringing the abomination of desolation—the great whore of Babylon—legalized adultery—modern marriage—to judgment by showing its votaries the unnatural practices and life-destroying miasma that lurk behind its wordy enactments—that the law of it killeth while the spirit of it only, giveth life, and that where there is law there can

be no spirit—that law is lust, and that love alone is of the spirit—is of God!

Who shall go to the aged, the weak and the infirm in every way, and charge it upon them that death, disease and suffering are stamped upon their bodies because they have not lived a pure and natural life sexually—to the aged, that for them even there is a balm in Gilead, which obtained, would bring back youth and strength and resurrect them from “this death” into the kingdom to be the sons of God; to the disease-cursed race, that there is a spring of waters perennial to drink from which will heal its every ill and banish the burning hell from which it now is suffering; and to the suffering from any cause, that there is a land flowing with milk and honey and a tree and a river of life, from which all who will may minister to every human want! Who will and who shall dare! And yet these are the very things for which the whole world is hungering and thirsting; these are the very things which are possible of every living soul; these are the things with which God has endowed every human being, for the kingdom of heaven is in every one, and only needs to be sought and found to be enjoyed. This mystery of mysteries—this of which Christ dared not speak, and of which Paul in his most exalted moments and to his most Christian brethren, dared not utter except in metaphor—the meat which Jesus had of which his disciples wot not of—the things that were lawful unto Paul, but which even he did not at all times consider expedient, for reasons not explained—the thing that the world most wants and needs and yet most strenuously rejects—who, then, shall dare to reveal this mystery to the world and thereby save it from itself?

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

The friends of, and searchers after, truth who, with us, have diligently weighed each thought that has been given through us to the world, and especially those who have seen beneath the surface of what was said in the speech that bears the name at the head of this paragraph, will remember that there we spoke of the present tendency of the human race toward extinction, and, as clearly as we dared to then, maintained that this destruction, if it were not warded off, would come as the result of sexual impurity and debauchery, and that the only salvation possible is in a perfected sexual blending; or, in other words, in natural sexual purity, of which there is scarce any in the world, and where its possibilities even do exist it is prevented from expressing itself, and of thus saving its subjects. It would have been madness for us then to have said as we feel now to say, that these possibilities reside in every human being; that they were given of God from the beginning to all alike, and that until the death of the physical body, at least, no one can be despoiled of this inheritance, although each may, as every one makes haste to do as soon as its germs begin to move within the growing body, barter away its realization for something which, when compared with its glories and munificence, is less than a mess of pottage. This inheritance is indeed the elixir of life, but it does not exist where the people who are searching for it expect to find it; or rather the methods by which they seek it lead them away from, rather than toward, the place where it is to be found. Indeed, “straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be who find it.” Nevertheless, the way is in every one, and every body desires to partake of the riches of the Kingdom; but they are reserved solely for those who enter by the straight and narrow way, and to so enter is to maintain one's self “unspotted from the world,” that is, sexually pure, for he or she who is this remains as little children.

But our friends of the celibacy order must not conclude from the language of this article, or from the quotation from Paul at its head, that we have found that they have got the truth; for they have only a part of the truth, which is always the worst kind of a lie. They, like all the other sects in sex, die of disease. The truth, possessed and lived, will conquer death. So celibacy is not the truth, any more than polygamy, polyandry, monogamy, promiscuousness, prostitution, select variety, or any other known kind of sex relations, is the truth. The advocates of each of the various theories think that their practice produces the most happiness, but if the happiness which each confers were consolidated with that which every other one reveals, the sum total would be insignificant merely, besides the joy and gladness that will come when the truth, in all its glory about the sexual relations, shall be born into the hearts and lives of men and women.

MORE LATTER-DAY CHRISTIANITY.

We sometimes wonder if professing Christians ever consider what Jesus could have meant when he declared emphatically that “the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.” Now here is a positive declaration of the meaning of the language of which, there is no possibility of being mistaken. The reason that these classes will be the first to go into the kingdom is, because they are in a better condition to accept the real truth when it shall come than any other class. The truth has never yet come, for Jesus said, and evolution says, that he who has the truth shall never die. This is the test; and this it is for which all seek.

There is another inconsistency for which Christians are answerable. They pray after the manner taught by their professed Master, that “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,” and he also informs them that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Yet when a movement is begun to bring at least so much of “Thy kingdom” and “Thy will” in earth as to neither marry or to give in marriage, they protest against it with all their might, and say it is of the devil. What good can be expected from such consistency as this?

To, if possible, still more deeply impress the import of all this language, we repeat that little children are sexually pure, and that the mystery to be revealed will teach how this purity may be preserved and still not ignore the natural powers and needs of the sexual functions; will teach woman that her menstrual flow is so much human life spilled on the ground and wasted, which, saved to the race, would fully renew its wasting energies, and together with an equal saving in the seed of man, which is now worse than wasted, would not only completely rejuvenate mankind, but for all coming time preserve and sanctify its life. Remember we tell you that these things are true, and that they are to be revealed to man in the immediate future, for “the seventh angel has begun to sound,” at which time it was appointed that “the mystery of God should be finished”—that is, revealed.

A DEFINITION OF FREE LOVE.

We have numerous inquiries still coming in as to what free love means, and several requests to keep a definition of it standing in the WEEKLY. We present the following as a full and concise statement:

Free love is the regulation of the affections according to the conscience, taste and judgment of the individual, in place of their control by law, which, since they are of natural and not of legal origin, can have no rightful or proper dominion over them.

THE BROOKLYN BUSINESS.

The most damaging thing that has happened to Mr. Beecher's side of the case, just now coming to its end, is the stab given it by ex-Judge Porter. In our estimation this wound will prove fatal to a verdict for the defense. There have been many serious wounds inflicted upon Mr. Beecher. His side of the case was badly crippled in its opening by the high-handed, vituperative and bombastic promises of Mr. B. F. Tracy and a series of witnesses, whose personal feelings for Mr. Beecher were so strong that their bias amounted almost to a perversion of the facts they stated, followed in the train and strain of this opening, which have their logical sequence in the summing up of ex-Judge Porter. Perhaps Mr. Beecher's lawyers really know the bottom facts of their case, and as lawyers always do when such facts are against their client, resort to blackguarding the opposite side as their best defense. If this is really the case it furnishes a solution to the extraordinary speech that has been made by Mr. Porter. But even this solution shows the want of wisdom that has ruled Mr. Beecher's side of the case. It is true that the conflicting evidence that has been introduced will make it a difficult task for the jury to come to a just verdict, founded strictly upon the evidence. It is this fact, in connection with the above probability, that caused Mr. Porter to still more mystify the jury by giving additional coloring to the disparaging facts developed against Mr. Tilton by the stream of coarse and vulgar (not to say false and blackguard) language that has fallen from that lawyer's lips. In a low police court, about a drunken brawl in a house of ill-fame, we should expect to hear such language as Mr. Porter has offered to the jury in this case as argument; but when the most renowned and popular preacher of the day and age is on trial for seducing one of the lambs of his flock, and he is defended by the foremost lawyers of the day in this way, we confess to being utterly confounded. Even a lawyer, who is a refined gentleman, ought to remember that he is a gentleman when playing the lawyer; but when such an one forgets the gentleman when pleading for his client, and hurls vile epithets not warranted by any evidence introduced into the case, then he ceases to be a gentleman, and begins to be the vulgar braggart and malicious blackguard.

For our part we do not comprehend why a lawyer in his pleadings should not be held as strictly accountable for the language he uses as at any other time. If he uses false, malicious and libellous words for the purpose of affecting the jury adversely against the opposing party, then such language seems to us to be even more reprehensible than at any other time or upon any other occasion, for not only is the opponent's character damaged before the public just as much as it would be otherwise, but the justice of his case is also liable to be impaired before the jury. In such a case the lawyer resorting to such tactics is not only liable to the person damaged for his libel upon him, but he is further liable, in equity, for whatever loss, in the case in question, which he suffers.

But after all, as we said in the beginning, we believe this course will do Mr. Beecher harm and Mr. Tilton good. The world generally has become too intelligent and is too largely developed in genuine morality, and desire to render justice to each other too earnestly, to be influenced by such vituperation and vulgar abuse in the direction sought by it; but when Mr. Porter advanced in a menacing attitude upon Mr. Tilton, threatening and almost striking him, Mr. Tilton would have been justified in repelling the attack as if he felt it were to proceed to actual blows. What any other man may do, a lawyer may do, but not more. If we were in Mr. Tilton's place, and Mr. Porter should advance

upon us, as he has upon him, we should assuredly repel the threatened attack in a manner that would forbid its being repeated.

Mr. Porter ends his tirade, for it can be called nothing else, to-day—Tuesday—and Mr. Beecher at least should be glad enough that it closes without more serious complications than have been developed; and Mr. Evarts takes up the line laid down. For the sake of truth and justice we hope that he will abjure the course that Mr. Porter has followed, and give the jury a fair, and if possible, a logical construction of the testimony that has been offered in Mr. Beecher's defense. Not any arguments that he can offer, however, can wholly repair the damage done by Mr. Porter; therefore if Mr. Beecher obtains a verdict, it may be justly attributed to his personal reputation and his long life of varied usefulness, rather than to any defense that his lawyers have made of him.

From Mr. Beach we shall expect a masterly and wise handling of Mr. Tilton's side of the case. He has the opportunity to kill Mr. Porter as a lawyer, and although they are personally friends, we do not think he will hesitate in this case, where his own reputation as a lawyer is so directly at stake. For, whether justly or otherwise, which ever side wins or loses in this case, the lawyers upon the former side will leave it with their reputations fully established for all coming times, and those upon the latter side with their ability as counsel and advocates sadly shattered. If Mr. Beach wishes to win a verdict from the jury, let him adopt a course just the reverse of that which Mr. Porter has followed. Instead of invective, abuse, contumely and contempt, let him use the weapons of the contrary class—let him praise Mr. Beecher for all that he deserves, and then lay the weight of evidence that he has to use against him before the jury; and above everything else let him not argue upon any facts or suppositions that are not to be legitimately drawn from the testimony deduced from the witness-stand.

Let this trial result as it may, it will make no difference in the public verdict. That is already made up. Mr. Beecher's own testimony did more than anybody else's to confirm his guilt. It was not natural; it was overstrained and improbable, and its various parts were not in harmony either with themselves or with the commonly accepted meaning of language. At every point his explanations of his conduct, which he had to admit, had the evidence of being forced constructions, made to harmonize with a necessary theory. Nor will the difficulty, as between the two contestants, be settled when the case shall end, unless there shall be a verdict against Mr. Beecher. When the jury shall have decided upon the testimony that has been offered in court, under the ruling of the court, then the evidence that has been excluded by legal rules will begin to be made public.

Thus the case will enlarge until all the facts in any way connected with the parties will be revealed, beside developing various other parties similarly involved with them, and still on, through them, others again, until the great abomination, modern legal marriage, which has brought desolation over the face of the earth, shall stand not only revealed, but condemned before the world as the place where hypocrites, thieves and liars, adulterers, fornicators and workers of all iniquity hide themselves from the public gaze and reprobation.

BEGINNING TO SEE IT.

It will be remembered how almost universal has been the denunciation measured out by the press upon us for having made the Beecher scandal public. A very large part, if not the whole, of this blackguardism of the press that has permeated the whole people, had its origin in the abuse leveled at us for the act. We have had no way of counteracting this influence outside of our immediate circle of readers and the few whom we could reach through the rostrum. Whenever we have attempted to combat it through the press by written articles, they have been denied admission, simply because we were the writer. Articles written by others, bearing upon the scandal, have also been rejected by the prominent dailies, because they chanced to contain some sentences or passages that might be construed into a justification of some part of our conduct—into a “defense of Mrs. Woodhull.” Matter of the utmost importance has been rejected solely on this account. The papers have refused news and facts regarding the parties involved, startling in their character, rather than print a word which might be made to appear favorable to us.

This has been the wisdom, or the foolishness rather, that has ruled the press of this city, as well as many of the influential papers of other cities, for nearly three years now. We say foolishness, because men blessed at all with the dawning of reason ought to have known that they could not, by ignoring the truth, blot it out of existence or suppress utterly the recognition of a great public benefit by blackguarding its author. To escape doing justice and to make what they ought to have known, and in many cases probably did know, would result in great advantage, they have persistently argued to show that it was a great calamity to publicly assert that Mr. Beecher was guilty of legal adultery with Mrs. Tilton; that it was a terrible wrong to tell the world that the social system was honey-combed with rottenness and irregularities; just as if to cover up the facts would really suppress the diseases. All such writers may have been dolts and asses, incapable of comprehending a

principle or of tracing a cause. If they were, then we say God have mercy on the public teachers, and on the public for having such teachers. We are inclined, however, not to attribute their course to a lack of brains, but to the possession of quite another motive. It is well known that nearly all of the editors of the great daily papers knew more or less about this enormous scandal, but since it was Beecher—the American Protestant Pope—who was involved, they hadn't the courage to attack him; they bowed in abject servility before his power, and at the nod of his head they all bent their backs. So when the facts came to the knowledge of a woman who had a paper of her own in which to print the scandal, and in which she did print the facts that they had not dared to print, or else that they had been purchased from printing, they all joined together like a pack of hounds to bay her to prison or to death. Such is the gallantry and the honor and the valor and the magnanimity of American journalism, conducted by these valiant men.

But we believe all this will change. Having found that even a woman may attack the strongest power in the country and not be crushed to death, these men are beginning to gather up courage to have an honest opinion or two of their own; and to print a thing or two without asking Beecher's permission. We confess to not a little surprise at this, but it is nevertheless so, as may be seen from the following, which we excerpt from an editorial in the *N. Y. Sun*, of the 23d inst:

As to the Beecher business leaving any "permanent poison lurking in the vitals of society," as the young editor puts it in his weighty way, there is no chance of that if the scandal is probed to the bottom and the guilty punished according to desert. This whole year's turmoil means the effort of society to get rid of a virulent poison; and it is a healthful action indicative of an encouraging condition of the social body. If it had not occurred, the young editor and everybody else might have felt despondent about the religion and morals of the community. These are matters on which the young editor may well continue to ponder in that tall tower.

"The effort of society to get rid of a virulent poison." Indeed there is hope for Mr. Dana yet. "A healthful action indicative of an encouraging condition of the social body." Well done for the *Sun*. "If it had not occurred everybody might have felt despondent." Well! well! Is wisdom and common sense really coming into some editor's brains? If Mr. Dana goes on in this way may we not expect to find him saying just what he thinks: That Victoria Woodhull did the world a service when she published the Beecher scandal, and that the press treatment of her has been infamous, merely; and may not some other editors become gentlemen also, and, forgetting that it was a woman who did what they dared not do, at least cease their base vilifications of her?

THE REAL BROTHERHOOD.

Could anything be more beautiful than the genuine sisterly love between two women, one of whom was the legal wife, and the other of whom is the natural wife of Moses Hull, about all of whom there has been the most dastardly vilification even among reformers. Mattie Sawyer has just returned from a sisterly visit to Elvira Hull at Vineland. What an advance is this upon the modern Christian method! Had Elvira and Mattie been Christians, after the latter-day sort, they must have been bitter enemies instead of friends as they are. It is well known that Elvira, on account of her virtue and courage, has been so badly ostracized that she has found it difficult to live in Vineland. In her emergencies she has been assisted by her sister Mattie, who has the advantage of being able to earn more than her own support before the public. If anybody can point out a more beautiful illustration of the reconciling power of freedom than is furnished by these two, let him or her who can, lose no time in so doing. Long lives of usefulness and happiness to them all.

THE OMISSION OF THE TRIAL.

In the New York *Sun* of May 20 there was an able editorial under the above caption, in which this phase of the trial was elaborately set forth. Both sides were very properly characterized as wishing to suppress testimony that they feared. Mrs. Tilton's rejection by the defense, and the exclusion thereby of Miss Anthony, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Richards, and others to whom she is said to have narrated her intimacy with Mr. Beecher, were severely commented upon. What Henry C. Bowen was not permitted to testify to was charged up against Mr. Beecher with telling effect, as having been prevented by his lawyers.

The following, upon still another point, will serve to show the tenor of the whole article, which was more than a column in length:

Mrs. Woodhull is another omitted witness. She was competent, had talked with both parties about the scandal, and was as near to it as almost anybody else outside of Tilton, Mrs. Tilton and Moulton and Beecher himself. She has a tale to tell, and she will surely not keep it locked up in her breast forever. Neither, for that matter, will the knowledge of most of the other uncalled witnesses whom we have named be permanently buried. It will come out some time to trouble those who should have brought it out now. Frank Carpenter, the artist, was also left out by both sides. That he knows a good deal, however, is indisputable; and in self-defense he will be sure to give it to the public. He has been accused of blackmailing, and that is an imputation which no man whose character is worth a rush can afford to endure without fighting it with all the force at his command.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher told her class about the wise and foolish virgins, and asked them the next Sunday to repeat the story. All but one little miss had forgotten, and she only remembered that it was about "them women who forgot their kerosene."

"THAT FENCE."

FARMINGTON, Mich., 1875.

Dear Weekly—Three or four years ago there appeared in the *Christian Union* a short article entitled "That Fence," complaining of the Baptists for their close communion, and closing with, "In spite of the fence we must keep up friendly relations with the Baptists—must shake hands with them through the pickets and kiss them through the knot holes."

I immediately wrote a letter to Henry Ward Beecher, for publication in the *Christian Union*. I felt sure that the sentiments of the letter were those of Henry Ward, but I ceased to wonder at its non-appearance when I learned that rather than acknowledge his real sentiments and confess to a blundering attempt to practice them clandestinely, Mr. Beecher would take "cold pizen."

Neglecting to retain a copy of my letter, I will reproduce it now from memory:

To Henry Ward Beecher—I looked at "That Fence" in the last *Christian Union*—looked at it just a moment, and then my eyes wandered to other similar fences that cover the entire world like a tangled net-work. There was the national fence, the ecclesiastical fence, the matrimonial fence and a complete mesh of small fencing that defied my power of classification. I tried to see the fence that marks the boundaries of heaven and hell, and to see the wax that Brigham Young used to seal Nettie V. Smith for eternity. These obstructions pertaining to eternity seemed intangible, and I concluded they were creatures of the imagination; but this made the earthly fences seem all the more real, tangible and hideous. I walked by the side of the national fence; I heard the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and streams of blood came running to my very feet! I then gazed upon the ecclesiastical fence and saw upon every panel the words, "Stand by thyself for I am holier than thou." The wranglings and contentions of the inmates were hushed only when they wished to organize raids upon the people outside.

Then I came to the matrimonial fence and heard a countless throng of women each sigh and say:

"Forced from home and all its pleasures."

"Time was when I was free as air,"

"But caught and caged, and starved to death."

I then saw that all these fences were intended to prevent the union of mankind upon the principle of natural selection—a principle containing the elements of happiness and peace. With a world thus organized for mutual help and mutual enjoyment, life would be worth living for. Now, existence, with most, is but a struggle for life, and a very severe struggle at that. Then, economy, equality and general prosperity would supersede waste, poverty, intemperance and war. Brother Beecher—brother by virtue of our common humanity—how refreshing the sight would be if you would put forth your giant hands and lay all these fences right and left. Samson would tip his hat to you, and posterity would bless your name forevermore. But no, you would remove the inside fences only to repair the outside fence that is to separate all Christians—so called—from the rest of mankind. You, personally, would shake hands with and kiss us through the pickets, but your companions inside would never be satisfied till they had served us outsiders as the crusaders served the infidels of Palestine.

Sometimes "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" is commendable, but this "kissing through knot holes" is altogether too difficult. Down with the fences.

Yours for enlightened universal liberty,

G. R.

HOW WE FADE.

As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the dim vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the long-continued struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs by the wayside, and, like him, are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world has the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she once had for ourselves, and that she now has for our children.—*The Telegram*.

THE *Star* represents Mr. Beecher sowing turnip seed on his farm at Peekskill; but the picture is so poorly executed that the seeds appear to be mostly wild oats.

THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL BOOK.—Scholar (reading it)—These are the children which Milcah bore.

School Marm—Stop! That is wrong. Read it over."

Scholar—These are the children which Milcah bore."

School Marm—That will do. That is quite possible. They might milk a bear, but they couldn't milk a boar."

A FRENCH butcher, who was on his death-bed, said to his wife: "If I die, Françoise, you must marry our shop boy. He is a good young man, and the business cannot be carried on without a man to look after it."

"I have been thinking about that already," said his wife.

P. was attacked with a disease for which his physician prescribed calomel. After he had taken it for some time, one day the doctor asked him if the medicine had in any manner affected his teeth. "I don't know," faintly whispered P., "but you can see; they are in the top drawer of the bureau. Mrs. P. will hand them to you."

"HULLO, bub! trying to get an appetite for your dinner?" "Well, n-o-o, not exactly; fact is, I'm trying to get a dinner for my appetite."

"HAVE you 'Blasted Hopes?'" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," said he; "it's only a blasted toothache."

"SIR," said an old judge to a young lawyer, "you would do well to pluck some of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment."

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

DR. SLADE, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 18 West Twenty-first street, near Broadway.

PROF. LISTER, the astrologist, can be consulted at his rooms No. 329, Sixth avenue. Address by letter, P. O. Box 4829.

ALL families and invalids should have Prof. Paine's short-hand treatment of disease—a small book of forty pages. Sent free on application to him at No. 232 North Ninth street, Phila, Pa.

THOSE who desire admirable dental work can be sure of obtaining it from Dr. C. S. Weeks, 107 East Twenty-sixth street, three doors east of Fourth ave. Dr. W. is a careful, skillful and honest dentist.—ED.

BOARD AND TREATMENT FOR INVALIDS.—No. 53 Academy street, Newark, N. J.—Dr. L. K. Coonley, clairvoyant, with long experience in all kinds of diseases, warrants satisfaction. Uses medicines, plain and homo-electricity, and magnetism. Solicits correspondence. Sends medicines by express. Has good accommodation for boarding patients on liberal terms.

WARREN CHASE may be addressed at Cobden, Ill., during May, and at Independence, Iowa, during June, and at *Banner of Light* office, Boston, Mass., during July and August. He may be engaged for Sundays of July and August in or near Boston.

FOOLISH.—Many persons suffer all through their lives, because they neglect their teeth. They suffer tooth-ache and indigestion as a result of bad teeth, when they might be saved from pain, and secure sound healthy teeth, by using BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE, to be had of any druggist.

THE NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their Fourth Annual Convention in Grow's Opera Hall 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., commencing on Friday, June 11, 1875, and continuing over Sunday, June 13. The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M. on Friday. O. J. HOWARD, M.D., President. E. D. Wilson, Secretary.

Send Austin Kent one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been sixteen years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are hardly well posted on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Box 44.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS—This distinguished magnetic physician stands to-day one of the most successful spiritual physicians of the age. He is now treating the sick by his Magnetized Powder in every State of the Union, and in the British Provinces, with a success which is truly remarkable. T. Blair, Woodstock, Ill., writes: "After being bed-ridden, I am now up and around, and can eat and sleep better than I have for years." M. Heasley, Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I can now hear the clock tick distinctly without using the ear-trumpet—the first time for years." M. A. Charlton, Allegheny, Pa., writes: "My Bronchitis and Catarrh difficulty is entirely relieved." L. B. Chandler, No. 1 Grant Place, Washington, D. C., writes: "For twenty years past I have tested the skill of some of the most eminent physicians, and unhesitatingly affirm that Dr. Fellows is one of the best." The Doctor is permanently located in Vineland, N. J., where the Powder can be had at \$1 per box.

MARION TODD, the sprightly, vivacious, uncompromising lecturer and charming woman, has changed her headquarters from Michigan, where she has been speaking for the past two years with success and profit, to the East; now being at Springfield, Mass., where she is, as we learn, delivering a most entertaining course of lectures on spiritual and social reform. Societies in New England who like to hear a speaker who has got an opinion and is not afraid to talk about it, will do well to apply to her, care of B. B. Hill, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. NELLIE L. DAVIS speaks in Salem during May, in Maine during June and July, in New Haven, Conn., during August. Further engagements for the autumn and winter months may be made on application to her permanent address, 235 Washington st, Salem, Mass. Mrs. Davis is an agent for the WEEKLY, and is constantly supplied with photographs of the editors of this paper, which may be purchased upon application to her. She will also receive and or ward contributions in aid of the WEEKLY.

The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Clafin will hereafter be furnished, postage paid, at the following liberal prices:

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull \$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Clafin 2 00
The Principles of Social Freedom 25
Reformation or Revolution, Which? 25
The Elixir of Life; or, Why do we Die? 25
The Scare-Crows of Sexual Slavery 25
Tried as by Fire; or the True and the False Socially 25
Ethics of Sexual Equality 25
Photographs of V. C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Clafin and Col. Blood, 50c. each, or three for 1 00
Three of any of the Speeches 50c., or seven for ... 1 00
One copy each, of Books, Speeches and Photographs for 6 00
A liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.

BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE.
OF THE PANTARCHY.

The increasing number of letters in respect to the nature, purposes and prospects of the Pantarchy, suggests the propriety of organizing a bureau for the purpose of answering such and similar inquiries. There are two other kinds of letters: the first touching social difficulties, and asking for advice or consolation; the others asking information on matters of reform, spiritualism, unitary life, the new language, and the like.

To serve this great want, THE BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE will undertake to answer ANY QUESTION (admitting of an answer) upon ANY SUBJECT. If the question is of a kind which the Bureau is unable to answer, the fee will be returned.

The fees charged are: For a reply on postal card to a single inquiry, 10 cents; for a letter of advice, information, or sympathy and consolation, 25 cents. In the latter case, the letter of inquiry must contain a stamp, for the answer. Newspapers inserting this circular, can avail themselves of the aid of the Bureau without charge.

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JOHN G. ROBINSON, M. D.,
ASENATH C. McDONALD,
DAVID HOYLE,
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Address Mr. David White, Sec. B. C. P., 75 W. 54th St., New York.

PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

It advocates a new government in which the people will be their own legislators, and the officials the executors of their will.

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate.

2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land.

3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.

4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making.

5. A new financial system, in which the government will be the source, custodian and transmitter of money, and in which usury will have no place.

6. A new sexual system, in which mutual consent, entirely free from money or any inducement other than love, shall be the governing law, individuals being left to make their own regulations; and in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children.

7. A new educational system, in which all children born shall have the same advantages of physical, industrial, mental and moral culture, and thus be equally prepared at maturity to enter upon active, responsible and useful lives.

All of which will constitute the various parts of a new social order, in which all the human rights of the individual will be associated to form the harmonious organization of the peoples into the grand human family, of which every person in the world will be a member.

Criticism and objections specially invited. The WEEKLY is issued every Saturday.

Subscription price, \$3 per year; \$1.50 six months; or 10c. single copy, to be had of any Newsdealer in the world, who can order it from the following General Agents:

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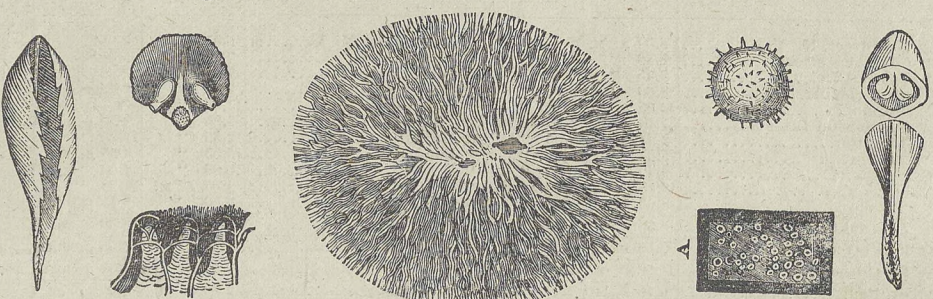
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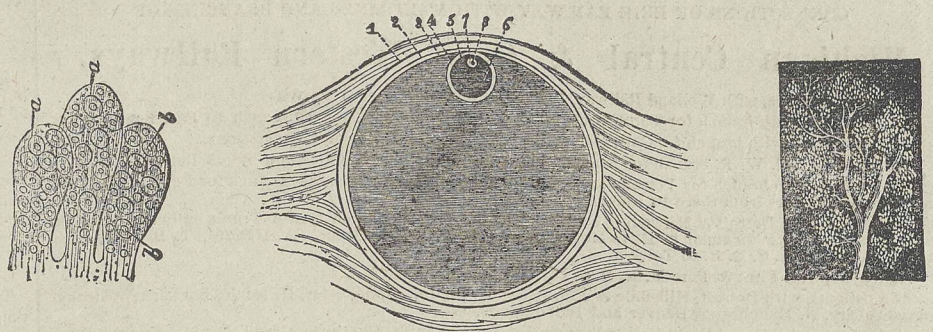
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STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.
" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.20 "
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "
" Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo.	11.45 "
Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
" Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton.	2.55 "
" London.	5.35 "	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	5.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.	...	Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	...	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	...	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	...	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "	...	" Denison.	8.00 "
" Galveston.	10.45 "	...	" Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	...	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	...	" Columbus.	6.30 "
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	...	" Little Rock.
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	...	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	...	" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.	" Cheyenne.	12.30 P. M.
" Ogden.	" Ogden.	5.30 "
" San Francisco.	" San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	...	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
" Quincy.	11.15 "	...	" Quincy.	9.45 "
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "	...	" St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	...	" Kansas City.	9.25 "
" Atchison.	11.00 "	...	" Atchison.	11.17 "
" Leavenworth.	12.10 "	...	" Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.
" Denver.	7.00 A. M.	...	" Denver.

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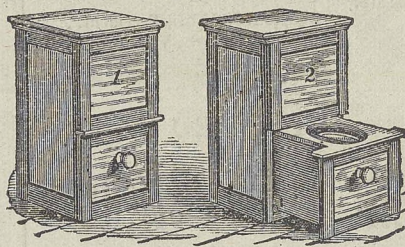


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