

# WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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*The truth shall make you free.—Jesus.*

*In the days of the voice of the seventh angel, the mystery of God shall be finished.—St. John the Divine.*

*Whereof I was made a minister to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God.—Paul.*

TO HELEN NASH.

I certainly did not intend to wound you so sorely; but you may be sure they are "the wounds of a friend," which are "faithful." For I recognize in you a fellow-laborer, whose heart I would encourage and whose hands I would strengthen. Nor did I intend to misquote, and thereby to any extent wrong you; and I think, so far as the misquotation goes, I have not to any great extent done so. For you say, "In nearly every instance when I have been approached, etc.," and as "nearly every instance" establishes a rule which "exceptions prove," I merely used the word "whenever" for brevity's sake. Nor do I think "the qualifying clause makes a vast difference in the meaning as I have put it. For whenever men approach women from the motive which you suggest they think or care very little whether they are the 'avowed advocates of true principles' or not; and I think by this time most men, if they have not already, will soon find out that the advocates of such principles are less open to such approach than others.

You speak of my "intense personalities" to you. Please remember that I said, "What I am here saying I do not intend as anything especially personal to you, but am trying to explain principles which are alike applicable to all persons." By this I mean that such is the law of spiritual growth that when we feel called into any department of the great field of reform, while we think we are only smiting outwardly at public evils, we are as really, though perhaps unconsciously, smiting inwardly at private evils in ourselves where all public evils have their roots. It took me long years of warfare to find out this truth.

I regret that you should think that I cast at you innuendoes of any sort. I should feel myself debased were I even capable of doing so. You say that you have the misfortune to be misunderstood. Well, it does seem hard, and yet I long since learned that

"Souls whom God hath called to sway earth's rudder and to steer the Bark of Truth, beating her against the wind  
Toward her port, must bear the mean  
And buzzing grievances, the petty martyrdoms  
Wherewith sin strives to weary out  
The tethered hope of faith;  
The sneers, the cold, unrecognized look  
Of friends, who worship the dead corpse  
Of old King Custom, where it  
Doth lie in state within the church."

So, as this is the lot of all genuine reformers, let us cheerfully accept the situation.

You will see, then, that your "random shaft" did not come home to me personally; nor have I "taken up the cudgels for men generally." I leave "cudgels" and all other implements of mere combat, to those who are under the dominion of discord. I merely speak for an impartial treatment of both sexes. Yes, truly did Christ apply hard names to those who "devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers;" but against the passion of sex, or its exercise, he uttered no word of judgment or condemnation.

And now, let us waste no more time in setting ourselves personally right. As an individual, I may be far from the highest and best, both in my thought and feeling, on this subject; but that will not affect the everlasting principles of truth upon which it is based. And I do hope you will not consider yourself as personally under discussion; as I shall only say, what in my opinion will follow outwardly, from certain inward states of the affections.

During nearly forty years I have made this a subject of deep, earnest, thoughtful and conscientious inquiry; and during six years past, I have had in preparation, and which I hope soon to bring before such as are ready to receive them, several essays on The Ministry of Sex. And as what I have already there written will very nearly convey what I

wish now to say further on this subject, I here transcribe some passages from one of these essays.

"Let us, therefore, reverently approach this inner Sanctuary, the Divine Inmost, the 'Holy of Holies' in our own souls. And let us come with unshodden feet, and a due preparation of heart and life; and bring to its contemplation thoughtful minds and sanctified affections; for 'the true Shekinah is man,' and, as 'the pure in heart shall see God,' and, as God is here, in us, with His loving, creative and supporting power, whosoever fails of seeing Him in a fact so grand and beautiful as this of sex, may know of a truth that he is not pure in heart."

"If the creative power is unrefined, rude, coarse, the offspring of this power must take on the conditions of the passions involved in its conception and formation; and so must be coarse, selfish, lustful. Chasten, purify, refine, elevate the creative power, and its products must follow the same conditions. For 'a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit; nor can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.' Make the tree of man good, at his central and creative power, and his fruit shall be good also. So the only effective work of the social scientist and reformer lies here, at the root of the whole matter."

"When we shall come to a full recognition of this Divine presence, this Immanuel within us, and shall know of a truth that woman is, the incarnation of God's sacred mystery of motherhood, even our own mother, and man the no less sacred mystery of fatherhood, our own father, that we are in very deed the offspring of God, and so partakers of the Divine character, how shall we shrink and shiver at the bare thought of degrading our highest and holiest powers and affections to the base level of property which we may own and traffic in under the regulations of our own statutes and devices. And this reverence and chastity must relate more especially to the act of sexual communion." \* \* \* "For the Divine love operates and is manifested in woman, and the Divine wisdom in man. And when understood and comprehended, this communion will ennoble, bless and sanctify our whole being. Until then we may degrade and profane ourselves thereby."

"Paul speaks of those who, in the outward, symbolic sacraments of the church, 'Eat and drink unto themselves damnation, not discerning the Lord's body.' So when men and women, discerning no Divine presence within themselves, come to this vital communion with profane and unsanctified affections and prostitute 'life's holiest sacrament' to the gratification of a lustful appetite, they fall under judgment and shame. And then, instead of searching out the cause of this degrading revulsion, they condemn the sacrament itself."

"But the conduct of this communion in its highest spiritual exercise lifts the soul into that conscious fellowship of love and wisdom wherein their forces unite and blend for the most grand and beautiful of all ends and purposes." \* \* \* "When we have attained to a full spiritual culture the combined will holds each passion under its absolute control; and the sexual passion being thus subordinated to the soul's highest needs, its purely reproductive office is held in reserve for the best possible conditions for generation. For, as I have already hinted, the sexual force has a sacramental, as well as a reproductive, use, and the one does not involve, or ever suppose, the other."

"But when sanctified to its sacramental uses it becomes the most loyal and willing servant of benevolence, veneration, spirituality, and truth and beauty, in all their forms and expressions, and so gives tone, vigor and strength to all the moral and spiritual faculties, and assures their devotion to the highest and noblest purposes of life; for the two elements are thereby interblended in a sweet and divine union. Indeed, in such states of the affections the heavens are opened, and one can say of a truth, 'I have seen God,' for the Divine life is therein revealed; and there comes to the soul such a sense of benediction as to sanctify all feeling and make the love of wrong and sin impossible."

"For, to the chastened, refined and unselfish soul who feels his kinship with all life and a brotherhood in, and a fellowship with, all mankind, there is no other power which can bring him into such vital and intimate relationship with all things, as this power of sex through its living communications. For, as all life flows from it, so all life centres in it. And so whosoever enters chastely and reverently into sexual communion

does really discover that this is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven."

"Nor is there any sacrament of wine, baptism or prayer, so sacred as this communion of sex when each participant feels the Divine life in his and her own soul inflowing and interblending with the other. Hence by this living communion with God through the fellowship of sex comes, as above stated, the redemption and salvation from all sin."

These extracts will help to illustrate the best thought and feeling on this subject to which I have yet attained. And what we all need is something which will strengthen our aspirations in this direction. And I think the drift and tendency of the discussions on this subject are toward the higher sunlit plains above indicated.

So let us

"Far within Old Darkness'  
Hostile lines advance, and  
Pitch the shining tents of light."

LORING MOODY.

IS THE DAY BREAKING?

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

"It breaks, it comes, the misty shadows fly,  
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear;  
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

The terrible question of the relation of the sexes in some form will up, in spite of the efforts to repress its discussion. The human mind cannot be checked in its career in search of truth, but will assert its prerogative in spite of the church and State. The editor of the WEEKLY has passed through an ordeal but a hair's breadth this side of death—calumny, the dungeon, sickness—because she had the virtue and boldness to open the cancerous excrescences which had fastened themselves on society, seeking to remove them, that the body politic might become whole and pure, be in the best possible condition to evoke the best results, and give us men and women fitted for the great duties of life. It is hard to be forced to endure such trials and tribulations, but such has been the fate of the reformers. Out of their martyrdom has come the seeds of progress, that vitalizing power which has carried cause after cause to victory. Since she struck a blow for Social Freedom, and summoned the popular sexual philosophy to judgment, there has been a decided change, an advance, freer thought running out in various channels, all tending to elucidate the question in some of its phases.

There are bolder words now on the marriage system, which is a prophecy of reform, a discarding of the element of slavery, and a basing the union of the sexes on those laws of reciprocity and adaptation which grow out of sex. Marriage has lost much of its sacredness as a legal institution.

Then again the rearing of children, including procreation, is no longer a question too delicate to be discussed. The church for long centuries has been preaching regeneration as the essential agency which was to make the world, or the men and women in it, better, but without effect. This theological idea is now well nigh exploded, and it begins to be understood that generation is the starting point, the medium through which salvation must come. The subtle laws of heredity transmit evil as well as good, if evil be present, be there ever so much praying and psalm singing. The world has been aware of this so far as animals are concerned, and for some two centuries has studiously sought to improve horses, cows, swine, etc., and even vegetables. Grand results have been accomplished, the character and quality of our domestic animals having been essentially bettered. During all this time nothing has been done to improve the human race. It was too delicate a subject to even think about, much more to write or talk about. It is not so now, however. There is quite a literature on the subject, developed within a very few years. The subject, too, is presented on public occasions, and discussed without creating excitement.

Last week the farmers of Franklin County, Mass., had their annual gathering. At the dinner, instead of having a set orator, they trusted to improvised speaking from among themselves. R. N. Oakman, ex-County Commissioner, being called upon, squarely "hit the nail on the head." He said, we had societies whose object was to propagate cattle, and what was now needed was a society to propagate our own species. We have stock shows, let us have baby shows. The race is deteriorating, because the duty of propagating is shirked. Another farmer, D. O. Fiske, being called upon,

Ms. Journal

followed in the line of the first speaker, and in the course of his remarks specially addressed himself to the women present. The report of the meeting did not indicate that there were any protests or an exhibition of prudery because of this plain talking. The Springfield Union, commenting on the report of the meeting, well said: "Such talk grates on the pseudo modest ear, but the sooner the false delicacy which hastens with bell and candle to exorcise this ghost of society is itself laid, the better for the future of the American people and the world."

Bravo! words fitly uttered—a most just rebuke. Progress has been made, we may be sure, when such utterances are boldly made in a leading daily paper. It is a good omen. Let us all, therefore, take courage and keep the question of the improvement of the race up for discussion. It is the question of the hour, and should be paramount to all others. Not that it should be made to monopolize public attention; for there are other important questions which must not be ignored, such as the currency and suffrage. It can be discussed now with more effectiveness than heretofore. Let it be done then faithfully, in all its length and breadth.

"Get the truth but once uttered, and 'tis like  
A star new-born that drops into its place,  
And which once circling in its placid round,  
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 7, 1875.

#### AN HOUR WITH THE WEEKLY.

ARTICLE NO. IV.

As stated in the preceding article, the laborer has brought this state of vassalage upon himself through the influence of veneration. Veneration has governed him, whereas he should have made veneration subservient. Whatever ingredient enters into man's composition should be his servant, and should be an agent to work in all departments of his being. Man, therefore, should direct veneration to the worship of the unity of all things; instead, however, veneration has led mankind to laud the few and denounce the many. Veneration, properly directed, places all nature upon one grand plane: it is the universal equalizer.

The first step for the laborer to take toward accomplishing his deliverance, is to direct veneration to the leveling of all humanity; not by lowering the wealthy, but by raising himself; compel his veneration to serve himself in recognizing his equality with the capitalist. Do not wait for others to discover and publish your worth, but set your own value high enough, and others will soon accord to you your just merit. Say to the capitalist, "I am your servant no more; I am my own master; I do not ask to find grace in your eyes, but demand of you my just due, for I am my own savior."

The next step for you to take is, to pay no more tribute. Joseph has defrauded you long enough; pay no more double tithes. Third. Retain in your own hands the just remuneration for your labor. Fourth. Make your own labor the standard of valuation, and by that standard remunerate the services of others. Fifth. Bear only your due share of a public burden. Sixth. Secure your proportion of a public benefit.

Now let us apply these rules; make labor honorable, productivity the criterion of prosperity, and usefulness the standard of merit. The capitalist and his money thus fall into disgrace, and are excommunicated unless they contribute to the public prosperity by enhancing production. Repudiate all unredeemed coupons. No more interest on the public debt or any other debt. "We must maintain the integrity of the government," do you say? "We must honor its drafts and obligations." Do the coupons perform any labor, or contribute to the public welfare by increasing production? No. Then no honor is due to the coupons, rescind them at once.

Demand your just due of the capitalist. During the late war you saved the Government, the capitalist and his property, besides yourself and yours. You have got your pay for saving your own share of the Government, but have you got your pay for saving the capitalist's share therein? You pay your own bills in saving your own life and property, but have you got your pay for saving the life and property of the capitalist? No. Human life has no money standard of value; therefore, the capitalist must forever be your debtor on this score, but he can pay you for saving his property. How much does he owe you? That proportion of the costs that his property bears to the whole. Compel the capitalists to pay their debts to you. Let all public debts be paid by direct taxation upon all property; and let a sufficient levy be so laid as will liquidate them in one year.

As the producer holds the first title to the product, pay what you owe to yourself before you pay your indebtedness to others. Compensation should be reciprocal. Pay no man such wages for his services as will enable him to accumulate ten dollars to your one; or to live in that prodigal manner that demands the expenditure of ten times the amount that temperate welfare does.

The present system of tariff necessitates the expenditure of a sum sufficient to support in affluence a vast horde of revenue officers, and besides, compels you, the producer, to pay all the public expenses. Your sugar costs you two cents a pound additional; you have six months to sweeten, while your rich neighbor has but three, you therefore use twice the amount of sugar that he uses, and pay twice as much revenue directly as he pays. His means for support are derived from his interest money; he performs no productive labor, and he is daily accumulating wealth; therefore, in the end, you must pay for the sugar that he uses. By doing away with the revenue tariff system, you dispense with about two-thirds of the annual current expenses of the National Government, besides diminishing your own liability in paying about twenty per cent. of what remains.

"But," says one, "that will never do; we need a tariff to protect our industrial interests. We cannot compete with foreign nations." Here is your speculating mania again. Cannot American productions furnish subsistence for American producers? But let us take another view of this matter

Who is it that first raises the protection cry? None other than the capitalist; increase of the tariff increases his profit, but not yours; the lower the tariff the more slowly does he accumulate, and your net gain is nothing the less.

"But," says another, "if you remove the tariff and cut off the profit of the capitalist, you injure the laborer, because through this profit the capitalist is induced to give employment to the laborer." This is labor paying tribute to the capitalist; the laborer goes to the capitalist to get employment for his hands. Without tariff the situation will be reversed, and the capitalist will come to the laborer to get employment for his money; and these are just the conditions that the laborer will make when he knows his business. Money will be dethroned and become the servant of its rightful lord—Labor.

Representation is the greatest public benefit. Labor is not properly represented in any department of government. Let laborers, in all cases, throw their votes for labor. Let our municipal officers be laborers; let laborers have caucuses of their own instead of letting a few ringleaders select from their own number the delegates to make the nominations. To-day more than 99-100 of the aggregate of officeholders in this country have no direct interest in the welfare of the laborer.

"This looks very well on paper," you say, "but how can we accomplish it?"

I answer—By the ballot, thrown without fear or favor; and if such action results in a demand for the use of the bullet for your defense use it.

EDWARD PALMER.

#### A SONG OF LOVE.

BY MRS. H. AUGUSTA WHITE.

Of all the flowers that bud and bloom  
Not one of greater beauty grows,  
Of rarer texture, fairer hue,  
Or sweeter odor than the rose.  
Of all the passions souls may feel,  
In this or Aiden world above,  
Not one is so supremely good,  
Inspiring or divine as love,  
Unfettered, nature-guided love.

A blooming rose may captive be  
In secret valley, guarded well  
By sentinel grasses, yet perfume  
Of roses will its presence tell.  
So love, though prisoned in the breast  
By jealous watchfulness and care,  
Is vainly guarded, and reveals  
Through speaking eyes its presence there.  
'Tis well it should, 'tis well it dare!

For if wild blossoms that must grow  
Where passing winds the seedlings bear,  
Contrive their presence to disclose  
By casting fragrance on the air,  
Oh, how much more should human love,  
Which, too, must go where nature wills—  
Emotion that itself is God,  
Sweet, sovereign balm for earthly ills—  
Give voice in freedom to its thrills!

#### SEXUAL ETHICS.

BY ELVIRA WHEELLOCK RUGGLES.

I think, as between the sexes, the laws of nature are reversed in actual practice—that is, in legal marriage, and out of it, too, man makes the advances, sexually; indeed, if of the baser sort, demands gratification whether woman feels any response or not. Now this is worse even than ordinary prostitution.

As I study sexual nature in its highest and best estate, woman should always invite and never yield to communion; and it seems to me that the difference in the conditions of man and woman plainly indicates this law. Man's nature is always responsive, while woman's is precisely the reverse. This is why man's nature is so easily aroused by the least show of feeling on woman's part; while she must intuitively feel, not only the adaptation but the inner-soul attractions to experience a natural, spontaneous emotion. To be sure, a man may create a sort of artificial stimulus in woman's nature that will sometimes cause her to yield to his solicitations, but this is neither sweet, natural or healthful. To be perfect and blessing-giving it must be as spontaneous with woman as among the lower animals, where the female invites the male; only, of course, infinitely refined and spiritualized above the lower order.

If woman were permitted to follow her own instincts in this matter, and would never yield herself save when naturally attracted, prostitution and every form of sexual vice and disease would have an end, and neither man nor woman would be starved as now in this department of their beings.

Woman cannot help her lack of ready responsiveness to man's inordinate and unsuited demands, because it is her nature to be comparatively exclusive and non-extensive by virtue of her natural queenship in the realm of sex. She is the true guardian of sexual purity and health, and did custom and law permit her to exercise her sovereignty in the sanctities of love, to invite whom her own heart should elect, independent of all forms or bonds other than the law of reciprocity, this world would soon blossom into an Eden of love and happiness. Were she thus free to act, excesses and abuses could not exist, because the law of sex in womanhood is adverse to them. Women understand this if men do not. On the other hand, man cannot help the activity and ready responsiveness of his being, because it is natural that he should be prepared to at all times respond to the sacred call of womanhood. Because of this, he more naturally becomes promiscuous than woman, but for all that, in his noblest estate, he is capable of as profound and devoted love as woman. Because he may respond, sexually, to different ones who may be attracted to him, is no proof that he cannot have some one, supreme attraction—a love transcending all others in power and perfection; and the same is true of woman.

I believe in the sexuality of soul, and think it is the fem-

nine instinct that at once recognizes a true affinity of sex and soul, and the law of woman's nature protests against sexual relations that are of the body alone. The sex-life of her soul must first be thrilled by love's holy powers before she can permit the living temple to be consecrated to love's holiest uses.

Oh, manhood and womanhood, understand you this, nor ever after prove faithless to the truth within your souls, but rise the redeemed inheritors of eternal life.

JANESVILLE, Wis.

From the Chicago Tribune, Sept 9.)

#### NOT A BIT SCARED.

You say in your last Saturday's issue, over my letter, "You will catch it for this." Now, Mr. Editor, I expect I shall get some telling hits from the young ladies; but what I said is true, "alas, too true." Still, if any of your fair correspondents can convince me to the contrary, I shall feel only too grateful to the Tribune as being the means of clearing my vision of the only too apparent state of affairs among the city belles. I have had a large circle of lady friends in this city during the past ten years, and I can surely say that I am unable to find even one who is free from the censure of my last week's letter. Most of these same belles would not admit that such a thing was true of them, and most of them would be exceedingly surprised if they thought I wrote the letter of last week. Still my opinion is but the same held by very many young men of the city—young men who are ready and willing to support wives could they find one fit for them. I do not mean by this to say that young men are faultless—by no means—yet many of our young men who are faulty are so only temporarily, and good wives would make them a credit to our city; as it is, many young men are fast throwing themselves away in useless lives because there is no health in woman. Read the effusion in Saturday last's issue. Why, the girls are pretty much all of the type I have spoken of, with the exception of "Nancy Spry." Now, Miss Nancy, if you got left in the grand rush for husbands some twenty-five or thirty years ago, do not be hard on the young men of to-day. They are probably light-headed; perhaps we are; but, then, what would we be if we had such a mate as your own sweet self? You are no doubt a nice country old maid; that's not exactly what city young men want. We want pure, intelligent young ladies, who will make good wives and mothers, and save us from wasting our lives away on the fast and worthless pleasures of the day. I hope, Mr. Editor, that your paper may be the cause of bringing about a better understanding among our young folks. There seems to be too much sham in all grades of society. Girls are led to believe that to dress is the ultimatum of their lives, and they strive to outstrip their neighbors in all the accomplishments that dress can give. Why, I have known girls to talk dress, dress, for four or five hours at a stretch, and when young men think of this they are frightened at the expense such girls would entail on them. Then, when we look at the constitution of the society girl, is it not a fact that they are wearing themselves away; can it not be plainly seen? Why, a Miss —, whom I knew a few years ago, when she first came out, was a nice, fresh young girl, with oh, such delicious color. I saw her dismounting from her carriage yesterday in front of one of our dry-goods palaces. She had been to Europe to recover her health. I hardly knew her. Her cheeks were sunken and painted; she was thin and wan, but elegantly dressed. She told me she was married to So-and-so, a rich old man, one of our old nabobs, old enough to be her father; but then "she does as she pleases," she said, with a smile, and she went in to spend his money freely. This is but one instance of many, only many do not get the rich old man. I have had one or two friends ask me why I did not look for some pretty country girl. The reason is that the country girls are almost as bad as the city belles, for, even if they have never moved in that society, they have read about it, and the moment you bring them into the city they are unceasing in their efforts to mingle and keep up with the city belles, and whatever is good in them soon becomes "lost to view, though to memory dear." I trust, Mr. Editor, we shall have some discussions of the other side, and I am willing to take all that I catch by speaking my mind freely on this subject.

HARRY B. FREE.

#### LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

SOUTH NEWBURY, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1875.

Editor Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly—My field, like your own, at present, is the West; and were not our West almost synonymous with World, we might hope to meet at some point, which would surely afford me great pleasure, inasmuch as I have never seen or heard you in public in all my travels and yours.

The newspaper accounts of you and your labors in the field make me quite ashamed of my own little audience and the interest my work awakens. I am glad enough to have it so; and rejoice unspeakably in all your successes. May they be magnified and multiplied.

I have headquarters for a few days here in Newbury with our brave, tried and trusty friends, Darius and Sophia Ober Allen. Trained in the school of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Parker, they will follow true light wherever it leads. Though among the most quiet and unobtrusive persons in the world, they never lose any opportunity to sow the seeds of truth and right, as well abroad as at home. And though living in a remote little town, where the scream of steam engines is never heard, and where, almost, the robin's nests must be counted to make up the villages, still they are widely known by their good words and works, as well in New England as at the West. And your fearless WEEKLY is indebted to them for many a subscriber and testimony to its unflinching adherence to its principles, in trials and persecutions, as well as in its present more prosperous conditions.

I am glad you do not enlarge your paper. It is now the "Still small voice;" more potent than all political and sectarian whirlwinds, earthquakes and fires that ever shook our American Mount Horeb of State and Church. And with our

peerless Helen to keep her argus-eye on your generally able, faithful and truthful correspondence, as well as flashing continually her own emanations all around the sky; and with almost all your contributions distilled down to essence or quintessence; none writing at all unless having somewhat important to say, the WEEKLY is already *Sum* enough for all our present, moral, mental and spiritual system. And long may it shine!

I am glad, too, that you do not overlook our present industrial and financial condition, as a people. Dr. Franklin taught, and everybody once believed, that industry, economy, temperance and a complete knowledge of our business, in any laudable calling, would insure a decent livelihood to man or woman. But this very week, here in Ohio, I have seen men and women, skilled in their occupations, truly upright, moral and every way virtuous in character, and yet wholly out of employment, only so far as willing to work for their board and bed, exclusive of clothing or even washing!

Nor is it enough to ask, why don't they take to agriculture? That is not their trade. And farming is a trade, and requires capital, too, as much as any business on earth. As well ask why does not the failing farmer (and there are many such) take to building sawmills or steam engines?

The unalterable truth is, our society is so constructed, our business so conducted, our Government so managed and administered, that the laborer is down, like an unlucky bullock fallen in a railroad car, with all the rest trampling him underfoot; and there seems no eye to pity, no arm to save. The Government, costing unknown millions every year, does little for the producing people, except to tax and punish them. And so administered, it matters not whether it be *Gold* or *Greenbacks*, *contraction* or *inflation* as financial policy. Either could and would be so manipulated as to hold the poor at the mercy of capital, making the rich more rich, the poor more poor and powerless.

It is not gold or greenbacks we most need. It is not money, more or less—but manhood, honor, integrity among those who rule over us. Without these virtues in our rulers, the poor must and will perish, or save themselves by inevitable Revolution.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

## SEX FOR PROPAGATION.

BY WARREN CHASE.

There is a strange and strangely defective theory which has of late spread among a respectable class of our citizens, that sex and its uses are exclusively for propagation, and should be used in conjunction between the sexes only for that purpose. Most of the advocates of this theory are persons of morbid sexual powers, largely produced by sexual abuse of some kind, of wives and widows whose sexual powers were destroyed by abuse soon after marriage, and hence become disgusted with all but the maternal feeling; others who, by private self-abuse, have destroyed all natural feelings, and hence seek a theory adapted to themselves; others inheriting morbid sexual conditions; others who have destroyed their powers by excessive indulgence, and still others who have had no experience, but see so much evil in its abuse that they ignore its functions except for perpetuation of the species. On this subject the lessons of nature are all about us and within us. In the lower orders and species of organic life propagation seems to be the sole object of life, as many of them ripen, deposit their seed, and die; and most of the lower species of animal and vegetable life seem to be extremely prolific, and the great scripture command to be fulfilled by them to "increase and multiply," but death soon follows the scattering of seed in many of them. As we come up toward man and reach the vertebrate or mammal we see propagation decrease, term of life increase, and still copulation confined, at least in the female, to propagation. Yet even here it is plain that sex is not by nature designed exclusively for the purpose of extending the species. When we reach the human race, at least the most refined and advanced of the species, we discover sex loses its exclusive quality of propagation, and is evidently adapted to a still higher, holier and far more durable purpose than extending the race. Neither sex is confined in its desire nor capacity to a desire for offspring. Although it does often begin in females with capacity for maternity, yet it does not expire with the capacity, nor even with death, as we are fully assured; and yet, after a short period in this life, the capacity is forever gone of nourishing germs of being in the body. The sexual union of parties that are consecrated and adapted to each other has no connection with offspring, and although we wholly repudiate and despise the vulgar use and sensual abuse so common in our country of the sexual organs, by which our society is terribly demoralized and diseased, yet we do contend that the sexual nature has a far more extensive and important mission than propagation, although we would not detract from the sacredness of that holy act. There is a conservative power in the sexual contact which, when properly regulated, is the most refining, elevating and ennobling of any act of life; but abused, it is equally destructive; and this picture, so common, furnishes the arguments for repudiating all but the propagation. In the highest and holiest and purest social life the sexual blending of the truly conjoined pairs is above all objects except the mutual absorption of soul in soul, and even the existence of sex may be forgotten for a time, as we have no doubt it is in spirit life. Man, like the animals, rises from the lower and sensual nature, but carries his sex with him and enjoys in the higher life, above and beyond the power of propagation, what he could never reach in it. The momentary act of propagation bears as little relation to the higher intercourse of the sexes as the life of the May-fly does to the life of man on earth. So we read nature.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER?

The Chicago Times, of Oct. 25, heads a column as follows:

"Divorces by the Dozen—All other Court Business Suspended to Accommodate Suffering Petitioners—The Marriage Contract Rapidly Becoming a Mere Mockery."

Then follows a column of details of a score or more of ap-

plications for divorce, three-fourths of the applicants being of the female persuasion. That cases of this kind are increasing with astonishing rapidity it is useless to deny. Whether this state of affairs is to be regarded as cause for lamentation or rejoicing I will not stop here to inquire. What most interests the social scientists is to know the cause of all this unrest and commotion. To my mind the problem is capable of but one solution. The race has outgrown, or more properly, is rapidly outgrowing, the old social condition, and these ripples upon the surface of domestic life are but the precursors of the mighty upheaval which sooner or later will overturn the present marriage institution with all its abominations of legalized rape and sapientified lust. Woman is beginning to feel the degradation of her position, and desertions and applications for divorce are the out-cropping of the smouldering fires that burn beneath the gilded surface of a sham morality and a hypocritical respectability.

For two hundred years the negro on the southern plantation wore his chains in meek, quiet submission. At length the very air he breathed became instinct with liberty, and the "peculiar institution" was doomed from that very hour. What then signified Dred Scott Decisions and Fugitive Slave Bills? The soul of humanity is more potent than human enactments written on parchment, and with bleeding feet the trembling slave marches toward the promised land.

So the uprising of the sexual slaves of to-day in solemn protest against an unholy institution is a sure prophecy of its impending doom. Whether man in his desperation will be driven to procure a Dred Scott Decision declaring the married woman has no rights the legal master is bound to respect, and the enactment of a statute making it a penal offense to shelter and feed the fugitive from lust and rapine, remains to be seen. Should such be the case it may be necessary as a means of self protection to institute underground railroads to convey trembling victims to places of safety where the arm of power may never reach them more.

But whatever may be the road over which we may travel, the goal will ere long be reached. The absolute freedom of woman is the only gospel of salvation to the race. Through her freedom comes an enlightened and purified motherhood; insuring a desired maternity and a mother's welcome, which is the inalienable birthright of every human soul.

D. M. ALLEN.

(Written for Woodhull &amp; Claflin's Weekly.)

## WHO ARE THEY NOW?

A loving soul, by men denied  
A resting-place, was crucified  
For telling truths to pomp and pride.  
Who are the Christs to-day?  
Self-righteous Pharisees were shocked,  
To see Truth's mysteries unlocked,  
And thus their gilded pathways blocked.  
Who now on corners pray?  
The Tories, when men's souls were tried,  
Stood cringing by the tyrant's side,  
And Liberty's behests denied.  
Who now to power bow?  
At risk of liberty and life,  
The noble few began the strife,  
And won the field with glory rife.  
Who are the heroes now?

EXCELSIOR.

TRENTON, N. J., October 22, 1875.

## AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT A LATE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN SAN FRANCISCO, BY ELIZABETH HUGHES.

We can hardly estimate the importance of the Woman question, of which suffrage only forms a part, and by no means the most important part. It is the question of the age; and every day, every month, every year, increases its importance and significance. Hitherto woman has been the conservative power that has held things in their places; to-day in the largest church in the land she has become an element that has shaken the edifice from roof to basement. It is a question whether suffrage can be accorded to woman in the order of things that exists at present—whether, indeed, there will be time to do it. Events are rushing along very swiftly, and we are discovering that the mechanism of Church and State is not quite so seaworthy as it ought to be. It resembles a steamship whose wheels are going on one side and inert on the other, and which, while in that condition, is about to encounter a severe tempest. There will be hardly time for the adjustment of the political claims of woman before the storm will be upon us. The goodly ship must go to pieces. But on some enchanted isle, the magicians of the future, under the inspiration of woman, shall build and launch a better vessel on calmer waters. Woman is the moulder of man. The mother's heart stamps his destiny. So is she the nursing mother of the new Government—of the new order. Not independent of man, but more than ever dependent upon him, and he upon her. The true, the Divine government must include woman, for it cannot be born without her. The inspiration and unfoldment of woman is the wine of the kingdom, of which Christ spoke when he said that if this wine should be poured into old bottles (that is, the bottles of existing institutions) the bottles would burst and the wine would be spilled, but new wine must be put into new bottles, and then both are preserved. The time has not yet arrived when the divinest wine of the kingdom, the true inspiration of woman, can be poured into new bottles, bottles worthy to contain it, and which can hold it. The present masculine state of things, which is founded on force, the male element, must intensify its antagonisms, and from the sheer necessity of the case will have to come up to the point of a military dictatorship. The thickening complications of the next few years will leave no room for any visible adjustment of our claims. This suffrage movement is simply an educational one. It may obtain to a very limited extent, as in Wyoming, but it will be the exception that proves the rule. The women of the future have got to be created and educated, and then they can create and educate the men of the future; and the men and women of that future, working

in harmony together, will create new institutions after the old one-sided fragmentary ones have been swept away by the inevitable tempest. I see the serried phalanx, the glittering bayonets, the terrible artillery, the strength and power of man arrayed in his might for the last supreme effort at government by force—the last and greatest embodiment of the idea that might makes right. It is beautiful and fearful, but the divine idea of justice, of the right of minorities as well as majorities, of the essential power and force of love and truth is stronger than that, and must eventually supersede it, and when that time is ushered in God, through woman, must speak and will not keep silence.

In the following lines, the word "that" is used to exemplify its various significations:

Now *that* is a word which may often be joined,  
For *that* that may be doubled is clear to the mind;  
And *that* that that is right is as plain to the view  
As *that* that that that we use is rightly used too;  
And *that* that that that that line has, is right,  
In accordance with grammar, is plain in our sight.

A GIRL at Putney, N. Y., recently nailed 600 grape boxes in one day of ten hours, driving 10,000 nails and handling 3,000 pieces of wood.

In the great exposition at Pittsburg a ludicrous attempt at modesty was made last week by the authorities draping the stuffed gorilla exposed at that show. This was done, it is stated, in the interests of virtuous tastes. It's about time that this sort of modesty should be thrown with physic to the dogs, and that human beings should get a little ordinary common sense into their craniums. The officials who draped that gorilla should be exported at the national expense to heaven, in company with the Delaware coroner who insisted on holding an inquest on Barnum's Egyptian mummy some months ago. There is room for both parties there.—*Capital*.

## WHY HE SIGHED.

I do not mourn, sweet wife of mine,  
Because those ruby lips of thine,  
That marble brow,  
Were kissed by one who might have been,  
Had I not chanced to step between,  
Thy husband now.

I do not grieve because thy heart,  
Ere cupid touched it with my dart,  
For him would beat;  
Nor that the hand which owns my ring,  
Once wore his gift, a "Mizpah" thing—  
It was but mete.

I sigh not that his arms were placed  
Some score of times around your waist,  
So sweet and slim,  
Ah no, my love! the woe you see  
Is mine because you wedded me  
Instead of him.

## BITS OF FUN.

JOSH BILLINGS says he will take the stage this winter; also, the railroad cars, when they run his way.

JOSHUA was the first man to stop his newspaper. He stopped the daily sun. It was because the war news didn't suit him.

GOING up in a balloon is not particularly hazardous. The danger is in coming down.

AMERICAN catsup tickles the palates of the Japanese. They have tried to make something like it of cats, but failed.

"PUTS" and "CALLS" may be properly defined thus: You put your money in the hands of a broker for the purpose of speculation and call for the profits in vain.

AN exchange says that a Michigan man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.

A BOY recently found a pocket-book and returned it to its owner, who gave him a five-cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then, handing it reluctantly back, audibly sighed as he said, "I can't change it."

"ENFANT TERRIBLE" (after contemplating visitor for some time): "O. Mr. Brown, let's have a game! We've got a whacking big sponge up stairs! I wish you'd sponge on 'Pa now; it'd be such fun! He says you always do at the club —! !!"—(Tableaux.)

AN irreverent correspondent of the Westfield (Mass.) Times, who went to the great Barrington cattle show, says he was never so impressed with a sense of "the eternal fitness of things" as when, after the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Otis, had won the spoons in a trotting race, the band gave with peculiar emphasis the melody of that popular hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

OLD Winston was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how seven debbels were cast out'er Mary Magalin?" "Oh, yes! I've read that." "Did you eber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any oder woman, sah?" "No. I never did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

THE man who spoke of the Indians as a dying race should emigrate. In 1864 they cost the country \$2,620,975.97; last year \$3,032,762.93 was required to support them. Either the funeral expenses were inconceivably high or the man erred.—*Providence Press*.

A SILVER City (Nev.) young lady, who has a passion for pretty babies, to a little four year old angel who has a bran new sister: "I say, bub, won't you give me your baby sister; I love little babies?" Young hopeful: "No, I tant." Young lady (winking at her young man): "Why, sonny—why won't you give the baby to me?" Hopeful (indignantly): "Fy, he'd 'tarve to death; your dress opens be-hine." Painful silence for the next fifteen minutes.

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Office, 111 Nassau Street, Room 9.



*If a man keepeth my saying he shall never see death.—Jesus.*

*To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the hidden manna.—St. John the Divine.*

*That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—Paul.*

*The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.—James, iii., 17.*

*And these signs shall follow them: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.—Jesus.*

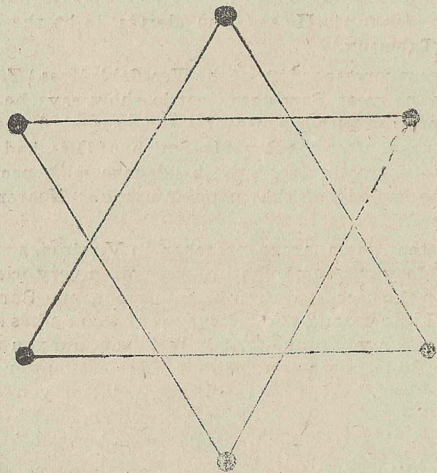
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1875.

We are prepared to furnish a few hundred complete sets of the first series of Bible Articles consisting of fifteen numbers of the WEEKLY, for one dollar, postage paid. Our friends should lose no opportunity to bring these articles to the attention of those whom they can interest. A careful study of all of them is necessary to a complete understanding of the great and all-important truth that is yet to be revealed; which must be carefully and judiciously brought before the world, as the sun comes upon it, bringing first the break-of-day, next its dawn, and afterward its full meridian splendor.

## THE DOUBLE TRIANGLE;

## OR, THE SIX-POINTED STAR IN THE EAST.

For we have seen his star in the East, and we are come to worship him.—St. MATTHEW, ii., 2.



This figure is allegorical of the truth, to the exposition of which the WEEKLY is now devoted. It has been clearly shown in our present series of leading articles that it represents the coming blending together of the inhabitants of the earth and spirit spheres in a common brotherhood, and the establishment thereby of the universal human family. It also represents still another and more important truth which has not yet been introduced, but which, defined in a few words, is, God in man reconciling the world unto Himself. We adopt this diagram as emblematic of our future work and as symbolizing the possession by man of the whole truth which we hope and trust may be shortly realized.

## AN APPEAL.

The exigencies of the situation are such that we deem it necessary to depart from the rule which we had adopted, to wit: to make no more personal appeals in behalf of the paper; and to once more urge its friends to come to its aid, and its delinquent subscribers to renew their subscriptions. When we last appealed, we concluded that if the merits of the paper itself were not sufficient to insure its support; if the truths, to the advocacy of which its pages are devoted, should not be essential enough to the people to secure it the necessary support, that it would have to stop. It is no pleasant task, after devoting years of unremitting labor, and spending a fortune in advocating a cause which we know to be essential to the future welfare of humanity, to have to make personal appeals year after year to insure its progress. We, of course, feel this deeply; and have perhaps erred in believing that there were enough others who appreciated the work that has been done, to make it unnecessary for special applications for assistance. But our pride must suffer again in this respect; and we must consent, however much against our wishes, to say to the friends of the truths which the Weekly has been and is advocating, that it needs their assistance—needs the renewals of all those who have permitted their subscriptions to run, unpaid, over their time, and the contributions of those who are sufficiently interested in the truth, to feel like having its progress continue.

Pecuniarily the paper has, save for a few months after the attempt to suppress it was made, always been a tax upon us; but the truths for which it has been the medium were deemed to be of sufficient magnitude and importance to demand of us whatever pecuniary sacrifices, besides personal labor, which we could contribute; and we have never hesitated to make the one or to extend the other. And we feel, now more than ever, that it would be almost a crime to permit the WEEKLY to stop, even for a few months, without exhausting every possible resource.

We are at the very verge of some great commotion which will startle the people from their lethargic condition into a realization of the precarious situation in which the life of the race is standing, and force upon them the necessity of living more purely, better and nobly. It is this conviction, amounting with us to knowledge, that has decided us to write this article, and to call the attention of our friends.

We have been doing and shall do all we can; but the lecture field is not so fruitful a source of revenue as in years before. It requires greater exertions and more expensive advertising to get the people out. Besides there has been a relapse into indifference and stupor from the intense excitement that the Beecher-Tilton trial caused, which is operating for the time adversely to the advocacy of the doctrines and theories which are related to the principles involved in that trial. Moreover, we were driven into the field early by the necessities of the situation, and were lecturing nightly during the hottest term of the summer, the exhaustion from which has caused a continued annoyance from the weakened lung of our last year's sickness. This weakness not only detracts from the effectiveness of speech, but actually interferes with the flow of inspiration which would otherwise come to the aid of the cause. So we must ask our friends to make good what we fall short from these several causes.

We would say, let the assistance come in any shape that may suggest itself to our various readers, either in further subscriptions, in prompt renewals, in purchases of books, speeches or photos, or in direct contributions, neither of which can be either too large or too small in amounts, to be gratefully received and thankfully acknowledged in each issue of the paper; and let us be made to feel that the coldness and indifference with which those who will not tolerate anything that involves the discussion of the Bible as a valuable book, have met our presentations of its hidden truths, be made more than good by the zeal and warmth of the opposite class which is willing to admit that there may be undiscovered good in many things that have been in current use for ages.

In conclusion we wish to say that this will be the last emergency over which the WEEKLY will require to be assisted. The culmination of what has been foreshadowed recently will have been reached either in victory or in defeat within the next twelvemonth. May we not feel that it will not be defeat through want of the little aid that is now needed; and that the issue may be such as to make every one rejoice who has been instrumental in any way in helping on the glorious consummation. V. C. W. & T. C. C.

## LOVE AND LUST.

But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed; then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and when sin is ended, it bringeth forth death.—JAMES I., 14 and 15.

There has been so much said and written upon the words love and lust and their relations to each other, that it may seem like entering upon a subject already worn threadbare by discussion; and yet there are scarcely two words standing over against each other that relate to any department of life or action about which there is really less logical understanding or conviction. It was not until very recently—say within three years—that any common-sense views at all

began to be entertained about the distinction between them. That there is a wide distinction is too palpable to be denied; and yet, a very great deal of what has passed, in the general estimation, for love, has been really lust, while the contrary has been equally true.

These two words are the names for principles which are co-extensive with the universe, and in the human being are the same as in any and in all other grades of creation. Love is the attraction that exists between two or more objects. To love is to be attracted; to be attracted is to love. To love, then, there are required two objects that have an attraction for each other. As it is impossible in the material world for two objects, which have no attraction for each other, to unite or cohere, so it is equally impossible for two people to love each other who do not have attraction each for the other. There is but one kind of attractive power in the universe, and it is this power that holds the planets in their orbits, the grains of sand together to form the rocks, as well as the sexes in every form of life. It is true that the attraction between no two separate orders of life is the same in its effects, neither is the music produced by different kinds of instruments the same in effect; but the same air produces all varieties. So it is the objects through which attraction is exerted that regulate and determine results.

Having laid down these general basic principles, we will now come nearer to the question at issue. There are, besides being various orders of attraction and repulsion, each connected with some distinct order of life, also various kinds of love in each order of life. All forms of demand and supply are exemplifications of attraction; but the demand for food by the stomach is one kind of attraction, while that of the eye for beauty and of the ear for harmony of sound are other kinds of the same general principle. We say these are all one and the same in principle, although known by different names. But there are also different kinds of love in those forms of attraction which are commonly designated by that term. A mother's love is different from a friend's, and a friend's is different from a lover's. The latter kind is that of which we are to consider. The questions before us are: What is love and what is lust in the relations of the sexes?

Love, or attraction between the sexes, is dependent upon some general natural cause. Thousands of people who love each other cannot tell why they love. Indeed, the best and purest love can never be fully explained. If the cause of love were generally known, its manifestations would be treated in a widely different manner from what they are.

Every human being is made up of a trinity of positive and negative forces, and these may be termed the generative, or basic forces, the vital or sustaining forces, and the mental or the cognitive forces. All of these forces are continually fed by the means by which life is maintained, and are as constantly giving off their respective emanations into the surrounding atmosphere. Whenever two people come into each other's sphere these emanations meet and blend or else are repellant. In the former case the individuals feel friendly toward each other; in the latter they feel the opposite. Now, these conditions are in no sense whatever the result of any predetermined or present desire of the mental faculties of the individuals; but are determined by the action of a law over which they have no power or control. It might as well be said to the oil and alcohol that are cast into contact that they shall not blend together, as to say that the emanations of two persons that have affinity for each other shall not do the same; and it might as well be said to oil and water, when thrown together, that they shall blend, as to say the same to individuals whose emanations are repellant the one to the other.

Now here is the test by which to determine what is love and what is lust in the relation of the sexes. All relations that are maintained by force or by any power other than natural attraction are lustful in form. We can pour oil and water together, and by continually shaking them they can be made to mix; but it is a muddy mixture after all, and one that separates the moment that the agitation ceases. So we may shake the sexes into contact by the power of law, or of public opinion; but the union they make is as muddy in kind as is that of the oil and water, and it is dissolved equally as quickly when the external pressure is removed. So, then, all persons who have commerce in marriage, who would not have it if they were not held together by the law or other power, are living in lust. So, again, all commerce, whether in or out of marriage, that obtains for any reason other than for that of which we have spoken, is lust. It is in this sense that commerce purchased for any consideration is lustful, and for the same reason is a woman a prostitute who marries a man who has money, whom she would not marry if he were destitute of wealth. These, we are aware, are unpalatable truths to the world, but they are truths that need all the more to be told because they are unpalatable.

The world is waking rapidly to the consideration of the relation of the sexes. It is already awakened to the fact that the female companion of the male *roue* is no worse than he. This sentiment, expressed on the rostrum, invariably meets with a quick response from the audience. This is evidence that such audiences are ready to be taken a step further and to hear a still more important statement of the truth. The man who, for any consideration, purchases the means to gratify his lust; that means being an object which has no natural attraction for, and gives no natural response to, the subject,

is not a whit worse, nay, is not by any means as bad as is he who vents his lusts upon a legal victim for which he gives no consideration. The former is a bargain and sale—an exchange of what the parties give and accept, as equivalents for them—but the latter is not only a clear theft, but often times deliberate murder as well. Nay, it is even more and worse than that—it is the propagation of misery, vice and crime; the conferment upon unborn generations of all those capacities which, springing into action when their subjects shall be grown are the degradation and damnation of the race. If there is lust and prostitution in the brothel, then there is a thousand fold more in legal marriage.

Knowing these truths as we know them, it would be simply criminal for us not to proclaim them. It is because they are truths that we are opposed to legal marriage. All unions of the sexes that require the force of law to maintain them, are hot-beds of lust, and produce nothing but curses for the world. A union of the sexes that ought to be maintained, would continue, whether there were law or not. So then, in any proper view of the subject, the law is superfluous. If there could be any law that would not be actually hurtful in its effects, it would be one relating to the property rights of women when separations should occur. In the present competitive order of industry, this, perhaps, is necessary, but for any other purpose whatever, the law is a justifier of lust and an enemy to love.

In the beginning we spoke of the three separate forces of which people are constantly both the objects and the subjects. Each of these three may have affinities for different persons. It is this fact that is the cause of so early decay in the real unity of so many married couples. To a great extent the sexes, when they do not do so from other considerations, marry from an affinity between their sexual natures, which does not extend to both the other departments of their being. A love that is merely sexual will soon burn out. Those who are affinities in other things than sex, seldom marry. So it is in this domain that we must seek for the cause of so much of the unhappiness that now prevails. Where the sexes are brought together through the affinities between all the departments of their beings, then we have the constancy and happiness of which legal marriage is the form or shell only.

We are, then, forced to the conclusion, that all the abominable mass of lust which is burning in the bodies of the people is an unnatural passion, or, in other words, is a disease, from which the pure, physically, are free. A natural passion is never engendered save when the reproductive emanations of the sexes come into affinitive contact. This distinction should be carefully drawn and as carefully preserved. Passion is not healthful or natural that exists without having been called into play by the reciprocal action of the same in another. It cannot exist and seek an object upon which to expend itself. It must be the result of coming into contact with an object which calls it forth. Or, to make this still more clear: As we said, every human being having any reproductive capacity is constantly throwing off emanations from the organs of that capacity, but this giving off is not passion. It only becomes passion when the emanations are met by those of another for which they have an affinity. When this occurs then a natural demand and supply is indicated; and when this is consummated, it is an exhibition of love; or, which is the same thing expressed in other words, it is the culmination of attraction. All relations of the sexes that are not a result of just this process are lust and not love; and are exhaustive and death-dealing in place of being restorative and life-giving as are the other kind. This is what is meant by the words of the text, "But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed; then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin; and when sin is ended it bringeth forth death." When a man is drawn not by his own lust, but by the attractions of another, he is not enticed; then when this attraction hath conceived it is not sin; and when it is ended it bringeth forth life and not death.

But it will be objected that under this rule there would be no permanent unions of the sexes. How can it be said that there would not since there has never been opportunity for testing the question? But suppose there should not be, would that affect the truth of the principle upon which the truth is predicated? Can there be any power anywhere in the world that can make a selfish desire for gratification of a sexual passion anything else than lust? No! It is impossible, simply! Then is there any power in the world that can make a mutual desire for the same anything else than love? No! That were equally as impossible. Then we have the test of what is love and what is lust. Where two people are attracted together they will remain together of their own free will so long as that attraction—that love—continues. When there shall come in contact with the unity thus formed, a stronger attractive power for either of the subjects to it, then that subject will be drawn away, not by its own lusts, but by the stronger attractive power. The same natural law holds in this regard in the relations of the sexes that obtains in all other departments of nature. The steel filings will adhere to the magnet to which they are attracted until a stronger one is brought to bear upon them, when they will leave the weaker for the stronger unless retained by some third and opposing power.

All unions that can be broken up are in the evolutionary and not the ultimated condition, and until there shall be perfected men and women to form unions, there can be no per-

fect ones formed. The logical conclusion then to which we are driven is, that while the evolutionary period continues, the best unions are those that maintain themselves, and the worst are those that are maintained by some external force and as corollary to this: that all commerce between the sexes that obtains in unions that are maintained by force—by law or by public opinion—is lust and prostitution, while that which obtains of mutual attraction is an exhibition of natural affinity, which only is worthy to be called by the sacred name of love. There can then be no mistaking lust and love. Lust exists and seeks satiation regardless of its object. Love is begotten by love, and seeks to bless its object. Lust is self-love. Love is love of another. Lust knows nothing but its own gratification; love thinks not of self at all, and is consummated only when it receives a blessing by first bestowing one. Lust means impurity, disease and death; love means purity, health and life. Love is life, for to love is to live; while to lust is to die.

#### THE LECTURE SEASON.

Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin will receive applications to lecture anywhere in the United States. They will go into the field early, and will fill engagements in various parts of the country as their regular trip shall bring them into its respective parts. They will lecture upon the following subjects:

The Mystery of the Sealed Book.  
God, Christ, Devil.  
The Garden of Eden.  
The Two Worlds.  
Inspiration and Evolution, or Religion and Science.  
The Human Body the Holy Temple.  
Christian Communism.  
The True and the False Socially.  
The Destiny of the Republic.  
The Principles of Finance; and  
The Rights of Children.

The first seven of these subjects form a regular course, and are a clear and comprehensive argument, establishing beyond refutation the new Biblical Revelations, and cover the whole grounds of the Sealed Mystery.

Applications for the course, or for single lectures, may be made to their P. O. Box 3,791, N. Y. City, where all letters should be addressed that are not otherwise specially ordered.

Mrs. Woodhull speaks in Hamilton, O., Nov. 5; Cincinnati, O., Nov. 6; Columbus, O., Nov. 9; Newark, O., Nov. 10; Mt. Vernon, O., Nov. 11; Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 12; Steubenville, O., Nov. 13; and in Pittsburgh, Nov. 14 and 15. If any change in dates is made it will be announced in the local papers.

#### THE KOBOLDS ARE COMING—OHO! OHO!

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, under the heading of "What Spirits are among us?"—lately discussed in the *Banner of Light* the above subject. The article, however, was filled mainly with dissertations on the subject of Kobolds; or Earth Spirits, in which miners generally believe, and which, in England, are called by them "Hammerers." She says:

"I have visited the mines in Germany and Bohemian Wold, where I have heard those knockings, seen the lights, and should have unhesitatingly attributed such phenomena to the spirits of deceased friends of the miners, had I not also, not once or twice, but many times, seen little stocky looking things in the shape of men, very small, and either black, red or metallic in color—little chunks of creatures, whom the miners were accustomed to see and call by a name which, translated, signifies 'earth spirits.'"

Again, on visiting a miner's cottage in Derbyshire, England, her attention was called, and, she continues—

"I did look, and there, to my astonishment, and (I must confess with a thrill of deeper awe than I could account for or control) I saw a row of four lights as large as the veritable ostrich's egg, which adorned the mantel shelf of the humble shanty. These lights were directly behind me, and I did not see them till attracted by the woman's explanation I turned round and faced them. They were bright, globular in form, vapory in substance, and nebulous, thickening toward the centre, and deepening in color almost to a dull red. The faint outline of a miniature human form appeared in connection with each light. They were of different sizes; none of them, however, were higher than four feet. They jumped up and down, and threw out something which resembled hands, toward me, and as they moved, the lights danced and shimmered. These wonderful things at length retreated into the solid wall behind them, and the place where they had been was illuminated only by the light of the wood fire."

We see no reason to discredit the idea that spirits tenant the interior of the earth as well as the exterior, or to believe that the air, the ether, and the sea are not full of spirit life. All our researches teach us that such is the case. It is well known that the ancient Magi and the Alchemists of the middle ages gave full credit to the existence of such spirits. We have before us a "Tragedy," entitled the "Magian Meroth," which has been submitted to us for publication, and the advertisement of which appears in another part of this paper; from it we make an extract which illustrates what we have asserted. It is taken from the first scene in the fourth act, in which the Magian Meroth evokes the Spirit Moloch.

Place—*The observatory of Meroth's palace, overlooking the Nile. Time—Midnight. Meroth solus.*

MER.—No breath of air. And smooth as Isis' cheek  
The starlit river mocks the spangled sky,  
Glowing with borrowed beauty. Calm as death  
The waters sleep. No tinkling ripple wakes  
With its light fall the ear, or mars the face  
Of nature's mirror. Solemn is the scene.

'Tis Immortality embracing Time.  
O for a cherub's wings to soar aloft  
To gain that glittering Crown; or power to plunge  
Into the azure depth of Nilus' wave,  
To seize such priceless and eternal spoil;  
Lo! where the sparkling Serpent's silver folds  
Revolving glitter in the lucid stream,  
Or where, reflected clear, th' ecliptic's arch  
Studded with stars innumerable, girds  
The vault of heaven, and, in the zenith hung,  
The shining Scorpion laves its brilliant scales.  
Mine hour draws on. The heavenly charioteers  
Approaching blend in one their rival orbs:  
And their conjunction heralds forth my fate."

(Meroth retires from the casement into the circle.)

#### ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITS OF EARTH.

MER.—"Ye Genii of the Earth! who reign beneath  
Deep in the pond'rous centre. Unto whom  
The caves of earth are haunts; whose subtle paths  
Through this revolving mass are all unknown  
To us—benighted beings. Ye, who watch  
With ever-wakeful eyes the priceless gifts  
Of earth, or spangle caves with diamonds  
And purest stalactites, in fancy forms  
Innumerable. Ye, who know the veins,  
And trace the rapid silver to its font.  
Ye, who in earth's dark womb work nature's ends,  
And dwell, in sovereign state, on golden thrones  
Shrined in your adamantine halls of light,  
By peerless jewels sunned, Hear ye my words,  
And by this offering be your wrath appeased."

#### OBLATION.

The metals first, in order due,  
In glitt'ring glory shine,  
The sacred salt, the sulphur blue,  
Fresh from the sparkling mine;  
The basalt rock, the limestone white,  
The relics of the past,  
Whose forms, in petrifications bright,  
The works of art outlast.  
Nor be the dark ground newt forgot,  
A subject to your sway,  
The mole, who dwells where mortals rot,  
And lives where men decay.  
Let these appease your anger dire;  
Be these the victims to your ire.

#### ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITS OF AIR.

MER.—"Powers of Air! whose forms ethereal fill  
The azure vault of heaven. More potent far  
And subtler than the rulers of the earth.  
Whether ye guide the planets as they roll,  
Or hurl the shining meteor through the sky,  
Affrighting matter with your airy play;  
Or whether, far beyond our bounded ken,  
Ye track the distant comet's burning path,  
Where the purged ether knows no stain of earth,  
Beyond the bounds of thought. To you I call,  
And by this charm your indignation shun."

(Meroth burns a grain of myrrh.)

#### CHARM.

This vapor was bound in a magic chain,  
It mounts to its home thus freed by flame;  
By the genii of earth 'twas pent in a grain,  
But, purged by fire, 'tis loose again.  
The prison is broken,  
The captive is free,  
I charm by this token  
Your anger from me.  
In spiral wreaths, it rises fair,  
Propitious be, ye powers of air.

#### ADDRESS TO THE WATER SPIRITS.

MER.—"Ye Spirits of the Sea! to whom the depths  
Of ocean, with her myriads of strange forms,  
Her shells of every hue and every shape,  
Her monsters, and her mysteries are known.  
Ye Spirits of the vasty deep—who dwell  
In coral halls and amber palaces,  
All rich inlaid with the bright stone which stains  
The sparkling crest of the wild wave with blue;  
Where, on your thrones, with the sea-diamond decked,  
With changeful opals and with pearls begemmed,  
Ye sit and rule the dwellers in the deep.  
Obey this amulet of pow'r divine.

#### SPELL.

See the gem which east has shone  
O'er the brow of Solomon;  
This the place,—and this the hour,—  
Mark—and tremble at its pow'r.

#### ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITS OF FIRE.

##### EVOCATION.

MER.—"Spirits of Fire! sons of light and heat,  
Ye have defied me, ye have mocked mine art;  
But ye this night I summon!—By my star,  
Triumphing and triumphant—by this sign—  
The sign of mighty Hermes!—by this charm  
Which Endor's seeress wrought in Ramah, when  
She woke the prophet from his peaceful sleep.

Ye answer not.

Is it for this I've sacked the stores of old?  
For this I've traversed wildernesses, rich  
In nature's ample stores; her gardens wild,  
Ere then unsoiled, unstained by human foot?  
For this I've paced our arid sands, beneath  
That glowing sky where ghastly madness glints  
From Afric's burnished sunbeams? Is't for this  
In foreign lands I've roamed afar to gain  
The knowledge of their wise, nor feared to meet  
The hot simoon's all-blasting breath, on which  
Death rides alone—triumphant? By a spell  
More potent far I'll shake your glowing thrones.  
Twice hast thou answered—be the bond fulfilled.  
Moloch! arise! appear!—He calls thee, who  
On Zion's holy hill, by the usurped,  
Passed through thine altar's flames his first-born son;  
Thy presence I compel. Flesh of my flesh—  
Blood of my blood—the living record lasts;  
And by that sacrifice I summon thee  
Now to appear, and answer!

(The fallen angel Moloch appears.)

We omit the dialogue which here occurs, which has reference to incidents in the play.

To us a drop of water is a world; and the world does not bear that comparison to infinity which a drop of water does to the ocean. The astronomer tells us that the moon has no atmosphere, but he is not wise who from that assumes that the moon has no inhabitants. The fish might with equal right say to the man, "You cannot exist where you are; there is no water," as the man assume that existence cannot be maintained in the moon, because there is no visible atmosphere surrounding it. No; it is far wiser to believe, if we cannot prove, that all space is occupied; that the limitless fields of ether are full of inhabitants; that the depths of the sea are tenanted by more numerous indwellers than the land. We only occupy about a third of the house of the world, very probably, the kitchen department; the other two-thirds are not likely to be either vacant or tenanted by less worthy occupants than ourselves. Such being our ideas, we have read with much satisfaction Miss Emma Hardinge Britten's late dissertations, published in the *Banner of Light*, on materialization, etc. We were particularly struck with admiration of her description of the Kobolds or Gnomes—red, black and copper-colored, who work in the mines. We are glad that she has seen the little devils at their labor, and can verify as to the truth of their existences.

For ourselves, we hail everything of the kind, from the realm of Oberon to the domain of the giant of the Hartz Mountains, as absolute verities, very much more so than the daily commonplaces we meet with in this work-a-day world. We love the dainty Ariel—"Art," and have some consideration even for the deformed Caliban—"Labor." True, the latter is an ugly whelp that is apt to bite his best friends, but we love him and would do him good, notwithstanding. When he has had to bring in a little more wood, and his back is a little more galled under his load, he will probably be amenable to reason. We hope so, and shall toil on cheerfully in his cause, trusting that overwork and starvation will assist us to enlighten him in the matter of his rights. But these are speculations. Emma Hardinge Britten's "Kobolds" are facts. She has seen them, and, by-the-by, very opportunely too, for in the same paper that contains her experience regarding them appears an advertisement of a book concerning them of which she is the sole agent. Singular, in the front page the Kobolds, in the terminating leaf the advertisement of the book. How *apropos*! Charming! Rejoice, ye Theosophists, the day of your redemption draweth nigh! But we do not admire the terms under which the book is to be issued. Only five hundred copies at \$5 each, and then the plates to be remorselessly smashed. As Abraham pleaded for Sodom we feel called upon to remonstrate. O hard-hearted Seeress! peradventure there be six hundred subscribers that desire the book, wilt thou not spare the plates for the sake of the surplus hundred? Peradventure there be fifty—or even ten—wilt thou not yield to their importunity? Only fancy, a book containing information on all the spirits that are above the earth, in it and under it—going, going, and the bidders cruelly limited to five hundred! O sapient lady, have mercy! Entreat the Austrian Michael Scott that stands behind thee not to be so hard-hearted. We implore thee by

"That sacred wine  
Whose precious drops preserve from fell disease  
The house of life."

by the art of Tubal-Cain; by the holy Kabbala of the Jews; by the Eleusinian mysteries; by the eternal fire of Rosicrucius; by the three sacred hairs in the beard of the prophet Mohammed—reverse thy fearful order, and leave not the millions, outside of the selected five hundred, in the darkness of ignorance forever.

#### MRS. WOODHULL IN THE FIELD.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

[From the *Herald*, Aurora, Ill., Oct. 23, 1875.]

MRS. WOODHULL.

The auditorium of the Opera House was about filled on Monday evening by an audience of respectable and substantial citizens, assembled to hear the lecture of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, on the "True and False, Socially." The speaker fully sustained her claim to be one of the most eloquent female orators of the day. Her deportment on the stage is modest and ladylike, her language chaste, and her voice musical in the extreme. The discourse was full of passages that were delivered with a telling earnestness, and rewarded with hearty applause. As to the lecture itself, it seemed to have been misnamed. It related rather to sexual evils than to those existing in society itself. Mrs. Woodhull told a great deal of truth, but her only remedy for the evils she depicted was the spread of intelligence. Free love, woman's rights, and other radical schemes for the regeneration of society, with which her name has been connected, were only slightly and incidentally touched upon. Mrs. Woodhull may effect much good by arousing attention to the importance of the subject presented.

[From the *Daily Journal*, Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 23, 1875.]

THE WOODHULL LECTURE.

The lecture of Mrs. WOODHULL last night was listened to attentively by a respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen. The house was not "filled to overflowing with men and boys drawn there by a vulgar curiosity," but by thoughtful men and women, who heard with marked attention, and applauded many of the statements made. If any one went to

the Opera House to find gratification for a prurient appetite that one came away woefully disappointed. If Mrs. Woodhull is to be measured by what she said rather than by the idea popularly entertained of her, she must be set down as a woman with a vivid conception, utopian though it may be, and to the advocacy of which a being-possessed devotion lends eloquence. Lafayette last night heard solid and substantial truths, abrupt and wide indeed on their fronts, and perhaps unwelcome to many, but none the less truths and relating to vital matters. When a truth is uttered it avails nothing to avoid its effect, let the source from which it comes be what it may. Mrs. Woodhull graphically depicts social evils, but whether the remedy summed up in a higher intelligence which she suggests, will prove adequate is a question that admits of serious discussion. One thing is certain, that the appeal she makes, and the diffusion of intelligence which she so earnestly urges, can be productive of nothing but good, although it may not prove a panacea. It may be just the thing to deery and denounce Woodhull, but we can see nothing in her lecture to condemn or which the most chaste and refined cannot unblushingly hear.

[From the *Leader*, Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 23, 1875.]

VICTORIA WOODHULL has come and gone. Her name is as familiar to intelligent readers as those of Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, or "any other man." Her lecture on Friday night was listened to by a respectful and respectable audience, and were it to be repeated, every nook and corner of the Opera House would be occupied.

[From the *Bee*, Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 23, 1875.]

WOODHULL.

The lecture of Mrs. WOODHULL at the Opera House drew out a fair audience of ladies and gentlemen. She spoke for an hour and a half. The audience was not a mob of low-minded people who had "no respect for her," but was composed of intelligent, thinking people, and the few who went to the Opera House expecting to hear a vulgar "harangue" were disappointed. The burden of her song was not "foul," and her words of truth were applauded. She uttered no word that would cause the virtuous mother to blush, and none will deny that if what she said was practiced the world would be made up of better men and women. She made an earnest and eloquent appeal to mothers to get acquainted with their daughters and sons, and teach them to live in a God-like manner. There was nothing in the lecture to condemn, while there was much in it to commend, and we venture the prediction that if she were to return to this city and deliver the same lecture she would be greeted with the largest audience that ever assembled in the Opera House.

[Items from the same paper.]

The "boy" stood on the burning deck.  
"Young man," give the woman a show.  
Isn't it singular that some young men will insist on dying with virtue?  
The "young man" put his foot in it, and Mrs. Woodhull told him so.

The *Courier* made a raid on Woodhull. Woodhull made a raid on the *Courier*, and the universal verdict is that Woodhull got the best of it.

[From the *Gazette*, Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 25, 1875.]

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, who has been the most fearfully maligned, abused, hated and scorned woman in some localities, and the most enthusiastically loved in others, of any public woman in America, commanded the attention of a moderate audience at Dowling Hall, on Saturday night. Her subject if not already known might be easily guessed. It is the one subject in the advocacy of which she has consecrated her life. She has thrown her startling ideas into the abodes of sanctimonious piety, and frightened from their lurking places the greatest hypocrites in the land. Whether right or wrong, she is certainly in earnest, certainly imbued with Hercules' energy, and an unlimited confidence in the truth of her ideas. No one can fail to be impressed with her sincerity.

[From the *Daily News* Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 23, 1875.]

In pursuance to announcement, VICTORIA C. WOODHULL delivered her lecture at the Opera House last evening. At an early hour the throng began to arrive, and by the time Mrs. Woodhull made her appearance on the stage (8 o'clock), the house was densely packed. Those who labored under the impression that her audience would not be a refined one, but on the contrary be composed of the scum of society, were much mistaken. We doubt if Colerick's Opera House has ever contained an audience composed of a better class of people than assembled there last night to hear Mrs. Woodhull's lecture. Whether this was from idle curiosity to see her, or whether it was from a desire to hear from her own lips the things that have been imputed to her authorship, we are unable to say. In either event, Mrs. Woodhull has no cause to complain as far as numbers and respectability are concerned.

She made her appearance on the stage, neatly dressed in black, and at once began her discourse. Her voice trembled slightly at the start; but as she warmed up with her subject, she displayed an impassioned oratory that drew the applause of the audience. She was very dramatic and vehement in her action, and gave evidence of long study and patience in her mission of reform.

#### MEROETH THE MAGIAN.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

"And the magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments."

The above is the title of a tragedy in blank verse, indited by a gentleman of foreign extraction, now sojourning for a brief period, in the United States. It was written by inspiration, and introduces the subject of super-mundane, mundane, and sub-mundane Spiritualism. The scene is laid in Egypt, in the City of Memphis, and the era 404 B. C. In it

the historical characters of Alcibiades, Socrates and Euclid are introduced, and the "ars magica" as practiced in Egypt from the time of Moses to the present age is exhibited and exemplified. The terms under which it is proposed to publish it are as follows:

1. The work in question, in the hands of the publisher, may be looked upon by the public as a marketable commodity, but it cannot be exchanged by any purchaser for any other production of equal value.
2. It will contain about 200 pages, filled with concentrated harmony and wisdom. It will be in form octavo, and issued bound neatly in boards at \$1 75 per copy.
3. Only five hundred copies will be likely to be subscribed for, and therefore only 500 will be printed. The type will be remorselessly pried—after it has been stereotyped.
4. The periodicals of the day will be permitted to enliven their pages with copious extracts from the work, and to decant upon the same in terms of the highest commendation; but it is not submitted to them for criticism—no, not for an instant.
5. There will be exactly and only five hundred copies of the work printed—at first. Of these, one will be for the author, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are intended for that number of bona-fide paid up subscribers. On these terms alone will the tragedy be issued. Our printers, who are as dogmatic as bishops, confirm us in the propriety of this last resolution.

#### CONTENTS:

Act I. Scene 1.—A caravansary at Memphis. 2. A room in Euclid's house. 3. Ditto. 4. A salon in Meroeth's palace. 5. The hall of the Magi. This act terminates with the response of the oracle:

"Two victims to the Gods the destinies demand  
Ere Nile's blue waters rise o'er Egypt's prostrate land;  
When in her waves you cast your beauty and your lore,  
The pestilence shall cease, the famine leave your shore!"

Act II. Scene 1.—Pentagonal Hall of Divination in Meroeth's palace. 2. Ditto. 3. The gardens of Isis by moonlight. 4th and 5th ditto.

Act III. Scene 1.—A room in Euclid's house. 2. A hall in Meroeth's palace. 3. The boudoir of Eudora in Euclid's house. 4. Interior of the temple of Isis. This act terminates with the death of Eudora, the heroine of the tragedy, who chooses the fatal lot—on which the statue of Isis becomes illumined, and Meroeth points to it, exclaiming:

"The offering is accepted! We are answered!"

Act IV. Scene 1.—The observatory of Meroeth's palace. 2. A Hall in the same; a room in a Lodge near the same. This act terminates with the burning of the palace of Meroeth.

Act V. Scene 1.—The portico of the castle of Arbaces. 2. The hall of the Magi. 3. A road in the suburbs of Memphis. 4. The interior of the grand temple of Osiris. The tragedy closes with the death of Meroeth and the acceptance of the sacrifice by the God.

"Now as our beauty and our lore are given,  
May Egypt be once more beloved of heaven;  
All is performed which the just Gods have willed,—  
The destinies appeased,—the oracle fulfilled."

Such is a brief notice of the contents of the above work. If published in the United States the terms will be as above stated; but if rejected here and accepted in any barbarous country, the agent will hold it to be his Christian duty to advance upon them, and take advantage of the ignorance of the savages. In the meantime the tragic muse is waiting like Peggotty in David Copperfield, for the American public to write on its cart—"Barkis is willin'." For of course all depends on the alacrity with which the subscriptions tumble in.

R. W. HUME, Agent.

N. B.—Please to remit by P. O. order or registered letter to R. W. Hume, office of Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, P. O. Box 3,791, New York City. This privilege will be stopped at the 499th subscription—probably. R. W. H., Agent.

#### BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS:

Dear Sir—I have received the boxes of Magnetized Powder, have taken them as directed, and I have so much improved that I can eat well and sleep better than I have for years; do not have those nervous pains as I did before taking your Powder; have more strength in my limbs. I have been up on crutches for the last three days. I feel almost young again. My fingers are more limber, the swelling is gone; my heart troubles me nothing as it did before.

Yours respectfully, THEODOCIA BLAIR.

ROWLEY, Iowa, Feb. 2, 1875.

She writes under date of Aug. 23, that she can now walk without the aid of her crutches. This is truly a remarkable cure and should encourage others who are afflicted to send for the powder. \$1 per box, address Vineland, N. J.

The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin 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. Claflin	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
The Principles of Finance	25
Breaking the Seals; or the Hidden Mystery Revealed	25
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#### READ THE FOLLOWING INDORSEMENTS.

What Mr. Jenny, of the New York Tribune, says about it:

NEW YORK, June 10, 1875.

DENSMORE, YOST & Co.:  
Gentlemen—I am an earnest advocate of the Type-Writer. Having thoroughly tested its practical worth, I find it a complete writing machine, adapted to a wide range of work. The one I purchased of you several weeks since has been in daily use, and gives perfect satisfaction. I can write with it more rapidly and legibly than with a pen, and with infinitely greater ease. Wishing you success commensurate with the merits of your wonderful and eminently useful invention, I am, respectfully yours,  
E. H. JENNY.

OFFICE OF DUN, BARLOW & Co., Com. Agency,  
335 BROADWAY, New York, Dec. 8, 1874.

Gentlemen—The Type-Writer we purchased of you last June for our New York, Albany and Buffalo offices have given such satisfaction that we desire you to ship machines immediately to other of our offices at Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, Hartford, Louisville, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and no more to our New York office, 335 Broadway.

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OFFICE OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH Co.,  
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HENRY HOWARD.

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#### CONTENTS.

- Preface; Explanation; Introduction; Address to the Clergy.
- Chap. 1.—Rival Claims of the Saviors.  
Chap. 2.—Messianic Prophecies.  
Chap. 3.—Prophecies by the figure of a Serpent.  
Chap. 4.—Miraculous and Immaculate Conception of the Gods.  
Chap. 5.—Virgin Mothers and Virgin-born Gods.  
Chap. 6.—Starts point out the Time and the Savior's Birthplace.  
Chap. 7.—Angels, Shepherds and Magi visit the Infant Savior.  
Chap. 8.—The Twenty-fifth of December the Birthday of the Gods.  
Chap. 9.—Titles of the Saviors.  
Chap. 10.—The Saviors of Royal Descent but Humble Birth.  
Chap. 11.—Christ's Genealogy.  
Chap. 12.—The World's Saviors saved from Destruction in Infancy.  
Chap. 13.—The Saviors exhibit Early Proofs of Divinity.  
Chap. 14.—The Saviors' Kingdoms not of this World.  
Chap. 15.—The Saviors are real Personages.  
Chap. 16.—Sixteen Saviors Crucified.  
Chap. 17.—The Aphanasia, or Darkness, at the Crucifixion.  
Chap. 18.—Descent of the Saviors into Hell.  
Chap. 19.—Resurrection of the Saviors.  
Chap. 20.—Reappearance and Ascension of the Saviors.  
Chap. 21.—The Atonement: its Oriental or Heathen Origin.  
Chap. 22.—The Holy Ghost of Oriental Origin.  
Chap. 23.—The Divine "Word" of Oriental Origin.  
Chap. 24.—The Trinity very anciently a current Heathen Doctrine.  
Chap. 25.—Absolution, or the Confession of Sins, of Heathen Origin.  
Chap. 26.—Origin of Baptism by Water, Fire, Blood, and the Holy Ghost.  
Chap. 27.—The Sacrament or Eucharist of Heathen Origin.  
Chap. 28.—Anointing with Oil of Oriental Origin.  
Chap. 29.—How Men, including Jesus Christ, came to be worshipped as Gods.  
Chap. 30.—Sacred Cycles explaining the Advent of the Gods, the Master-key to the Divinity of Jesus Christ.  
Chap. 31.—Christianity derived from Heathen and Oriental Systems.  
Chap. 32.—Three Hundred and Forty-six striking Analogies between Christ and Orishna.  
Chap. 33.—Apollonius, Osiris and Mithras as Gods.  
Chap. 34.—The Three Pillars of the Christian Faith—Miracles, Prophecies and Common-sense View of the Doctrines of Divine Incarnation.  
Chap. 35.—Philosophical Absurdities of the Doctrine of the Divine Incarnation.  
Chap. 36.—Physiological Absurdities of the Doctrine of the Divine Incarnation.  
Chap. 37.—A Historical View of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.  
Chap. 38.—The Scriptural View of Christ's Divinity.  
Chap. 39.—A Metonymic View of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.  
Chap. 40.—The Precepts and Practical Life of Jesus Christ.  
Chap. 41.—Christ as a Spiritual Medium.  
Chap. 42.—Conversion, Repentance and "Getting Religion" of Heathen Origin.  
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STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
Ly 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Ly 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 "
Ly Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Ly 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.	...
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.	8.10 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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For Elizabeth, 6, 6:30, 7:20, 7:40, 8, 9, 10 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4:10, 4:30, 4:50, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:10, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8:10, 10, 11:30 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday, 5:20, 7 and 8:10 P. M.

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