

# WOODHULL & CLARIN'S WEEKLY.

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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.*

## ENLIGHTENED INDIVIDUALITY.

GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 25, 1876.

Dear Weekly: As I journey over the country from town to town, and take notes, here a fact and there a fact, all tending to show the corrupting influence of the age, the weakness and incapacity of human laws to meet the needs of humanity, and above all, the supineness of human nature, its proneness to take the world as it goes; as I note the indifference of victims and the assumptions of might over right, I think how few are worthy of liberty.

Those who have caught the fascination of the sound of the word Freedom, for the lack of the balance-wheel of good judgment, or rather because its cogs are out of gear, fly off into rank fanaticism and commence winding ram's horns around Jericho, to the disgust of ears attuned to the harmony of sweeter sounds; while those in whose harmonious composition freedom is safe from perversion, do not seem to comprehend the strength there is in union. Consequently, the ranks are scattered and the courageous pickets in imminent danger of the respectably entrenched foe.

Self-control is evidently the first requisite for individual liberty. How many would stand the test? How many are even conscious of the necessity for self-control? How many confound self-control with self-immolation, to which it bears no more resemblance than the high soaring eagle to the scare-crow.

Even those worthy of freedom, through the harmonization of their natures, are so hemmed in and hedged about by circumstance and precedent, that to set themselves free is a task too great for their individual effort. The dogmatist in morals, or laws that pass for morals, sets it down as an indisputable fact that self-control is in the power of all; that we are absolutely free agents to do right or wrong, when it is obvious to the thoughtful mind that the dogmatist himself is the direct refutation of his emphatically expounded fact (?). As this world goes, self-control often involves the control of others in whom the temporal law has vested rights (?), who possess, as it were, a power of attorney over the individual will. This must strike the logical mind as a relative truth though an absolute falsehood insulting to personal rights.

There is much to be said in favor of natural affections, yet they are but a snare to the feet of the unwary when wisdom and understanding are lacking in the individual who is in their bondage. For instance, the mother kills her child by over indulgence through her undisciplined human love which lacks the sure instinct of the brute because she was endowed with a sovereign reason which the force of circumstance and educated indifference have blunted into inactivity. Yet she must needs pay the penalty of her self-indulgence, and not only she, but her child whom she deprives of the self-controlling power derived from discipline in childhood.

Again, for instance—and their name is legion—wives, through the strength of a selfish affection, quite natural, but totally undisciplined and unreasonable, are daily dethroning their selfhood, assassinating their womanhood, yielding the most sacred individual rights in the bondage of custom, hoary with age and respectability as it is old in iniquity and death-dealing disease. Yet precedent has determined that such a course of self-immolation (not self-sacrifice) is the course best calculated to win the applause of men and an immortal crown hereafter. The falsehood and ignorance that induce the Hindoo widow to immolate herself on the funeral pyre of her husband is but a phase of the same pernicious principle that causes christian wives to submit themselves unto their husbands till the last vestige of their divine selfhood is prostituted unto lust. But the more a woman loses in such yielding of individual sovereignty, the surer is she of the testimony on her tombstone that she was a faithful wife and exemplary christian.

Yet law is law; not that made by fallible men, but the im-

mutable law that heeds not the manner of its breaking, but visits the same judgment upon those who break it in utter ignorance for "Christ's sake," and those who break it in sheer wilfulness, knowing the inevitable consequences. And what a penalty the world is paying for its ages of misconceived duty, sacrifice of its birthright for self, not of self! by which I mean the yielding of individual rights, based in immutable law which we cannot break and retain our birthright—self-control.

There is no legitimate demand of any soul which involves the immolation of any other soul. All such demand is based in utter selfishness, and can but foster selfishness at the expense of life and liberty. This is a nice point in morals, and its misconception has proved a stumbling block to the human race; for with all our boasting, humanity is in a bad state. How can I illustrate my point, to make it as clear to others as it is to me? It occurs to me that the case of Mattie Strickland will serve my purpose.

Now, the thoughtless and the bigoted and the illogical regard Mattie Strickland as the incarnation of disobedient selfishness, never recognizing her fealty to her selfhood through her comprehension of the law of individual sovereignty. It is held that she has wantonly broken her parents' hearts—self-love is a merciless heart breaker—merely to indulge her own wicked desires. Now, in my opinion she has done no such thing. If she had not comprehended the law of her being, if she had merely been tempted of her desires, though the basis of the law were in them, without her intelligence recognizing their uses, and her aspirations sanctifying them, she might come under the condemnation of a selfishness born of ignorance, in which all the world is wallowing to-day, and for the controlling of which all our stupid laws are made; which, however, through suppression of an evil, and not its eradication, only serve to augment that which they seek to assuage; laws which hold in bondage spirits awakened to the glad song of freedom upon the mountains as well as the insensate dolt who yet slumbers after the satiety of self. Call this sophistry—those who fail to comprehend it—but there are many, nevertheless, to whom it will come as fundamental truth.

Mattie Strickland had but to look around upon perverted, not to say debauched, manhood and womanhood, to ask herself its cause. Her free soul answered well, when it informed her that prostitution of selfhood is the cause; and she swore allegiance to the demands of her own womanhood over all else. She recognised her right to herself and over herself, and repudiated the interference of any other soul. She has set an example worthy the emulation of all women whose perverted mission it is to breed sinners under present rule.

Mattie Strickland, in her fealty to her own womanhood, has defied the flaming sword of modern society to bar her entrance into life. She is nearer salvation than those of her sex who weep with her parents over her fall (?), and yet yield their free will daily to legalized lust. The world needs more such examples of rare courage; examples of that sort of unselfishness which will keep the rein over itself though it wade knee deep through the slaughtered selfishness of all its kindred; which will work out its own salvation, when it sees the way, though it have to wound the self-love of all it holds dear. Thus it is that Christ came to bring not peace but a sword.

How well I estimate the pangs her course has cost Mattie Strickland! It costs the high soul more to be true to itself than to weakly yield itself for the misconceived comfort of those who are so steeped in selfishness as to find joy in another's sacrifice. For instance: We will say that a wife—and we need not suppose a case, there are cases enough in point—a wife yields her will to the demand of her husband which grows by what it feeds upon, first because she loves him so selfishly she has not the sublime self-control to deny him an indulgence more detrimental to the welfare of both than ignorance can conceive, but which enlightenment is beginning to sense the enormity of.

The wife who yields her selfhood is never compensated; such sacrifice to self does not deserve compensation, though it be under a devotional sense of obligation to the law; for it insults the higher law. The woman's selfishness is often on a par with that of her husband's; he demands of his lust, she yields of her self-love, when she should dare be strong and unselfish in her fealty to her womanhood whose demand

is more sacred than any other, and of which selfhood alone can be cognizant, and the individual will is sole arbiter.

But did the wife dare be true to herself in personal sovereignty, and refuse her husband his "vested rights" under the statute, the idiotic law would grant him a divorce, if he should avall himself of it, and if not, her life would be a martyrdom which, if she could endure for the sake of her sacred obligations to herself, think you her struggle would not cost her tenfold what a weak yielding to the "respectability and majesty of the law" would cost?

Mattie Strickland could have purchased temporary peace by yielding to the self-love of her parents and the respectable customs of society which could immolate another victim upon its altars with the usual pomp and ceremony. But she rather chose to forsake father and mother and assume social ostracism in her allegiance to herself. Ten to one the boiling waters of worldliness do not overwhelm her, but the spirit of her grand action hath eternal life.

Am I asked if I have no pity for her poor parents? Yes, pity for their bondage to self which blinds them to the merit of their daughter's act. Pearls have been cast before swine before, and the swine have turned to rend, though I never heard of one possessed of sufficient cunning to advertise its insensibility in a newspaper.

Yet one must even view all things from the line of one's vision. Some drink in the glories of the sunrise from the mountains, while the dwellers in the valley are yet in slumber. Over and above all, there is compensation. Mattie Strickland finds hers in the exaltation of a reciprocal passion of love, the only unprostituted relation, and the offspring of which she is not likely to murder in embryo; her open course has exempted her from that sin. Her parents, no doubt, find their compensation in the turbid tide of a vulgar public sympathy which they publicly and vulgarly expressed the need of.

Well, it don't matter, so we all are compensated, if one prefers the delicate wine in small quantities and in discreet season, and another choose to swill down a quart of bitter beer three times a day or oftener. But your beer drinker should not attempt to force his mess upon the more refined sense of the connoisseur of rare wine.

And over and above all is Law which we cannot break for nothing. For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the sins of the parents upon the children! Thou shalt have no other gods before me! God is Law, and Law is love! The law well kept will insure happiness to the children of men. Who so keepeth the law is wise, and his seed shall flourish as a cedar of Lebanon or a rose of Sharon. But worldly success is not a cedar of Lebanon or a rose of Sharon. It is a Upas tree that drops poison into all the sweet springs of simple, natural holiness. The sweetest, purest lives, are not those about which cluster the flaunting, bristling cactuses of modern respectability, but those which are led by the spirit through green pastures and beside still waters. Though ostracised of mammon, and anathematised by its god I would prefer to inhale the pure sweetness of Mattie Strickland's life to holding the position of the most respectable dame who ever won her claim to worldly distinction by a trick of custom to cloak the outraged law.

HELEN NASH.

## THE "INTERNATIONAL."

How comes it that the International Workingmen's Association which a few years ago presented so imposing a front, filling with uneasiness every crowned head in Europe, inspiring with cowardly terror the base plutocratic herds that crowded around their several thrones, lies now prostrate, shattered and impotent? That grand association, animated by so noble aims, breathing forth sympathies so sublime, that most characteristic of all the manifestations ever presented in purely practical life by the genius of christianity, —where is it now? Wherefore this strange paralysis? Here and now in the city of New York, amidst all the actual misery and frightful destitution, where its presence in all its power is more urgently needed than at any other time or place before, even in Paris on the 18th March, 1871—anniversary for all time sacred!—why do we see or hear no vestige or sign of it?

Answer you leaders—Banks, Ward, Elliott, Madox and the rest!—you who were going to make a revolution with bullets when ballots failed! For how much worse failure, more complete, more ignominious, must you needs wait? The people are dying for want of bread; the ballot gives you a Campbell in place of a Porter!

M. J. Harrison



The true answer is simple enough. The International Workingmen's Association lies to-day everywhere prostrate because it fell under the guidance of leaders who succeeded in making it turn a deaf ear to the wise counsels which had so large a share in its original organization; succeeded, in fact finally, in tying up its fate with that of mad schemes of madder dreamers. Demagogues like Karl Marx and the other pure disorganizers it is who have defeated that grand international movement that ten years ago promised so much; not the armies, not the police, not the prisons of the combined kings, priests and plutocrats! Not even the bloody plains of Satory.

Upon a sound line of policy the working classes, being in the immense majority, must needs be invincible. They can be defeated and still further oppressed only by the dissemination among themselves of falsities and chimeras. These are the real dynamite exploders! They can be safely warranted to sink the tightest vessel ever launched! That stupid falsehood, for example, which confounds together two things so vastly different as the abominable parasitism that is eating out the heart of our modern society, and a social function so utterly indispensable as the accumulation of capital. This alone would have sufficed to wreck the noble ship of internationalism even if all the rest of its planks had not been contributed by passionate invention instead of by calm observation of facts. There is a truth underlying each one of those planks, no doubt, as happens with all other human delusions, and even with human vices; but that in no wise hinders the errors being fatal. It only demands, as the true mode of criticism, the elimination of the underlying truth from the superposed falsehood, the latter being usually fatal in about even proportion with its seeming simplicity and superficial truth-likeness.

Nothing certainly can look more just and true on the face of the matter than the assertion that the workman is entitled to the whole produce of his labor. Nor anything more easy to see, as soon as one begins to study the teachings of social science, with a mind desirous of learning in spite of all preconceived notions, than that such an assertion amounts to less than nothing in view of the grand problem of this age, the problem of radical justice to the working class. A man does not want the produce of his own labor; he no more wants the produce of his own labor than he wants land. What he wants on the contrary is the produce of other men's labor. But he could not have it if he did want it, because in fact there is no such thing. A man for instance makes a pair of shoes, or rather he is said to make them; but are the shoes the product of his labor? Not by any means; he did not create the shoes; he only superadded certain labor to pre-existing materials, rendering those materials thereby more adapted to human use than they were before. The man that tanned the leather, the man that lathered the ox, the man that fattened the ox, the man that bred and raised it, the man that made the nails, the man that smelted from the ore the iron from which the nails were made, the man that drew the ore from the bowels of the earth, aye, the man that thousands of centuries ago first began to tame animals a little wilder than was then man himself, and he who first artificially producing fire gave to man, not merely the secret of forcing from rude and useless ores the priceless metals, but also a power that should some day enable him to dethrone the gods themselves,—these, all these, had directly or indirectly co-operated in making that one pair of shoes.

And besides, even if the shoes were the product of the labor of the man who made them, he does not want them. He wants anything and everything except shoes; but shoes he has no use for at all. That is to say, he has already all that he wants and more. He has made himself all the shoes he can wear for a long time to come, and has done the same for his wife and all his children. So that now there is not a thing under heaven but he wants a great deal more than he wants shoes. The things he wants, too, and wants immediately, and must have, and have this very day or die, are products of days long gone by; products of toil during long sweltering days under the broiling sun of a year ago last summer, and of many, many days, hot and cold, since: sowing wheat, and reaping wheat, and husking wheat and storing wheat—not to speak of the indirect but none the less indispensable service of the building of the vast granaries years and years before—and grinding wheat, and packing flour into barrels, and bringing a barrel of it to the shoemaker's door;—all this, and a thousand services more of the same kind, are what the shoemaker wants, aye, and must have, and not by any means whatsoever the product of his own labor. The workman of to-day is in fact subsisting, and must by the very nature of things continue to subsist, so long at all events as he remains a human being, properly so called, and does not return to the state of his Chimpanzee ancestors in the forest, upon the products of labor long ago performed by great numbers of persons, mostly with no consciousness of any mutual relations between them, and products, moreover, stored up and taken care of till the moment that he wants them, brought to him, too, at or in anticipation of that moment, from all points of the compass, for varying and sometimes for very long distances. It is in the very nature of things, therefore, that the produce of his own labor will have to be in its own turn stored up and taken care of and kept ready for the use of the several citizens who may in their turn again have need of it. The facts of the case remaining indeed none the less immutably facts because a great many of the workers in this vast, spontaneously developed and continuous co-operation are too dull and narrow-minded, or too much preoccupied each one with his own separate and personal interests, to care anything at all about it, or to be in the least degree conscious of its existence, nor indeed were any number of them too stupid to perceive it when thus pointed out. If a man will persist in butting his head against a two-foot-thick stone wall his head may quite likely be hurt. The stone wall can stand it if he can.

That which the workman really does need, which we all need most urgently—all honest citizens, that is,—that which the workmen might well unite in demanding, and most prob-

ably would unite in demanding, were only envious and ambitious demagogues to leave off diverting their attention from realities to their insane and immoral chimeras, is that all the social products, into the production of which his own labor and the labor of all other honest citizens enter directly or indirectly, should be distributed among those only who in one shape or another contribute to the supply of the so vastly varying needs of the body politic, and that none of it should be squandered upon those who are living a life essentially parasitic. For any human being to be suffered to devour the products of the social co-operation—and all really human industry is of sheer necessity, as we have just seen, a vast and continuous social co-operation—without yielding in return any useful service to humanity, is unquestionably a foul wrong done to every honest worker. So far as "property," or any other institution, really does tend to this result, it is assuredly a "robbery." That the moral theories actually prevailing among us, do, however, unhappily, encourage and protect, instead of justly reprehending this robbery, is only too manifestly true. Wherefore, by-the-by, is it plain enough that a body of men who would teach a higher, purer, nobler morality, and enforce the same upon the social conscience by all the means available to such an end, by whatever names such means may have heretofore been known among men, would be rendering to society, and especially to the honest toilers, a service incomparably greater, more urgently needed, at this day especially, and always, in fact, continuously, to be more urgently needed, than that of any shoemaker, or wheat-grower, or ox-breeder, or delver for iron ore, or other laborer whomsoever within the sphere properly to be called the Industrial. RAMSHORN.

#### DEATH CANNOT DIVIDE US.

BY W. S. H.

In my heart of hearts lies hidden  
A secret, sacred drawer,  
Where my life's most precious jewels  
Its sweetest memories are.  
Here are pearls of childhood's laughter,  
Here are diamonds of sighs,  
Which came from hearts as pure and true  
As the people in the skies.  
Here are bars of golden music,  
Snatched from Sorrow's saddest hymn,  
And priceless gems of glittering tears  
Time can never, never dim.  
Here wreaths of warming welcome smile  
Which adorned the college prize;  
Here are sparks which made the love-light  
Bless and cheer the sad good-byes;  
Here are rubies from the wine-cup,  
Where the lips gave but the click  
Of telegraph which spoke from hearts  
That were throbbing warm and quick;  
Here are drops of holy water,  
Which were once my mother's tears,  
Still perfumed by her hallowing love  
And her consecrating prayers.  
And in this drawer an inner drawer  
Far more sacred yet than all,  
Where my life is ever lingering,  
Waiting, waiting for its call.  
Here are smiles made up of God's smiles,  
Light of pure and holy love;  
Here are sighs and tears to teach me  
That she was not from above.  
Here is trust and truth and beauty—  
Music, mirth and gentle grace;  
Every feature speaks the goodness  
That irradiates her face.  
And her form is lithe and lamb-like;  
Rarest gifts by God were given—  
Human love and holy living—  
She clings to man and climbs to Heaven.  
Angels took her up one morning  
From my clinging arms to God,  
And my heart was racked with anguish,  
Broken, broken by the rod.  
But I heard within this drawer,  
Like the voice of Sinner's friend,  
"Love, your own is with you always,  
Always, even to the end."  
And I looked and saw her smiling,  
And I listened to her prayer.  
"Patience, darling! wait a little;  
Where I am thou shalt be there."  
God, whose care is e'er beside us,  
Tells me "Death shall not divide us."

—Evening Mail.

#### "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

BY WARREN CHASE.

As our light literature is filled with fictitious stories of happy marriages, we should have occasionally one of the genuine cases of real life from the holy institution. In one of the semi-Christian semi-barbarous towns on the west side of the Mississippi, where slavery once flourished and rebellion is not yet exterminated, there lives an old farmer now about sixty, with no education, but rich for a country farmer, being worth forty or fifty thousand dollars. He owns a wife near his age, to whom he was legally married when they were young. She is worth nothing, never had any property nor money, never owned even the clothes on her scarred body, which bears the marks of many a blow received from the man who owns it. She has borne him fifteen children, fourteen of whom are raised to an age of self-support, and, as fast as they are old enough, are forced to do it. One is a cripple, with a good brain, but like the rest, the father refuses to board this boy and let him go to school and get an education to support himself by. The old man thinks education useless, as he got property without it, and as that is the main object of life, he deems time wasted in education. He quarrels with his wife and abuses and even beats her at this age in life, and they both tell of it, making it no secret, until it is the common knowledge of the whole neighborhood. People often ask her why she does not leave him, and she says if she should he would soon marry another and younger wife, as his property would secure one, and then another crop of children would come in, and hers, for whom she

has worked all her life, would be robbed of all their and her share in the property, for she knows him so well she is sure he would do this, as he has no natural regard for his children, or for her. This man—worse than a brute—is a husband and a father. This poor slave woman is a wife and mother, and the sacred property of her husband, made so by law and religion, and held by both in slavery after the black slaves are free. There is no emancipation for her but death, and that would have relieved her long ago but for her maternal love which binds her to the interests of her children in spite of the misery she endures. Let no one suppose this is a solitary case raked up from a wide extent of country, for every neighborhood has cases in some respects resembling this, and going to show that it is time our marriage laws were abolished and a substitution of equality in partnership for man and woman to take the place. Justice requires that every wife should not only control her own person, but have it protected by law, and that she should control and own half the property and the children, but our holy system is too sacred to allow of justice or to be tampered with by unholy legislation. Let the women vote and then see if they will protect their own sex.

BANGOR, Van Buren Co., Mich, Feb. 22, 1876.

The New Departure has filled us both with new life and light. In less than four months my husband wholly overcame his previous desire to hold me in bondage, and became to me a new man. When he unlocked the shackles that bound me, and I saw that I was indeed free, then the repulsion that had existed in my heart faded away, and I gravitated back to him, and now we are happy in each other's love, and are trying to live a pure life; to live the best we know how, and to develop to the possibility of eternal life in the body together. My weaknesses are almost gone and my menstrual flow has decreased one half. We both feel that it is not too much to say that you have been a saviour to us; that we were caught like brands from the burning flames. When the tie of love was very near severed, thou camest to our rescue. Accept our best wishes and prayers for your prosperity and health. Ever yours for the truth.

ALVIRA & DENNIS CHIDESTER.

#### RECONSTRUCTION.

BY S. T. FOWLER.

LANGUAGE—continued.

The ancients watched the sun, moon and stars and recorded their apparent movements, for signs of the times and seasons, and thus they learned that day and night with the varied seasons of the year were dependent on the sun's position in its journeyings among the stars; also that certain apparent positions of the stars indicated the progress of the sun's journey and of the approaching seasons.

From these discoveries it became apparent that the fruitfulness of the earth was dependent on the sun's influences; and being familiar with genderology on their own plane, they inferred that the sun and earth were as father and mother, and that all life on the earth depended on the impregnating influences of the father sun.

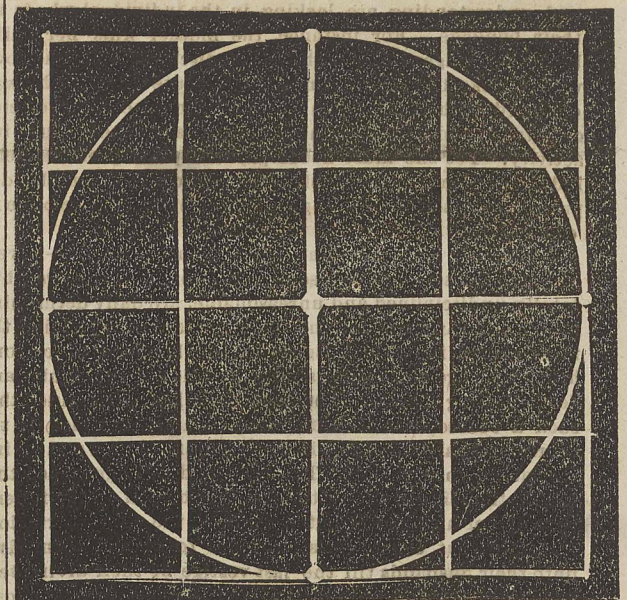
This led to the worship of the sun as the great first progenitor of all good, and to fearing him as the progenitor of all evil. As they saw no apparent copulation between the sun and earth they judged that impregnation was accomplished by the breath, spirit, inflatus or holy ghost that proceeded from the sun to the earth.

Sun worship is the worship of generative power, and so are all worships of every description. Sex worship is only the beginning or outside of genderic worship. All the symbols of sun worship have been derived from astronomical records. These symbols became the names of the various gods or god ideas, and these names have become the basis of language.

From this it results that a complete diagram of the heavens becomes a complete monogram of the alphabet.

From this monogram each family or nation selected letters as the representatives of the particular idea of godliness that they chose to worship, and these in monogrammic form became their national emblem.

From this it becomes evident that a true monogram of the alphabet is a key to the significance of letters, words, god names and all symbols of worship, with all its myths, parables, riddles and allegories.



The centre of the monogram represents the earth; the squares represent the havens, houses, domiciles or homes.



The large circle represents the path of the sun's yearly journey.

These constitute the original basis of the monogram, and hence we present a diagram of them separately.

The large square represents the house of many mansions, not made with hands, the eternal home of the great father among the stars.

The quadrants of the large square represent the domiciles of the sun in the four seasons.

The twelve outside small squares represent his monthly mansions.

The centre-piece inside of these twelve mansions is the home of the earth and moon; and the quadrants of this square represent the weekly abodes of the moon.

By a metamorphosis the large circle represents a day's journey of the sun.

In the above diagram the four dots on the outside of the square, perpendicular and horizontal to the earth, represent the noon, evening, midnight and morning sun.

The pendant ray of the noonday sun gives the letter j. The quadrant of the circle performed by the sun between noon and evening is the original R in its simplicity.

The corner on the outside of this quadrant (or R) is the letter L in its simplicity.

The horizontal or evening sun ray, resting on the earth and thus conjoined to the j, gives the letter E.

More anciently the sun's path was represented by diagonal lines through the domiciles of the seasons, and then these diagonal lines served as R, and the D was the delta of the Greek alphabet.

The next quadrant of the sun's journey accomplished the letter D in its original simplicity; and the midnight ray of the sun accomplished the letter T, though not in its present position. These are the T D of the evening tide.

The third quadrant of the sun's daily journey, and the morning ray, gives the midnight T D, which was tide as spelled without the vowels.

The fourth quadrant of the sun's daily journey brings to the noon-day tide.

The completed circle gives the letter O, and the half of which combined with a portion of the square gives the letter U. Also the H, with the plain F, the C and the G may be found in this primitive figure.

The circle in this diagram may have been premature, otherwise the oblique lines come next in the order of generation.

They and the circle seem to represent a dial plate and points of compass.

The diagonal lines between the 4 sun points were first in order and represent the 4 cardinal points, south, west, north and east; (this seems the true order) and the diagonals of the square represent the medial points of compass.

The cardinal points divide the day into 4 equal parts, beginning with afternoon and ending with forenoon.

The 8 points divide the day and night into 8 watches.

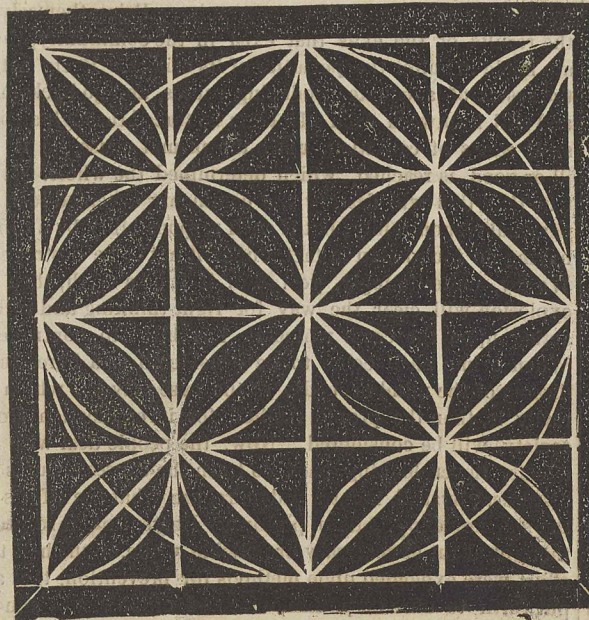
These lines, added to the diagram above, make, create, compose or are the monogram before given.

They add A, V, M, N, K, X, Y, Z to the alphabet. They also give the B P and R in straight lines.

These represent the creation of animals, including man, and bring us to the Garden of Eden, where the fig leaves, or apron and breeches appeared.

With the diagonal lines the gods were made flesh, and in the genderic image of the gods.

The fig leaf represents the fall of man from genderic innocence, or the naked truth, to genderic wickedness and hypocritical mystifications.



Change of circumstances have encroached on our time, and will mostly monopolize it for some weeks, but our readers may look for the significance of letters next week, and after that we will endeavor to send weekly contributions.

Errata.—In my first article "perpetual" growth in the third paragraph, should read "intellectual" growth; and "perpetrated" by authority, in ninth paragraph, second column, should read "perpetuated" by, etc.

#### A SUGGESTION.

A Congress of liberal and humanitarian minds will convene at Hillside Home, Carversville, Bucks County, Pa., on the 4th of May. All hail the glad tidings! May the angel hosts of heaven join with us to proclaim the principles of universal justice and love, freedom and equality. On the 4th of July, 1876, a new Declaration of Independence will be signed. I

hope many women, as well as many men, will sign it; but can women consistently sign a declaration of independence with their badges of dependence fettering their forms?

Now, I suggest that every woman who expects to sign that declaration array herself in a free dress, and thus aid practically, as well as theoretically, to usher in the millennial dawn in this our Centennial year.

A few more years and the signers of that declaration will be honored by all the people, but the greatest glory deeply rests in the consciousness of right!

Come, brave sisters, let the pure air of Hillside Home resound with the anthem of liberty's song, and let woman march to its music with a step as free as her brother man's, that she may walk by his side as an angel.

Noble brothers, ye who are interested in this glorious movement, we believe you will give encouragement to this suggestion. One hundred years ago there was a Declaration of Independence signed in "the times that tried men's souls." These are the times that try women's souls. Then let our courage be tried. Grand will the triumph be, with free bodies clothed in raiments of health and comfort, with free spirits adorned in the beauty and majesty of truth.

Prayerfully and hopefully, SADA BAILEY.  
SALEM, O., March 16.

ORANGE, Clinton Co., Iowa.

I have felt all my life that we have not attained the highest conditions, and been conscious that "eternal life" is a possibility, but could not solve the mystery. All that I have read and heard seemed unsatisfactory until your ideas were advanced. They fill the void.  
SABRA A. STRANG.

(Written for Woodhull and 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 their 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?

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 22, 1875.

EXCELSIOR.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the distinguished Magnetic Physician stands to-day without question the most successful physician of the age. He is now treating the sick in almost every State in the Union by his Magnetized Powder with unsurpassed success.—N. Y. Truth Seeker.

The afflicted should avail themselves of Dr. Fellows' valuable services.—Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

LITA BARNEY SAYLES, in an article in an old number of the Revolution on "Friendship Between the Sexes," says: "No doubt, if husbands and wives would only allow themselves to understand their own needs, they would find this the great element lacking in our social life. Barring this, we feel only from each other, and get so disgusted in time with continued honey and molasses, that even an emetic would be welcomed to change the programme. People get this great nausea, and not having freedom, nor being willing to take or grant it, they contract emetic friendships, where there are plenty waiting for them of the sensible, bread-and-butter kind, which will cherish life, instead of draining the system. Both husbands and wives are too exacting in the company of each other. We need other magnetisms than those with which we continually come in contact, in order to bring out our full natures and develop all our powers. Let us learn to have more confidence in our husbands and wives, our brothers and sisters, and believe it possible for them to be actuated by high and holy motives in seeking at times other than our exclusive society."

#### BITS OF FUN.

The ventilation of an idea never gives anybody a cold.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel, in spite of the hard times the wages of sin are up to the old standard.

Why is your wife like dynamite? Because she is apt to blow up if harshly handled.

SAID a cobbler who had just set up in business: "My first purchase is my last."

CENTENNIAL hotel prices in Philadelphia will be "three dollars a day, board and lodging extra."

"EXPLORING waist places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the 'air," said Mrs. Henry, overhearing him, and sailing into his raven curls.—Cincinnati Times.

So Brooklyn is to have a meter inspector, it seems. We hope he'll look after those chaps that write poetry for the Brooklyn Union.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A GENTLEMAN rode up to a public house in the country and asked: "Who is the master of this house?" "I am sir," replied the landlord; "My wife has been dead about three weeks."

AN Indiana farmer don't pay any tolls. He shoots the gate-keeper, and jogs right along. They have tried him twice, but he gets clear, since one of his aunt's cousins used to act "flighty like."

UPON the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

THE gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

A PROVINCIAL paper says a witness was asked by a county court judge, recently: "Did you go to the party yourself?" Witness: "Yes, sir." Judge: "And what did he say to you?" Witness: he told me to go to the devil, sir." "And so," says the Judge, quietly taking a pinch of snuff, with a roguish smile, "You came to the county court!" Many a true word spoken in jest.

PROF. Dana, of Yale College with a party of twenty-five, went on a short excursion the other day for the purpose of observing some glacial scratches. One of the students secretly made some scratches of his own upon a rock, and calling on the Professor to account for them, received the reply: "They look like the work of an Irishman."

A LADY applying for admission to the junior class of an Eastern seminary, being questioned by the President as to her qualifications, replied: "I ain't much of an arithmetic-ker, but I am an excellent grammarist."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way for him is to make a short voyage to sea. He will very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.

No Chinese bank has failed for five hundred years. When the last failure took place the officers' heads were cut off and hung into a corner with the other assets.

A WRITER in the Cleveland Sunday Voice has an article headed "How Shall We Rise?" Did he ever try sitting down on a can of nitro-glycerine.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

THAT much-talked-of telescope, it is said, has really brought the moon within ten miles of the earth. One or two turns more of the screw may bring the whole thing down on us.

"WILL your Honor please charge the jury," asked an Arkansas lawyer at the conclusion of a horse-thief trial. "I will," replied his Honor, "the court charges each jurymen one dollar for drinks, and six dollars extra for the one who used the Court's hat for a spittoon during the first day of the session."

A LADY remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long. "Don't you think so?" said she—"just a little?" "Ah! dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like 'the sincere milk of the Word.'" "Yes, I do," said she: "but you know the fashion nowadays is condensed milk."

A CORRESPONDENT, an ardent admirer of Bryant, inquires of us the meaning of "Thanatopsis." It is latin for death. When Brutus, the first temporary lunatic, slew Caesar, he remarked to his sister, "Jule is deader Than-a-top-sis."

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

LOIS WAISBROOKER can be addressed at Eureka, Humboldt County, California, during April. Will take subscriptions for the WEEKLY.

LEO MILLER AND MATTIE STRICKLAND will receive calls for lectures on liberal subjects. Engagements in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan particularly desired during the spring months. Terms reasonable. Address Omro, Wis.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Clyde, Ohio, April 9th; in Painesville, Ohio, April 16th; in Geneva, O., April 23d; in Akron, O., April 30th; in Alliance, O., the first two Sundays of May; and in Salem, O., the last two Sundays in May. Address accordingly.

We take special pleasure in calling the attention of all our readers who need dental service to Dr. Koonz, at No. 1 Great Jones Street, New York, who is both judicious and scientific in all departments of dentistry. His rooms are fitted tastefully and elegantly, and being constantly filled with the elite of the city, testifies that his practice is successful. He administers the nitrous oxide gas with perfect success in all cases.

The next Convention of the Spiritualists of Van Buren County, Michigan, will be holden at Paw Paw, in Professor Cook's Music Room, April 29th and 30th, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday and continuing over Sunday. Susie M. Johnson is engaged as one of the speakers. Let there be a general attendance of all interested, as the friends in Paw Paw and vicinity will spare no pains to make the Convention a success. R. BAKER, President.

THE INDIANAPOLIS SUN.—The leading independent reform weekly political newspaper in the Union, the special advocate of national legal tender paper money (the greenback system) as against bank issues on the gold basis fallacy, and the interchangeable currency bond as against the high gold interest bond. The Sun has a corps of able correspondents, comprising the most eminent political economists of the age. One page devoted entirely to agriculture. Miscellany of the choicest selection, adapted to all classes of readers. The latest general news and market reports. Terms \$1.75 per year, postpaid. Sample copies and terms to agents sent free on application. Address Indianapolis Sun Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE Spiritualists of Rockford have lately organized (for lectures, etc., each Sunday) on a free platform. Our cause seems to be in a very prosperous condition. Our lectures are attended by crowds of the most intelligent and thinking people in the city, and our last Convention was the best our Society has had in Northern Illinois since it was organized. Not one word was uttered during the whole Convention against a free platform. They nearly all admit that the question of most interest to humanity is the Social Question. Lecturers desiring engagements can address either COL. E. SMITH, A. H. FISHER, or FRED. H. BARNARD, the Committee appointed to provide speakers for next six months.



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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, that is, the devil, 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.*

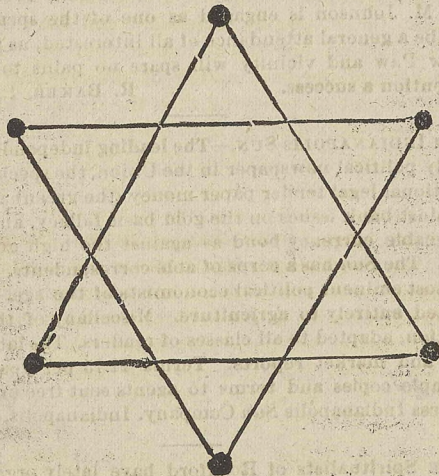
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1876.

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.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you resist not evil. Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: But I say unto you, Love your enemies; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?—St. Matthew v. 38, 43, 44 and 46.

A new commandment give I unto you, That ye love one another.—St. John xiii. 34.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.—St. Matthew v. 17.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.—Romans xii. 20 and 21.

Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord.—Ibid. 19.

The progress of civilization is more distinctively marked by the recognition and maintenance of the life and rights of the individual than by any other single means. That community which does not regard the inherent, natural relations which it bears to its individual members, though it may be advanced in learning, art and science, does not belong to a civilized nation. As we follow the records of nations and peoples from early historic time down to the present, there is found to be a constant though gradual elevation of the individual, and a corresponding going backward and a lessening of the power of the community over the individual. This is to be observed not only in the character of the punishments that have been inflicted for so-called crimes, but also in the character of the crimes for which the highest punishments have been provided. A few centuries ago life was forfeited for the smallest of crimes. There were no less than twenty different offenses for which the life of the offender might pay the penalty. But now, in our country at least, life is not forfeited save for having taken life; and every year some State departs wider and wider from this even, by recognizing different degrees of murder, and a different penalty for each degree, life only being required for the first degree; while in four States the death penalty has been abolished altogether. The barbarism of the old Mosaic law remains, therefore, but in one respect. Blood for blood is the only remnant of that law, and that is not left intact. That which Christ nineteen hundred years ago came to fulfil is but now beginning to be recognized as having been fulfilled by him, even by the most sincere professing Christians. Indeed, it is the Christians who cling most stoutly to the eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and blood for blood method of punishment. The death penalty has been restricted to murder only, not by, but in spite of Christianity, so-called. The rack, the stake, the torture of various kinds, have been forced from Christian usage by those whom they have called infidels and devils, and to-day, everywhere, those who stand in the front and advancing ranks of civilization are not the recognized Christians.

No one can observe the course of events and say that capital punishment is not destined to be wiped out of the penal laws of the world. Besides, the States in which it has been abolished, its abolition has been agitated in many more, if not in all others. In the Legislature of our own State there is constant agitation over this question; each year some amendatory law is enacted restricting the number of cases in which life may be forfeited. It is safe to say that in five years this remnant of barbarity will have ceased to exist in New York. There has been a wonderful change in public sentiment within even a single year. This may be seen in the tone of the press, which is the barometer of the public thought upon any given subject, rather than the projector of that thought. Prominent papers that, a year ago, clamored for the blood of Foster, and that would have denounced the Governor had he commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life, would now commend that act of mercy in the case of Dolan, should the Governor be sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the age, to make the commutation. Mr. Tilden is an aspirant for the presidential succession. Let us say to him that no act that he has in his power to do, would so turn that great mass of people, known as liberals and radicals, toward him, as this one of mercy to this poor man. The law gives the Governor the power. Let him rise to the height of a real Christian and say that while that power remains in his hands, no more denials that Christ was the fulfilment of the Mosaic law shall be made by victims on the gallows.

But aside from the Christian duty and view of the case, there is another question: whether capital punishment is expedient. Those who have given most time to the study of the subject; who have deduced the legitimate teachings from statistics, do not hesitate to say that hangings increase rather than decrease the number of murders. In no State where the law has been once abolished can the legislatures be induced to retrace their steps taken toward perfect enlightenment. It has been frequently observed that a number of murders follow closely on the execution of a murderer. And it should be expected that they would. The whole air becomes loaded with the horror, and those who at that time are thrown into circumstances which tend to develop the fiendish in human nature, are touched by the general influence, and by it are pushed into committing crimes they would otherwise have escaped committing. Children even play hanging, to see how it feels, and the whole public pulse beats with the horror in some unpleasant

sense. While this is all true, it cannot be proven that the fear of being hanged ever prevented any contemplated murder, nor will it be assumed by anybody that it ever could prevent one done in the heat of passion, in which most murders are committed.

But there is another and a still more horrid view of hanging as a punishment for murder, and one which, when it shall come to be understood as it ought to be, will prove that hanging is not only inexpedient, but that it is an active cause of murder. The influence that hanging has upon children has been alluded to, but what shall be said of the influence that it has upon children in gestation? It is during this period that the future character of children is formed. Every child born inherits the capacities to do all the deeds that it will ever perform. Every person who ever murdered was born with the capacity to do the horrid deed; was born a murderer. The reason that one commits a murder under the same circumstances that another does not, is because the latter did not inherit the capacity to be roused to the deed by the circumstances that had that effect upon the former. The world knows little about the influence that mothers have upon their unborn children, but it is the most important period of life. It is while in this condition of development that the whole future character is decided. It is true that care and education may develop or restrain the good or bad that is impressed upon the child by the mother in the gestative period; but they can never wholly eradicate the bad that is then sown, for ingraft the good upon the character in which it is lacking at birth. Hundreds of cases might be cited to prove that mothers not only make their children what they are physically, but that they do so much more frequently and potently, mentally and morally. Indeed it is a terrible fact that mothers make their children just what they are, save what they derive from the father by the law of heredity. Let the whole calendar of vices and crimes be run through, and it would be found, if the truth could be arrived at, that the cause for the prominence of any special tendency of the individual to either was derived from the mother before its birth. Monstrosities even, have been known to be the result of the sudden impressions made upon the mother by some monstrosity. This being true, it is easy to conceive the awful results that hanging may produce through the mother upon the child. It is doubtless true that the real cause of nine-tenths of all the murders that are committed, might be traced to some horrid things impressed upon the mind of the child in embryo, and it is also doubtless true, that hundreds, if not thousands, are born and live having the capacity to murder, who escape the deed because no sufficient circumstances ever come upon them to develop it. Every fact that sends a thrill of horror through the soul, should be studiously avoided by all child-bearing mothers, and especially should the most horrid of all horrible things—a brutal taking of life upon the gallows in defiance of all sentiments of humanity and mercy, and of all the teachings and precepts of Christ—be banished from the knowledge of mothers when performing the divinest of all human missions; when creating an immortal soul, a temple of the living God.

If this line of argument be once recognized as logical, and it be shown that it is sustained by facts, the past injustice of the world, to so-called criminals, will be made clear. This unfortunate class will be shown to have suffered for the wrongs of the community. Being themselves the results of the evils that exist in the community, they are made to suffer the penalties of its crimes. Every act is the result of adequate producing causes, and go backward and still backward each effect can be traced through a constant series of causation, until the primal cause, be it of ill or good, is reached, which determined the whole. It is true that this will destroy the commonly accepted idea of personal responsibility; but if such responsibility be a thing having no foundation in fact, ought it not to be destroyed? We say, unhesitatingly, yes! For if it be a myth, then its explosion will clear the way for right-thinking and right-acting upon the cases which it has hitherto controlled. When crime shall come to be considered as a hereditary disease of the mind or body, as the case may be, which it really is, then the proper method for its eradication from society, will be considered. Now, the people deal with its effects, never looking back to learn the causes. Cures of diseases, physical, mental and moral are what the efforts of the age are expended to perform. Prevention is scarcely thought about as necessary or possible, while, if one-half the effort were expended upon methods for prevention, that are put forth to cure or punish, vice and crime would almost wholly disappear within a generation.

This is the end toward which all our efforts have been aimed. We would have the laws of generation and the relations of the sexes so well understood, and the responsibilities and duties of parentage so clearly defined, that a child with evil tendencies might be made an impossibility. We would have this truth brought home to every parent's heart as well as mind: That, if their children turn out to be more of ill than good, or wholly bad, it is because they failed in some respects to do their duty to them, or else that they were conceived under circumstances, the existence of which should have forbidden the conception. Here is the real point at which efforts must begin before any permanent good can be effected. So long as we go on punishing crime merely, without seeking to stop its production, the same crimes will continue to be committed, and society will re-



main where it now stands. But let the axe be laid to the root of the evil; let crime and vice and disease cease from being transmitted from parents to children, and improvement will be at once perceptible. The same law that governs, and that is recognized as governing, in breeding stock and fruits and flowers, governs also in the breeding of the human race. If a vicious horse become the sire of a colt which is foaled by a vicious dam, the owner expects a vicious colt, and is never disappointed. So the children of vitiated parentage may, with certainty, be expected to be vicious. It was the understanding of this law that enabled Jacob to raise cattle of the color that he desired, and to thus circumvent Laban. The exhibition of the desired colors to the dams, during their proper seasons, secures those colors in their young. So will the exhibition to mothers of the dreadful horrors of the gallows, either literally or by pen-pictures secure in their young the elements of candidacy for the same horrors.

Too much cannot be said upon this theme. It is one of the most important that can enter the thoughts of thinking people, looked at from whatever view; from the standpoint of justice or expediency, or of mercy, capital punishment has nothing to recommend it. It stands as the one horrid remnant of almost effete barbarism; it stands as the one great denial that the Christian Era has been ushered in; it stands defying the immutable law of God which declares, that "vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord; it stands a mockery to justice, to mercy, to humanity. Let Governor Tilden defy its pretensions, and deal it a blow from which it can never recover, by commuting the sentence of the unfortunate Dolan to imprisonment for life; and if he will do it for the reasons set forth by us, and set them forth to be his reasons for the act of mercy, he will become the prophet for its certain and speedy destruction in every State in the Union. Let him rise to the grandeur of the real issues involved in the question; rise above Dolan and above the thought of mercy for him; above his victim and his avenging; rise to the good of humanity; to the heights of principles and truths which underlie the undeveloped welfare of the race, and his name will go down to posterity as a saviour.

#### MRS. HARDY'S DEFENSE.

We had intended this week to publish Mr. Hardy's statement in rebuttal of that of Bronson Murray and others, which was contained in our last week's number, and also to have made a close analysis of the Boston *Herald's* statement of Mrs. Hardy's seance in Boston, which the *Banner* denominates her vindication. But as Mrs. Hardy has now joined in a statement in answer to the original one, we shall content ourselves with its presentation—merely remarking that to our mind a point blank denial would have been stronger, especially as they neglect to explain the Cotton-wool detectives—together with the second statement of her New York impeachers. We may observe, however, that we see nothing in the *Herald's* statement of Mrs. Hardy's vindication but what might be performed without the aid of spirits, while it will seem strange, to say the least, that after spirits go to the trouble of materializing a hand to form a paraffine mold, that they should invariably crush it nearly flat, and drop it about so carelessly as to break its fingers. Let Mrs. Hardy, or the spirits through her mediumship, produce a mould under the conditions mentioned by us last week, then she may fairly set up the claim of having done so under test conditions. But even then the persons having charge must be investigators and not friends of the medium.

We repeat again that we are fully convinced that the conditions under which complete materialization can occur do not yet exist, and that when they do they will not be found in a public business seance room. A spirit materialization of any kind can only be produced where the necessary material exists in the atmosphere. That material will not be taken directly from the body of the medium, nor can a single medium furnish it. It must be the harmonized elements that have passed through the organism of two people completely unitized in the relations of the sexes. In other words, the elements cannot be wholly male or female, but must be blended properly together, the latter being vivified by the former, upon the same principle that original conception takes place. Hence genuine materialization may be expected to appear in the harmonic home, where by lapse of time everything becomes permeated with the spirit of unity which rules the dominating spirits of that home. In the quiet sanctuary of love, shut out from the cares and bustle of the world, and from the inharmonies and skepticism of a modern investigating seance, is the place where a spirit from the other world will be most likely to put in an appearance. Where this place may be we do not know; but that such a one is being prepared we have the fullest assurance of those who have the matter in charge, and who have been moving for fifty years to bring about the proper conditions. One of two things is certain: Our information that there have been no genuine materializations is correct, or else that for ten years we have been under the guidance of a phantasy, and our work means nothing. For our part we have no doubt which is true, and we have the most supreme faith that it will be made clear to the world that it is so within the present year.

It is no part of our design that the WEEKLY shall be made

the medium for the exposition of fraudulent materializations. We have higher objects than this. All fraud in mediumship will fall of itself in time, and all false materialization will hide its head when the genuine shall appear.

#### THE KOBOLDS HAVE COME.

POSITIVELY THE LAST APPEARANCE AND BENEFIT OF EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."

We have received from some unknown friend, we presume for notice, a copy of the long-expected work, entitled, "Art Magic; or Mundane, Sub-Mundane and Super-Mundane Spiritism," of which Emma Hardinge Britten claims to be editor, and about which such a tremendous hub-bub has been made in the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritualistic papers.

Now that we have this volume on our editorial table, we are enabled to judge of its merits, and we can confidently state, after careful perusal, that this book is not at all what we were led to expect it would be, from the grand flourishes that were indulged in, in its prospectus. The subscribers to "Art Magic," in our opinion, have been completely and successfully victimized with the idea that what this book should contain would be something altogether new to English literature; something that could not be obtained elsewhere. The seeress of the Theosophists, the acquaintance of the Kobolds, and the Queen of the Light Fantastic, has gained a victory over Professor Gardner's *protege* whose tooless stockings and cotton-wool pale into insignificance before the awful histrionic majesty of the unparalleled *ex-premiere danseuse*.

If the book be an apology for the Theosophists, we are sorry for them. They have made a grand mistake in mixing themselves up with such a concern as these 467 pages. We had a better appreciation of the judgment of Arch-Magus Olcott and High Priestess Blavatsky, the friends of D. D. Home and G. L. Bloede than that they should have fathered such a bantling. They have damaged their cause irretrievably, and their chances of transforming the present jangling discordance of Spiritualism into a kind of hybrid Theosophy, is now very slim. After this *fiasco*, we would recommend them to integralize with the Pantarchy, if Stephen Pearl Andrews will open his "Magic" Portals and accept them.

When we read the first notice of "Art Magic" to "Advanced Thinkers and Students of Occult Science," we thought it "rather thin" to say the least. That "European gentleman, temporarily sojourning in the United States, who had been a life-long student of the theory and practice of occult science, acquired in Arabia, Egypt, the East and West Indies, etc., etc.," who had "at the earnest solicitation of some of his friends and associates, consented to share the results of his wonderful and extensive researches into Nature's most profound mysteries with a limited number of worthy students," we had not much belief in. We even had the temerity to imagine that he might be identical with his friend, "Emma Hardinge Britten, 206 West 38th street, New York City, who will act as Secretary *pro tem.*, and receive the names and addresses of those persons who desire to make one of the 500 subscribers," neither more (?) nor less (?)

We were not much mistaken, (and we will refer our readers to our last year's file,) in supposing that there was to be some trickery in a work which was "not to be published or sold by any professional firm, nor submitted for review to any professional critic," and we were certain there would be some "Theosophy" in the manipulation of the \$5 subscriptions to be paid C. O. D. We wondered from whence the necessity came of making stereotyped plates when "Art Magic" could be printed from the type direct, and the further necessity of destroying type which, after distribution, might have been used again. Although we had our doubts, we must acknowledge that even for a time we believed there was something in magic, and began to realize the possibility of the mundane devil of a printer being superseded by the super-mundane and sub-mundane Gnomes, Sylphs and Salamanders who might, in the twinkling of an eye, by some occult "hocus-pocus" means, incarnate 500 finite (?) copies of the European gentleman's lubrications to be supplied at \$5.00, C. O. D. But, no! All our hopes were dashed like a super-mundane Undine amid the waters, when "Abecadabra," and "Hi-Presto" had to make way for "Wheat & Cornett, Book and Job Printers, 8 Spruce Street, New York," who, alas! have to be paid by mundane Yankee dollars.

The book which was impudently prospectused to be "the first and, it is believed, only publication in existence which will give an authentic and practical description of art magic, natural magic, Modern Spiritism, the different orders of spirits in the universe known to be related to or in communication with man, together with directions for invoking, controlling, and discharging spirits, and the uses and abuses, dangers and possibilities of magical art," is nothing of the kind, and Emma Hardinge Britten and her "European gentleman" are as much aware of the fact as ourselves. It is simply a re-hash of books accessible to any student of even limited means, and can be readily found in almost any book store, or on the shelves of any public library. Ennemoser's "History of Magic," Howitt's "Supernatural," Salvete's "Philosophy of Magic," Hargrove Jennings' "Rosicrucians," Barrett's "Magus," Agrippa's "Occult

Philosophy," and a few others, are the real sources of this wretched compilation, which is full of bad grammar and worse assumptions. We unhesitatingly assert there is not a single important statement in the book which cannot be discovered in already printed works, and if there be a few of no importance not to be so found, then they have been concocted in Thirty-eight street. As for composition, it would have been done better by a writer of hysterical literature on the *New York Weekly*, which we insult by the comparison.

The paste pot and scissors have been most injudiciously used; a tyro in what the book pretends to discourse upon, would have made a better book, and what is more would, by using the least brains, have escaped making the errors of which "Art Magic Spiritism" is full to repletion.

The definitions of matter, force and spirit are altogether erroneous, and the account of the opinions of the pre-Christian systems of magic and occultism, all at sea. Then the philosophy of the Rosicrucians, Fire Philosophers, and Medieval Mystics have been grossly misrepresented.

By far the most egregious absurdity is, however, discoverable in that part relating to the Elementaries and the ritual to be used for invoking, controlling and discharging (?) those interesting creatures after having caught and bottled them. The directions supposed to be given by Emma Hardinge Britten's magical European gentleman (!) is simply word for word the already published folly of old Peter de Abano! Here circles and pentagons are resuscitated in all their pristine glory. The consecrations and benedictions of perfumes, and exorcisms in the name of the "God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob," are entered into at great length in what must appear to Christians the most blasphemous manner. But the crowning ridicule is the dress necessary for invocation, which must be a "priest's garment," if possible; "but, if it cannot be had, let it be of linen, and clean." We wonder whether Cardinal McCloskey is aware of the value appertaining to the surplices of his clergy, if not, we would advise him to enter at once into arrangements with Emma Hardinge Britten, 206 West 38th Street, New York, to supply the Theosophical Society. If this fail, then, perhaps, Lester Wallack or Edwin Booth might be induced, for "auld lang syne," to have their green rooms rummaged and send a contribution of cast off clean white linen ballet garments to the Mott Memorial Hall, where they could be submitted at one of the fortnightly meeting of Theosophicians to Emma Hardinge Britten, who, from past experience, understands the ins and outs of all that "sort of thing."

Instead of the ritual given, it would have been equally sensible to have reprinted the witch scene in Macbeth, or the invocations in Faust, as the plagiarised rubbish of which this part of the book is full.

The illustrations are, however, a pretty good, perhaps the best, indication of the actual character of the book. There are two hideous plates of the real, original howling dervishes, which, strange to say, have been copied from the cartoons, representing the tour of the Prince of Wales in India, in a New York weekly. The ridiculous fall from the European gentleman (?) who has travelled in "Arabia, Egypt, the East and West Indies, etc., etc.," culminating in the sublimity of the conceptions of one of Frank Leslie's draughtsmen is as magnificently grand as one of the transformation scenes Emma Hardinge Britten used to figure in behind the footlights as a sub-mundane Kobold or a super-mundane Fairy.

The wood cuts of the Pentagon, Sistrum of the Celestial Mother, representing the Symbol of Virginity, Harpocrates adorning the feminine generative organs, the Crux-Ansata, the Egyptian Amulet of Anubis, Ezekiel's Wheel, the Tower of Babel, Stonehenge, etc., are all taken without acknowledgement, in common parlance, stolen, from Hargrave Jennings' "The Rosicrucians." The cut of Cornelius Agrippa is from Morley's "Life of Agrippa," and the portraits of Nostradamus and Paracelsus are from Mackay's "Extraordinary Popular Delusions." It is a great pity that the "Newgate Calendar" and the "Beecher Scandal Trial" were not drawn upon, but we suppose that the length of the imagination of the compiler did not run to the extent of believing that the special 500 could be so extraordinarily deluded as to believe that these fruitful sources could have had anything to do with an "European gentleman temporarily sojourning in the United States."

From a careful analysis of the styles of composition in "Art Magic" with that of Emma Hardinge's "Modern American Spiritualism," we do not hesitate to assert the belief that the authors are identical. Emma Hardinge Britten may endeavor to hide her head in the sand as much as she pleases, but those accustomed to her Trago-dramatical mode of writing can scarcely be mistaken. The fulsome and eulogistic credentials of herself are too characteristic and too rich to be overlooked, particularly where speaking *incognito* of her high tone and excellence, or where she is styled a "highly esteemed English friend" (!) or where "the unworthy jibes, sneers, for our gentle, faithful, and long-suffering editor," (!!) "and cruel insults which have been levelled against the excellent lady," (!!!) "her judgment and honesty," (!!!!) "her good faith and honesty," (!!!!!) etc., etc., etc., *ad nauseum*, are treated of. Taking all this into consideration, about which there is not much magic, but a considerable amount of art, and the endorsement of that voluminous series of extracts from the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritualist papers called Har-



dinge's "Modern American Spiritualism," we feel it to be our duty to call the attention of the great American showman to this champion assumptionist of America.

But as "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women on't are players," so we suppose Emma Hardinge Britten must play her part as she has done since she skimmed over the boards over twenty-five long years ago. If she choose to dance the Can-Can in one of her old Columbine costumes before the Theosophicians, she has the perfect right to do so. If she choose to assume the role of an Alchemist and publish a work claiming to be inspired by Hippocrates, and extolling Emma Hardinge Britten's "Great New French and Viennese Systems of Electrical Cure, and the Infallible Electrical Cranial Diagnosis," by means of Emma Hardinge Britten's "Electrical Vapour Bath" and "Electro Magnetic Medical Battery," she can do so with perfect impunity.

But when she attempts to palm off a book of this description upon a chosen 500 as something entirely new, and as fresh from the brain of "an European gentleman briefly sojourning in America," (of whom even the Theosophists themselves are kept in ignorance,) we are not restricted by any rules of honor from pointing out the truth about it, as we have endeavored to do in this review of this most wondrous of all the wonderful books of the world.

Had this book been offered to a special 500 as a compilation from well-known authors of theories, mysticisms, symbolisms, and of illustrations of the old Phallic Worship, we could have commended it; but even then the same things could have been obtained from other and original sources in better form, and for less money than \$5.00 C. O. D. We prophesy that this attempt to found a society based upon the ideas of old mysticisms, of which E. H. B. shall be the central figure, will be a failure, because it lacks honesty of purpose at its foundation, which is an essential element of success in whatever undertaking.

#### OPENING OF SCIENCE HALL.

We commend the attention of our readers in New York to the fact, that Sunday, April 16, Science Hall, 141 Eighth Street, will be dedicated to the service of Liberalism. The Religio-Scientific Society, the Liberal Club, and other organizations will hold their meetings in this new hall in future, and in order to have a proper opening, Mr. Charles Sothoran, the well-known liberal author, has consented to give the dedication address. His subject will be, "The Struggle between Theology and Science; Torquemada and Galileo." We trust that all who value the inestimable privileges of free thought and free discussion will be present, not only in deference to the circumstances of the occasion, but out of regard to the lecturer, one of the most hearty workers in the cause of religious and social reform.

#### LIFE-SIZE LITHOGRAPH.

We are now prepared to fill all orders for life-size lithographs of Victoria C. Woodhull, from the lithographic establishment of Armstrong & Co., of Boston, Mass. They are splendid pictures, both as a work of art and as likenesses. They are printed on heavy paper 20 x 24 inches, and specially adapted for framing. They will be sent post-paid, securely wrapped to guard against damage, to any address for 50 cents. The common price of lithographs of this size is \$2; but we have arranged with the publisher to furnish them in large quantities at such rates that they can be resold at the price named without loss to us. They are thus put within the means and reach of everybody who desires to have a splendid life-size portrait of the Editor-in-Chief of the WEEKLY, who has devoted her life wholly to the inauguration of a new dispensation on earth, in which misery, vice and crime shall have no place.

#### THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The paper edition of this oration is exhausted; but we have prepared a pamphlet edition, which, to meet the extraordinary demand that has been made for the paper, we will furnish in lots of ten at \$1; or more at same rate.

(From the Brooklyn Argus, April 7, 1876.)

#### VICTORIA C. WOODHULL'S LECTURE.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull stepped upon the stage of the Academy of Music, last evening, with a morocco bound copy of the Bible in her hand, and read in the presence of fully twelve hundred people, these words: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." An outline of the lecture based upon this Biblical text has already appeared in the columns of the Argus. Mrs. Woodhull was frequently applauded.

A TEXAS judge is credited with the following decision: "The fact is, Jones, the jail is an old, rickety affair, as cold as an iron wedge. You applied to this court for a release on bail, giving it as your opinion that you would freeze to death there. The weather has not moderated, and to keep you from freezing, I will direct the sheriff to hang you at four o'clock this afternoon."

#### THE REPLY OF MR. AND MRS. HARDY.

Allow us to express our surprise and astonishment at the course pursued by Mr. Murray and the other signers, calling themselves old Spiritualists, toward a medium of ten years' standing, meeting with us at these seances, all of them under strict test conditions, and pretending to the very last that they were well pleased and satisfied as to their genuineness, allowing us to leave your city without even a hint of anything wrong, and then, in star-chamber fashion, conspiring to blast the fair fame of a medium and woman, without giving an opportunity of explanation, denial or defence; without even extending the poor boon, granted by the common law to the murderer before trial, to plead guilty or not guilty, and then rush said star-chamber proceedings into the press all over the country. Had anything been discovered during any one of these seances tending to prove fraud, why was not the medium confronted with your proofs on the spot? thus giving an opportunity of explaining or denying, if possible, instead of bidding us God-speed to the very last, with a Judas kiss from Mrs. Austin thirty minutes before boarding the steamer. Talk of old theology! why, there is not a church in the country that would thus have condemned, unheard, one of the most miserable of its members! If such are the fruits of Modern Spiritualism, then either old theology or materialism would be preferable for there is more humanity in either.

In regard to the charges made in said statement, the most of them are too insignificant and ridiculous to claim our notice.

As to the paraffine dropped in the street, while we were going to the seance, it was a handful of pieces that had been removed from those previously taken, while in your city. The paraffine molds are removed from the plaster cast in pieces, and saved for future use at the next trial. The valise containing the paraffine sprung open and some of these pieces fell out, and Mrs. Hardy and myself gathered them up. Mrs. Austin did not exclaim, "There is a paraffine hand!" the word mold, or paraffine was not mentioned by either of us three, on the occasion, and Mrs. Austin did not even stoop to gather up a fragment of it, and the question was not broached at Austin's house, previous to starting, as to whether we had any molds or not. So this merely resolves itself into a question of veracity between Mrs. Austin and ourselves.

As to the charge that what is seen and felt in the aperture of the table, claiming to be hands, on which rings have been put hundreds of times, and which takes bells from our hands and rings them, oftentimes three at once, are the toes of the medium, as certified to by Dr. Hull on this occasion, it is too ridiculous to notice. Mr. Murray knows better himself, from his own experience with Mrs. Hardy at his own house and other places.

In regard to fingers being seen by Mrs. Lane protruding from under the dress of the medium, it was a manifestation of materialized fingers, often occurring with this medium when sitting with Spiritualists. On this occasion Mrs. Hardy was sitting before and near an open grate fire, hot enough to destroy a paraffine mold in five minutes. It was explained at the time, and Mrs. Austin made this remark: "What a sensation I might get up, were I so disposed, by declaring I saw a mold fastened under your dress!"

The only other point worthy of notice in this famous document, is in regard to the weighing process. This test has been applied about twelve times in the presence of large companies, four times of which were in public halls, the weighing each time superintended by a committee chosen by the audience, and weighed by them before, and re-weighed after the seance then and there, and never going from the cognizance of said committee; the result, on each occasion, a weight gone from the vessel containing the liquid, equivalent to the weight of the mold taken.

Now, on this occasion, instead of having a disinterested committee from the audience, one of which at least being a friend of the medium, and having the whole thing settled on the spot, Mr. Murray goes alone, slyly, and weighs a certain portion of paraffine. Then he loses sight of it, and it goes into the hands of two others, who have every opportunity of manipulating the same at pleasure. Then water is added to it; then, after the mold has been obtained, instead of re-weighing the vessel in presence of all the parties, they slyly wait till the "dispersal of the company," when two ladies take the paraffine, while yet so soft that it can be rolled together, and lay it away till the next Monday morning. Who or how many had access to it between Saturday night and Monday morning, no friend of the medium knows. Then Mr. Murray again, alone, takes it away, and weighs it, and behold! it weighs the same as before. And will you call this a fair, candid and honorable proceeding? And does Bronson Murray lend himself to such an equivocal method of trying a medium he has sat with, tested and endorsed during five years? and sign his name, in condemnation, on such testimony? *Et tu Brute?*

Of the Austins, we have nothing more to say. Their conduct in this whole thing (taking into consideration that we were their urged and invited guests), is beneath contempt. But Mr. Murray, whom we respect as a candid, honest and upright man, and who fully and thoroughly endorsed Mrs. Hardy as a genuine medium, in the matter of these seances, before your honorable Conference, the Sunday following these seances, and who was probably induced to sign the Austin document by the seeming discrepancy in the weighing process, ought not to have tried a dog on such loose management as that last weighing.

Perhaps we have more experience in this matter than he has. Let us suggest to him the following experiment:

Take a stated quantity of paraffine, dissolve it in water, and then allow it to stand until the water becomes thoroughly cold. Turn off the water, and the wax will weigh the same as when deposited in the vessel. But remove the paraffine, as was done in this case, while yet soft and pliable enough to be rolled together, and there will be water enough remaining in the mass sufficient to weigh down the mold of any hand. Will Mr. Murray try the experiment?

The very fact of the paraffine being removed from the vessel, as that was by those ladies, and rolled up while yet soft, and weighing the same as the original, is proof positive that a portion of the paraffine had been abstracted from the mass. To have proved this point it ought to have weighed two or three ounces more than the original. Thus much for the weighing process.

Mrs. Hardy thoroughly appreciates the good sense of the Conference, in twice refusing to lend their sanction to that unfair, unkind and *ex parte* statement, and trusts that it will not be long before she will prove to you that you have not misplaced your confidence. It is gratifying to be assured that she still has some true friends in your city, and friends who do not desert when under a guerilla fire like this are friends indeed. She has no fears for the future. The loved ones over the border, who have so signally stood by her for the past ten years, will see her safe through to the last. And we assure you we are very grateful that the Conference remembered that Mrs. Hardy was not present to defend herself, and took the course they did. Yours fraternally,

JOHN HARDY,  
MARY M. HARDY.

4 Concord Square, Boston, April 3d, 1876.

#### AGAINST MRS. HARDY.

Pursuing our inquiry in this matter of the genuineness of the molds produced in New York by Mrs. Hardy, we observe:

1st. That our statement of the 23d of March and its facts are not contradicted nor denied by Mrs. Hardy, the *Banner of Light*, nor any one in its last issue.

2d. That statement, beside other facts not necessary now to be used, asserted that dry cotton wool was found in the molds claimed to have just come from paraffine floating on water; that paraffine placed in the pail weighed twenty ounces when it went into the pail and twenty ounces when it came out of the pail, while the mold claimed by the Hardys to have come from it, weighed two and one-half ounces; that the weighing was done on an apothecary's scales which were accurate; that when the seams of the bag were known to be out of Mrs. Hardy's reach, no mold was produced.

3d. From the above we deduce that, measured by the standard selected by Mrs. Hardy, viz: weighing, these New York molds did not come from the paraffine in the pail (as claimed) but did come from some other source. We wait for an explanation as to what that source was. In the absence of such explanation from the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Hardy, or any one else, we propose in our next to state where they may have come from, much more naturally and easily than from the spirits or the water, and how they could have been deposited under the table by Mrs. Hardy, which Mr. Hardy in the *Banner* desires we should do.

BRONSON MURRAY, 238 W. 52d St.  
THOS. K. AUSTIN, 418 W. 57th St.  
MARGARET Z. AUSTIN,  
ELVINA ANN LANE, 66 Park Ave.  
MOLLIE A. LANE,  
JANE DEF. HULL, 140 W. 42d St.  
LITA BARNEY SAYLES,

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

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E. H. JENNY.

OFFICE OF DUN, BARLOW & Co., COM. AGENCY, 335 BROADWAY, New York, Dec. 8, 1874.

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DUN, BARLOW & Co.  
CHICAGO, July 8, 1874.

OFFICE OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH Co., CHICAGO, July 8, 1874.

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ANSON STAGER.

What Governor Howard of Rhode Island says:

PHENIX, R. I., March 27, 1875.

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HENRY HOWARD.

MORRISTOWN, June 29, 1875.

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JOHN ABBOTT FRENCH,  
Pastor First Pres. Ch., Morristown, N. J.

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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.—Stars 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.
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  - Chap. 33.—Apollonius, Osiris and Magus as Gods.
  - Chap. 34.—The Three Pillars of the Christian Faith—Miracles, Prophecies and Precepts.
  - Chap. 35.—Logical or Common-sense View of the Doctrine of Divine Incarnation.
  - Chap. 36.—Philosophical Absurdities of the Doctrine of the Divine Incarnation.
  - Chap. 37.—Physiological Absurdities of the Doctrine of the Divine Incarnation.
  - Chap. 38.—A Historical View of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.
  - Chap. 39.—The Scriptural View of Christ's Divinity.
  - Chap. 40.—A Metonymic View of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.
  - Chap. 41.—The Precepts and Practical Life of Jesus Christ.
  - Chap. 42.—Christ as a Spiritual Medium.
  - Chap. 43.—Conversion, Repentance and "Getting Religion" of Heathen Origin.
  - Chap. 44.—The Moral Lessons of Religious History.
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" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.30 "
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "
" Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo.	11.45 "
Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
" Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton.	2.55 "
" London.	5.35 "	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	5.30 A. M.	1.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.		Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.		Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.		Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.		Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "		" Denison.	8.00 "
" Galveston.	10.45 "		" Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.		Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.		" Columbus.	6.30 "
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.		" Little Rock.	6.30 "
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.		Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.		" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.			" Cheyenne.	12.50 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.	11.10 A. M.
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.		" Kansas City.	1.25 "
" Atchison.	11.00 "		" Atchison.	1.17 "
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