

WOODHULL & CLARLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!
BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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PRICE TEN CENTS.

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.

THE ONE POINT OF EQUALITY.

GRAND ISLAND, U. P. R. R.,
March 31st, 1876.

Dear Weekly: On the train that was about to leave Omaha a few days since for the "Pacific Slope," a small circular was handed round to each passenger, to the effect that there is "Nothing better when you Travel than a Ticket of Insurance against Accident," assuring the apprehensive individual that for a quarter of a dollar per diem he is insured at the rate of \$15 per week if disabled, and \$3,000 in the event of death.

Then follows a curious marginal note in large caps, blue letters, on a clear white ground:

"WOMEN INSURED AGAINST DEATH ONLY."

In a few minutes along comes the ubiquitous R. R. fiend with papers. My mind still in a sort of dull heavy maze as to the significance of the aforesaid "large caps in blue letters on clear white ground," I became possessed of a copy of that chaste sheet, the *Chicago Times*, and the first thing that glared at me from a middle column of the first page, also in large caps, black letters on a white ground, was:

"MAD ANTHONY,"

"Otherwise known as Susan B., the Popular Advocate of Woman's Rights."

"Who went into one of her Tantrums in McCormick's Hall, Yesterday Afternoon."

Then followed some more "large caps," etc., in similar elegance of tone and conception, but not worth reproducing, as a sample is a dose: and still again, in condensed matter, some more of the sparkling emanations of a fair specimen of an ordinary reporter of an ordinary paper; said reporter informing us that there was a packed and jammed audience to listen to and see "Mad Anthony" in her "tantrums," and further, that she "appeared promptly and began her address in those calm and dulcet tones that have been familiar to the public for the last three quarters of a century."

My first impulse, in view of the large caps in blue, and the ditto in black—after the reflection that "one woe doth tread upon the heels of another, so fast they follow"—was to have a sigh of regret that fate had ordained me to be a woman; for my sense of justice was pierced as with a poisoned arrow by that small circular and that *Chicago Times* report of Susan B. Anthony's lecture.

There's no use disguising it, womanhood is wounded at every turn by thoughtless ignorance and stupid insensibility, ingrained and bred in the bone, nursed in with mother's milk, impregnated with prejudice and falsehood.

No use my getting mad and raving over the vulgarity and foul slang which the *Times* reporter no doubt considered smartness; nor the gross injustice to women contained in that marginal note to a very small circular. No use my calling that reporter hard names, thinking him beneath contempt—he is not so much to blame for being an excrescence of our boasted civilization; he has found himself a black-guard among blackguards, and he has no ambition to improve his condition; or else he stultifies his finer perceptions for a penny a line in "large caps" and "condensed matter."

Perhaps, after all, my latest impulse, summing up the causes and effects in both the circular and the newspaper, was only pity for a state of society so whitewashed in its own conceit as to boast of itself after producing such specimens of manhood as a *Chicago Times* reporter, and such distinguishers of impartial justice as are capable of drawing so fine and nice a distinction, from a purely masculine standpoint, between the sexes as set forth in: "Women Insured Against Death Only!"

Of course, if a woman gets her life insured against accident, and only happens to get disabled, she stands in no need of \$15 per week to help her out; she is supposed, in profound masculine wisdom, to have, somewhere or somehow,

a male protector, which if she have not, the fault cannot certainly lay at the door of impartial and unimpeachable masculine wisdom. O no! it must be the woman's fault, since woman is at the bottom of all the mischief, from mother Eve to Mrs. Belknap.

Anyway, in the framing of all obligatory instruments, from the Bible to a "very small" circular of an Accident Insurance Company, man has ever held hard to his wise conceit of a "male protection" on whose chivalrous and infallible potency woman can depend, even while she works her fingers stiff to support the children she has borne to his selfish lust; a masculine head to whose sturdy and oak-like proportions woman can cling as the vine, and just as woman has clung, and just as woman will cling, in spite of swaggering reporters befogged in tobacco, bad whiskey and modern civilization; in spite of nice distinctions drawn upon her status by men in whom the last trace of natural justice is legislated into sham in consideration of manly prerogative.

Why do they insure us against the accident of death even? Indeed, one can scarce divine, unless they have our nearest of kin in a male line in view of their "manly prerogative;" for women in general are as generally muddled as men in general, and ten to one, if a woman should get killed and have \$3,000 for it, she would "revert" it to her husband, or her pa, or her brother, or her son, or her cousin John, though her maiden sister were making shirts for a living at twenty-five cents apiece. The average woman's sense of the fitness of things is in full accord with the average spirit of the age and the blazonry of modern respectability.

I have not the slightest doubt but as many foolish women have giggled over that effort of that smart Alick of the *Chicago Times* to write himself an ass, as stupid men have leered and winked and joked over it.

The courage of some women is high and grand to enable them to breast the thick and offensive surge of popular prejudice and ignorance. Many a capable woman's voice is silent, and her influence suppressed, because she is too timid and weak to face the vulgar rabble which in her soul she esteems so unworthy even her cowardice.

Still the work goes bravely on, and crowds go to hear Susan Anthony, drawn in large numbers by that very spirit of senseless detraction manifested by the *Times*. All things have their uses. Even the slime spewed up by the reportorial lizards of modern newspapers manures the field whereon is fought the world's great battle of progress, in which women are equally interested with men, despite the efforts of bifurcated nonentities to write the fact with ridicule; despite the inequalities that crop out even in so "very small" a circular of so meagre an institution as an "Accident Life Insurance Company."

HELEN NASIE.

MRS. MARGARET T. AUSTIN.

(OF 418 WEST 57TH STREET, CHARGED WITH PERJURY.)

A CHRONIC EXPOSER OF MEDIUMS.

Mesdames Editors: A friend this morning has loaned me No. 20 of your paper, containing various accounts of the alleged expose of Mrs. Hardy as a medium for obtaining molds of spirit forms, and you proceed to note your objection as follows:

No. 1. "The refusal to allow the use of colored paraffine." The exact words used on the occasion were these: When Austin brought in his red paraffine, Mrs. Hardy remarked: "This is a new condition; I do not know what chemical effect the addition of a foreign coloring matter may have, therefore, in introducing a new condition of this or any kind, I prefer to first experiment among ourselves, rather than before a public test seance." Why were these parties not honest enough to state just what was said on this occasion?

You ask, "Upon what principles of law can spirits produce the molds of hands from white and not from colored paraffine?" When you tell me upon what principle of law spirits can produce materialized hands at all, I will then answer you.

No. 2. "If Mrs. Hardy relied upon the spirits to produce the mold, why did she carry one to the seance on Wednesday evening? and why, when that one was dropped in the street and broken, was it impossible for the spirits to produce another," etc.

Answer. Neither Mrs. Hardy nor her husband carried a mold to that or any other seance. No mold was ever dropped by them in the street. We took no molds with us to New

York, had no molds in our possession at Austin's, and neither did Mrs. Hardy nor myself ever take a mold of our own hands, or ever saw a whole mold that was taken by the hand of any living person. That fact we are ready to state on our oaths, Mrs. Austin to the contrary, notwithstanding. This denial also answers No's 3 and 4.

No. 5. "Why was it necessary, to the success of the productions, that the seams of the bag should be within her reach, and when they were not so, no mold was produced?"

Answer. A mold was produced at six of the seven seances in New York. At three of these the medium was enveloped in a sack to the neck. At two of these the table was enclosed in the sack, and at the other the table was enclosed in a cambric bag by Austin. At all of these seances the medium sat in the light (never forget that point.) At each of these seances the enveloping was done by her critics, and every time the sack was thoroughly examined by these critics, both before and immediately after the seance, and pronounced by them whole and intact. This we are prepared to prove.

No. 6 I have answered in my statement sent to be read at the New York Conference. According to their own testimony they took the paraffine from the pail while yet so warm that it could be rolled together; and everyone trying the experiment will see that paraffine in that state, taken direct from water, will invariably contain quite a quantity of the latter, and the result of their weighing process, under the circumstances, was a complete vindication of the medium on that occasion.

But, suppose that "after the company had dispersed that night," Mrs. Hardy and myself had taken that paraffine with us, and kept it forty-eight hours, and then I had taken it to be weighed, and declared that 2½ ounces were gone from the pail, would our testimony have been believed? Well, that is precisely the way it was arranged by our accusers, and yet you would condemn on such flimsy, one-sided testimony!

No. 7. About the stockings being out, we have not thought it worth while to notice. As you seem to think so, we declare the statement, by whomsoever made, that one of Mrs. Hardy's stockings was found out, or even torn, while we were at Austin's house, is an infamous falsehood, made out of whole cloth; and I say now, as I said before, that Bronson Murray knows, by his own experiences with Mrs. Hardy, that the hands and fingers seen at her seances are not the "toes" of the medium, but hands and fingers.

Do you know that hundreds have seen rings put upon and taken off these fingers at Mrs. Hardy's seances? Put on and taken off, not by the medium alone, but by any one sitting near. And that the whole hand and wrist have been seen scores of times, dressed in character, sometimes with silk, but oftener with lace, and that said arm has been held in sight of the company sufficiently long to have pieces of said silk or lace severed from the dress, and all this in the light, with every hand in sight at the time? And yet you will talk about the medium's "toes!"

You speak of the statement made by seven persons. Can't you see that two-thirds of that whole statement rests on the sole testimony of one witness? Mrs. Austin, a chronic exposé of mediums, among whom are Mrs. Andrews, the Eddys, and now she is after Dr. Slade; and don't you know that Bronson Murray, the head signer of that document, stood up before the Conference, at the Harvard Rooms, subsequent to all these seances that he had witnessed, being a chief actor in making test conditions, and then and there thoroughly vouched for the genuineness of all that he had witnessed through Mrs. Hardy, and the honesty and integrity of the medium, with the proviso that the paraffine used the previous evening had not yet been weighed. That test was all he wanted to make the whole thing a grand success. Please put that and that together, and don't it show a "mouse in the meal?"

In regard to a letter in your same issue, signed Charles Sothoran, he merely reiterates the same points I have replied to above, with two exceptions. 1st. As to his "feeling live flesh under the table, and he knowing the difference between live and dead flesh!" We never supposed these hands were the hands of defunct corpses. They always claim to be just as alive as we are, and, as a general thing, are said to feel just about the same as our own hands. Our God, Mr. Sothoran, is the God of the living, not the God of the dead. I suppose if one had touched the hands of those spirits whom the Bible says materialized anciently, and ate fish and honey

W. J. Sothoran

comb, etc., they would have felt very much like living hands, don't you?

Another point, and I have done with this profound logician. He accuses the editor of the *Banner* of allowing me to "sneer at" and "insult" Prof. Von Der Weyde, a scientist and a gentleman, in its columns.

The Professor attended one of our seances, and, so far as I know or saw, on the one occasion, he not only showed himself a gentleman throughout, but freely admitted, before the company, that, as far as he knew or could see, the manifestations were outside and independent of the medium. And I am yet to learn that calling one a materialist, or skeptical in regard to these physical manifestations, is either insulting or ungentlemanly. That your readers may judge as to this grave charge of Mr. Sotheran, permit me to here quote from the *Banner* all I did say in relation to the Professor, as follows:

"All present declared themselves satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena, except Prof. Von Der Weyde, a materialist, and who is said to be one of the greatest critics and skeptics in New York. He declared that he was positive, under the circumstances, that Mrs. Hardy could have had nothing to do with the depositing of the mold, but that it might have been secretly brought in by Mr. Austin when he put the bowl under the table containing the water."

Now, by what rules of logic the above can be construed or forced, even, into either "sneers" or "insult" to the Professor, in the words of Lord Dundreary, "No fellah can find out."

4 Concord Square, Boston,
April 15, 1876.

JOHN HARDY.

WORK IN THE NEW DEPARTURE.

BY THOMAS COOK.

It is easy rowing as you float with the current, and it may be a pleasant affair with the paid clergy and priesthood to drift with the current thought of the great public mind. But to them who take a New Departure, and go forth "without purse or scrip" "to do the will of Him who sent" them, it is like stemming the mighty force of a great tidal wave. But we are not, dear editors and readers of the WEEKLY, intending to indite a chapter of complaints, but rather to express to you a spirit of rejoicing that unto us, (as only one of many humble workers), it is given the privilege as well as duty, to go forth and break the seals and reveal the mysteries (hitherto) of God or nature. True, we get no pecuniary profit to rejoice over, but "my reward is within me;" for truly we can sense the power that holds the helm of the great ship of progress, and fills her sails till her towering masts bend in the breeze; and though the cry, "breakers ahead" may startle the timid mariner, yet they who can trust the Great Captain as Jesus trusted Him, will stand to their posts of duty fearless of the storm-cry about their heads, and gallantly bring the good old Ship of Zion into her destined harbor of millennial safety.

Our work for the past two weeks has been in and through Michigan, and we are this far on our way to Canton, Alliance, Morgan and other places in Ohio, and we are the guests of sister H. J. Hunt, and her two interesting sons, Arthur and Charlie—firm, fast friends of all the editors of the WEEKLY. They are a New Departure truly, hence are prepared in spirit for the New Departure of Mrs. Woodhull. Arthur and Charlie are musical prodigies—musical mediums—and more especially does the manifestation of the times crop out in Arthur, the eldest, who does what perhaps no living man or woman ever did before, plays upon five musical instruments, rings a bell, and reads a newspaper, all at the same time, without the least assistance from any visible spirit in the form—being within himself a full string band, the instruments being a guitar, banjo, harmonica and triangle—and performs many other wonderful feats as a musician. I know I am telling a wonderful story, but I speak of what I have seen to my own entire satisfaction. He also arranges some fourteen glass goblets in two rows and tunes them by filling them with water, denominating them the "crystalline," from which he brings forth the most exquisitely sweet music that ear ever listened to. His entertainments are highly entertaining and instructive, and we regard him as destined to become one of, if not the very greatest mediums or musical prodigies this world has ever known.

On our return from Ohio to Chicago, we shall immediately start on our Western tour, through Kansas and Missouri, and we shall be happy to call on all who will write and give us their address. I could not but feel to rejoice to learn that Mr. Pillsbury, as I trust others are too, is alive to the fact that nothing but a bloody revolution can bring this nation to a realizing sense of its situation. To foretell of this coming storm is my mission; for as many as believe it may escape its damning effects.

DELTA, Ohio, March 25th, 1876.

HOW ENGLISH WOMEN DRESS.

The ugliest thing we have seen in London is her woman-kind. This is owing in a great measure to the untasteful dress. Taine has not exaggerated one whit in deriding the English woman's dress. It is almost a caricature. The elementary principles of taste seem unknown. The leading idea is to get as much cost as possible in a costume, and as little beauty. We saw one lady who wore a seal-skin jacket, trimmed with silver fox fur, twenty inches wide, plaited on in heavy box plaits. The hideous effect may be imagined. (Don't leave this out, Mr. Editor, the women will understand it, if the men don't.) They trim their dresses elaborately round the middle of the body, and tuck them up at the sides with mathematical precision. They look like market women with their panniers. There is not a line of grace in the square sturdy figures. The abundance of color is another prominent feature in English women's apparel. Not the lily, the lily of the field, but Solomon in his glory, is their ideal. Blue, green, purple and red flash along the street, often all combined in one costume. They dress more out-

rageously in traveling than any people in the world. One lady—a genuine lady in our coach—wore a scarlet petticoat, a gray overdress, a blue hat and a brown feather! At the theatre among the *haut noblesse*, who sat in the stalls, we saw an old lady dressed in a low crimson satin, pink rose in her gray hair, diamonds on her withered neck, and a blue cloak half off her shoulders. Now and then one sees a young girl extraordinary pretty and fresh, but of the old ladies not one have I seen to compare with those beautiful old women of America, who wear their years like so many added charms, whose silver hair shines like a glory around gentle faces that years and sorrow perhaps have refined and spiritualized to a beauty beyond the rose and rounded outlines of youth. The best dressed people we have seen are the actresses and the shop girls. The latter wear that very pretty and becoming dress, a plain black silk with a long train, and a black velvet jacket.—*London Cor. Memphis Avalanche.*

EXTRACT FROM A TRIBUTE TO LUCRETIA MOTT.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I never think of that woman,
But my heart throbs high with love,
And I ask, "Can she be more beautiful
In the blissful realms above?"
I can scarcely, in my dreaming,
See her face more fair and bright,
She seems to be now, with her radiant brow,
A spirit of love and light!

The poet may sing his praises
Of the glow of "sweet sixteen;"
But there is a holier beauty,
Of eighty-three, I ween;
For the girlish face if moulded
By a true and loving heart,
Will brighten as the heart throbs on,
Rechiselling every part.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
The sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
By the storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us mete for heaven.

BLIND superstition, cowering, sits
Amid the ashes of the past;
While old Tradition, bat-like, flits
Where Time its deepest gloom hath cast.
The bigot prospering through fraud,
Pays to the church his tithes, and then,
With pious fervor, thanks the Lord
That "he is not like other men."

Why should I blush that Fortune's frown
Dooms my life's humble path to tread,
To live unheeded and unknown,
To sink forgotten to the dead?
'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
That must shine or highest rise:
The feather floats upon the wave,
The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.

—From the Arabic.

ARE WE ORGANIZED?

BLOOMINGTON, Ill.

For the past ten years it has been a source of considerable irritation to me to think that the Liberals (Spiritualists, True Lovers, Free Thinkers, Atheists, Infidels, Evolutionists, Materialists, etc.) were so slow about organization. But all at once the fact has occurred to me that we are organized, and organized just as we wish to be. The United States Government is our organization, and its civil and military officers from the chief executive down to the school director must be made to do our will.

In other words, the Bismarokian idea of worshipping the State is a good one. If our civil officials betray their trusts they can be changed. If our ideas of truth, justice and right are voted down by a majority of the people, why we must spread our liberal papers, pamphlets and books in every family, make our speeches from every obtainable rostrum, until public opinion becomes sufficiently elevated and broadened to vote itself justice. Then, I repeat, we are organized; and from the humblest school district up to offices of national importance, let every liberal cast his vote in favor of the best material within his reach. What questions should a liberal ask himself while going to the polls? If he is going to vote for a school officer, he should ask: Is he in favor of compulsory education? Is he in favor of

rejecting the Bible as a school book? Is he in favor of excluding all silent letters from our school text books and all other hindrances to natural and rapid education? If any of these queries are answered in the negative, he should immediately seek another suitable candidate, and failing in finding one he should, by all honorable means, try to get himself elected. If he is going to vote for a civil officer, other than a school officer, he should ask: Is he honest? Is he capable? Will he, so far as in his power, favor the interests of humanity through his office? And then if he finds him to be a "scrooge" who is living upon high rates of interest, or any interest, or one who is living upon rents wrung from the flesh and blood of his tenants, or a speculator standing between the honest producer and the needy consumer, or a capitalist locking up his capital except when he can make from twenty-five to one hundred per cent by using it; if he finds his candidate any or all of these, let him reject him at once and seek a candidate who comes nearer to his ideas of truth and justice. Now, to all intents and purposes being organized, what ultimate results ought we to expect from this organization? We ought to expect collective protection against individual or corporate aggression. For instance, if railways can not take grain from Illinois to the seaboard short of taking every other bushel for freight, let the government transport the produce of the country and charge the producers the actual cost of transportation. So shall our civil government grow into a community where joys and responsibilities will be shared by all.

JAS. I. FERRON.

Editors Weekly: Helen Nash has written many good things, and I look with interest for her articles, feeling sure that I shall find something rich and spicy; but her article on Mattie Strickland has quite taken me aback in its laudation and glorification of a proceeding at least questionable as to its propriety. To me it seems like this: A young girl, just emerging from childhood, possessing good natural ability, has, by temperament and circumstances, been crowded forward before her judgment could have matured, and being thrown into the society of an attractive man (more than twice her age) has been induced in the immaturity of her judgment to take an unwise step, by heroically uniting herself, and publishing to the world that she has gone counter to the customs of society and to the wishes of her parents, who had cared for her all her days. If the question arises (as it will) for what object? the answer of a majority will be, notoriety. Fascinated by a man more than twice her age, who had had three legal wives, and divorced two and left another, is there anything magnanimous or even commendable in such a step? Has the obligation of honor and duty to parents become obsolete? Is the inchoate state wiser than maturity? Helen Nash sneers at the parents for publishing their grief and disapprobation at the conduct of their daughter. Have they published it more extensively than the act itself had been proclaimed? And did they not owe it to themselves to make known their disapproval of what they regarded an unwise exposure of a foolish act? Time is needed to show whether such a step results in good or evil to the parties concerned but it seems preposterous to claim for it the honor of the sacrifice of self for a principle. Because women have been prostituted under cover of the marriage rite, it would not justify other women in becoming voluntary prostitutes outside of it. *Fie! fie! Helen Nash.*

M. D. BRADWAY.

CARVERVILLE BUCKS COUNTY, Pa., April 9, 1876.

Dear Friends of the Weekly:

I left Vineland for this place the 7th. I wish to say that what Mrs. Heath has sent out to the world in her "Circular" falls far short of the reality. The scenery around "The Hill-Side Home" is indescribably beautiful, and can be realized only by being seen; for no pen, however eloquent, can describe it.

Beautiful fields, magnificent scenery, lie in all directions. As a place for pleasure seekers it cannot be surpassed.

Yours truly,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

P. S.—I have been asked by several for the proper route from the West to Carversville. As any route to Philadelphia will be at reduced rates, tickets should be purchased to that point. From there, procure tickets and have luggage rechecked to Bull's Island, via Belvidere Division of Pennsylvania Railroad. At Bull's Island carriages will be in waiting to carry passengers to the Home, two miles distant. S. M.

PLESSIS, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Editors Weekly: While passing through Albany, on the third day of the present month, feeling that it would be a privilege to see one who has been so fearless and undaunted in pursuance of right as John A. Lant of the *Toledo Sun*, I made my way the Penitentiary in that city, and through the kindness of the Superintendent met, for the first time, through his frank and honest countenance, the genial beaming of his noble mind. His health, with the exception of a slight cold, was good, and his courage and spirits were un-failing. He seemed to take great pleasure in speaking of the unexceptional cleanliness, and frequent and thorough ventilation of the prison. He uttered no word of complaint; yet I know his trial is at best severe, and the fact that I was his first visitor was unexpected and unpleasant information. In addition to this, his having received but very few letters, suggested the propriety of saying, through your columns, to his friends that I was informed by the Superintendent that Mr. Lant would receive all letters written to him, and that any money sent to him would be deposited as a fund from which he could draw for his personal benefit; that, though newspapers were not admitted to the prison, scraps out from papers might be enclosed in letters, and most of the magazines were admitted. I would say this to his friends, that none who would wish to share the honor of his persecution may be deprived thereof through a need of his address or a knowledge of these facts. Letters should be addressed, John A. Lant, Penitentiary, Albany, N. Y., care of the Superintendent.

Very truly yours,

GRATIA HOWARD HARE.

From the press of matter on hand and in course of preparation when the subjoined article of correspondence was received (3d inst), its publication has been unavoidably omitted until now.

SHOULD CHURCH PROPERTY BE TAXED?

AN ANSWER TO EX-GOV. DIX'S SO-CALLED IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION ON THIS SUBJECT AS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, April 2d, 1876.

Editors Weekly—My time has been so much occupied lately with ordinary routine, I have not found it convenient to read in the public journals all the details of current news topics, except by furtive and cursory glances. I am, therefore, not familiar with political and legislative affairs, as they transpire from day to day; but happening to observe, by chance, a communication to the *New York Herald* of last Friday, from the pen of ex-Governor Dix, on the subject of church taxation, I was quite pleased to learn that this matter had finally been introduced to the notice of our legislators at Albany as well as those of some capital cities in other States. The document is dated March 7th, and unless its publication was rather disrespectfully deferred, it would seem to have taken a very long time for its preparation—as long perhaps as it would necessarily require for a gubernatorial message or proclamation. But, as the side of the question which he espouses needs much more of fancy than of fact, of sophistry than of sound reason to sustain it, it is probably not so much to be wondered that so long a time elapsed between its inception and publication. Yet, apart from all hypothesis concerning the article, and taking it as it really is, I should like, by your permission, to briefly note a few of the statements and propositions embodied in it.

He commenced by declaring himself surprised to learn that the taxation of church edifices has been seriously and earnestly advocated before the Committee of Ways and Means in the Assembly, and that it is virtually a proposition to impose a tax on the worship of Almighty God, unless it is rendered in the open air, or in some building already subject to taxation. Then, after quite a lengthy historical sermon about Christ and His Apostles, and their places of preaching, he admits that in his opinion the pagans, through the veneration in which they held the temples dedicated to their idols, manifested more reverence than these persons, who, he prefers to say, are the promoters of this raid upon religious worship.

It is, indeed, not altogether surprising, that he, being a leading member of the richest church organization in this country or in Great Britain, besides having a son who is one of its most noted and prominent clergymen, should be surprised at such an attempt or presumption to regulate in the interests of the people only one part or portion of its hitherto undisturbed monopolizing franchises. I allude, of course, to the Episcopal Church, the eldest daughter of the Mother Church at Rome; both of which have always depended more on worldly power and patronage than on anything else for their support. And for him or any one else to say that the withholding of State patronage by an equal assessment of theirs with all other real property, is taxing the worship of Almighty God, so far from being in favor of, is nothing more nor less than impious, and an insult to that same Supreme Being; and I challenge him (Governor Dix), to find in the sacred writings any command or injunction requiring His people to look for any aid or comfort from the governments of the world, or forbidding them to exercise any act of justice and right toward their fellow beings.

When Christ told them to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, he did not mean for them to select the most valuable portions of Caesar's land, and after investing millions of the circulating medium in the erection thereon of the most costly edifices, to look to Caesar for an exemption from the tribute due from such possessions, and thus shirk a responsibility resting on all alike, individually and collectively. Church exemption is neither an inherent nor a moral right. It has nothing in it connected with Christianity, and is only a clerical doctrine whose purpose and effect is simply to enhance the power and emoluments of the priesthood, and is not the amount of a grain of mustard seed to the glory of God. On the contrary, those who choose to advocate it evince a lack of faith in His power and goodness, and instead of doing Him service, as they most likely flatter themselves they do, they will only merit and perhaps receive His utter condemnation. As to Christ and His Apostles, of whom the writer also speaks, and the places in which they preached, all that he or any one else knows of them is, that they went about doing good in such way, and had no stated preaching in any one place erected at great expense for the purpose; and that they preached as often and as readily, circumstances favoring, in the open fields and on board of vessels, as in the temple and the synagogues. Then, too, the citation by him of pagan reverence in those days for their idols as an example, for all Christians respecting grand churches with their costly paraphernalia and humbug formalities is simply an argument *ad absurdum*, and unworthy of any further comment than to remark that all plain, sincere, sensible, professing and unprofessing Christians in this country do not choose to copy after pagans in their form of worship or their respect for idols, but to cherish a reverence for the only and true God more than for the places in which they worship Him; and that the only way to worship Him is to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and not through the media of any particular forms or substances whatever.

He speaks, too, of the Divine Founder of our faith having driven the money changers out of the Temple, and expresses a hope that His example in that instance would prevent the money changers from getting a foothold in our houses of worship, and converting them into dens of thieves. But are they all immaculate who belong to the churches now-a-days? From the clergy down to the sextons, inclusive, are there not thieves, and even murderers among them? Do not many of those who are money changers and possess most of this

world's goods, occupy the foremost and most costly pews, and hold the most exalted positions in their respective societies? And is there not a notable instance on record, even in this very city, wherein a leading and influential member of one of our most pious churches, through the aid of his pastor, inveigled many of his fellow members into a Wall Street "corner," and fleeced, if he did not skin them? And yet, forsooth, because the people throughout the land, while laboring under the oppressions of taxation accruing from the late war and worse causes, are beginning to express a wish that all may bear an equal share of the burden, he (General Dix) raises the cry of wolf, and warns against the aggressions of outside money changers. Away with such Pharisaical sophistry and imposture!

He further on says, in a sarcastic manner, that the abettors of the movement are willing to compromise with the Sovereign Ruler by making reasonable concessions, and allowing \$1,000 of the value of each of His churches to be exempt from taxation, and that they may, perhaps, go so far as to allow Him \$2,000.

Now, it would be expected that any one having a proper reverence for the Supreme Ruler would not speak of Him in so common-place a manner, and, at the same time, keep back the motive which prompted the offer of which he speaks. This motive was to favor those societies that might not be able to erect a very expensive structure. And it was unquestionably a laudable one. An exemption even to the amount of \$5,000, for such a purpose, would not probably be too much if it should be desired.

He then contends that the Almighty is honored in a degree corresponding to the costliness and magnificence of the edifice erected to His worship. If this be not pagan idolatry, then I should like to know what is. Not only is it idolatry, but the veriest sham and subterfuge as well. If the Almighty regarded the architectural style and character of a building made with hands, he certainly would not have allotted a stable for the birthplace of His only begotten Son, in whom He knew He would be well pleased. And this same Son, if He had regarded worldly magnificence and style, instead of going about preaching and teaching in all sorts of places, and riding on an ass' colt on a public occasion, would most likely have chosen some fine cathedral-like structure for stated and regular preaching, and a gilded carriage for His conveyance from place to place. But that humble birthplace and mode of travel were lessons of humility which too many of our modern professing Christians do not incline to profit by. If ostensibly they do not, as Governor Dix says, ignore God, they thus virtually ignore His examples and His precepts.

The remaining portion of the gentleman's statement is not worth following with any special remarks. It is only a kind of sentimental exhorting and denunciating peroration which amounts to nothing more than the many misused words of which it is chiefly made up.

It is the poorer people—the laboring and producing classes—who pay the taxes. And when such men as George H. Andrews, a tax commissioner on a salary of ten thousand dollars, and General John A. Dix, a millionaire, stand up and exclaim against this mode of equal taxation, it should not be difficult for any one to understand how much the measure may conduce to the pecuniary benefit of the masses, and how little it will detract from the spiritual welfare of those who are now so virulent in opposing it. In fact the passage of the measure may, perhaps, even benefit them beyond conception by causing them to become less parsimonious in worldly concerns, and more pious and steadfast in their religious exercises and devotions. In this age of corrupt and apostate Christendom the existence of a church is not positive proof of piety. On the contrary, in many of them, especially those in and near large cities, extravagance, vice and pride do most abound; and there is in most if not all the churches a redundancy if not a preponderance of pharisees, hypocrites, and adulterers—wolves in sheep's clothing, from clergymen down to sextons, inclusive.

Let all those who cherish a regard for the churches, only with an eye single to the glory of God, pay special attention to the spiritual cleansing of the Sanctuary, and less to its material embellishment and decoration, and they will then be content to worship in houses with forms less ostentatious and infinitely more acceptable and pleasing in the sight of God.

Flowers are chaste and beautiful objects to look upon or contemplate; but they alone do not purify a pulpit, or render it a whit more sacred or seemly. It is the inward character—the true inwardness—and outward demeanor of the one who fills it, and of those who sit beneath its droppings, that can give to it an unfading beauty and "a joy forever."

TAXPAYER.

A SHORT SERMON.

BY DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

Text: The English Bull, Farrow Cow and "Art Magic." Having been favored with the perusal of this bound trinity, I am led to ask the following question: When will the American liberal people learn wisdom by past experience, and "Try the Spirits," before spending money for that which is not bread?

The intelligent, thoughtful reader of this trinity will find it a weak, deformed conception of garbleism. The writer must be an expert picker of old, musty records. It appears somewhat foolish to waste our time and the energies of our minds over the fabulous theories and mysticisms of the dead past. "Remember Lot's wife." It is impossible to infuse a breath of life into a decaying corpse, or to find an intelligent, elementary, materialized departed spirit.

I am poor and in distressing circumstances pecuniarily, but have no use for "Art Magic"—five hundred people are enough to be gored by it. I would propose that the whole five hundred volumes be forwarded to the Centennial farce as the productions of a highly esteemed English lady.

Let us pray, Oh God! we thank thee that the Devil of "Art Magic" is dead. We pray that the mines of credulity

may be exhausted to manufacture the coffin. We pray that the grave may be dug deep as the Valley of the Mississippi. And we pray that the Priest and Priestess who have had him or her in charge may be invited as pall-bearers. And oh Lord! if there be any sympathizing friends may they follow as mourners. We pray, also, that the Alps and the Andes of foolishness may be levelled upon the resting place. And we pray, oh God of mercy! that no tombstone mark the repulsive place, and that thy resurrection power may never think of it: Amen.

A PRAYER.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with linger'g caress—
Poor hands! so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be laid aside;
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night!

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way—
For who would war with dull, unconscious clay!
So I might rest, forgiven by all, to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely—let me feel them now!
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged—forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night!

ARE BAD PEOPLE CAPABLE OF LOVE?

It appears not, because love is gained by kindness and goodness, qualities that are not understood and appreciated by bad people. Beauty raises lust, but love don't think much about the looks. ELIPHALET KIMBALL.

A PERFECT and complete marriage is perhaps as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and then only after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a long and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long season to mellow and season in. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world, in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

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.

THE Sixth Annual Convention of the American Labor Reform League, will be held in the Hall of Science, 141 Eighth Street, New York City, Sunday and Monday, May 7th and 8th, three sessions each day. Stephen Pearl Andrews, J. K. Ingalls, E. H. Heywood, Wm. Hanson, R. W. Hume, E. P. Miller, Edward Palmer, Geo. W. Madox, Geo. L. Henderson, and other speakers are expected.

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.

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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, MAY 6, 1876.

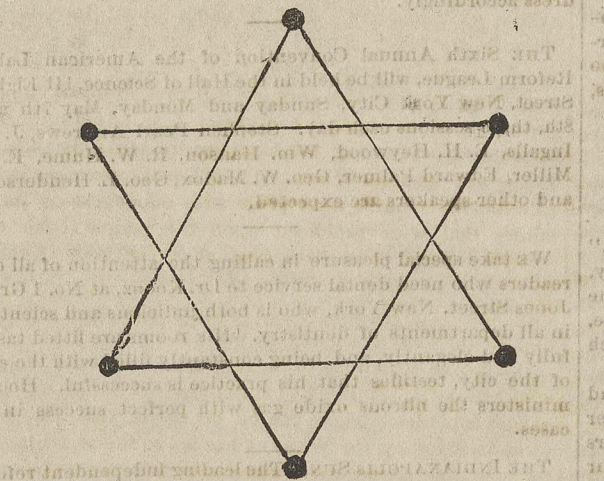
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THE DOUBLE TRIANGLE;

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.

A VISION.

NO. II.

Having been unremittently employed in other directions, together with a lack of capacity for physical endurance beyond a certain point, consequent upon a strange physico-spiritual development which I have been undergoing during the year past, has deterred me from following up the presentation of the various visions of which, since childhood, I have been a subject, regarding my earthly mission, that I at one time proposed. And I do not now know when another may follow this. If my present hope shall be realized, however, it will not be many weeks; for the time has come when I must communicate to the world many things of which I have been made the custodian, which, until now, have been held in inviolable confidence. However, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

I do not think it will be assuming too much to say that the affections of a large portion of the readers of the WEEKLY are strong enough to cause them to feel a deep interest in what I am about to write, since it is of it that I am about to speak; and I trust that the growth of the cause of which it is the organ, will warrant some faith in what that may be, irrespective of any confidence or want of it in the personnel of its conductors. For them, as well as for myself, I wish to say that to the best of our ability, we have followed for years the guiding hand of a band of spirits, from whom what I shall communicate in these visions, came. In devotion to them, and the cause which they have inaugurated, we have endeavored to lose sight of our own personal relations to the movement, and have been willing to stand the odium of reproach for what may have been deemed unwise in our course, as well as to make no personal application of that which has received commendation. And now, challenging the charges of egotism which may follow what I am to communicate, I shall boldly write that with which I have been charged.

When I consider of the WEEKLY I feel for it as for a thing of life that has been committed to my care; feel for it as if I had bourn it as a child; feel for it as though it divided my affections with my children; indeed, if my affections for it and them were to be measured by the thought and care which I have bestowed upon them, and the devotion I have given, the palm would fall to the WEEKLY. At one time it was suspended for four months; but I did not mourn over it as dead. I knew that it was sleeping, only; to awake with a new strength and a new vigor. Did not its awakening fully justify our faith? Let the Beecher-Tilton scandal, and its world-wide results, reply!

In May, 1864, I was first informed that I had been selected by a band of spirits, to work out, under its guidance, a problem in which the future welfare of humanity was deeply involved; perhaps I should say rather, that the first intimations that there was a work to be done, in which I should be engaged, were made known to me at that time, although the appointment, as I have been since told, and as I believe, was made years anterior to my birth. It was some eighteen months after these first intimations were received, however, before I obtained any idea of what that work was to be.

The Winter of 1865-6 I spent mostly in New Orleans. One evening, while in the city, as those who then composed my family circle were sitting about our table, discussing plans for the future, I was suddenly raised into the spiritual condition (a condition which had been familiar to me for years), and this is what I saw and what was said to me, as described and repeated to the circle, of which proper notes were made:

I was told that we were not to carry out any of the projects that had been the subject of conversation; that our methods of life were soon to be changed, and that our efforts were to be directed to a work which would be inaugurated by the spirit world, through us. I saw the spirit of Demosthenes (I did not know it was he at that time) bring and lay upon the table a printed paper, folded to the size, as I described it, of *Harpers' Weekly*, the name of which, in bold letters, was "Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly." The spirit said that we were to remove to a large city beside the ocean, and there were to edit and publish this paper, which was to be the organ of this band of spirits, and of the movement which they were to inaugurate in the world.

He said further, that there would come a time when the excitement about the paper would be so great, that the office of its publication would be thronged with newsboys eager to get the paper, the demand for which the presses would not print fast enough to supply; in fact, that the street in front of the office would be blocked by applicants, and that policemen would have to guard the doors to maintain order. Moreover, he declared that the character of the circumstances would be so exceptional, and that the excitement would attain to so high a pitch, that as many as fifty dollars would be paid for a single copy of the paper. He also assured us in the most positive manner that the paper would increase ultimately to be the most powerful journal in the country, and would find its way into every household. He then gave instructions for the immediate future, saying: "You will find it necessary to leave this city shortly and go North," which we then had not the remotest idea of doing. It was not many days, however, before circumstances came naturally about, that not

only decided, but made it necessary for us to follow the instructions.

While the condition of exaltation to which the influence lifted me was upon me, all this seemed to be already a settled fact. I saw it just as the spirit showed and spoke it; but when returned again to my normal state I felt that I had been trifled with; since to then think of our ever editing and publishing a paper appeared to be utterly preposterous and absurd, and I was indignant to think that a spirit so familiar to me as this one, should attempt to impose upon my credulity in such a manner and to draw me into any such foolish lines of thought. In fact I regarded it as a delusion, and cast it out of my mind as such. Yet, whenever the inspiration came upon me I repeated the same things, and I assured those to whom I spoke, that, let me say what I would at other times, we were really to do just what the spirit said.

How perfectly a part of the vision has been verified may be realized by reverting to the circumstances attending the publication of the Beecher-Tilton scandal, even to the selling of a paper for fifty dollars. There is no doubt in my mind that that publication was contemplated when this prophecy was made. In regard to the part of the prophecy yet to be fulfilled, I wish to say that since the fulfillment of the other I have never had the slightest doubt about it. Indeed I say frankly that I see just how the WEEKLY is to become the family paper of the country; but I must not be premature. I prefer that things shall work themselves out.

After the first vision regarding our mission, similar ones were frequent. I soon became aware of an awakening interest and came to thirst for more knowledge; indeed I began to feel as if I had, something to do which was worth doing, though I must confess that its character and magnitude, as foreshadowed in my visions, often staggered me into skepticism about its possibility. I remember one occasion upon which this was more than usually strong. It was this: I saw ourselves (those then with me) seated about a table, upon which was spread out a map of the world. The spirit, standing behind one of the party, reached his arm to the table and touched his finger upon this country; he then passed it to Europe, then to South America, next to Asia, next to Australasia, and lastly to Africa, and said: "Do you understand what I mean?" The person to whom the question was put, turned to the spirit, and, smiling, bowed assent. The spirit then continued: "The movement which is to first take form through you, will spread over the whole world in the present generation, and revolutionize all existing things."

To show how jealously the spirits have watched our course, and guarded their organ against perversion and contamination, I will relate the following circumstance:

In July last there came to our house one Sunday, a person who professed to be deeply interested with "The New Departure," and urged strongly and persistently upon us a certain course to be pursued. I was not impressed particularly with what was said, but was listening, when a spirit voice whispered in my ear, "retire to the other room." I did so, and was then instructed to summon the others, who were still giving their attention to him. I was quickly thrown into a spiritual condition, when Demosthenes said: "That person is all wrong. Do not let him swerve you from your present course." Sister then asked if he were satisfied with the conduct of the paper, relating to the subject of the conversation? Which was answered in this way: I saw before me a large pile of WEEKLIES, and about it were kneeling in prayer a multitude of women spirits; and from the papers there rose up an incense that spread over the whole country. I described this to those present, and when I spoke of the incense, the spirit added, "Yes! Not only over this country shall it spread, but over the whole world."

Guided consciously to ourselves, as we have been in all our movements, by this band of spirits, we came long ago to regard their sayings with the utmost confidence and their commands as imperative. I confess that I follow them with the most perfect faith, for in no instance in which they have ever assured me, have I ever been disappointed. They have not always explained all their plans fully, but when any detail or expected results were withheld, I have felt it to be necessary to insure success, for I can now see if we had known that some things which have occurred were to occur, it would have been doubtful if we should have been strong enough to go forward, although now I am glad that we always have. I say this parenthetically, because there are some people who think themselves wiser than the spirits who exercise controlling influence in the spirit world. I wish to add that I have never found them to be so.

In spite of all my faith and trust I have sometimes, when in deep distress, been shaken, but if I have, it has only been for a moment. At those times there has always been a kind spirit near to remind me that "Blessed shalt thou be if, when the time come, thou art found not wanting," the purport, to me, of which I shall explain at another time. My constant prayer is that I may; my constant determination is that I will; my constant knowledge is that I must be thus found.

And who shall, who can say that the present is not prophetic of the fulfillment of what the spirits have shown me! Have not their organ, laid before me in prophecy at New

Orleans, and the words that they have given me to speak upon the rostrums of the country, roused a sleeping world to thought upon the most vital of all vital subjects? The change that public thought has undergone upon the social question amounts to nothing less than a revolution. It is a revolution, broad and deep, and will lead, when consummated, not only to the sweeping changes so long ago foretold, but also through them, to the solution of the last great problem of life and death. In this solution will the mission that has been inaugurated, and in which it has been my privilege to labor, culminate.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

ANOTHER DELIBERATE MURDER.

The Governor refused to interfere to avert the fate of Dolan. It is the worst mistake he ever made. He underrated the public sentiment in opposition to capital punishment, when he concluded that, if he were to rescue Dolan from the gallows, it would damage his presidential prospects. There has been a revulsion in the minds of the people about this horrid relic of barbarism generally in the whole country, and especially in this city, since Foster paid the legal penalty for his crime. The horrors that attended his execution struck home to the public heart and satiated the thirst for blood, which, at that time, existed in some; while, through that much larger portion of the community who already denounced this vestige of the barbaric ages, it sent a thrill of horror that revealed to them the heathenish thirst for vengeance that is satisfied in this way in all its awful deformity.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord." This power is not delegated to man. Moses said blood for blood; but the gentle Nazarene fulfilled that law and ushered in a Christian dispensation of love and good-will.

But in this Christian (?) country—now in its centennial year; now approaching the hundredth anniversary of the day upon which the immortal words, announcing the inalienable right to life for man, were made fundamental to our institutions—at this time when the highest civilization and the profoundest Christianity should prevail, a poor man stood on the verge of eternity and plead for mercy; plead for the benefit of the doubt that existed in his case, and was refused. Think of this, ye Christians of New York! of the country! a man face to face with death, but entitled to life by reason of an existing doubt, and proven by the words of his victim, to be not guilty of that degree of murder for which the gallows is provided, and yet he had to die. Oh, shame upon such Christianity! Put yourselves in his place; remember his parentage; his childhood; his associations, all furnished him by this same society which has dipped its hands in his blood, and then see if he were not a victim as well as a criminal. He turned to the people and plead; but he plead to stones. The busy public, it is true, shuddered at the horrid spectre that lifted itself up in the yard of the Tombs, but it went on its way, otherwise unmoved, and permitted the law of four thousand or more years ago, to have its victim just as if it were not responsible in any way.

If the people had been imbued with the spirit of their professed Master; even with the better spirit of the age, could there have been this apathy to the pleadings of this miserable man? No! they would have risen *en masse* and demanded his life of the Governor. They would have said: We have had enough of this brutality; we do not live in a Mosaic dispensation; we are Christians, insisting on the adoption into practice of the teachings of our Master who, if He were here, would banish the gallows and command us to overcome evil with good. But it is too late! Another disgrace; another denial of Christ smirches the records of the age! Dolan has been strangled to death in cold blood! He only attacked his victim for self-protection, with no intent to kill; but this community coolly, deliberately, barbarously put its hands upon his throat and strangled him to death. The Governor said he "couldn't interfere; that the law had to take its course." Dolan had been legally convicted. The law is the exponent of the people. Every member of this community is guilty of Dolan's death. They made the law and they refused to stay its behests.

Dolan's conviction was upon circumstantial evidence only, and while it has been frequently asserted that a train of evidence, based upon circumstances, all converging to show positive guilt, is stronger than any direct evidence, we give no adhesion to such a theory, for there have been cases where the circumstantial evidence was of the most conclusive kind, and yet within brief periods after conviction and execution, it has been found that the executed were innocent. Such cases; nay, one such case, should cause it to be provided that a term of not less than one year should elapse between conviction and execution, as the law in every State, while the punishment for murder is death. Such a term would at least allow the condemned some chance to establish his innocence.

We would go further even than this; we would have a term of five years provided, until capital punishment shall be abolished; and during this term, as well as during the term for life, when the present law shall be expunged from our statute books, the convict should labor in the penitentiary for wages equal to those paid outside of prison walls for the same labor, the earnings to be equally divided between the families of the convict and his victim.

That such a condition of punishment would decrease

crime, is evidenced by the results that have followed the lessening of the number of crimes that were once punishable by death, which is specially noticeable in England. As this movement progressed, morals took a higher standard, and all criminal acts decreased.

That the Governor has committed a political, as well as a Christian, error, in not commuting Dolan's sentence, or at least in not respiting him for a year or more, time will demonstrate, and that, too, ere long; and he will live to regret his error, while the man whom he might have saved will be mouldering in his grave.

But there were other considerations in this case besides the rights of Dolan and the horrors of the gallows. There were great public interests involved; interests which are but just beginning to be known to the public, it is true, but which, notwithstanding, are none the less deep and important. There are great social laws that underlie the very existence of society, which are outraged by every public horror that transpires. People are not the results of chance; they are what they are by reason of the circumstances and conditions from which they spring. Characters are not acquired. They are inherited or stamped upon individuals prior to their birth. It is true that education develops that which is inherited; that the evil tendencies may be restrained and the good encouraged; but it is also true that the good which is wanting at birth cannot be engrafted into the character, nor the bad that is possessed be wholly eradicated by any process of development. Every person is born with the capacity for all that he may ever do. Dolan was born with the capacity to strike a deadly blow, and he was unfortunate enough to fall into circumstances that called it into action. Who can tell from whence that capacity came? Perhaps in his pre-natal condition something similar to what this community perpetrated upon him, struck his mother with the horror with which his death has struck thousands of other mothers in a similar condition, and, through her, impressed upon her unborn child the capacity to murder. Who can say that the cold-blooded murder of Dolan has not made a thousand murderers? These subtle laws are not generally understood, but the principle upon which they act is well established and well known; and, being so, should set the seal of doom upon the gallows. We would call upon mothers at least, everywhere, to raise their voices against the continuation of this worst of all public curses upon motherhood; would call upon them for the sake of unborn generations, if not for that of the condemned, to demand that this relic of the dark ages shall no longer blacken the fair face of our civilization.

To enforce the lesson we would draw from the murder by the community, of John Dolan, we quote the following from the N. Y. Sun of the 23d instant, merely remarking upon it, that, if the effects of a hanging scene were so horrible upon a man, what must they be upon women when performing their divinest functions; when they are the direct instruments through whom God operates to create immortal souls? Let every mother read this carefully, and remember that she is liable to be similarly affected, and to mark her unborn child with the brand of Cain; and never cease to protest against this curse upon humanity, until it shall be among the things that were:

A HAUNTED MAN.

VISION OF A GALLOW AND TWO SWINGING FIGURES ON A RAINY DAY.

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: It is quite useless, of course, in the existing state of public sentiment, to lift up one's feeble voice against the execution of the death penalty by hanging; and I should not trouble myself, as to the Dolan affair reported in your columns this morning, to enter an unavailing protest, were it not that, from experiences of my own, I am firmly convinced of the morbid nervous tendencies attendant upon witnessing executions, and even upon perusal of their details as pictured by the graphic hand of the practiced reporter. I have met persons on whom such spectacles operated as a morbid nervous stimulant, and who would walk leagues rather than miss being present at the execution of a murderer; just as I have met old ladies who would regard it as a real deprivation to miss a funeral for leagues about, and have been heard to complain dolefully when two funerals happened on the same afternoon.

For myself, I have reported a number in the course of a long service as daily journalist, and I verily believe that executions are self-perpetuating—self-perpetuating because murders, by some strange psychological law, can often be traced to the morbid incitation and the almost uncontrollable nervous sympathy that such spectacles engender. I was present at the execution of Gonzales and Pellicier in the Raymond street jail-yard, Brooklyn. It was a still, semi-darkened, rainy afternoon, or, rather, it drizzled and misted in place of raining, as if somehow the weather was holding its breath, and waiting for the affair to be over, before proceeding to business; and, to strengthen the fancy that such was the case, just after that horrible clatter in the box that contained the Dennis of the event had subsided, it came down in earnest for a few minutes, and dripped drearily from the black cross-beam, and from the black figures with clown's caps on their heads, though the caps were as black as the rest. And as the drops gathered into larger drops, and fell steadily upon the platform, nervous as I was, and sick at heart, their devilish tattoo worked its way into my brain in such a manner that I have lost since then one of the pleasantest things in life—that of listening to rain-drops. I saw them hanging there, and broke into a paroxysm of nervous laughter that shocked the solemn sheriff, the deputies talking in low tones, and the bullet-headed executioner, and made the latter look calculatingly at my neck. Since then a bubble of happy laughter has an inhibiting in-

fluence on the optic nerve. I dread to laugh or hear the sweetest laughter; for I see myself sitting in a jail yard in the rain, with two suspended corpses motioning toward me with their feet, and deputies wondering why a man should laugh when he wasn't tickled.

But that is not the worst of it. No matter where I am, or in what agreeable society, with any sudden darkening of the atmosphere, as of the sun passing behind a cloud, I see two black figures swinging under a black cross-beam a few feet from my eyes. It is not a mere recollection of the thing, with its attendant mental spectre, but a vivid reproduction external to myself; such that the gallows and the figures swinging to and fro in the rain are actually before me as they were that day, ah, and that night, too! for what terrible dreams I had, with a thick-set, clean-shaven man, wearing a stiff, round-crowned hat, flitting in and out of a box, and taking a specially demoniac delight in making a clatter. And after each clatter came a black cross-beam of terrible dimensions and two limp but gigantic figures suspended from it by cords ridiculously too small to hang giants with. A thousand things operate as reminders. Sometimes, when I am particularly nervous, a transom over the door, or a long black sign-board, or the sight of a man very thick-necked and bullet-headed, or a round-crowned hat exposed in a hatter's window brings on the horrible vision, and if I shut my eyes I see it all the more.

The result is, sir, that I am a haunted man, and always expect to be so long as I live; and I am firmly convinced that there are others who are similarly haunted by nervous pictures of the same kind. Why not execute with hemlock (extract of conium) as the Greeks did, in place of poisoning lunatics with it? Why not make a logical application of anaesthesia? Why not let a condemned man pass into awful and menacing silence from the moment of sentence? I concede, sir, that hanging is picturesque—terribly picturesque—savagely so. I see two black figures swinging in the rain at this moment, and I shall see them all night long; and you can readily imagine how, in many temperaments, a morbid impression of this kind may pass into a morbid impulse and impel irresistibly to the tragedy by which it was engendered.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

New York, April 22, 1876.

THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

When we consider the condition of the public thought at the present time, and trace it back to see in what it had its origin, it is a matter for deep gratulation to find that it is to the WEEKLY that the people owe the processes of purification that are now being pressed with so much vigor on all sides. We do not say that speculation, fraud and corruption have not existed in the State and Church and in corporations for many years. That it is now just coming to the knowledge of the people that all organizations are rotten almost to crumbling, is no evidence that the corruption to which this rottenness owes its origin is of recent date. The extent to which this condition has spread, as well as the conditions of decay, seem rather to show that it must have been of long duration, and that many years before its existence was suspected, it had penetrated the whole body politic, commercial and social. It has been to the community like an insidious disease to the human body that gains a foothold in the system, and, while yet unexpected, lays the foundation for that which, when it really manifests itself, sweeps the life-currents with irresistible force.

But the corruption in the great social bodies was almost impregnably situated. It was carried on behind a patriotic front which disarmed suspicion; and in the church the eloquent appeals for holiness cast a veil about it, behind which no one ever thought of looking for anything wrong; while in the corporations, under the guise of the public interest, the people were led to think them benefactors who were simply laying plans to catch that part of the surplus earnings of the industrial classes which the politicians failed to legislate out of their hands.

This game went on for years, its players becoming bold and more unscrupulous as their acts escaped detection, until at last they seemed to think themselves so strong that they could defy the public. With this conviction, came the bare-faced frauds which burst the bubble they had come to handle so carelessly. And it came about in this way: There was a paper started in Wall street by two women, which essayed to grapple with this condition that was running rampant over the country. It first attacked the huge system of swindling that had grown fashionable under the pretense of developing the country by building railroads. Those who read the WEEKLY in 1871 will remember that its columns for months were filled with exposures of the villainies that were practiced upon the people. No other paper had dared to touch these giant corruptions. Although they had the same facilities for knowing the facts about them that the WEEKLY had, nothing was ever said to indicate that what was going on was not legitimate.

But it was not wholly to railroad frauds that the WEEKLY confined itself. It attacked rotten savings banks and insurance companies. There can be no doubt that the movement initiated by the WEEKLY has led to the winding-up of many of these corporations which otherwise would have gone on swindling the people for years to come. At one time there were forty-two life insurance companies in the country. They have dwindled until now there are but nineteen. Then there were the Mexican and the Georgia and North Carolina bond swindles. The facts set forth in the WEEKLY, at the time of which we speak, have been proved literally true, and some of the swindlers are now paying the penalty for their crimes.

It was the bold course of the WEEKLY in publishing the facts about all these fraudulent and speculative schemes that first called the attention of the public to the fact of their existence, and caused inquiry to be made into all suspicious-looking adventures and adventurers, whether in the political arena, the financial or commercial emporium, or in the social or religious field. The results are before the world today. The highest legislative body—the Congress of the United States—is occupied principally in investigating frauds of one kind or another, and are rapidly proving that the whole political structure is too rotten to stand. The people look on aghast at the facts daily evoked from the political cesspool, and thousands are already looking into each others faces, and earnestly inquiring, "To what next shall we turn?" The people had sat down in security, thinking our political system was perfect, and now, when they wake to find it ready to fall, they scarcely know in what direction to look for a better state of things. But thanks to the effects of the exposures made by the WEEKLY five years ago, wise minds have been called to the impending disaster in time, and out of the chaos that will shortly come, a new government will rise, which shall spread over all the earth, and introduce a new era in the world's history.

We repeat again, therefore, that we regard the work which other journals are doing to-day in unearthing frauds with peculiar satisfaction, realizing as we do that it was the WEEKLY which opened the way for them to do it, by showing that immense corporations and powerful individuals engaged in wrong-doing might be attacked and brought to bay if the courage were present to speak the truth with boldness and decision.

This is what the WEEKLY has done upon all occasions when it has been called to do this kind of work. This is not its field, however, now. This having been occupied by other great and influential journals, the WEEKLY has been at liberty to go on to other and higher labors. The work of destruction is progressing fast enough. Let those who are engaged in it complete their work, while the WEEKLY shall treat of reconstruction and reorganization; of a new political social order, and of improving the people, so that with the and new, there may be less misery, vice and crime than now disgrace the escutcheon of our national honor.

A NEW DEFINITION.

A Spiritualist—one who believes in the Eddy's, the Hardy's, the Stewart's, the Miller's, the Parry's, the Holmes', etc., etc., etc.—*Banner of Light*.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

If among our readers there is any one having from two to four thousand dollars, ready cash, which they would like to invest into a profitable business, we shall be glad to put them in the way of doing so. The business is a perfectly legitimate one, and those interested in it are people of the highest integrity and capacity and position, whom we shall take pleasure in recommending to any one who may apply to us for the particulars. The investment will secure a half interest in the business.

THE SPIRITUAL POPE.

The *Banner of Light* has jumped to the end of our recommendation made last week, that friend Colby should be made Pope. Without waiting for the action of full-fledged Spiritualists, however, he proceeds to read those who do not believe in the full-form materializations of spirits out of the Spiritualistic camp, as follows:

"The phenomena of the full-form materialization—however skeptics may rail and rave, and however some half-way Spiritualists may sneer and carp—is now a fact just as well established as the minor marvel of the spirit hand."

Take notice all ye people who do not now believe in the full-form materialization of spirits, that you are only "skeptics" or "half-way Spiritualists." Indeed is Spiritualism getting on after the fashion of old creedsists wonderfully well.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE XIV.

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

XV.

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color or previous conditions of servitude.

NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION—1876.

The National Woman Suffrage Association will hold its Ninth Annual Convention, in Masonic Hall, New York, corner Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street, May 10th and 11th, 1876.

This convention, occurring in the Centennial year of the Republic, will be a most important one. The underlying principles of government will this year be discussed as never

before; both foreigners and citizens will query as to how closely this country has lived up to its own principles. The long debated question as to the source of the governing power, was answered a century ago by the famous Declaration of Independence which shook to the foundation all recognized power, and proclaimed the right of the individual as above all forms of government; but while thus declaring itself to be founded on individual right, this nation has failed to secure the exercise of their inalienable right of self-government to one-half the individuals of the nation. It has held the women of the nation accountable to laws they have had no share in making, and taught as their one duty, that doctrine of tyrants—unquestioning obedience.

Liberty to-day is therefore but the heritage of one-half the people, and the centennial will be but the celebration of the independence of one-half the nation. The men alone of this country live in a Republic, the women enter the second hundred years of national life as political slaves.

That no structure is stronger than its weakest point, is a law of mechanics that will apply equally to government. In so far as this government has denied justice to women, it is weak, and preparing for its own downfall. All the insurrections, rebellions and martyrdoms of history have grown out of desire for liberty, and in woman's heart this desire is as strong as in man's. The history of this country cannot be written without mention of woman; at every vital time in the nation's life, men and women have worked together; everywhere has woman stood by the side of father, brother, husband, son, in defence of liberty. The work of the women of the Revolution is well known; without their aid the Republic could never have been established; their patriotism and sacrifice equalled that of the men, but while the men have reaped their reward, women are still suffering under all the oppressions complained of in 1776.

The five great principles recognized in the Declaration of Independence, are:

- 1st. The natural rights of individuals.
- 2d. The exact equality of those rights.
- 3d. That rights not delegated by individuals, are retained by individuals.
- 4th. That no person can exercise the rights of others without delegated authority.
- 5th. That non-use of rights does not destroy them.

Under these principles the rights of every man, black and white, native-born and naturalized, have been secured; but only through equal, impartial suffrage for all citizens, without distinction of sex, can a true republican government be established.

All persons who believe these principles should be carried out in spirit and in truth, are invited to be present at the May convention.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE, President.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Ch'n Ex. Com.

N. B.—The New York State Woman Suffrage Association (organized in 1869) will conduct proceedings the second day, with a view of arranging a vigorous State campaign.

Mrs. L. DEVEREUX BLAKE, Acting Pres't.

ELEANOR KIRK, Sec'y.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Ch'n Ex. Com.

All communications or contributions for either Society, should be addressed to

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,
106 East 55th St., New York.

LOVELESS MATERNITY.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON "LAW OR LOVE."
BY LEO MILLER.

O that I had the pen of an angel to portray the evils of loveless maternity and loveless offspring. A woman, forced by necessity or law, takes to her embrace a man she loathes, and in that act becomes a mother! When we consider the personal injury, the torture, the self-immolation of everything sacred and pure, the thought is certainly appalling enough; but when we look beyond to the effect upon her offspring, it is a sight to make the angels weep and the world stand aghast. As certainly as that like begets its like, as surely as temperament, traits of character, complexion, color of eyes and hair, are imparted to the offspring, so surely is the loathing, the hate, the pollution, that filled the mother's mind also transmitted.

And this iniquity of parents is visited upon their children to the third and fourth generations, until society is literally infested with the human embodiments of inharmony and hate. Behold yonder wretch expiating upon the gallows the crime of murder. Take up his life-line and trace it back, and you will find the brand of Cain stamped upon his brow before he left his mother's womb. Hate is a condition of murder. The Bible says, "He that hateth his brother hath already committed murder in his heart." The marriage institution is full of deadly hate. Seven murder trials of husbands and wives were pending in the courts of Maine at one time. Our newspapers teem with murders committed by husbands and wives to escape the hellish bonds of wedlock; and while this is true, it is reasonable to suppose that thousands more are possessed of a like spirit who have power to restrain the impulse; and yet the effect upon their offspring is the same as though they were actual murderers.

The woman who has maternity forced upon her by the man she abhors with murderous hate, transmits the mental condition to her unborn child. The amount of ingrained evil and crime of every kind that is thus directly traceable to loveless marriage relations, imposed and enforced by custom and law, is beyond the power of finite mind to comprehend or time to develop. Eternity alone can reveal the magnitude of the evil.

Health and beauty and perfection are the products of harmony. Discord at the beginning of life is fatal. Pause a moment, and consider how delicate must be the operations of nature in the formation of a new being, and how the slightest disturbance among the subtle forces would mar the workmanship. The harmonies of nature are the conditions of perfection. The moment above all other moments when ab-

solute unity and harmony would seem to be indispensable, is at the inception of life. The creative act should be the perfect blending of two beings drawn together by holiest affection. Sweet, hallowed peace should pervade the mother's mind, and love's sacred flame light up the temple of the living spirit where now the Divine Architect is at work shaping an immortal soul. Awful moment! A jar blemishes for all time! A discord vibrates through eternity! Alas! that the world in its blindness maintains a system of marriage in which jars and discords are the rule, and harmony the exception.

This single branch of my discourse is too large to receive more than a mention here. In the future great volumes will be written upon the subject, and when the mists of ignorance and darkness that now envelop it break away, mankind will shudder with amazement that an institution productive of such monstrous evils ever existed on earth. The abominations of chattel slavery will whiten into moral virtues compared with it.

We would call the attention of our readers to the National Independent Convention to be held in Indianapolis, May 17th, 1876. The Pioneers of the New Departure, who sowed the seed of all the reforms that now agitate the nation, in the Equal Rights party, now that the movement is taking shape in a National Party, should attend the Convention, and see that ignorant or interested parties should not control its action, or put forth to the people a declaration of principles that will be no remedy for our evils.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The address of Nellie L. Davis, is 235 Washington street Salem, Mass.

To LET.—A nicely furnished front room, \$20 Washington st., Boston. To a first-class clairvoyant or physician, this is a desirable opportunity. Call and see. Dr. N. G. COLE.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—Mrs. Rebecca Messenger, diagnosing disease, or reading destiny, if present, \$1 00; by letter, \$2 00. Send age and sex. Address her, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill. P. O. Box 1,071. (303.)

We still mail our book, pamphlets and tracts—"Free Love," "Mrs. Woodhull and her Social Freedom," "True and False Love," "Open Letter to A. J. Davis," "Letter to a Magdalen," "God or no God," "To My Atheistical Brothers," including my Photo, for One Dollar. Can you favor me? Address Austin Kent, Stockholm St., Lawrence Co., New York. Box 44.

WANTED—Correspondence with women who are desirous of forming an organization for the emancipation of sex; and who are free, or are ready and willing to assert their freedom. As it will be well not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth, names will be held sacred, except under such conditions as shall be agreed to by the parties. Each letter, if desiring a reply, must contain at least ten cents, to pay for paper, time and postage. Address Lois Waisbrooker, 1,242 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.

LIBERAL CONGRESS.

"HILL SIDE HOME."

CARVERSVILLE, Bucks Co., Pa., April 24, 1876.

I am authorized by the Proprietor of the Hill Side Home to announce to those who desire to attend the Liberal Congress, at this place, that good rooms and board will be furnished at reduced rates, viz.: \$4.50 to \$9 per week. Congress convenes on May 4th. The Route: From New York and Philadelphia, by the Pennsylvania R. R., via Trenton, N. J., Belvidere division to Bull's Island, thence to Carversville, a distance of two miles through a beautiful valley by stage, which meets the trains that arrive at B. I. Send for Circular. MRLO. A. TOWNSEND, Secretary.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the independent and progressive physician, is successfully treating nervous and chronic diseases all over the country by letter, as well as at his office at home; by his original system of practice, which omits all drugs and mineral medicines of both old and new schools. Dr. Fellows has been steadily gaining upon the confidence of the public for the past eight years, during which time he has treated thousands of cases, eighty out of every hundred of which he has radically cured, while every case has been benefited. And at this moment he has patients in every State in the Union. Every reader of this who has any affection of the head, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, bowels, womb, genital organs, or rheumatic or neuralgic difficulties, or eruptions of the skin, blood impurities, tumors, cancers, or any nervous affections or diseases of the eye or ear, are invited to write to Dr. Fellows. The remedy with which he treats these diseases so successfully, is his Magnetized Powder, which will be sent to any address, at \$1 per box. Address Vineland, N. J. (281.)

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

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin	2 00
The Principles of Social Freedom	25
Reformation or Revolution, Which?	25
The Elixir of Life; or, Why do we Die?	25
Suffrage—Woman a Citizen and Voter	25
Tried as by Fire; or the True and the False Socially, Ethics of Sexual Equality	25
The Principles of Finance	25
Breaking the Seals; or the Hidden Mystery Revealed	25
The Garden of Eden	25
Four of any of the Speeches 50c., or nine for	1 00
One copy each, of Books, Speeches and Photographs for	
A liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.	6 00

Have you seen the Wonderful Type-
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No more pen paralysis! No more spinal curvature because of the drudgery of the pen. The Type-Writer has found rapid acceptance wherever introduced, and has fully sustained the claim that its work is twice as fast, three times as easy and five times legible as that of the pen. It paragraphs, punctuates, underscores and does figure work—in a word, all things necessary to the production of a perfect manuscript. Any size or quality of paper may be used, and the most satisfactory results obtained, at a saving in time and strength of at least one hundred per cent. The Type-Writer "manifolds" fifteen copies at once, and its work can also be copied in the ordinary copy-press.

READ THE FOLLOWING INDORSEMENTS.

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

NEW YORK, June 10, 1875.

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

E. H. JENNY.

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

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

We think very highly of the machine, and hope you will meet with good success. Respectfully yours,
DUN, BARLOW & CO.

OFFICE OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO., }
CHICAGO, July 8, 1874.

DENSMORE, YOST & Co.:

Gentlemen—Having had the Type-Writer in use in my office during the past two years, I do not hesitate to express my conviction of its great value. Its best recommendation is simply to say that it is a complete writing machine. The work of writing can be done with it faster, easier and with a better result than is possible with the pen. The time required to learn its use is not worth mentioning in comparison with the advantages afforded by the machine. Yours truly,
ANSON STAGER.

What Governor Howard of Rhode Island says:

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

DENSMORE, YOST & Co.: We have now had the Type-Writer about a month, and are entirely satisfied with it. There can be no doubt in regard to its usefulness. When I saw the advertisement of the machine originally I had little faith in it. An examination surprised me, but not so much as the practical working has. We have no trouble whatever with it, and it is almost constantly in operation. I think that it must rank with the great beneficial inventions of the century. Very truly yours,
HENRY HOWARD.

MORRISTOWN, June 29, 1875.

DENSMORE, YOST & Co.: The Type-Writer which I bought of you last March I have used ever since, and I wish to express my sense of its very great practical value. In the first place, it keeps in the most perfect order, never falling in doing its work. I find also, after having used it for four months, that I am able to write twice as fast as with the pen, and with far greater ease. The mechanical execution has become so far instinctive that it takes far less of the attention of the mind than was the case with the pen, leaving the whole power of the thought to be concentrated on the composition, the result of which is increased vigor and strength of expression. The result is also so far better than the old crabbed chirography that it is a great relief both to myself and to my correspondents. The sermons written in this way are read with perfect ease by invalids and those who for any cause are kept from church on Sunday, which fills a want often felt by ministers. And altogether, if I could not procure another, I would not part with this machine for a thousand dollars; in fact, I think money is not to be weighed against the relief of nerve and brain that it brings. Yours, very truly,
JOHN ABBOTT FRENCH,
Pastor First Pres. Ch., Morristown, N. J.

Every one desirous of escaping the drudgery of the pen is cordially invited to call at our store and learn to use the Type-Writer. Use of machines, paper and instructions FREE. All kinds of copying done upon the Type-Writer. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DENSMORE, YOST & CO.,

General Agents, 707 Broadway, N. Y.
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A New and Valuable Work.
CHRISTIANITY AND THE BIBLE
AGAINST
Philosophy & Science.

DR. J. PILKINGTON, of California, has written a striking Pamphlet with the above title. A perusal of its mass of facts will better post and fortify the liberal mind as to ecclesiastical pretensions and the persecutions of the Church in all ages, than many a more bulky and ambitious work. Liberal friend, no fitter work can be selected to hand to your bigoted neighbor of the Church than this instructive pamphlet. Anxious to spread the truth, we have reduced the price of this work (which is elegantly printed in clear type, on fine white paper), to twenty cents, postage 2 cents. 32 large pages.

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BY KERSEY GRAVES,
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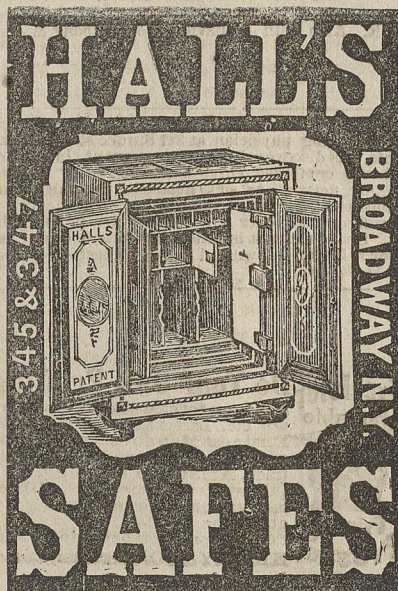
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" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.20 "
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "
Ly Suspension Bridge.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	Ly Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
Ar Hamilton.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Ar Hamilton.	1.45 "
" London.	5.35 "	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	5.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chien.	8.55 P. M.	...	Ar Prairie du Chien.	...
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	...	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	...	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	...	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "	...	" Denison.	8.00 "
" Galveston.	10.45 "	...	" Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	...	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	...	" Columbus.	6.30 "
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	...	" Little Rock.	...
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	...	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	...	" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.	" Cheyenne.	12.30 P. M.
" Ogden.	" Ogden.	5.30 "
" San Francisco.	" San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	...	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
" Quincy.	11.15 "	...	" Quincy.	9.45 "
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "	...	" St. Joseph.	10.10 A. M.
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	...	" Kansas City.	1.25 "
" Atchison.	11.00 "	...	" Atchison.	1.17 "
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