

# WOODHULL & CLAFLEN'S WEEKLY.

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

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at Amsterdam) of six millions of dollars, which cover  
the entire line of 230 miles of completed road, to-  
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"If an offense come out of truth, better is it that the offense come than that the Truth be concealed."—Jerome.

## VOX POPULI VOX DEL.

SOUTH NEWBURY, January 10, 1873.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

*My Dear Sister*—For a long time I have wanted to tell you how my soul goes out in sympathy with you in your work. The only consideration that has restrained me from so doing has been the thought that you would be overwhelmed with letters of encouragement and sympathy from persons who, from talent, social standing, and ability to clothe their ideas in chaste diction, would be of far more service to you in hours of trial than I could possibly be. You will not infer from this that I deem you insensible to, or careless of, the estimation in which your work is held by the masses. But in the hour of peril, a struggling cause requires good generalship. In an hour like this, the voice of those who have surveyed the field—who know all the pitfalls in the road over which the army of freedom must march to victory—who have been on picket duty, and know the strong as well as the weak points in the enemy's fortifications—should never be drowned in the clamor of the rank and file, however eagerly they may desire to aid the cause.

Never in the history of the world has been launched so momentous a problem as the one given to this age to solve. Never before in the history of the race has there been so revolutionary a proposition, or one which will so tax the whole moral power of its defenders on the one side, or so determined, persistent and deadly hatred on the other.

The animus of the opposition for the last few months is an indication of the high-handed manner in which things will be carried as the war progresses. With a corrupt and hypocritical public sentiment, a subsidized press and venal courts, it behooves the advocates of impartial freedom to move with caution and circumspection, while they abate not one jot or tittle of the persistent energy with which they charge upon the great idol of modern civilization (?) The whole aspect of our present social condition shows but too plainly the damning influence of the rotten institutions of the day, upon the physical, social, mental and moral welfare of the race. The inquiry which has been instituted into the cause of this deplorable condition has raised a skeleton that will not down at the bidding of poltroons, moral cowards, or even the trembling fears of modern conservatism. Full well do I know that Mrs. Grundy will be—nay, has already been—invoked to stay the fearful tide of progress that threatens to sweep into oblivion venerated institutions of a former civilization. Mighty, indeed, will be the effort made to roll back the billows of the incoming flood. "And because of the iniquity of this generation, the love of many shall wax cold." "But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." Never was it more true than at the present time, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

But I only took my pen to renew my subscription for the WEEKLY—the only free paper I know.

When professed friends prove weak-kneed, may those who have passed to higher realms be your support.

Ever yours,

D. M. ALLEN.

FIVE CORNERS, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Jan. 16, 1873.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

*My Dear Sister*—Will you allow me, personally to you a stranger, to address you as above, for I feel in my inmost nature that I am closely related to every earnest and honest soul. Your name and work is not altogether unfamiliar to me. For nearly two years I have been an interested and at times an enthusiastic reader of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. And while I cannot at this time undertake to approve or condemn your sentiments or movements, I will extend to you the hand of sympathy and honest good will; I will try to stay up and encourage your lacerated and bleeding but brave and true heart in these hours of trial and persecution, for what you believe to be truth—much needed truth.

Believe me, Victoria, if it will be any comfort to you, you shall have my "God bless you," in every good word and work; you yourself being judge. But I am getting to be an old man—past three score three. I have passed most of my years as an humble worker for the growth and development of humanity as a whole, and individual freedom in particular. I feel that I have completed nearly the amount of toil and effort allotted to me in the great struggle for free thought, and free expression; and remain only to sympathize with those who, in the fire of younger years and the hot blood of present inspiration, are working on—are working ever.

I find my heart in sympathy with you in your present labors and trials, because I cannot help it. I am compelled from my own experience in the years ago, as well as my present outlook, to regard you as a woman of pure intentions and earnest efforts.

As history repeats itself, and as corresponding periods chase each other in quick succession, thereby giving strength to each and every worker, and as experience is our best educator, you will pardon me if I seem to be somewhat egotistical.

Thirty years ago, when you were in the beauty and joyousness of girlhood and I in the vigor of manhood, I was, for my humble effort in behalf of free speech, free religion and free humanity, compelled to feel the heavy tread of the bitter heel of prejudice and religious bigotry, under the blind force of the law (?) misinterpreted and misapplied.

On June 20, 1843, quietly sitting by my own fireside, enjoying the felicity of my wife and children, I was, at the instigation of the professed Church of Jesus Christ (?) seized upon by a public officer, bound fast with cords, dragged through the mud like a dead dog, taken before a magistrate who was under the magnetism of the church, and committed to jail in the city of Auburn. I was thrust in the criminal's department, where I remained twelve days in the society of men charged with sundry crimes, from stealing chickens up to capital offenses.

There and then it was that angels gathered around me, and the spirit of truth gave me light and upheld me. At once I gained the confidence of those hardened men, who with sullen look and sterile countenances were anxiously waiting their trial, but whose lips were sealed even to their own counsel. When I approached them their natures were softened, and they were willing to reveal to me the secret of their lifetime. But the public were none the wiser "for a' that."

Those were anti-slavery days, and days when the religious element in man was compelled to struggle outside of the church for new development in life. I was a Christian then; I am a Spiritualist now.

But wiser heads, and, perhaps braver hearts than mine, are toiling up the hill of freedom with good cheer to-day. Not single-handed and alone, as did I in the years that are gone. The handful of seed that was sown thirty or forty years ago, has sprung up and produced an abundant harvest; laborers are more numerous now in the field; but their reward is none the less sure. Persecution and imprisonment will ever follow hard on the track of every true and earnest worker that is born to tread beyond the established line of law and order. But some there are in every time, and more are coming, who cannot be tied up to the dead carcasses of the past or the present, but will manage to breathe the fresh and pure atmosphere fifty or a hundred years in advance of the masses.

Brave and independent are the ones (however subject to the powers that be) that are "breaking the way for future generations;" and well will they perform the work allotted them.

The times are pregnant with the seeds of a new revolution. Old theology and free thought must have a fight. The conflict is even now upon us. I believe the re-election of U. S. Grant, and the great success of the party supporting him, has emboldened the bigot and the oppressor to give the thumbscrew of old theology, both in politics and religion, a new turn. And woe be to the man or woman who dare to lift their heads (however encircled with a halo of light, from the spheres of wisdom and love) above the darkness of the hour! Courage, Victoria, you will come out right some time.

Your friend and brother,

JOHN CORWIN.

BUFFALO, Dec. 30, 1872.

*My Dear Mrs. Woodhull*—My soul is drawn toward thee this morning, not only this morning but when thou wert in jail, not so much in pity and sympathy, but with a secret, sacred joy that thou wert willing to dare and brave everything for truth's sake; a willing instrument in the powers invisible to probe the world to its very heart's core that the corruption may exude; that the festering wounds and bruises which have been inflicted upon our sex may be traceable to their first and great cause, viz.: false social relations—in other words, "legalized prostitution." And the time cometh, my sister, when thousands and tens of thousands of those little immortals who were not permitted to see the light of the noon-day sun with their natural eyes, will rise up with many of mature growth and "call you blessed."

Fear not! the powers behind the screen are sufficient for you, for it has been written "that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," that we shall know as we are known, and though the prison bars may for the time being attempt to keep back the truth, yet the great iron gates will open and all deceitfulness and hypocritical chicanery of the so-called religious world will be laid bare before the scrutinizing gaze of angel worlds. Then monopoly of wealth or wives will give place to that one axiom: "So do unto others as we would have others do by us"—not to justify in ourselves any thing that we would condemn in another.

Dr. Woodhull's communication, through the *Banner of Light*, comes the nearest to defining your mission as I see it, to anything I have found in print before. Angels guide and protect you, and fit us all for the unavoidable impending revolution, is the prayer of,

Thine, fraternally,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

CLINTON, Mass., March 1, 1873.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

*My Dear Sister*—So I must call you, because the spirit which pervades your writings has been so much in common with my own. I truly believe God and all good spirits are maintaining you in the high moral position you have attained.

Yes, there has burst upon my wondering brain—there has come to my sad yearning heart, as 'twere a wave from the boundless ocean of Love, the full sense of the mission to which, it seems, God has appointed you! But I must pass over much that stirred my soul to its profoundest depths that I may, in this communication, speak of my feelings

when I read your letter of acceptance as nominee of the "Victoria League." Believe me, O dearest sister! when I tell you that nothing I have ever read so raised my soul in the exaltation of hope as the words you have penned.

For many long years I have realized that, whether or not woman is chiefly responsible for man's degradation and fall, she is to be his saviour. I realize that "mankind" is needing something for its own development, which can only be derived from the environment of a truly enfranchised womanhood, such as the world has never yet seen." How true is this! A greater, grander sentiment was never uttered. Look at the wretchedly abject type of womanhood to-day! Look at men in their best estate; how few are "manly and Godlike enough to command the worship" of the woman in the future! That this is so is because woman, through the terribly dwarfing influences of selfishness and lust, has become "so fallen, so lost, the light withdrawn which once she wore! Therefore, when I read your inspired utterances the hot, joy-tears rose from the deep wells of feeling, and I could descry the throne and the dominion which the glorious future shall give to purified and redeemed womanhood on the earth. I do rejoice with exceeding great joy in the hope, yea, the certainty of the salvation which the Great Redeemer shall secure to us through the mediatorship of a restored womanhood. Purlblind men, slaves to the old, whose souls are sunken in lust, with whom no "visions" are possible, may tell us that woman's sphere is bounded by the nursery walls, that her duties are all comprehended in the terms "wife" and "mother," and sneer at the struggling skirmishers in the van of the great army of Reform; but

"There's a midnight darkness  
Changing into gray;"

and women now, as in the new age of Christ, sit by the sepulchre waiting the resurrection of their hopes, and know, though they see not how, the huge stone shall be rolled away, and they rejoice in a risen Lord—a new life!

How beautiful is your faith! It is the gift of the Eternal. He worketh in you to will and to do, and shall give you success, and establish you in assurance and peace which cannot be moved.

They have called you an Amazon of free love, and used every term synonymous with feminine badness in alluding to your extreme outpost position in the suffrage movement; but you can forgive them, for they knew not what they did!

It would not have been thus—it could not have been so—if their own status in virtue had not been somewhat as they prejudged yours to be. Yet stay: that class of women, of whom Mrs. Livermore is the fittest representative, have never grasped the full and entire MEANING of the woman movement of the nineteenth century. Yes, by the Eternal, this is true!

It is well, it is noble, that these too timid but well-meaning souls, make equality of woman with man their issue, and fight valiantly for it; but that is merely the alphabet of "this greatest reform launched upon the century." If that is all, I cannot submit to be crucified, socially, as I expect to be; I cannot consent to "spend and be spent" for an end which contemplates fixing up and enlarging the superstructure. I have a definite conviction of the rottenness of the foundation; indeed, I have grave doubts that the "Lord" built the house at all, and hence think we are under no obligation to "leave one stone upon another."

This whole system of sexual inequality, with its dragon's tail of oppressive laws and more cruel and oppressive traditions, is the hideous outgrowth of a race fallen from the "uprightness" and chastity which obedience to the higher law of spirit insured in the act of its own reproduction. There can be no doubt of this. It is not exclusively man's blame; it is not exclusively woman's blame; but the responsibility rests equally on both. The condition in which Adam and Eve found themselves when shame came upon them, in the face of the Lord, is the condition in which married men and women would find themselves to-day, if their acts were seen in broad day—if they were not shielded and screened from the higher morality by the convenient "darkness" of the legal permit! I know this is strong utterance, but if it is treason to truth, let the weak-kneed make the most of it! Thank God, we have got to the end. If we have to be impaled on the fork of public opinion, public opinion shall have just what we think, and all we think, touching this one subject. It has come to be surmised that these children, born under these abnormal conditions, are grossly outraged in respect to rights inalienable.

It is slowly dawning upon the better consciousness of the better men and women, that human reproduction involves a tremendous responsibility, which parents have hitherto little regarded. When we come to look the matter squarely in the face (which no one can do unless the eye be "single"), the possibility thrusts itself upon us, also, that in his present moral condition, man is not rendering a very distinguished or acceptable service to God or humanity by reproducing himself! If he could improve upon himself, why, we might consent; but the chances are that the copy will be less perfect. The higher faculties are not in play; the lower ones are abnormally stimulated; hence the offspring is fated to gravitate toward earth, instead of ascending towards heaven.

Here, then, are the very abutments of error, which the Christian religion, so called, ignores—nay, persists in defending to the death! Why Mrs. Livermore regards Mrs. Woodhull as "advocating dangerous social theories," is to be seen in the fact that she is a Church-woman in good and regular standing, and her woman suffrage advocacy is all in "the name of the Lord," as the Church defines and understands that "Lord;" and marriage she believes is somehow tinctured with divinity to such a degree as to cause her to say hard things about those who scout the idea. Mrs. L. is a well-born, noble woman, but she can never be the John Brown of woman slavery.

It was left for you, my beloved sister, to inaugurate the real movement by a splendid flank movement to turn the tide of battle to the GATE, and your name will go down to



the far ages as the most devoutly daring woman of this momentous epoch of time!

Most truly your friend,

A. BRIGGS DAVIS.

MANDOTA, Feb. 16, 1873.

Dear Sisters, Victoria and Tenny—Angels strengthen and bless you for the glorious work which you are doing, is a prayer I breathe for you every day. My heart sickens as I look over our country and see the determination to destroy your influence, if necessary, even to take your life. Your persecutors did not stop to count the cost. They never dreamed of the grand invisible army working in this great reform with you for their mouth-piece, or they would have been silent. The struggle has been terribly severe, but take courage, the end is near; the scales are fast lifting from the eyes of the people—they are beginning to see you in your true light, and in a little while will be strong enough to dare speak boldly what in their hearts they know to be truth. Already I perceive a great change in public opinion, even in our little conservative town.

Your paper of November 2 has been "on the wing" ever since I read it, and I have not heard a person say they doubted its contents. A week ago I heard you were again publishing your paper, and that Mrs. Newport of this town has the late numbers—none have come to me. Sometimes I am inclined to believe they come and are taken by the P. M. I must have the paper. I will send you all the money I can spare now; next month will send you more. Please send me the back numbers if possible, for I want to know the proceedings against you, and as the press is silent I am in the dark as to all that has been done. I want to circulate my paper as soon as I read it among my friends, until I awaken interest enough in them to take it for themselves. I want you to know that all over these Western prairies there are many, many, warm hearts that beat in unison with yours, and are looking to you as their deliverer. Anything that is in my power for me to do for you I will gladly do. Now, may I ask a favor of you? Will one of you write me, if not more than ten words, that I may be certain that the paper is sent to me.

For some time I have wanted to write to you, but felt that it would be an intrusion; yet I want you to know there are those here that feel deeply for you in your fiery trials, and will aid you what they can.

Love for the truth,

MARIA C. SIMPSON.

PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY, }  
HANNA STATION, Feb. 1, 1873.

Dear Woodhull & Claflin—I wish to renew and duplicate my subscription to the WEEKLY. I hope that in order to favor the revolution, it is not necessary to approve all the methods employed in conducting it. I should not have done as you have in all respects. I would no more have seized Beecher and hurled him into the open jaws of this social Anaconda than I would have arrested Anthony Burns and returned him to his master—the reason given in either case being that what each sought was his right, and therefore should be pursued openly. And I know that you were stung by the same remorseless convictions that would have silenced me. How else shall I understand your returning again and again to Beecher, and asking and almost begging him to pardon you for the cruelty to which you say his cowardice had driven you. What else can mean your perpetual admonition to the public—"I exposed the secret life of Beecher, not to punish him, but to warn you, on general, social principles, that it is none of your business."

And yet I can conceive of no other means that could so effectually have secured the preaching of the new gospel to every creature. This magnanimous government has done a vast deal of gratuitous advertising for you. Millions of money would not discharge the debt. Your unwilling allies, as you rightly call them, are rushing frantically in all directions, and hissing into the ears of every man and woman in the land the "obscene" intelligence:

"Victoria C. Woodhull has told an awful lie about a 'revered citizen!' You will find it in No. 111 of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S JOARNAL! Please don't read it! It is terribly obscene! and you will be sure to believe it! For God's sake, don't read it!"

May some benignant Providence bless the adopted means to some good end, that so much sorrow may not be wrought for nothing. Henry Ward, that royal soul, doubtless has suffered as only a great and strong nature can suffer.

And Anna—I know her not, and yet how like a sister she seems to me now, as she toils low down in the "valley of the shadow of death." Anna and Tenny and Victoria—the highway of pharisaical holiness is macadamized with the crushed hearts of such as you. Sisters in tribulation now, whether you know it or not, some day to be sisters in the pure light of a joyous reconciliation, may the good angels peculiarly bless you all, and aid each of you to do the duty for which you are best adapted in the great work of social regeneration.

Victoria, as to your chapter of secret biographies, I shall presume to know nor care any thing about them; I shall treat them as of no public value, any further than they may serve to typify a widely prevailing fact in our social life. There is nothing so utterly hollow and deceptive as our social fabric. A vicious public opinion condensed into law for the avowed and only possible purpose of binding together those whom God hath put asunder, and of forcing asunder those whom He hath joined together—of forcing the continuance of sexual associations that have become insipid or loathsome, and would cease but for the continuous pressure of external force. An effort to immortalize essential death by embalming the body of the union after the spirit has departed.

God hath written His plan of human redemption in an irreversible law in every heart—that in the most perfect present adaptation is the greatest possible delight, and every soul when left unfettered will seek its higher affinities and gravitate to its most perfect harmony by the co-operation of every power from simple impulse to omnipotent fatality. But if God's law, as written in the vestry of the soul, levels up, just

so surely does man's attempt to reverse the Divine order—level down.

The very fact that man instinctively rebels against the despotism of external law as opposed to the Divine impulse of love, proves that he is not depraved. The external law being utterly powerless to strengthen the bonds of love is plainly inoperative until the invisible chord relaxes and the heart becomes cold and estranged. But right here, just when the Divine law declares the twain divorced, the despotism of compulsory marriage steps forward and proclaims that the "union must and shall be preserved!" The spectacle of a man and a woman who loved tenderly, passionately, being held as chattel slaves on adjoining plantations, whose dividing lines they were forbidden to pass to their mutual embrace, would perhaps be the most trying instance of exquisite violence to individual happiness that could well be imagined. Yet there is a victim of this refined species of oppression in nearly half the homes in the world. Thus it appears that the human law is at war with the Divine law; and as the latter is written in the heart, there is a continuous effort by the people in their individual action to obey it, and at the same time avoid the penalty of disobedience to the former. Hence the world is full of systematic deception, of illicit amours, of heart-rending exposures, of broken laws, broken vows, broken confidence and broken hearts. The sweetest, the most holy lives and experiences are lived in the dark and in oblivion from the world. Our social system is just what you say it is—a system of Lies, a monster product of the science of hypocrisy. There is something in the phenomena of these times that can be explained in no other way. Why else is it that when a frail woman threatens to tell the naked truth about our social life, the whole system shivers and groans like the hulk of a wrecked vessel? Why does every word spoken in favor of social freedom pierce the very heart of the old institution? If you are a poor, crazed woman, why does this chivalrous government throw all her ponderous power upon you to crush you? If your logic is unsound and your arguments are defective, why in the name of dear humanity doesn't some one attempt to answer you? Why does the press circulate through the United States mails so many hundreds of tons of "obscenity" to blacken you, curse and blast your life, and do nothing to answer you?

And echo answers why!

Stand firm, brave souls, as I know you will, to the last.

Stamp it on every door-sill and every hearthstone; write it upon the inner wall of every home in the land; proclaim it from every house-top—the same code of morals for man and woman. The paramount ownership by every man of his own manhood, by every woman of her own womanhood, to withhold or bestow the absolute equal sovereignty by each over his and her own individuality. The utter and everlasting repudiation of the old, barbarous idea that man can hold property in or acquire a life-lease of the sexual function of woman; of the brutal assumption of the chattelhood of the human heart; of the false and vicious notion that love is exclusive and unchangeable and therefore not progressive; that experience can add nothing to the wisdom of the heart that may be trusted to guide the soul in after experience; that in the enchanted paradise of love the man of sixty knows no more than the boy of sixteen; that in the first ardent glow of youthful passion, or in the white flame of "first love," are concealed the immortal fires that shall warm the life and light the soul with unfading lustre for half a century. That the benignant Father hath so treated man out of the essence of depravity and in the image of satan, that he will not remain where he is happiest without the coercion of masculine law, and that the good of his children demands that the misery of the wretched shall be made immortal on the earth.

Of the venerable and sanctified ruffianism which, in the name of the same "God," in the supposed interest of the same "Christianity," in the same spirit of superstitious, intolerance that struck Galileo to his knees, and for the dissemination of a like error, is now reorganizing the "Holy Inquisition" under the auspices of its junior devotees, and issuing against every soul that is born into the world the edict that it shall bow down before the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob and the God of Latham, and in solemn mockery swear that the social world of to-day is flat, as was the physical globe before the time of Galileo, that it still rests on the back of the tortoise of Christian and Pagan tradition, and that it is tortoise all the way down to the bottom.

Very respectfully,

J. T. LLOYD.

BYRON CENTRE, Genesee Co., Feb. 15, 1873.

Victoria C. Woodhull, Tenny Claflin and Colonel Blood—May God speed you in your earnest and self-sacrificing work of freeing human souls from a bondage more galling than was ever the chains of the African slave, and from laws and customs so oppressive to the mothers and daughters of this nation that a wall of anguish is going up all over the land from the wronged and oppressed, of "What shall we do to be saved?" And thousands are looking to you with anxious and sympathizing hearts as leaders and standard-bearers in this great and much-needed work of reform, and who honor and admire the candor and indomitable perseverance which you have displayed under calumny and persecution which would have crushed and utterly disheartened weaker souls and those not armed with the truth and the knowledge that their cause was just. With heart-felt wishes for your success, we are yours, in the cause of liberty and right.

MRS. LIZZIE V. EDDY,  
MRS. LUCINA M. TUTTLE.

SAN JOSE, Cal., February 11, 1873.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin—Inclosed find P. O. order for \$22 for a club of ten copies of the WEEKLY.

It is with unbounded satisfaction that we learn the WEEKLY is again being published, for we consider it the only free paper in the world. It is also with pleasure we learn, through your unprecedented persecution, that the eyes of the American people are, tardily but surely, being opened to the

aggressions of the rotten and tottering institutions, religious and civil, in their herculean efforts to suppress free thought, the freedom of the press and of speech; yet we sincerely sympathize with you in the trouble and annoyance the cowardly hypocrites have subjected you to.

At this distance from the "seat of war," it is impossible for us to comprehend the exact situation. The most we have been able to learn are the gross misrepresentations, through a cowardly, servile press, which is ever ready to condemn you, while it defends and and extols Beecher; yet it has never borne to these shores a word of denial of the charges of which he stands accused.

Here in California, where the people are less inclined to play the hypocrite, but are ever ready to "show their hand," this profound silence tends to lower Beecher stock, and inspire confidence in Woodhull and Claflin. Our reasoning may be at fault, but it seems logical; for the parties who play the conspicuous characters in your story are as silent as the grave, when a frank denial of the charges would satisfy most people of their innocence.

Many people with whom we have conversed, while they do not indorse your social theories, admit that your story of Beecher conveys conviction of its truth.

You have many warm friends in California, not only those who indorse your doctrines, but a host who consider the fight not merely between you and Beecher, but between old conservatism and young liberalism—between the Church, with its aggressive "God-in-the-Constitution" policy, and the young progressive, liberalizing spirit of the age, which is demanding the fullest freedom for all of its citizens.

The following toasts, given at the recent Paine celebration held in this city, and warmly responded to, may indicate something of the feelings of friendship entertained for you by our people:

By Mrs. Dr. Larkin—"While we are singing the praises of the men of the past, whose deeds of courage have liberated the millions, shall we forget the women, not of the past, but of to-day, who have bridged with their prostrate bodies the gulfs over which womanhood shall walk untrammelled toward happiness!"

By the writer—"WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY—the only paper that dares to imitate Thomas Paine, in its persistent and uncompromising determination to follow wherever the truth may lead."

Feeling a deep interest in the success of the WEEKLY, we shall do all that is in our power to extend its circulation.

Hoping your success may be as sure as your cause is just, or that your energy and bravery is deserving; and that the good angels who have never forsaken you will continue to bless you, is the prayer of yours truly,

A. C. STOWE.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1873.

Mr. Commissioner Davenport—In the matter of your ruling in the case of the United States vs. Woodhull & Claflin, you have, in the use of very poor brains, or the poor use of good ones, taken very extraordinary liberties. You said you had carefully examined the various grounds of defense and the authorities cited on both sides, and but for the ruling of a recent English case you should have had considerable doubt (to which your prisoners were entitled). But under the ruling of this nearly parallel case in the English Courts, you feel justified in holding the defendants. Here is the first straw at which your marvelous judicial head could catch. Now, suppose somebody's corns had been trodden on in England, and an English court had decided that the transgressor should be impaled therefor. You have a case nearly parallel ("nearly" sometimes takes a wide range). We have no such law; but when this English straw floats along, you directly coincide with the decision without asking whether it is in accordance with American usages or not. I sometimes fancy if we could import judicial brains with judicial decisions, we might make some improvement.

Then again you say, "Upon the further question as to the intention of Congress in the framing of a passage of the statute under which these proceedings were instituted, I am quite clear that a case of this character was never contemplated, and under ordinary circumstances (if the corns of some small body had suffered who had really needed your exertions) I should at once release the accused."

What do you here say? Simply that there is no statute under which you can hold them; and yet you hold these defendants.

Do not understand me as taking sides in regard to the original question. That is not the question in hand; but it is, that it is a sad day for the freedom of the whole people when judicial folly can take such liberties. If you held your office under my appointment, I would cut off your official head within an hour.

This is not danger merely to these defendants, but it is a kind of *auto da fe* to all whose misfortune it might be to fall into your hands. A government that can look on and see these indiscretions (to say the best we can for them) is only on the sliding scale to see something worse.

I would send this directly to yourself, but your ruling is public property.

E. W.

LOS ANGELOS, Cal., Feb. 7, 1873.

My Dear Victoria—More for my own sake than for yours, I desire to express the deep sympathy that fills my heart for you and your sister in this hour of persecution and trial. I know a little what it costs to be brave, and such utter courage as yours comes only through severe struggle and bitter conflict. I could weakly shrink from the further suffering that I feel is in store for you did I not also feel that it would be greater suffering to you to leave undone one act that your heroic soul tells you needs to be done. So, I will put up for you the prayer I have learned to breathe in full faith for myself, that as your day is, so may your strength be. During my stay in this out-of-the-way corner of the world I have seldom seen an Eastern paper, and have been in painful suspense since the news of your arrest till yesterday. I was so fortunate as to meet an independent thinker, who is, of



course, your friend and subscriber, and from him obtained the WEEKLY for December 23 and January 25. I can't tell you how glad I was to see it still alive.

One remark of the gentleman above referred to struck me as worthy the attention of those whose reasoning is speculation merely. Said he, "I am seventy-four years old. I have lived in five different States. I have lived in the country before the law and after the law, and it is my experience that there is more crime and less loving kindness in the latter state than in the former. Freedom is safe!"

In conclusion I will only say, my heart is in the work of social freedom and social reformation, and "so far as lieth in me," I will do that which my hand finds to do, so I venture to sign myself,

Your fellow laborer,

MARY READ.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1873.

Mesdames Woodhull and Claflin—There are many things in life that cause and, I might say, develop curious and amusing features in Spiritualism, and when those amusing features, as so called by the world, take place, they always develop grand and glorious truths which have hitherto, in an enchanted shape, given vitality to the remarkable religion of spiritualism. Human nature throughout all ages has had an irrepressible tendency to haunt the confines of the spirit world and peer into the mysteries that lie beyond the grave; but the deepest passion, the overmastering one that captivates the intellect of the strongest, is that of yearning to communicate with the loved, but not the lost that have preceded us to the shadowy land. Spiritualism is the natural outgrowth of humanity and love—not the love that is of the flesh, but the pure, free love of the soul which has caused it to become a tangible faith with thousands. There are things that may not be understood in it, but the principle springs from a psychological source that there is no questioning. And because there are some that come out and espouse the unpopular faith, is that why those, too, that have more of the spirit of love for humanity and the cause, when they of all others should hate the world, but not the grand and noble truths they have received from the spirit fountain, only fill their soul with love and charity, which only goes to show that though there are many bigoted and benighted souls trying to hush their voice and crush them from an oblivion. True, they may be hushed for a time, but the voice of the spirit never can be, and that shows one curious feature in spiritualism. The more Sunday saints cry against it and try to stigmatize the embracers of the faith, the wider it spreads and the more popular it becomes. And the workers in the cause may, like John Brown, lose their bodies, but their souls go marching on to glory. We hear of only one Victoria Woodhull, but she will be like John Brown, her body may be crushed, but her memory never.

MISS E. C. FULLER.

VINELAND, N. J., Feb. 13, 1873.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.

TO THE EDITORS OF WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

As I am somewhat desirous to give an account of one of the remarkable spiritual manifestations that is given in the presence of the above-named gentleman, I thus write, hoping it will be published in your valuable paper, the WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. A few evenings since, Dr. Fellows kindly consented to give a *seance* for the benefit of myself and a few friends. We seated ourselves around a common walnut table, with bells, speaking-trumpet, violin, and paper and pencil, etc. In a few minutes the spirits announced themselves present by raps in various parts of the room, loud thumps on the table, accompanied by beautiful spirit-lights. All at once the violin was taken up and floated over our heads, while its strings vibrated softly and sweetly, in the dark, still room, touched by the hand of an immortal soul, fresh with love from the ever-green shore. Then the spirits spoke to us with "glad tidings of great joy" through the trumpet, among the jingling of the bells. And then my spirit-wife came, and manifested herself in a most striking manner. With her soft, delicate hand she smoothed my beard, patted my cheeks, manipulated my head, and, then taking the pencil with her own spirit-hand, wrote me a beautiful communication, which on comparing it with letters that she had written me while in the flesh, corresponded perfectly. Just before closing the circle, a host of Indian spirits came, greeted us in their good-hearted manner, and, with their big, brawny hands, shook our hands, and bid us godspeed in our good work. Before closing, I would say to those who cry "Humbog, delusion," and the like, to well-consider the foregoing manifestations, and before branding the medium with the stigma of "Humbog" (which has often been the case by those who call themselves spiritualists), to give him a fair trial of investigation, and I can confidently assert they will be convinced, as I am, that Dr. F.'s mediumship is irreproachable. I could name many more manifestations of similar character, but I am fearful of intruding on your time and space.

Yours for the cause,

J. B. DUNTON, M.D.,

FITCHBURG, Mass., Feb. 11, 1873.

Dear Sisters—We here in the new fledged city of Fitchburg, who dare have thoughts of our own without regard for creed or sect, have watched the gathering storm with intense interest, both because we fully indorse the godlike position which you have taken as regards down-trodden, abused woman, and because we idolize the broad, free views which you are pleased to promulgate.

We share not with many of the friends fears for your future welfare, for the Father watcheth well the work of His hand; and that same power which scatters these truths broadcast throughout the land, through mortal lips, will direct thy footsteps aright, whether it be to continue thy days here, or guide thee up to a higher and brighter life, where loving ones have preceded thee.

We regret that one could be found acting as the accredited agent of an institution which professes to follow in the foot-

steps of the meek and lowly Nazarene that would thus persecute those whom we should be proud to assist and protect. Comstock, then, whose past life has been such that thy hand canst cast the first stone, guard well that thy house be not built upon the sands, else it may totter and fall and the place whereon it stood be not known of men. Even now the storm is gathering in its might, and the sky above thy unprotected head is black with clouds. Mayhap in the great future thou mayest deem it more of an honor to sit at the feet of a despised Woodhull and gather wisdom than to act as the agent of those whited sepulchre's styled Young Men's Christian Associations.

And ye who are so chary of your fair fame, men of America, would ye that your past lives were painted and hung up for your descendants to gaze upon? Methinks the picture would be anything but pleasant. Go ye into the highways and byways of society, as it exists to-day, and see the misery and desolation on every hand. And I ask man, Who gave ye the right to enter the Master's vineyard, cull therefrom the choicest buds and send them unbloomed and unmaturing back to the fountain head from whence they sprang?

We are all asking for light, and would fain know why the mother who develops and gives to the world her offspring, is not fitted to make laws for their education and government?—would know if woman shall not say whom she shall love, and who be the father of her child; and, furthermore, when man gains woman's love and confidence, even though not in accordance with established law, wherein does woman fall more than man? Will some of our wise men answer?

We have heard the term "fallen woman" until we are fairly weary of it. How came woman to fall? Not by the fabled serpent; for that is an exploded myth. And methinks were Dr. Jordan's gallery of anatomy opened for the free inspection of our daughters, that very many of them would hesitate ere they would fall to the specimens of manhood which are there displayed, and which, being a man myself, I regret that there should be such a state of things existing.

But I will bid ye godspeed, my sisters, assuring you that all that we can give, both financially and in sympathy and love, shall be yours; and if you prosper or fail, we, with you, will abide the shock.

Yours, with the highest respect and love,

F. L. HILDRETH.

[We publish the following letter as a specimen of many more we are receiving, all of which indicate the spread of the Revolution.]

MIDDLEPORT, N. Y., February 17, 1873.

WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN:

Ladies—Up to the time of your arrest for the publication of your paper of November 2, 1872, I had taken no interest whatever in you or your paper; in fact I had thought that your doctrines were dangerous to the welfare of the community, from what I had learned of them from your opponents, for I had never read your paper, and knew nothing of you, aside from hearsay—which is very poor evidence upon which to pass judgment of anything or anybody.

When you were arrested on the trumped-up charge of obscenity, and then harassed and persecuted in such a low, contemptible way, by the very authorities whose duty it is to protect, instead of depriving citizens of their liberties, at the instance of that Jesuitical crowd—the Y. M. C. A.—thus showing that the liberties which the free and enlightened American citizen was enjoying were in reality such rights and privileges only as the Y. M. C. A. thought best for them to have. I thought it my duty to do what little I could to support you in your struggles for free speech and a free press, even though your doctrines were not such as I thought to be best for the welfare of society. I accordingly wrote for specimen copies of the WEEKLY, which you have kindly sent me regularly ever since; and in regard to the sentiments of the paper, I must say that I do not find it so bad as it had been represented. The charge of obscenity cannot be made out against it in no sense whatever; and no honest, pure-minded person, can read your arguments and the facts of moral corruption upon which you base them, and not be thoroughly convinced that a change in the present social system is not only desirable, but essential, if we are to continue as a nation. I can find nothing whatever in the paper that might not be entertained as an honest opinion by any pure-minded person.

Very respectfully,

J. D.

## REVERBERATIONS FROM THE COUNTRY.

[From the Bunker Hill (Ill.) Gazette, Nov. 21, 1872.]

## THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

It is to be regretted that press and people are alike inspired to pass over in silence, as unworthy of notice, the scandalous accusations made by Woodhull & Claflin against Henry Ward Beecher. Were it apparent that the authorship of these charges rested solely upon these unsexed creatures, whose names are given to the public as the responsible parties, wisdom would dictate such a course; but as the matter stands an entirely different course is demanded. In the case which they bring against Mr. Beecher, these women claim to give corroborative testimony from the mouths of Mr. Theodore Tilton, Mrs. Tilton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others; and on this account, if for no other, it is well worth while that it should be established once for all whether they have been correctly quoted or basely misrepresented.

The wisdom of such a course must be apparent to all who are not blinded by hero-worship. Henry Ward Beecher occupies a most dangerous eminence. His character as a Christian, and his towering talent as a pulpit orator, have conspired to invest him with an influence such as no other living man commands, and that influence is so universal that his character and reputation have ceased to be personal attributes, and have come to be regarded as a part of the capital of the Christian profession. A blow at such a man is an assault upon the entire fabric and upon the Church of Christ in all its varied ramifications. For this reason it is to be hoped

that the charges made be met and without delay, not because the Church is distrustful of Mr. Beecher's integrity, but because of the vast advantage which silence will give to the enemies of religion and of sound morals. It is not the character assailed which will so much suffer under the unanswered imputation, as it is the great causes which he has so long and successfully championed, and which have made him so great a power wherever the English language is spoken. The Godless rabble, who most need healthy doctrine and correct example, believe the scandal as it now stands, and rejoice at what they esteem the fall of the greatest divine of the nation; and a wrong is done this class, and they are at the same time furnished an additional weapon if they be not undeceived. A by no means small number of his own followers, even if they do not condemn him, will at least admit the possibility of guilt in case Mr. Beecher should fail to vindicate himself.

It is a vast mistake to imagine that Mr. Beecher, or any other person, can in such an emergency as the present, safely rest his defense solely upon his own previous good character, as every community well knows by recalling the fall of good men of his own circle. As before stated, the denial called for is necessary, not particularly perhaps to Mr. Beecher or his friends, but to the outside world, which stands ready to condemn quickly. For the sake of the Church, of the Christian profession, and of society, it is important that the accused be vindicated from even the appearance of evil.

[From the News and Reporter, Muskegon, Mich., Feb. 15, 1873.]

## FALSE POSITION OF BEECHER.

The late astounding accusations of Mrs. Woodhull against Henry Ward Beecher have certainly had a startling effect upon the community at large. People have treated them with a very large amount of contempt, says the Saginaw Courier, believing the terrible allegations to be but the emanation of a woman void of principle, and enraged against the parties on whom she heaps the charges. In treating the matter with silent contempt Mr. B. has, doubtless, acted in accordance with the promptings of his mature judgment and by the advice of his friends, but the matter has now gone too far for a continuance of this reticence any longer. Mr. Beecher does not belong to himself, but is the two-fold property of the Christian church and American Society, and as such should not retire behind the dignity of his position in absolute silence relative to these grave charges. Were Mr. Beecher the demi-god some of the members of Plymouth Church would make him he might stand wrapped in the garb of his immaculate innocence, and silently bid his maligners defiance. But he is a man, subject to the like temptations and frailties of other men, and as such is consequently open to a like investigation of his actions with his fellow-sinners on earth. In the present "Credit Mobilier" investigation, men in high standing socially, and of the best religious antecedents, have stood before their fellows and begged for a committee to investigate their conduct, as an action due to their social and religious position. We honor them for the demand, and place it in anything but flattering juxtaposition to the conduct of the greatest preacher of the age. We therefore insist that this silence, on the part of Mr. Beecher is highly damaging to his character, and if persisted in will give force to the accusations brought against him. We have always been an admirer of the Pastor of Plymouth Church as a writer and a preacher, which makes us more tenacious for the thorough clearing up of this tangled web of villainy. And still strange as it may seem he has never as yet given even a verbal denial to the calumny. The people bringing the accusation against him are growing bold in their reiteration of the charges. Mrs. Woodhull has commenced the republication of the WEEKLY, and in it and her public lectures defies the overthrowing of her statements. No action of any kind has yet been instituted against her by either Mr. Beecher or Mr. Tilton for slander or libel, and, save in the unimportant Challis case, these detractors of character are allowed to say what they please. Now, this has gone far enough. In her late utterances, Mrs. Woodhull publicly challenges the refutation of her revelations, and calls the public attention to the fact, that all done to remove the charges was in the suppression of her paper and the locking of the two women in Ludlow-street Jail, which, under the serious circumstances attaching to the charge, certainly looked more like persecution than prosecution. The tone of the public press is becoming hourly more pronounced on the subject.

The Brooklyn Eagle publicly charges Mr. Henry C. Bowen with being a partner in the affair, and dares him to institute legal proceedings against it for its language. The Chicago Advance, in a late editorial, takes strong ground against the silence of Mr. Beecher, and it is the leading organ of the Congregational body, of which Mr. Beecher is a minister. Mr. Tilton, in a private note to a friend, expresses his desire to defend the character of his wife, but indulges in a "Tiltonianism" about his answer being a "thunderbolt shooting through other hearts." Now all this sentimental nonsense is nauseating, and does not meet the requirements of the plain, practical points of the case. Is Mr. Beecher superior to his master, Christ, we ask, that he can afford to rest under these grave charges? Why, Christ, when accused before the High Priest and Pilate, labored to establish his innocence, and would have done so but for false accusations. We speak with reverence when we say that Henry Ward Beecher can have a far more fair and impartial trial than Him whom he professes to preach had, and at the hands of friends and well-wishers. The church and public are patiently awaiting the action of Messrs. Beecher, Tilton, Bowen, et al., and demand that these charges shall rest where they rightfully belong. Let Mr. Beecher demand an ecclesiastical council composed of the ministers of his denomination, to investigate the truth or falsehood of these charges, and also institute legal proceedings immediately against his so-called traducers for slander. This action on his part will bring out the truth, and curb the tide of public feeling that is even now setting so strongly against him. We have had enough of this "patience on a monument" business, even if the "patience"



be personified in Mr. Beecher, and the "monument" the rich Plymouth Church. Either Mr. Beecher is guilty or innocent, and the public outside of Plymouth Church are somewhat interested in knowing which.

[Written for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

### THE TABLES TURNED.

BY "YANKEE NED."

Indeed I larfed when I just heard  
That the Christian 'socation  
Had got Victory Woodhull jammed  
Into that Ludlow station.  
Ye might ha' known, white-livered men,  
Through all this thinkin' nation,  
That tryin' to shut a woman up  
Wood fool your expectation.

Ye prop'd up quick that Beech-er tree,  
That from its height had fallen,  
With all the Bibles in the land  
An' all your pulpits howlin';  
An' all the startled slaves did think,  
Amid great expectation,  
That bolts an' bars an' pious sneers  
Would kill her reputation.

I larfed to see the press get so scared,  
An' shed their ink like water,  
An' sweat and tremble in their boots—  
An' so the cowards oughter.  
An' editors on every side  
Were filled with consternation;  
'Cause, if Victory had gone down,  
They'd lost their occupation.

Blood will tell, indeed it will,  
In spite of all starvation;  
An' woman, when she knows the road,  
Won't stop for condemnation;  
But like a bum-shell, stingin' hot,  
Above all explanation,  
She to the sacred camp there dropped,  
Causing wild consternation.

You can shut her in, or shut her out,  
From the eye of civilization—  
A thousand Woodhulls heard the shout  
Ring from her plucky station;  
An' every jet that WEEKLY throws  
Will chill such speculation,  
An' wash the slime and dirt from off  
Of sick associations.

Take rope, an' soon you'll hang yourself,  
White-livered accusation,  
While churches split, on every side,  
With their abominations.  
A million living souls this day  
Scorn church and legislation;  
An' shatter every slavish bond  
Of the sick associations.

LYNN, Feb. 17.

GEO. ED. CLARK,  
("Yankee Ned.")

### A SPEECH.

By ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK.

DELIVERED IN BRIDGEPORT, CT., AT THE RECENT ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF THOMAS PAINE.

Our meeting to-night is in commemoration of the birth of a hero, a patriot and reformer. One hundred and thirty-six years ago Thomas Paine was ushered into existence. The purposes of Mother Nature, as set forth in his peculiar life and mission, are just beginning to be understood and appreciated. Were I governed by the popular prejudice in regard to this man, I should shrink from uttering his name in praise. But I am proud of this opportunity—proud to be one of the first in this growing city to do even this tardy honor to the just deserts of one of the greatest minds our country has ever known.

And it is only because his history is not as well known as it ought to be that I hereby remind you of some of his great and mighty deeds. Every man, woman and child in the country ought to be familiar with the life of this great man, as they are with those of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others like them. Why? Because he was coadjutor and inspirer, and without his bold and fearless spirit, it is a matter of great doubt whether our land to-day could be even called "free and independent!"

As proof that what I say is true, and that he is entitled to the country's gratitude and respect, I will quote an extract from G. Lippard's history of his life:

"It was in the time when a band of rebels sat in Carpenter's Hall, when the smoke of Lexington and Bunker Hill was yet in the sky, and the undried blood of Warren and all the martyrs was yet on the ground, that a scene of some interest took place in the city of William Penn. Grouped around a table, the glow of the lamp pouring full in their faces, are four persons. One, John Adams, of Boston; next to him sits the calm-faced Benjamin Rush; there you see the marked face of the printer, one Benjamin Franklin; and last of all, your eye rests upon a man distinguished above all others by his height, the noble outlines of his form, and the solemn dignity of his brow. That man is named Washington—one Mr. George Washington, from Mount Vernon.

"They talk of Bunker Hill, of Lexington, of the blood-thirsty British ministry—of the weak and merciless British king.

"Then from the lips of Franklin comes this great question: Where is this war to end? Are we fighting only for a change in the British Ministry? or for the independence of our native land?"

"There is silence in that room. Bound to England by ties of ancestry, language, religion, the very idea of separation from her seems a blasphemy.

"Yes; with their towns burnt, their people murdered—

these colonists cling to the name of England, and shudder at the big word—Independence. At this moment a visitor is announced. He takes his seat at the table, is introduced to these gentlemen by Franklin, and then informed of the topic under discussion. Look upon his brow—his flashing eye—as in earnest words he pours forth his soul. At first he horrifies them with his political blasphemy. But as he goes on, as his broad, solid brow warms with fire, as those deep, earnest tones speak of the Independence of America!—her glorious future—her people that shall swell into countless millions; her navy that shall whiten the uttermost sea—her destiny that shall stride on over the wrecks of thrones, to the universal empire of the Western Continent!

"Then, behold! they rise round the table—they press that man by the hand—nay, Washington grasps both his hands, and, in a voice deepened by emotion, begs him for the sake of God, to write these things in a book—a book that shall be read in all the homes, and thundered from all the pulpits in America."

The day after this scene, that modest Virginia planter, George Washington, was named Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army. And in the summer days of 1775 was that man in the brown coat seen walking up and down the State-house Square. The proud tory passed him by with scorn, but men of genius took him by the arm and called him brother. Then, night after night, he would hurry to his lonely garret, seize the quill and write down the deep thoughts of his brain.

But not one printer will touch the book; not a publisher but grows pale at the sight of the dingy pages. Because it ridicules the British monarchy—because it speaks out in plain words, that nothing now remains to be done but to declare the New World free and independent. This shocks the trembling printers. Touch such a mess of treasonable stuff? Never! But at last a printer is found, a bold Scotchman—Robert Bell—who transformed those loose pages into types; and on the first of January, 1776, "Common Sense" burst on the people of the New World like a prophecy. In August, 1785, after the battle was fought and the Republic established, Congress, in a solemn resolution, stamped the author of "Common Sense" with its approbation, as one of the greatest of the great men of the Revolution. In this book, for the first time, were written these great words: "The Free and Independent States of America!" Then he joins the army of the Revolution; he shares the crust and the cold with Washington and his men; he is with those brave soldiers on the toilsome march, by the camp fire and in the hour of battle. In the dark days of '76 he wrote the "Crisis" by the light of the camp fire, in which we find such words as these: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us: that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph." The above is what Mr. Lippard says of Thomas Paine. Is not this sufficient to entitle his memory to our warmest gratitude? But, on the other hand, his enemies say: "He was an infidel; he disbelieved in God and in a future life, and sought to overthrow the Christian religion." I deny that he was an infidel, and quote from his own writings in proof. In his "Age of Reason" he says: "I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life." So much in regard to his infidelity. Now, if telling what he believed to be the truth in regard to the Bible, tended to the overthrow of Christianity, then he did seek its overthrow. If the Bible and the Christian religion stand upon so frail a foundation that they will not bear examination and candid criticism, the sooner such a sham system is overthrown the better. In such a case it is no wonder that their adherents seek to bolster up the tottering concern by resorting to lies and slander. And I feel obliged to state that the principal reason why the author of the "Age of Reason" does not occupy as high a position in the minds of the American people to-day as any of the Revolutionary heroes, is because the priests and laymen of orthodoxy have taken such pains to impress upon the people a horror of his infidelity and badness of character. But his own words stand in letters of gold; and his life is a living history to all who are not too timid to read and judge for themselves.

Thomas Paine was, without doubt, the cause of the Declaration of Independence; for, whether or not he originated the idea, the writer of his life declares, that "We owe our independence as a nation, with much of the success that has attended our resistance to tyranny and oppression, perhaps even our present national prosperity and greatness—to Paine's zeal, enterprise, talents, and devotion to liberty." Cheetham, who wrote many bitter things against him, says: "His pen was an appendage to the army of independence as necessary and formidable as its cannon. Independence was declared on the 4th of July, 1776, and was mainly the result of the publication of 'Common Sense.'"

Not only did Mr. Paine revive the fainting hopes and spirits of the poor wearied and disheartened officers and soldiers of the revolution by his bold and brave writings, for which he asked no remuneration, but when the finances of the army were in the worst possible state, he headed a subscription with five hundred dollars, which supplied the immediate requirements of Government and enabled them to subdue Cornwallis and thus terminate the war. Thus, you see, what we have of liberty as a nation, we owe perhaps more to him than to any other man, and I venture to say none of you would be satisfied with our country stripped of its principles of freedom. I now have something more to say in regard to his religious principles.

He says of himself that his mind was skeptical in regard to the Christian religion from a child. He recollected a sermon he heard when seven years of age upon the "Redemption by the death of the Son of God," and says he revolted at the idea, thinking that God was too good to do such an action, and too Almighty to be under the necessity of doing it; and he adds, "I believe in the same manner at this moment,

and I moreover believe that any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." You will see by this that he was early impressed with the idea that fidelity to his own convictions required him to oppose the popular belief, and he would have been false to his own reasoning powers had he done otherwise. I am perfectly aware that no such rigid adherence to principle is fashionable to-day; under the teachings "Do what you please and then repent," you are all right—pack all your infidelities, your white lies or your black ones, in a bundle and lay them on the back of him who is able to smuggle them and you past St. Peter straight into glory. Under the system that permits even priests to slander and revile one of the most honest and upright of men, because such men endanger their dishonest craft by exposing its shams, we, of course, cannot be expected to be at all squeamish in matters of conscience. Hence is Mr. Paine's ideas of religious fidelity taken from the "Age of Reason."

"All national institutions of churches, Jewish, Christian or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize profit. I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise; they have the same right to their belief that I have to mine. But it is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing or disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe. It is impossible to calculate the moral mischief, if I may so express it, that mental lying has produced in society. When a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the charity of his mind as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime. He takes up the trade of a priest for the sake of gain, and in order to qualify himself for that trade he begins with a perjury. Can we conceive anything more destructive to morality than this?"

A man who is thus profoundly impressed with a sense of truth and moral justice all his own would not be easily led to adopt the sentiments of others, without being himself convinced; so when he is told that God speaks through the Bible, he reasons thus logically:

"Age of Reason."—"Every national church or religion has established itself by pretending some special mission from God communicated to certain individuals. The Jews have their Moses; the Christians their Jesus Christ, their apostles and saints; and the Turks their Mohammed, as if the way to God was not open to every man alike. Each of these churches show certain books, which they call revelation, or the Word of God. The Jews say that their Word of God was given by God to Moses, face to face; the Christians say that their Word of God came by divine inspiration; and the Turks say that their Word of God (the Koran) was brought by an angel from heaven. Each of those churches accuse the others of unbelief, and, for my own part, I disbelieve them all.

"As it is necessary to affix right ideas to words, I will, before proceed further into the subject, offer some other observations on the word revelation. Revelation, when applied to religion, means something communicated immediately from God to man.

"No one will deny or dispute the power of the Almighty to make such a communication if he pleases. But admitting for the sake of the case that something has been revealed to a certain person, and not revealed to any other person, it is a revelation to that person only. When he tells it to a second person, a second to a third, a third to a fourth, and so on, it ceases to be a revelation to all those persons. It is a revelation to the first person only, and hearsay to every other; and, consequently, they are not obliged to believe it." Now, although many of Mr. Paine's warmest friends forsook him after he wrote this book (the "Age of Reason"), and even Washington forgot under the shadow of his religious superstition the debt of gratitude he with others owed, yet so strong a hold did his love of freedom obtain that it came silently down the long years with the people, and became a law even before his death, in the first Article of Amendment to the original Constitution. Thomas Paine, betrayed, imprisoned, forsaken and maligned, was here justified. But the people did not realize it, nor dream what wonderful results would grow out of this act of Congress. Hear what it says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

It was held to be a glorious thing to live in a country where all might worship according to the dictates of conscience, and our States followed the Great Central power, and reiterated the laws of liberty, thus leaving every one absolutely free to believe according to evidence the popular religions or otherwise. Nor are we here in Connecticut one whit behind the true spirit, for in Section 3 of the very first article of our State Constitution it says: "The exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination, shall forever be free to all persons in this State; provided, that the right hereby declared and established shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or to justify practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State."

Section 4. "No preference shall be given by law to any Christian sect or mode of worship." Section 5. "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty."

Section 6. "No law shall ever be passed to curtail or restrain the liberty of speech or of the press." Remember this is the law under which we live here in Connecticut. A glorious one, certainly. This is a liberty-loving people, and we live in a "free country." What a boast this has been on our lips. "A republic—Young America—free and independent!" The tall spires of our churches point heavenward, the way all are seeking; and though we may take different paths, if we steer in the same general direction, it is all right. Let us see! Then why is our memory fresh and green ever in regard to the "father of our country" more than in regard to the subject of this meeting? Why, if all men are at liberty to worship as they please, and are upheld by law in doing this, is a man slandered, detested, called infidel, and by every



opprobrious epithet, because he, in following the bent of his mind, sympathizes with, is grateful to, and believes in the religion of Thomas Paine? And what is his dreadful religion? Let him answer: "The world is my country, to do good my religion." Inquiry was made of a book-merchant in this town the other day for the life of Paine. "Haven't got it—Thomas Paine is played out," was the answer. Did he mean his religion—"to do good?" Then the more shame. Is there not quite as much despotism in that spirit that manifests itself in coldness and lack of a true fraternity as in laws in our statute books. The words, "He is an infidel, or a disbeliever in the Bible, or a Spiritualist," spoken in a tone of disapprobation, has, to my certain knowledge, had as disastrous an effect sometimes as if one had really been accused of some crime. There are men walking your streets daily that have spent their lives in ruining weak and innocent person, or in a steady system of swindling those who are easily deceived, or whom circumstances have thrown into their power, who are yet received into full fellowship in your churches and taken intimately to the homes and hearts of those who would look with horror upon a meeting like this, and fear contamination in the presence of those who encourage it. I have known men who were turned from their employment for being Spiritualists, who were driven to the direst extremities because of their belief, notwithstanding this is a free land (?), and we all have unlimited rights in matters of religious belief. This is obeying the laws with a vengeance. Two years or more ago—many of you will remember—Miss Lottie Fowler, a Spiritualist medium, was persecuted even to the attempt to force her to leave her business and the town; and when this failed, the hounds of the law and preservers of the public morals were set upon her with a prosecution for vagrancy and fortune-telling, which, being a stab at the religion of the Spiritualists was all the more lawless and detestable. Her calling as a mechanic was as legitimately the result of her religion as that of a minister, and the prosecuting attorney, in quoting the Bible to prove her a witch, showed plainly that law and gospel were both combined against her. But the union proved inharmonious, and the attempt an abortion! I trust it is deeply written on the hearts of all Spiritualists that they were all held as under the meaning of that law, namely, as vagrants, fortune-tellers and prostitutes, and as Mr. Sumner, of this city, said, "They were no better."

I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity to speak of Mrs. Woodhull and the way she has been treated by individuals and the public. My subject, treating of a free religion, of a free press and free speech, opens the way for this, especially as the whole country has been somewhat stirred up on account of the course pursued by her and toward her. She has been called by every name in the English language that an unchristian tongue could utter, denounced in the most malicious and diabolical spirit; and I have asked numbers of persons who thus denounce her, what direct or individual charge they could bring against her, and with one voice they have said, "Oh, we do not know her personally, but they say so." John B. Gough says, "They say is a liar," and so I say in this case. In the great trouble that has come upon this woman at the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association, I feel it my duty to state that I have known her intimately for nearly two years, and I can testify to her moral character certainly as well as those who have never met her; and I say I have seen no act of hers during that time that could in any sense be classed as immoral, or that could cause a blush upon the face of the most prudish woman. The editors of the two oldest papers in this town have taken particular pains to denounce her both privately and publicly. I do not know but this is a way they have of letting the public know that they are especially moral. The plain facts are these: Mrs. Woodhull has published a free paper, in which every side of a subject could be discussed—I may say almost the only one that has ever been published in the country. She has exposed fraud in high places, which has aroused the moneyed power against her. She has exposed hypocrisy in the church and family, thus arousing a spirit of revenge among politicians, Christians and in society. Her prosecution is nothing more or less than persecution; her paper was suppressed under a false charge, and, contrary to her free press rights, the mail was robbed of her goods contrary to law, and she was held in excessive bail that has no parallel—contrary to law. Society and the church have connived at her destruction as though her exposure of immoralities in certain persons was worse than the practice. The exposure is condemned, but not the practice. But if she was all that she is named, a bad woman, a prostitute, holding views that are honestly her own, she still would have the legal right to set forth those views through her paper or by speech without fear of insult or abuse.

I am here reminded of an anecdote I once heard. A company had assembled on board a steamboat to sail to some distant port, when, on seating themselves at the table to dine, a very beautiful and richly-dressed woman was discovered in their midst. She was known at once as a "woman of the town." The ladies immediately rose and retreated in horror, with the exception of one elderly woman who kept her place as though nothing had occurred to disturb her serenity. As soon as an opportunity offered the others gathered around this good mother and asked, "Why, did you not know this was Miss A—the courtesan?" "La, yes," said the woman, "but I wasn't scared; that ain't catching at our house." These denunciations of Mrs. Woodhull can make their own application. But there is a story of a man who was called to judge a really immoral woman, and he told "those that were without sin to cast the stones, and when he found that no man condemned her, he said, 'Neither do I condemn thee.'" I am thinking that if only the sinless condemned the poor victim of passion there would be less condemnation than now.

The religion of Thomas Paine is a fitting rebuke to those who can find nothing better to do than hunting a poor woman to the death, whether sinless or sinful. He says that "religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." Now, if those who profess to follow Jesus are so far unfaithful to

their professions as to condemn even the guilty, who then are the infidels? Mr. Paine says: "Infidelity does not consist in believing or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe." Now hear what Jesus says, Luke, chap. xi, verse 44: "Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." Matthew, xxiii, chap. verse 14: "Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widow's houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

In making the foregoing statements I have endeavored to show you that we have as lofty religious sentiments in what is misnamed infidelity as we have in Christianity, and also that we have as often an entire lack of charity among those who make loud professions as among those who boldly acknowledge themselves disbelievers in the Christian religion. The Rev. Joseph Berg, D.D., speaks in this way in his discussion with Barker: "Tom Paine! a loathsome drunkard! a filthy debauchee, whose name, were infidels wise, would be permitted to rot in its own infamy, wrapped in the slimy filth of his 'Age of Reason' as its shroud. Tom Paine has found a eulogist, eloquent alike in defaming the Scriptures, and extolling the basest miscreant that ever held the flag-staff of infidelity." These were the words of a Christian minister in reference to a man who did more for our country than any other man, whose life gave the lie to such words.

Eighteen hundred years since they said the same of Jesus, or similar, and if we must be blessed with such refined charity (?) in the nineteenth century, I do not know why we should judge those who knew no better in a barbarous age.

I will here give you a quotation from the New York Evangelist, a Presbyterian paper, which is really refreshing in this bigoted age. Here it is: "To the shame of the Church it must be confessed, that the foremost in all philanthropic movements—in the interpretation of the spirit of the age, in the practical application of genuine Christianity, in the reformation of abuses in high and low places, in the vindication of the rights of man, and in practically redressing his wrongs, in the moral and intellectual regeneration of the race—are the so-called infidels in our land. The Church has pusillanimously left, not only the working oar, but the very reins of salutary reform in the hands of men she denounces as inimical to Christianity, and who are practically doing with all their might, for humanity's sake, that which the Church ought to be doing for Christ's sake; and if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, banishing rum, restraining licentiousness, reforming abuses and elevating the masses, then must the recoil on Christianity be disastrous. Woe, woe, woe to Christianity when infidels, by force of nature or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the Church in morals and in the practical work of Christianity. In some instances they are already far in advance. In the vindication of truth, righteousness and liberty, they are the pioneers beckoning to a sluggish Church to follow in the rear."

The Christian world would do well to remember that this age is too enlightened for people to accept its dogmas on the mere assertion of its teachers. Facts are overthrowing theories, and mysteries are becoming revealed by the light of science—the leading divinity of the human mind to-day.

Nothing tends so much to the downfall of Christianity as lack of consistency in its disciples and fear of candid investigation in its teachers. Mr. Paine says: "When you are unable to answer the arguments of a man, assail his character." And we have come to this. Argument has failed to disprove the reasoning of the radicals, and now bigotry assails the character of every one who ventures into untrodden paths. By right of our laws, I protest, against that despotism which requires the Bible to be read in our public schools; which demands that convicts in our prisons shall be compelled to attend Church on Sunday, or to observe one day more than any other against their religious convictions; and finally, let us all protest with all our might, and unceasingly, against that tendency to religious despotism which would unite Church and State by putting a God into our National Constitution.

And while we are remembering to do honor to the great and good in all ages, let us so love justice and mercy as to think with love and gratitude of the author-hero of the revolution, Thomas Paine! Charles Mackay has versified these sentiments in this manner:

The man is thought a knave or fool,  
Or bigot plotting crime,  
Who for the advancement of his kind  
Is wiser than his time.  
For him the hemlock shall distill;  
For him the ax be bared;  
For him the gibbet shall be built,  
For him the stake prepared;  
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men,  
Pursue with deadly aim;  
And malice, envy, spite and lies  
Shall desecrate his name.  
But truth shall conquer at the last,  
For round and round we run,  
And ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,  
Cheerily to and fro;  
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,  
And let the poison flow.  
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay,  
That holds a light divine,  
But they cannot quench the fire of thought  
By any such deadly wine;  
They cannot blot thy spoken words  
From the memory of man,  
By all the poison ever was brewed  
Since time its course began.  
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,  
So round and round we run,  
And ever the truth comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite;  
Be wiser than thy peers;

Augment the range of human power,  
And trust to coming years.  
They may call thee wizard and monk accursed,  
And load thee with dispraise;  
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon  
For the comfort of thy days,  
But not too soon for human kind:  
Time hath reward in store;  
And the demons of our sires become  
The saints that we adore.  
The blind can see, the slave is lord:  
So round and round we run;  
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,  
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Gallileo, to thy thought,  
And nerve thy soul to bear;  
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring  
From the pangs of thy despair;  
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide  
The sun's meridian glow;  
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,  
And a tyrant work thee woe.  
But never a truth has been destroyed,  
They may curse it and call it crime;  
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay  
Its teachers for a time.  
But the sunshine eye shall light the sky,  
As round and round we run,  
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,  
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these,  
With thoughts like the great of old?  
Many have died in their misery,  
And left their thoughts untold;  
And many live and are ranked as mad,  
And placed in the cold world's ban,  
For sending their bright, far-seeing souls,  
Three centuries in the van.  
They toll in penury and grief,  
Unknown, if not malign;  
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn  
Of the meanest of mankind.  
But yet the world goes round and round,  
And the genial seasons run,  
And ever the truth comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

[For the Woodhull & Claflin Weekly.]

#### MY RELIGION.

BY A. GAYLORD SPALDING.

My religion, to the common world, is a curious institution, like Barnum's show. Practical and rare, and so different from the prevalent article, it delights many folks, and draws them right to me; while others are scared, and run to their hiding-places in the church. Chicken-hearted editors will not print my religion lest they might lose some bigoted subscriber; and others dare not read it except in the dark. You know, to catch some birds, you are sometimes obliged to put salt on their tails; and so, to get hold of some human bipeds, one has to crawl slyly up to them and sprinkle white sugar into their porridge cups. This is, indeed, a most wonderful land of freedom, churches and piety.

Now, my very dear but timid religious and political readers, I feel so mighty friendly to everybody in this wooden world that I am quite willing to spread them completely over with sweet things till the sweet shall run down like the oil on Aaron's sacred beard, for the sake of getting at them to shake their warm hands and tell them how hard I love them, and how grand and beautiful is my religion.

Me religion slides straight down from heaven on a bright rainbow, and settles in the log cabins and potato patches of this boggy earth, and the big woods and prairie homes of rough, toiling denizens, and makes heaven all round the moment it strikes. My religion is like nice brown bread, and is awful good to eat; making men grow plain, and strong and honest, while it allows no ginger-bread show of steeples and priests; no gaudy tints or fancy colors, and no anise, mint and cummin work.

My religion is the sort that covers a man all up from head to foot, and enters in deep through all his pores. It is a moral scavenger to scrape up and burn all the dirt of humanity, and works in the streets and houses and shops of the world, without fear of soiling gloves or Sunday clothes. Indeed, it is not Sunday work, but for every day.

My religion dips its great iron ladle into party politics only to clean it out. That deepest sink-hole of nastiness! That foulest nest of unclean birds! That horrid maelstrom which continually sucks the foolish crowd into its slimy gullet! That school of deception and fraud that teaches every man to be a liar and a cat's paw; to vote any man President, though devoid of all principle, whether it relate to growing cabbages or to a protective tariff! That is all Buncombe.

My religion teaches the square rule of Right, applied both to carpenter's work and politics. WORKINGMAN.

MRS. ERNESTINE L. ROSE.—We learn from the Edinburgh (Scotland) Review of January 28, that Mrs. Rose attended a public meeting held in that city in favor of Women's Suffrage, and delivered an excellent address. The numerous friends of Mrs. Rose will be glad to hear that her health is better than formerly, and that she is able to continue her labors in the cause of social, political and religious reform.



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In writing to us the following rules should be observed :  
1st. Every letter should be plainly dated—town, county and State.

2d. When the letter is to contain a remittance, the necessary explanations should be introduced at the head of the letter ; a failure to observe this rule subjects the person in charge of that department to much needless reading to find out what it is all about.

3d. After definitely stating all business matters, and especially if it be a renewal or a new subscriber, then should follow any friendly words, which we are always happy to receive from all.

4th. We request those who send either articles or personal letters intended for publication to write graphically and tersely. The necessity for this will be apparent when we say that we have already in "our drawer" enough personal communications, full of words of hope, cheer and comfort to fill a dozen papers. Many of them we shall be obliged to pass over.

5th. All letters should close with the signature of the writer in full ; and it should be plainly written. Many letters that we receive are so badly signed that we are obliged to guess at what the writer's name may be.

## CLUB! CLUB!! CLUB!!!

Again we desire to express our thanks for the zeal of our friends, as shown in the number and size of the Clubs that are pouring in upon us. This, of all other things, is most indicative of the growth of public sentiment in favor of the principles advocated in the WEEKLY.

To all friends everywhere we say, continue the good work. Roll up the lists of Clubs. Work with us to spread the glorious doctrines of the new dispensation, and soon, even in our own day, shall we realize the fruits of our labors.

After a Club has been sent in, other names may be added to it at the same rates as the original Club.

## ORDER EXTRA COPIES.

We would also say to our friends that one of the best methods to spread the WEEKLY is to distribute specimen copies among those who are inclined to be reformatory and to read the WEEKLY. There are many people who have no other knowledge of the WEEKLY, and no other of us, save that obtained from the press, which, as our readers well know, cannot be very flattering. Thousands are deterred from ever examining into the social question by the erroneous opinions thus acquired, who otherwise would gladly investigate, and by investigation become co-workers.

Therefore, we ask our friends everywhere to order each week as many extra papers as they can afford, and to distribute them as indicated. If this were done as faithfully as it ought to be, the circulation would be still more rapidly increased than it is now increasing. Remember there is work to be done, and very much of it must be done by our friends; and we think this method of ordering some extra copies for gratuitous circulation is an important one. We send them in packages of fifteen for \$1, post paid. Let those who can order but one copy, send for that; those who can order five copies, for them; and those who can order a hundred, for them. So that the house of every friend in the land may become an independent newsroom.

The "Sanctified!" see Jamieson's book on the Clergy.

## OUR COUNTERFEIT PRESENTATIONS.

Many friends in the country are asking for our photographs. It has been suggested to us that, through them, we may receive some very needed assistance. It must be readily understood that we have been put to an immense expense by the various arrests which have been perpetrated upon us, and that a still greater expense must necessarily be incurred to have our cases properly prepared for trial and tried.

It may also readily be understood that it requires all the income from the WEEKLY to keep up its regular publication, and, consequently, that this income can neither be drawn upon to defray either our personal expenses or those of our cases in court.

Now, we have ordered 5,000; Imperial size, photographs of ourselves and of Colonel Blood, which we ask our friends to take of us at \$1 each, to create a fund to pay the expenses of our trials, and to justly compensate our lawyers, who, thanks to their bravery, gallantry and devotion to justice, for its own sake, have so far attended to us without compensation.

We have no doubt, if our friends would make a little effort among those who usually keep for sale the photographs of public persons, that an income from this source alone might be obtained sufficient to meet all the contingent expenses to which, by what we have felt called upon to do, in the advocacy of freedom, we have been subjected.

To those who order to sell again, we will furnish them at \$9 per dozen, or \$70 per hundred, and orders for a dozen or more may be made C. O. D.

## A REQUEST TO OUR FRIENDS.

Again we call the attention of our friends in the various cities and large towns to the fact that there is an immense but unsupplied transient demand for the WEEKLY. The usual method of supplying the demand, through the American News Company, being closed to us, for some, as yet, unexplained cause, some other method must be sought and found by which to meet it.

In the first place, we would urge our friends everywhere to keep up a constant calling upon their newsmen for the WEEKLY, to induce them to order a regular weekly supply direct from us ; and, where this method does not succeed, to find some enterprising person to undertake to do so in place of newsmen.

We are now sending a large number of WEEKLIES to those who keep the liberal papers for sale at the Sunday meetings of Spiritualists ; and we shall be very glad to have the demand from this source increase.

We have authentic information that the American News Company have had orders amounting in the aggregate to 50,000 copies per week. If our friends are active and zealous the means to supply all this immense demand may be opened. Therefore let every one, even if he or she is a subscriber, turn attention to this very important matter. No one should be content merely with having the paper himself; he should feel it to be so important as to urge upon him the necessity of endeavoring to put it in the hands of everybody else.

We will send the WEEKLY in packages, post paid, to any regular newsmen, in any part of the country, and to any other person having good references, at the rate of seven dollars per hundred copies, with the privilege of increasing or decreasing the order at any time to suit the demand, return for the same to be made at the end of every month. Then rouse ye, everywhere, and let the circulation be doubled every month.

## WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

The question whether Spiritualism is humanitarian or sectarian is at length fairly launched. The same question that has divided and subdivided religious sects until they now number themselves by hundreds near unto thousands, is at work in Spiritualism. Protestantism, it seems, has not yet completed its work. There must still be more protests and more divisions and more new formations of so-called religious organizations.

But here another question arises, and it is this : Shall we never reach a religion from which there can be no division ? We unhesitatingly answer, Yes ! but not until the religion that is reached be as broad as humanity, reaching downward as low as the lowest devil, and upward as high as the highest angel.

The fact that a question of division has arisen among Spiritualists is proof as clear as the noon-day sun that Spiritualism, as understood by some, is not the final religion ; is not that complete and rounded-to-fullness faith which shall stand the test of all time and satisfy the soul of every human being. Hence those who call themselves Spiritualists, and at the same time endeavor to shut out any part of humanity from that Spiritualism ; or to shut out from their Spiritualism the consideration of any humanitarian question—any question which deeply and virtually interests any part of the great human family—by so doing, put forth their best efforts to demonstrate that Spiritualism is not the final and perfectism to which all nations, kindred and tongues shall finally come.

There are even those who deem it requisite to fashion a measure, by which to test those who pretend to be Spiritualists, to prove them worthy or unworthy to be admitted to

close communion. That is to say: a class of people calling themselves Spiritualists assume to themselves the authority and right to determine who may and who may not be Spiritualists. Was there ever a sect of so-called Christians more sectarian than that class? Nevertheless, some of its orators stand on the rostrum and declare that Spiritualism is the true religion, and is large enough to take in all humanity; and the very next time they speak, with all the affected virtue of the veriest Pharisee, they assert that "Spiritualism has nothing to do with side issues." Now, in the name of common sense, and in the name of a common humanity, we would like to ask this class of teachers, What are "side issues," in a question that is boundless—that is large enough for the whole human family?

But, says one, "Spiritualism as a religion has nothing to do with the social question." Ah! our good friend, then, there is a question that doesn't belong to the sphere of a religion that is as large as humanity. "Besides," says another, "Spiritualism can't carry more than it has already on its back. It can't take on the Social Question." Then, our good friend, you confess, and unblushingly, too, that your Spiritualism is so weak that it can't stand the truth, let it be what it may, and lead where it may. Is that what you mean? Do you have the effrontery to pretend that you have a religion that is afraid of truth, afraid to investigate, afraid to take up the advocacy of any important question? Is that what you really mean to have the world understand your Spiritualism consists of? And you, for the last twenty years, have been condemning the same thing in Churchites! What better are ye than they? The churches said they could not stand Spiritualism—did not dare to investigate it—did not even dare to have it known that any of their members visited mediums ; and you laughed them to scorn—even felt a contempt for their foolishness, their weakness, their lack of manhood and womanhood ; yet, now that a new question has risen under the sun—no newer to you than Spiritualism was to them—you, forgetting your scoffs and contempts, place yourselves on the same position you so recently condemned in others—become your own condemnation.

For our part we never see a professing Spiritualist assume this position without a blush of shame mantling our cheeks, that any who have been brave enough to become spiritualist should become too cowardly to face any truth, to investigate any question, and especially to see them ignore the social question.

Of all questions having the most vital of all interests, this one stands pre-eminent. It is that one in which every human being is more deeply interested than in any other. It is as much more vital and important than is the mere knowledge that we live after physical death, as the fact of perfection in body, mind and soul, is more important than the means by which imperfect bodies, minds and souls can be made to endure life—to say nothing about its enjoyment. It is all very well to have an elegantly furnished house; but a much more important thing to have a good house to furnish. It is even better to have a good house even poorly furnished than to have a bad house so well furnished as to be tumbled in ruins by its weight, which is the fact of most of our physical bodies—tenements in which the spirit dwells.

We would not have it understood that we undervalue the immense benefit to the human family that the knowledge of spirit life will bring. By no means. We have spent too many blessed hours in its contemplation ; felt too often the sweetness and the blessedness of spirit presence ; and too often communed with those who would otherwise be as though lost. But what we do mean, and what we would be understood as meaning, is : that however beautiful and glorious the truth of continuous life may be, we should not lose sight of more basic questions in its contemplation ; should not become intoxicated with its loveliness, and permit the day to pass and do no work ; or the night to approach and find us where we were when the day came.

Spiritualism, in the sense in which we fear too many regard it, is the most intensely selfish religion that has ever come to man. In the self-satisfaction that comes to the individual, when he regards his future life as assured, he loses all thought of and regard for the coming generation. What good will it do the unborn millions, that you reveled in the consciousness that you were not to die and be no more? We sometimes wonder that Spiritualists can do so thoroughly surrender themselves to this idea. It is quite too much like the old-school religionists, who sing of their city the New Jerusalem, with its streets of silver and palaces of gold, forgetting the groaning millions in hell-fire beneath. "It is all right with me ; what care I for any body else?" is the same in the Spiritualist as in the Sectarian.

Now, we would have our Spiritualism something very different from this stuff, which is unworthy to be tolerated by a professedly large-souled people. While basking in the sunshine of spirit existence, we would also turn earthward and inquire : What of those who shall come after us? Are we preparing easier and better roads for them to travel than were those in which we have traveled? And are we also making such preparation and improvement as shall insure that they have vehicles better than we have in which to travel? Are we endeavoring to replace the old and unsightly stage coaches and slow ox-carts by the luxurious palace car and the swift express?

These are the vital questions for the true humanitarian to be endeavoring to answer; to be, when solved, adorned by



the beauties that are being showered upon the world from the homes of the angels; and it is to these that we would invite all Spiritualists. No reform can ever eventuate in great and lasting good to the world, unless it begin to reform where the evil to be reformed begins. Now our idea of reform is this: Reform for the world means a better class of men and women. Unless there can be better men and women, then there is no reform; and men and women cannot be very much better than they now are, unless they are first conceived by better conditions, gestated under better circumstances, and grown through better treatment. Perfect these three processes and there must necessarily be perfect men and women. Heretofore the direct issues of these several things have been either evaded or ignored. The realm in which they dwell has been considered one into which no modest person could enter. But the time has come in which it must be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land, that no modest person can refuse to enter this realm, and to do whatever lies in his or her power to correct its heretofore utterly neglected functions. These have been performed in ignorance and darkness, quite too long. It is time that they be brought out into the light—into the sunshine, which gives health and strength, and be thoroughly analyzed and perfectly understood by every person before they shall ever dare to assume them.

Has Spiritualism nothing to do with this greatest-of-all questions? Has it nothing to do with making humanity purer and better?—nothing to do with making it brighter, happier, and more as the spirit world would have it, before it enters their domain? Surely they have too much imperfection with which to deal. Surely they would have this mundane sphere better perform its work. Then say no more that Spiritualism has nothing to do with the social question; but rather let it seize hold of it and drag it up from its present daubed and filthy condition, and plant it on the throne, where all must worship at its shrine and obey its mandates.

#### GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

Before this will come before our readers, the convention of those pious individuals who propose to inject the word God into the Constitution of the United States will have been held; but we shall nevertheless, as promised, analyze some of their propositions and expressions of pretended alarm.

It is to be noticed, in the first place, that the wording of the present call is entirely different from that upon which the Cincinnati Convention came together. Shall we infer from this that the former call was so thoroughly demolished by the various assaults that were hurled upon it from all radical presses, that it was impossible to gather enough sound parts with which to make a second call? That call was as complete an aggregation of absurd, fallacious and inconsequent propositions as was ever perpetrated. There was not a single sentence in the whole thing that would stand the test of analysis a single moment. If the former were utterly lacking in reason for a foundation, so also is the latter the most complete specimen of an attempt at a ridiculous scare that was ever palmed off upon a priest-ridden people.

It begins by stating an evident fact; but one would suppose that the settlement demanded was demanded by those making it, rather than, as is the fact, by those opposed to them. It is as follows: "The question of the Bible in the public schools, of Sabbath laws and many similar questions, are now demanding attention and decisive settlement." Everybody knows that there is a wide-spread discussion now going on upon this subject, but instead of its being in the direction indicated by the wording of the call, it is from the opposing party, which demands the settlement of what has so long been considered as forever settled. The demand is not that the Bible shall be continued in public schools, and that Sabbath "Blue Laws" shall be continued, but the very reverse—that the Bible shall be removed from public schools and that all Sabbath laws shall be repealed, leaving the individual free to do as he may please upon Sunday as upon all other days, which is his Constitutional right; and which, if carried before the Supreme Court of the United States, he being deprived of them by local laws, would necessarily have to be accorded to him. No religious test means no legal Sabbath day, and the German has the same right to visit the beer garden, drink beer and dance, and thus praise God in his way as the Christian has to visit the church, drink wine and listen to the largest and latest organ.

The question between these two classes of people, then, is not whether the former shall acquire a new right, but whether, what it already has, shall be preserved for its individual members. Therefore, the second sentence of this call—"Shall the nation preserve the Christian features of its life?"—is a deceit, since, in the sense that these people call it Christian, it has never been so.

So far as the Government is concerned, the nation has been, religiously, whatever its members individually have pleased to be—Christian, Jew or Gentile or Infidel; but instead of preserving this character, these people now propose that it shall be made Christian only, and only Christian according to their ideas as to what Christian is. Now we claim to be Christian in the true sense of the term; and we claim as deep devotion to and worship for what we know as God, as they possibly can; but we do not propose that they shall be permitted to fashion a God according to their hellish ideas and

compel us to accept Him for our God. Not by any means, even if we have to fight to prevent it; and so say a very large proportion of the people of the country.

Our God is the God of humanity, and, like the God whom Christ described, the God both of the Jew and the Gentile, of the Christian and the Pagan. Our God is the God who existed before the Christian God was known. He who is from an Eternity Past and to an Eternity Future, one and the same unchangeable, unfathomable, unknowable, but ever active and everywhere present—as present in the soul of the Infidel as in the soul of the Christian; as much God in Pagan as in Christian country; as much the God of the Sunday beer garden and the jovial dance, as of solemn church and the ruby wine.

But notwithstanding the complete refutation of all its propositions as contained in its introductory paragraph, the call continues in the same strain of assumption: "Many thoughtful citizens" do not "view with deep concern the assaults now being made on everything of a Christian character in our civil institutions." There is nothing of a "Christian" kind in our civil institutions. It is true that past bigotry and an intolerant superstition have, vampire-like, succeeded in foisting upon, not in, our civil institutions, certain customs and forms and ceremonies called Christian; but they form no part of our civil institutions; and it is these excrescences, these fungi, with which these professing saints would now poison the whole body politic; and it is these that the real Christians are determined shall never enter into and become a part of our civil institutions. The struggle now is, that these parasites desire to obtain control of the whole system. They see that unless they do so, and that very shortly, that the body will slough them off, to decay amid the rubbish of the past, where all things that have performed their mission go, to be resurrected in some new and more useful form.

All rational people join with "time-serving politicians, irreligious men" and others, in the true theory that government has nothing to do with religion; but they do not also mention that religion has nothing to do with government; but the truest reformers of the day believe that the essence of all religion—Justice—should not only have something to do with government, but that it should be constructed upon it as a foundation. The difficulty with these good meaning (perhaps) people is, that they harness their horse behind their cart: Religion—Justice—should be first and government should be second—a result of religion—of justice. In other words, a system of government that ought to command the assent of every living person, should be one constructed by the rule of justice, should be one in which the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are reserved and preserved to every individual, one of which rights is the right to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience.

But these people have recently awakened to the fact that they set out by denying. They find that their Christianity has no legal existence in our civil institutions; they find that it is a mere fungus that has in some way become attached to them and, as we said, after denying it, finally freely admit it. They admit that these things which they desire to foist upon the people are inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States. Well done, gentlemen! How is it about Christian things in our civil institutions? Will you please explain your contradictory statements so that we may really know what this is all about—what it is that you really mean, or think that you mean, or pretend to think that you mean? Really, upon so grave a movement as this is upon which you have set about it seems that it ought to be essential that there should be at least a consistent call, so that the purposes of this convention may not be misunderstood.

There is, however, an attempt to enlighten the people about this. After stumbling along through six contradictory and self-stultifying passages, the call winds up with what, for consistency's sake, it ought to have begun. Reason doesn't belong to their religion, hence, they ought to never attempt to reason. In this instance they have made a most lamentable failure, which places them at the mercy of ridicule from the merest tyro. Yes, the call says: "The National Association wants God to be suitably acknowledged in the Constitution, Jesus Christ as the Nation's ruler and the Bible as the fountain of its laws." Why did not they say it at once; say just what they really mean—to abolish the government of the people and inaugurate the government of the self-styled Christian Church, for this is the meat in the cocoanut that they are attempting, by this indirect method to obtain. "Patriotism and true statesmanship," they say, demand it. We reply that this is a slight mistake in terms only. For patriotism, the call should read, latter-day hypocrisy, and for statesmanship, Jesuitism. The greatest of all statesman and the truest of all patriots that this country ever knew, who in reality gave birth to the idea of a republican government, was an atheist, so-called; but for all that, and as we verily believe, a better man and consequently a better Christian, than any one of the men whose names are appended to this call—and this man was Thomas Paine.

Next week's issue will contain the report of The Convention of the New England Reform League in Boston, at which, although Tremont Temple was shut against the Convention because of her presence, Mrs. Woodhull, nevertheless, delivered and repeated the Suppressed Music Hall Speech, and we think a Brooklyn Bomb-Shell by XIX.

#### THE LOGIC OF REFORM.

Reform means to make the world better; to make better men and women. Anything that does not have this for its object is not reform, and anybody who labors for anything else than this, and calls himself a reformer or a benefactor, is an imposter, though, perhaps, not intentionally.

If, then, reform be this, and this only, what is the next most important question to be solved? Necessarily and clearly this: How can the object be best accomplished? It is not only unreasonable and foolish, but it is reprehensible, if not criminal, for people to spend their time and strength in endeavoring to perform certain things, when there are very good reasons for believing the same things could be not only more expeditiously, but also more effectually accomplished by another method. If this be illustrated by a common occurrence in life, it will at once be clear to all. By experience, continuing through months or years, it is found that the members of a certain family occupying a certain house, are specially the subjects of typhoid symptoms. The extent of the attempts to stay the disease thus engendered by the common, the old time method is, to keep the family physician constantly employed administering cholagogues, anti-periodics and prophylactics, never even making the inquiry that, from the prominent circumstances attending, ought to rise in every observing mind. After enduring this for some time, it is concluded that something is wrong somewhere that subjects this family to so much more sickness than its neighbors and friends have, and it is concluded to change physicians. Accordingly another is called, who, being a reasoner, after learning the facts of the situation, at once recognizes that there must be something attaching to the house itself that causes the diseases to prevail more than in adjoining houses, and straightway sets himself to find it. He is soon rewarded for his efforts by finding that the water-basins and water-closets are so badly constructed that the miasms of the general sewer, when the atmosphere is unfavorable, are introduced into the house for its inmates to inhale. This he deems a sufficient explanation for the constant illness and, therefore, instead of merely administering jalap and calomel to relieve the symptoms of the disease, he administers a scientific plumber, who shuts off its cause; and the whole family is surprised that "the thing hadn't been thought of before."

Now, the prevailing custom in the treatment of all diseases—intellectual, moral, industrial and social—is the same as the prevailing treatment of malarious fevers; the effects—those things which result from—occupy the continuous attention of the "M. D.s" in the several departments, while here and there only is there found one who, regretting the existence of so much disease, so many unhappy conditions, relations and incongruities, and doing what there may be done to mitigate them, regards them as only of secondary importance, while the principal efforts are directed to removing their causes.

Now, is it not clear that the latter rather than the former is the common sense method, while the former only demonstrates the utter lack of common sense? But in spite of this most reasonable conclusion, when it is proposed to look after the causes of the industrial, political, social, and especially when the inquiry is directed toward sexual ills, the most horrible clamor is raised by the "old schoolers," who regard the interloper "as no better than he or she should be," that their special province is invaded in such an unceremonious manner. They even affirm, sometimes not reserving the oath, that this latter realm is all right—indeed, that it is altogether lovely—and that whoever dare question this shall be prosecuted either for blasphemy or obscenity; and more than this, they assert that any one who will meddle with these divinely ordained things is an utterly abandoned character; but they usually fail to produce the evidence other than the mere assumption. Nevertheless, with the Y. M. C. A. at their head, these "Purists" put forth every endeavor to stop the spread of the common-sense view, and having the control of most of the lecture halls in the country, they either deny their use outright to those who desire to speak upon these tabooed subjects, or after having leased them, shut their doors against them and violate their contracts.

Now, what is to be understood as the position of these people? Do they desire to have it entered upon the record that in thus denying the right of free speech upon these subjects, they intend openly to uphold what they call vice and crime; the very things of which the common-sense reformer are by them charged, as the reasons for such proceedings? One of two things must be evident, and must be accepted by all. First. These people in endeavoring to shut off discussion upon the sexual question, intend to uphold the very crimes they affect to condemn; or, second, they are afraid to have the question discussed lest they themselves be brought forward as illustrations. And they may wiggle and squirm and fuss and fume—all of which they do in the most approved style—the world will nevertheless soon come to the full acceptance of one or the other of these conclusions.

In spite, however, of all the antics cut by the affrighted and in spite of the writhing of the wounded, the inquiry is raging. The question is fairly broached, and it will not down at the impotent bidding of these would-be despots who fondly assume themselves to be the conservators and regulators of public morality. In loud, earnest and prolonged tones comes up the query from the Pilates of to-day, "What is truth?" upon the sexual question—upon that law by which all have life—are we, indeed, hopelessly bound by the law which



Paul kindly informs us is unto death; or shall we be free in the spirit which giveth life?"

And all these questions shall be answered. No demand ever made by humanity with the earnestness with which a badly crucified and soul-starved people now send up this one was ever denied by the governing powers of the universe. It may be, as it is being, crushed and bruised; it may bleed at every pore before it shall be able to understand its real wants; nevertheless, its rising is as certain as the ebb and flow of the tides. These obey the mandates of immutable law, bearing on their crests that which, from time to time, rises to the surface. So, also, it is with the ebb and flow of the tides of reform. The great pulses of the ever-moving human family rise and fall like the tides of the mighty deep, and like them they are as irresistible in their movements. Barriers may be erected to beat back their flow; individuals may cast themselves against them and attempt to stay their way; but their efforts have ever been and will ever be as futile as would be the attempt of individuals to stay the rolling wave as it speeds on its way to break upon the beach.

Do the opposers of to-day learn no wisdom from the long line of experiences of the past? It was in vain that the haughty power of Rome, before whose edicts even mighty emperors quailed, attempted to stop the tongue that gave birth to the Reformation; it was in vain that enthroned dynasties endeavored to wash out the French Revolution by the blood of its martyrs; it was in vain that an established church endeavored to limit the consciences of its State subjects; it was in vain that the fires of Smithfield raged and the Spanish Inquisition mangled its victims; it was in vain that Quakers were banished or burned, and witches and abolitionists hung—each and all of these were opposed, and fiercely, but without avail. They did their work and ultimated the specific truths, out of the birth of which, in some human soul, they all grew; and it will be equally in vain that the agitation and discussion, that experiment upon and investigation of the sexual question, be opposed, even if, as was the infamy of the South, it be solved in blood. There have been, since the mere conquests for personal power were waged, wars for religions and for political freedom; why may it not be expected that war may rage equally as fiercely for sexual freedom? This, we hope, may never come; but so surely as that quota of freedom which of right—by birth, inheritance and by nature—belongs to the individual, be denied; if when individuals, rising in their sovereign power, shall exercise their God-given capacities in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, be resisted by war, as the slave power resisted by war the establishment of physical freedom, then will those who will not be coerced into submission to others who would tyrannize over them resist by war.

It is a great mistake that is made when it is assumed that slavery was exterminated by the four years of war. The war was merely the recording of the verdict that was rendered by the people before the war was begun, which record was opposed by the South, and hence the war. So it will be with the later and larger slavery. Those who advocate this cause will not be the ones who will precipitate the fight, if to that it shall come; but it will be those who shall attempt to stay the popular will. This desire for freedom will spread until the popular will shall demand it, and when it is thus demanded it will be obtained; but woe to those who stand in the way of its obtainment.

But all these things are of natural growth; are the results of causes which lie hidden from view in the heart of humanity, are the outcroppings of that humanity which demonstrate its unfolding from mere human forms into forms permeated and impelled by the higher motor powers of the soul. In this sense the meaning of the word reform does not express the full meaning. All of these unfoldments demonstrate a regular and systematic order of evolution, as definitely and distinctly marked in mind as the same is marked in matter. If there were no possibility for stopping the wheels of progress, which in their constant rolling onward evolved the various material indices of the advances made, neither will there be any possibility of staying the wheels on what the evolution of mind goes forward.

All of these considerations plainly teach one grand lesson, which is this: All ideas belong to the same system of evolution. Seek not to hinder the growth or the development of any newly advanced idea; but seek by every possible means to aid it onward, and to remove as much and as rapidly as possible every obstacle that is left from the debris of the past to obstruct its sway; and this is the logic of reform, since in this way is man and woman most rapidly advanced from the mere material to which the spirit is the subject, to the more spiritual, in which the material shall be subjected and the servant of the spirit within.

#### THE FREEDOM OF THE PULPIT.

Much has been said and written in advocacy of the freedom of the press, but very little respecting the freedom of the pulpit. Independent parsons are as necessary to the well-being of communities as independent newspapers. The moral instructors of the people are witnesses for the right. It is not enough that they speak the truth and nothing but the truth, they are derelict in their duties if they speak not the "whole" truth. They are criminals and unfit for their offices, if they willfully suppress any part of their evidence in order to curry favor with, or through fear of, the people.

Under the old systems the clergy generally are under strict surveillance. They are governed sometimes by priesthoods, sometimes by cliques. It is for Spiritualism, the new development of religion, to originate a plan which shall annihilate all manipulations between the pastor and the people. Then, and not till then, can we look for that robust and earnest instruction which the people so sadly need, and which we earnestly believe the world is even now willing and ready to receive.

#### POOR COMSTOCK.

We pity this fellow for his ill success at Washington. He went down among the Credit Mobilier men to reap the fruits of his recent extraordinary exertions in behalf of virtue. Having had such hearty approval of the clergy of "these two cities," as we recently stated, he felt he had plumed his wings for a still higher flight, and, in his mind's eye, he had built for himself a nice and fat office in the New York Post-office, which, doubtless, appeared to him nightly in dreams, arrayed with some of the brilliant pictures that he has been able as a connoisseur to gather in the last few months from his peculiar calling. Armed with a striking array of these, and with a certainty of success filling his heart, he posts to Washington, venturing to remain away several days, even at the risk of a number of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY being issued and distributed without first going under the severe scrutiny of his scent, so keenly practiced that he can detect obscenity where nobody else would think of even suspecting it.

But he went to Washington and paraded his wares and his special adaptability for the office which he advocated as such a necessity to the morals of the country. Those to whom he applied at once saw the nature of the animal with which they had to deal, and quietly let him do all the talking, and even permitted the insertion of his "job" in some bill in which it was likely to be "run through" without attracting much attention. Having accomplished all this, he returned to New York, and exultingly declared that "The thing was done." He was already in the office that he had created. He even had his programme for an immediate campaign laid out.

But alas for human hopes! Even Christians are sometimes disappointed, and as an illustrious example, Comstock, too, was doomed to suffer the pangs of hopes not merely deferred, but, alas! absolutely blasted. But the disappointment to him must be easy to endure, compared to the consciousness that must come home to him, that the wily Congressmen played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. They let him enjoy his hopes, but were quite sure to keep him within reach of their claws. He reveled in bright anticipations for all the souls he was to save from the touch of hell-fire and from the stench of sulphurous fumes. He fancied himself welcomed to the shining city whose streets are gold and whose inhabitants know no sorrow for the damned, below, by the well-known words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But again we say, alas, for human hopes. Bright and early one morning a few days since, when the icy hand of old Boreas might have made any but a Christian think that hot-place not so bad a place after all, the Herald of ill-omen (to him) brought him the sorrowful intelligence contained in the following paragraph:

#### "COMSTOCK'S CHRISTIANITY REFUSED BY THE SENATE."

"The Senate cruelly put an end last evening to the hopes of a fellow named Comstock, who came here a few weeks ago with a budget of indecent engravings and immoral articles, which he professed to have obtained in response to letters which he sent, inclosing money, to parties who advertised them for sale. His first exhibition was at the house of that statesman, Sub. Pomeroy, and the leading lights of the Young Men's Christian Association were invited by printed circulars to go there and gaze upon this collection. Then they were displayed in the room of Colfax at the Capitol, and Comstock eloquently descanted on the necessity for a law not only to prevent the sale of the dirty trash, but to suppress all advertisements which did not meet his approval. Even such a law as he desired, he said, would be a dead letter on the statute book unless there could be a special postal agent appointed, who could enforce it. 'But,' said the virtuous Comstock, 'if I receive this appointment I shall entirely reform the advertisements of every newspaper in the country.' Alas, for Comstock! He adroitly managed to have the paragraph authorizing the coveted appointment inserted in the Postal Appropriation Bill, but when it came before the Senate it was unceremoniously rejected, and he was left out in the cold with his indecent stock in trade. When the Government desires a censor of advertisements or of morals he will doubtless be appointed."

But even this blight to all his new-born expectations did not fill the measure of his fall. The Telegram greedily laid hold of the disastrous news and wickedly and maliciously paraded it still further, in the following unkind words:

#### "A QUEER TRADE AND A STRANGE AMBITION."

"Couldn't this fellow Comstock, the man who wanted to be made Special Postal Agent and Censor of Newspaper Advertisements, be indicted for trading in obscene publications and indecent articles of every kind? We have heard of queer trades, and extraordinary attempts to procure special legislation, but this fellow's occupation and his recent effort in Washington to get Congress to provide him with a fat office out-Herods anything we have ever heard or read of."

"Comstock spends the best years of his life in collecting a museum of the filthy paraphernalia of indecency, and getting together a library of lewd books, prints, etc. We used

to think that this man Comstock reveled in his filthy trade for its own sake, and as a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, but it appears we were woefully mistaken. There was a method in this earnest accumulation of filth—Mr. Comstock wants to be a censor of the press."

"Accordingly, he goes on to Washington and exhibits his museum and library to old Subsidy Pomeroy and Smiler Colfax, and the only recommendations to the office which he has cut out for himself are the extent of the museum and library aforesaid and the glibness with which he can describe the various articles on exhibition, their uses, etc."

"A queer trade, truly, and a strange ambition. Mr. Comstock was, of course, kicked out of Congress, and let his fate be an example to all self-constituted correctors of public morals. We wonder will his disgust at his treatment by Congress prevent him from becoming public prosecutor in the United States Courts any more."

Now, we commiserate what we know must be the feelings of so sensitive a soul as this one is, and we hope the Christian ministry will instantly call a series of prayer-meetings, lest under the extreme affliction he may fall from grace. So strongly are our sympathies enlisted by this misfortune that, though we do not often utter a prayer in words, we think that we might be induced in this instance to so far depart from our practice of praying in our hearts and with our hands as to join with those who pray with their mouths only. Poor Comstock! We trust your Christian hope and faith will prove sufficient in this your hour of trial, and that Christ, upon whom you so confidently lean for support, may not even now think you a heavy load to carry.

#### CONSTITUTION COBBLERS.

The Constitution of the United States instructs us that it was established "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," and furthermore, that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States."

George Washington, in the treaty he made with the people of Tripoli, in Africa, sealed the fact with his honored signature, that, as a nation, we did not stand on any special religious basis.

Under the broad liberty thus instituted, religious bodies among us have certainly thriven, and have increased and multiplied.

Furthermore, this grand spiritual freedom did not come to us as a gift, a concession, or a compromise, but rose naturally out of the circumstances of our position at the time we developed into a nation.

This grand cardinal right which we inherit from our fathers, certain parties of malcontents, culled from a dozen warring religious factions, now propose to us to surrender, and to institute in its stead religious tests in the Constitution itself, by placing their God, their Christ and their Bible therein. After that, probably, to withdraw entirely our spiritual freedom, and replace it with light-fingered-revenue morality and Credit Mobilier piety.

Nominally Christians, they thus admit by their actions that their Christianity cannot hold its own unless it be sustained by partial laws and by the unjust taxation of the general public.

All good citizens who recognize the fact that in respecting their neighbor's religious liberty they are best protecting their own will condemn these malcontents by answering them as the barons answered King John on the field of Runnymede, "*Notumus leges Americani mutari.*"

#### MODERN JOURNALISM ILLUSTRATED.

In the Cleveland Leader, of Feb. 11, there appeared the following editorial:

"When grave charges are brought against a person whose word is worthy of a moment's notice, we agree that he should take immediate steps to set himself right before the public. But how was it in the case of Mr. Beecher? The Woodhull and Claflin sisters are notorious and infamous women. It has been clearly shown that they published their newspaper for the purpose of levying blackmail upon innocent men. Articles were written, put in type and read to the intended victims, who were then invited to secure the suppression of the article by paying large sums of money. In some cases this game succeeded, in others, as in that of Mr. Beecher, it did not. After the two women had been arrested and imprisoned, they acknowledged that the story against Mr. Beecher was a libel, and offered to retract it if they could thereby secure their release. Now, if this story had been published by Mr. Tilton in the Golden Age, or by Mr. Bowen in the Brooklyn Union or Independent, or by any respectable person in a reputable newspaper, we agree that it would be Mr. Beecher's plain and unmistakable duty to make a public denial. But it does not seem apparent that WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY can so far impeach the character of any honorable man as to put him on the defensive."

To this infamous falsehood the following reply was made: A LETTER FROM VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

"To the Editor of the Leader—I have read, usually with indifference, sometimes with contempt, the various allusions made regarding myself since November 2 in the columns of your paper, but until now have never felt called upon to notice any of the outrageous things. But your editorial of the 11th inst., entitled 'The Beecher Scandal Again,' demands a reprimand such as once before I was compelled to administer to the editor of a Cleveland paper."



"To your opinions you have a perfect right—you may regard me as infamous. I am perfectly willing you should; but when you make a statement of fact, without naming your authority, you become responsible for the statement. Now in that editorial you publish a deliberate falsehood, and I have good reason to believe with malicious and libelous intent, as follows: 'After the two women had been arrested and imprisoned they acknowledged that the story against Mr. Beecher was a libel, and offered to retract it if they could thereby secure their release;' and the writer of it knew it to be so, since the WEEKLY has been regularly sent to the *Leader*, and in every number of it the truth of that statement has been affirmed.

"Now, whatever may be the motives that induced such falsehood in the *Leader*, if there is any regard for decency left in its conductors, they will give this emphatical denial a place in its columns. And, lest my statement may be further questioned, I beg to again declare, that every word I uttered regarding Mr. Beecher is not only true, but is only a tithe of the whole truth, which, when it shall come to the knowledge of the world, will cause those who have called me opprobrious names to hang their heads in shame at the manner in which they have attempted to defend hypocrisy, fraud and sensualism.

"But when to all this is added the further charge of blackmailing against me, it seems clear that it is not only the intent of the *Leader* to defend these things, in defending Mr. Beecher, but also to commit against me, without proof, the same crime which, without proof, it charges me with having committed against Mr. Beecher.

"The *Leader* knows that I have denied this infamous charge both in print and publicly from the rostrum, and have defied a single proof. But my denial amounts to nothing in the consideration of the *Leader*, while its white blameness places it above suspicion. Go on, gentlemen; take all the rope you want; but of this be assured—you will find its end sometime.

"VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

"NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1878."

In the *Leader* of Feb. 21st, in which the above letter appeared, the following remarks also appeared:

"We have received from Victoria C. Woodhull a letter condemning as false the story recently embodied in an article in the *Leader*, to the effect that the Woodhull and Claflin sisters offered to purchase their release from prison by retracting the whole of the scandalous story concerning Mr. Beecher. We have only to say that the statement as used by us was printed in the New York papers, and had all the appearance of being genuine. We used it as journalists constantly use local statements made by the press of other cities. We give Mrs. Woodhull the benefit of her denial."

Now, we have never seen that statement in any New York paper; but if it did appear in any city paper, that paper may consider the above letter as specially applicable to itself. It is by such outrageous infamies perpetrated by men, that public opinion has been set so fearfully against us. But so certain as there is a law of immutable justice, so certain will all these damnations come home to light on the heads of their infamous perpetrators.

As for ourselves, while calling things by their right names, we can afford to wait.

#### THE PLATFORM OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY—FIRST PLANK.

The first proposition which the Apollo Hall Convention enunciated, includes the whole scope of the movement for equal political, social and industrial rights, privileges and immunities. It is as follows:

"That there should be a complete reconstruction of several of the most important functions of the Government of the United States, and to that end we advocate the adoption of a new constitution, which shall be in perfect harmony with the present wants, interests and conditions of the people."

We are perfectly aware that some even of the most radical of reformers hesitate to move forward when the proposition meets them that the Constitution requires remodeling. But these same people are often the most forcible advocates of certain radical reform movements that are, under the present constitutional prohibitions, utterly impossible. How then do they propose to accomplish their purposes? If the whole Constitution were to be changed, it could be a no more radical movement than was that which culminated in the Fourteenth Amendment, the full scope of which is not yet fully apprehended except by a few comprehensive minds. We cannot see it to be a very terrible affair to change the Constitution when the instrument itself provides the manner in which it may be done. Its founders evidently foresaw that many of its provisions would not meet all the requirements of a progressive people. They knew it would have to be changed, and undoubtedly realized that it would be in the direction now pressing upon public attention.

It would be charging upon them a non-comprehension of the principles involved in the Declaration of Independence to say that they who conceived it, even imagined the Constitution to be an expression in form of those principles. No broader or more comprehensive formula of individual freedom can possibly be made than is made by it. The pursuit of happiness is asserted to be an inalienable right of every individual. What more can be added to make it more general? If the rights there set forth are indeed inalienably vested in the individual we ask if it should not be the first, last and only

purpose of the laws formed under their inspirations to secure them to the individual? To this there can be but one answer, and every person of sound mind must see it at once. The purposes of the Equal Rights party are not merely to re-enunciate those self-evident truths, but they are more especially to secure their vesture in the individual, and to protect their exercise, which heretofore has never been attained, and to secure such explicit constitutional restrictions as shall absolutely prohibit their encroachment by any legislation, by any legislative body, whether it be national, State or municipal.

To accomplish this, it is found necessary to proceed as set forth in the first plank of the platform as above enunciated. Nor do we see why such proposed action should shock any person who is more humanitarian than wedded to the old customs rapidly going to decay. The matter that ought to receive consideration and to determine those who are in doubt as to what course should be pursued, is whether an improvement upon the old is not possible; and if it be found to be possible, should there be any hesitation on the part of any reformer?

Everybody knows that the late war arose out of the fact that the Constitution was indefinite in expressing the inalienable rights of individuals. Had there been no such want in that instrument; had it been clear, definite, positive; in fact, had it not have been in the first instance a compromise with slavery, that ignored the principles at its base, that war had not occurred to devastate the beautiful face of this beautiful country, and water it with the blood of its noblest sons and the tears of its loveliest daughters.

Shall we now stand still and permit another war to be precipitated, to still further enrich our soil by such blood and tears? No! a thousand times no! Rather let us, while peace exists, bring to bear the best talent of the country to forestall war and rob it of its victims.

The reforms contemplated by the Equal Rights party, then, should be judged by their inherent value, and not by the manner in which it will be necessary to accomplish them, even if it be found necessary to substitute an entirely new instrument for the blood-stained and the tattered one of the past. And to those who shrink from such action, we beg to bring to mind the words of the poet, James Russell Lowell, written more than twenty years ago:

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.  
Lo! before us gleam our camps; we ourselves must pilgrims be;  
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter's sea;  
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key.

But in spite of the poet's warning, "the future" was attempted with the "blood-rusted key" of the past, and the result was the debt with which we are burdened and the blood that was shed. Let that terrible crisis be a lesson to the present, that no such thing be again permitted to come upon the country.

#### LITERARY HOURS.

We are in receipt of a neat and well-filled eight-paged paper of the above name, published at Haverhill, Mass., by W. S. Jackman & Co.—F. W. George, editor. Terms, 75 cents. The evident intention of "Literary Hours" is to meet and fill a local demand; but the character of its contents ought to, and we have no doubt will, obtain for it a wide-spread list of readers. It will always be a welcome visitor at our table.

#### THE WEEKLY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

In reply to very numerous letters regarding this number of the WEEKLY, we would say that it was our intention long ago to have issued a new edition of this number. But our friends who have become impatient at its non-appearance, must remember that we are here under the immediate surveillance of those who are determined to break us up, avowedly for the purpose of destroying the WEEKLY, and not having had any decision upon any of the charges against us, they are able to continue arresting and putting us under bail, *ad libitum*. This we cannot afford to encounter, and, therefore, have deferred issuing this paper. But we hope soon to have the United States show their hand, so that we may know just where we stand and how far they propose to carry this thing of obscenity, for the language used in that paper. The verdict of the people has already been rendered. But our opponents are desperate, and there is no telling to what lengths they may go to rid themselves of the load they have voluntarily assumed.

We have, however, no doubt that that paper will be again issued, and moreover that it will reach a circulation of two million copies. Therefore, we say to our friends, be patient, yet a little longer.

From "Literary Chit-Chat" in the New York *Herald*, of the 21st inst., we glean the following items:

The Spiritualist controversy has broken out afresh in the London journals, and runs like cholera or the measles. The *Times* and *Public Opinion* open their columns to writers on both sides of the vexed question.

#### COMMENTS:

Yes! And here, also, the subject of spiritual manifestations is the order of the day. In Colorado, the spirit of a Catholic visits his child, and the same is reported to the Catholic vicar-general by the priests who witnessed the affair. In the South, a shadowy pig walks over the field in the sight

of many spectators; while in the North, at a Newburyport schoolhouse, the exhibitions are so varied and wonderful, that, after going the rounds of the daily press, the full account of them appears in Frank Leslie's *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, for the instruction of the rising generation. These are no seances of Spiritualists that are thus set before the public; but occurrences witnessed and attested by the enemies of the new religious development that characterizes the present age. Where are the learned theologians, and why do they not step forward manfully, cased in their spiritual armor, and meet and conquer these unearthly opponents? Alas, they cannot. With the exception of the Catholic teachers, the only thing our Protestant clergy dares attempt, is to carp and sneer at braver human beings who are trying to fathom the laws underlying all these singular mysteries.

#### THE WORD.

This paper is the organ of the New England Labor Reform League, and is edited and published at Princeton, Mass., by E. H. Heywood. Though a small paper in size, it is a remarkably large one in ideas. Mr. H. is one of the most advanced, most consistent and best informed advocates of the labor movement, and he succeeds in crowding more reformatory ideas into less space than does any other editor whom we know. The subscription of the *Word* is seventy-five cents per year, and cheap at that. Every laboring person in the country should read it.

The New York *Evening Mail*, of the 21st inst., contains the following notice:

The advocates of woman suffrage are beginning to find favor with the wise men of the East. The Maine House of Representatives has decided by a vote of 64 to 59 to submit the matter to a vote of the people. There is no place that can better afford to try the experiment than Maine.

Good. The Members of the Maine House of Representatives have done their duty. Now let the Senate, Governor and voters of that noble old State do theirs. That is, if they are not afraid of a woman, like the Governor of Mass., and the Mayor of Boston—poor fellows!

Another sentence from the same lively journal reads as follows:

The School Committee of Newburyport, Mass., is engaged in investigating that little ghost. We are glad of that, for we have taken quite an interest in the tricky sprite, and would like to know more of him. We are only afraid that the prosy committee will spoil a very nice ghost story.

To which we add for the benefit of the aforesaid School Committee: "Lay on, Macduff," the "little gray boy" is doubtless ready to receive you. By all accounts he'll ring-a-ding-ding his bell for you; and when you take leave of him you must expect to be laughed at by the invisibles of course.

Mr. JOHN RUSKIN, who is nothing if not original, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to explain how he got his fortune:

My father and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles a "mutually beneficent partnership" with certain laborers in Spain. The laborers produced from the earth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabout, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me (who never did a stroke of work in my life worth my salt, not to mention my dinner).

I clip the following from the *True Patriot* (Prescott), an exchange:

"Mrs. Otis Weeks, of Spring Prairie, Walworth county, killed her child and then herself, last week. Cause, domestic troubles."

It was not thus that our journals noticed it when the negro woman, Gardner, cut her own throat and her children's, to prevent their being returned to slavery. Even the calloused public conscience of the time shuddered at the awful revelation which this deed conveyed. But in just this proportion the damnable institution of marriage has blinded our moral vision more than the otherwise equally-hellish institution of slavery.

C. L. JAMES.

#### A GENERAL COMPLAINT.

In looking over an old number of *The Bistoury*—a medical journal—of date, January, 1870, we found the following letter and editorial upon the same. It ought to be read by every man and woman in the country; hence we reproduce it:

[From the *Bistoury Medical Journal*, Jan., 1870.]

Dear *Bistoury*—You are a real health-promoting, companionable, lively little friend that it is a pleasure to receive in one's family. We look for your coming anxiously, and the only fault we can possibly find with you is that you don't come often enough. Now, *Bistoury*, you seem to love babies, if I may judge from the many valuable and funny articles you have given us in relation to them. You also advocate the raising of large families and censure severely infanticide. That is all right—I agree with you. But, dear *Bistoury*, what are we poor, sickly, feeble wives to do who are made miserable by excessive child bearing? Can I, who have given birth to a child regularly, once every year since marriage, and who have been made feeble and sickly in consequence of it—can I bear healthy and vigorous children, such as you so often picture to us? O if you knew the torture that many of us poor wives suffer from inconsiderate, healthy, robust husbands, who compel us to satisfy their animal passion and thus force us to give life to children that we desire not, I



am sure you would pity us and offer us, or our husbands, some advice upon the abuse of the marriage relation.

Believe me, *Bistoury*, I do desire to be a faithful, submissive wife and mother; but is there not some way by which we poor wives can be all this, and not be rendered miserable for life? Is there no means by which we can be dutiful wives yet have control of our own persons?

Patiently yours, A WIFE AND MOTHER.

We wish that the letter of this poor, abused wife, might reach the eye and consciousness of every married man in the land. For we fear there exists very few men who do little else than render the marriage relation a species of legal prostitution. The marriage rite was not created with a view of affording man an opportunity for gratifying his lust, as many are wont to suppose. Yet, men accept this interpretation and absolutely outrage the persons of their helpless and once loving wives. We firmly believe that more poor women are carried to their graves, martyrs to their husband's passions, than from all other causes combined.

We know, from our experience as a physician, that nearly all so-called "female weaknesses" are the direct result of sexual abuses.

We know of no remedy for this terrible evil except to have more intelligent health journals in the land, and to strive to gain a place for them in every family. While every man subscribes for his newspaper, let every woman secure a health journal in her family, and when such articles as this find their way into its columns, let the wife present it to the husband for perusal, and if he loves her, and is not a brute, he will certainly have sufficient respect for his wife and moral decency, not to make her the victim of his unholy passion. When, as is too-often the case, the child is begotten by accident, and the mother weeps and deplores the fate that compels her to motherhood, while the prospective father is sullen and cheerless over the same fate—but gratifying his lust the same during the development of the child—is it any wonder that so many sickly, puny, little ones grow up among us?

We believe it to be healthful, noble, and the duty of every healthy married woman to become the mother of from two to four children; and these children should be begotten purposely and during the period of the best health of both husband and wife. We also believe and know it to be the duty of every husband to be careful of his wife's health and person, and not convert a fond and patient wife into a mistress for the gratification of his lust.

#### THE WORKER.

*The Worker* is published every Sunday, and will be furnished at the following rates:

One copy, 3 months, in advance, 30 cents; one copy, 6 months, in advance, 50 cents; one copy, one year, in advance, \$1.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to *The Worker*, 130 Bleecker street. Money orders to be made payable to John Halbert, Station A, New York.

We return special thanks to the friends who have gone so earnestly at work to advance the cause. Many of our friends are probably not aware that the enterprise we have engaged in is not for the purpose of making money, thereby advancing our own individual interest, but—let us not be mistaken—we propose to further those principles which we claim to advocate, and after the payment of expenses, all profits derived will be devoted to that purpose.

Therefore, we appeal to the friends of the cause of labor to exert themselves in our behalf, and furnish such material aid as lies in their power.

#### THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

With offices at 90 St. Clair street, Toledo, O., and 22 Vesey street, New York city, has been organized with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of publishing tracts, books and the *Index*, a weekly paper devoted to free and rational religion. It is the object of the *Index* to give public utterance to the boldest, most cultivated and best matured thought of the age on all religious questions. The *Index* is edited by Francis E. Abbot, with the following list of editorial contributors:

O. B. Frothingham, of New York city; Thomas W. Higginson, of Newport, R. I.; William J. Potter, of New Bedford, Mass.; Richard P. Hollowell, of Boston, Mass.; William H. Spencer, of Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. E. D. Cheney, of Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Rev. Charles Vosey, of London, England; Prof. Francis W. Newman, of Bristol, England; Rev. Moncure D. Conway, of London, England.

Every Christian minister and every thinking church-member should subscribe for it, as the clearest, most candid and most scholarly expositor of the differences between free thought and Evangelical Christianity, and as the means of becoming well informed of the arguments which the church will have to meet in the future.

Almost every number contains a discourse or leading article which alone is worth the price of one year's subscription.

Send \$2.00 for one year, or 50 cents for three months on trial.

Address THE INDEX,  
Drawer 38, Toledo, Ohio.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

#### PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY AND ITS INTEREST.

BY ORSON KNIGHTLY.

While eating a cold dinner in the plow-field, I chanced to read in a mutilated publication some remarks by Gail Hamilton on the equitable distribution of productive industry, which indicates a superficial view—a lack of experience which can only be had by years of privations, pressing needs and ceaseless toil, although this condition ill begets a skillful, artistic writer. She says:

"Two men will work side by side in the same shop, upon

equal wages. One buys cigars and wine, frequents balls and billiards, hires horses and carriages, procures fine clothes for himself and his family, takes frequent holidays, and finds himself at the end of ten years no richer than at the beginning. Another abstains from all sensual indulgence, finds amusement in the society of his family, carefully invests his small surplusage every month, and at the end of ten years, without any speculation, or any means except industry and prudent investment, is the owner of ten thousand dollars, and has besides lived a life as happy, and reared a family as comfortable, as respectable, as well educated as his neighbor, who has spent his all."

This is not my observation as to what makes the mechanic poor, even to old age. Most of my life has been spent at the carpenter's trade. I am nearly sixty, and have worked with many hundred different mechanics. A very large percent. were poor—some comfortable, but most of them uncomfortably poor. It is not fine horses and carriages, or clothes, elegant balls, wines or cigars, that absorb the earnings of the working classes, but rather food, shelter and clothing for themselves and their families. It is a notorious fact that most of the working classes are prolific, while the non-producing classes are not.

Pardon me if I talk from experience. Born on a cold, bleak mountain in New Hampshire, with other four like-fortunate boys; without a father when all were under twelve; reared in poverty, spending years of childhood in looking for that "millennial day" when we might have something good to eat; married early, and have reared ten children. Now let us look back over this beaten path over which so many travel. How much does it cost to rear a child? Has my "fair writer" had the experience? Perhaps so, and has done it, too, by her magic pen in six months; while with the laboring class it takes from sixteen to eighteen years of care, nursing, food and shelter, to bring them to a self-supporting point. One thousand dollars is cheap to board, lodge and clothe a child for sixteen years. Does my "fair sister" wish the contract, minus the luxuries which wealth brings? Though this may be good for children if it is for older people, she may think it a light undertaking; but we know this is where much of the money goes; if not money, then labor. It is a misstatement of facts, that the leak is as she says. My observation covers a period of forty-five years; and the exceptions may be as one in twenty, that spend their earnings as she reports.

"Carefully invests his small surplusage every month!" Tut! tut! this won't do. Suppose every mechanic should practice this sage counsel, "and at the end of ten years" this speculation would be busted. However, Mrs. Gail is safe, since she knows only a small part has any "surplusage" to spare. If any man or woman "is the owner of ten thousand dollars" not produced by themselves, it must be the product of some other hands—labor alone produces wealth.

Will my fair lady and her friends join with me and my friends in a colony for Colorado? we to have the money—they the muscle; this condition to be well fortified by low usury—two-and-a-half per cent.—then at the end of ten years she may write how this "equitable distribution of productive industry" works.

When the laboring classes can write, and, through a *Harper*, give the facts on the "other side," a brighter day will dawn upon the producing classes. Money is and has been king. Then labor will be a coin that will be current the world over, and a beaten path and passport to heaven, or to competence, which ought to be the reward of all working people.

#### UNPLEASANT FACTS THAT NEED TO BE TOLD.

BY THOS. W. ORGAN.

For some years I have been a careful critical observer and student of social life in all its phases and manifestations; and as a probable and possible result of this research and study, I have aspired and desired to give to the world a suggestive text-book on "The Art and Science of Reproduction." Such a production must of necessity be historical, analytical and scientific. It must deal not only with existing social conditions, but with the past and present causes, which have ostensibly developed actual present results, whether those results be good or bad. I have aimed to study the operation and manifestation of the love impulse, or impulses (amateness and conjugality), under the various climatic, dietetic, governmental and theological influences and condition, to which the Aryan race has been subjected, with the view to establish, if possible, upon historic precedents, the law inherent which should govern the sexual relations and reproductive functions of our race. I have even faithfully pushed my researches into the voiceless, pathless ages of prehistoric man, where only the "word" spoken with its roots and signification silently hints at the then existing social life of our progenitors, ages before Moses had recorded the traditions and history of the Shemitic Israelites, based upon the actual deeds and acts of the humanity of the past, could form no solid basis upon which to build a harmonious and permanent social structure. The ideals of a race is one thing, its acts quite another. The idealism of Jesus projected into the stream of human thought is one thing, while the aggregate acts of his professed followers is quite another thing. Illustration—Pope Innocent III.; Comstock, Caldwell & Co.

The historic idealism of the race, or of its prophets, poets and philosophers, is the only historic basis upon which any rational theory of normal social life can be based. And even historic ideals are not and cannot be basic principles in social life unless the ideals of the present are in harmony with the ideals of the past. The social question is, therefore, resolved into a prophetic, poetical and philosophical idealism, which necessitates social freedom as the first essential condition to the establishing of normal sexual relations. If the sexual impulse leads instinctively into monogamic relations then a condition of freedom is the proper method by which to determine this law; and it can only be determined by the nat-

ural stimulus and natural restraints of absolute freedom. Any system of religious or legal repression or limitation creates and perpetuates influences adverse to normal growth, and so precludes the possibility of a scientific test. If man, by inherent natural instinct or impulse, is monogamic, then why is law created to force him to maintain that relation? Why not upon the same basis of reasoning create a law to force a woman to love her child, or a man to love his friends? Can law create love, develop love, or perpetuate love? Law is force, brute force at that, as thousands of suffering women have attested in all ages. Has brute force, in any age of the world, or in any condition of social life, been successful in awakening, inspiring or developing the loves inherent in human nature? If it has, I confess to have overlooked that historic fact. The law of marriage, as formed and enforced by masculine theology, masculine impudence and masculine tyranny, without the consent of the woman soul, is now and ever has been the subjective and repressive forces which have made woman's life one long night of despair and degradation.

But in my historical researches on social life, two "unpleasant facts that need to be told" have been projected on every page of social history. And out of the conditions which have given these facts historic existence have grown all the unpleasant facts in social life, to which I shall in the future refer as illustrations of the outrage inflicted under the sanction and protection of marriage law. To the casual and superficial observer, unaccustomed to a critical study of social phenomena, these facts may appear excessive and distorted. But any one who has invaded and explored the under-currents and activities of social life, will be fully convinced that I have observed and analyzed correctly. I shall, therefore, state the facts and leave the readers to account for the phenomena.

The first fact is: The male animal man has been a fierce, passionate, promiscuous or polygamic brute, following his amative impulse with a blind, persistent determination, regardless of cost or consequence to himself or his victims. Even while apparently aiming to observe monogamic forms and relations, in spirit and in deed he has been promiscuous.

The second fact is: The female man or woman has been in all ages the uncompromising enemy of polygamy and promiscuity, forever aiming and aspiring to maintain and perpetuate monogamic relations and condition, whenever and wherever theological or political creeds or customs would permit her to do so.

It is true that incidental exceptions abound to relieve the monotony of these passionate movements of mind, but still the historic facts remain unchanged and unquestioned by any careful social scientist.

These apparent or actual contradictions and antagonism of the sexual dualism of human nature have perplexed the psychologists of all ages. But in the light of sexual physiology and sexual phrenology the mystery is made apparent. Man is and has been excessively amative, woman excessively conjugial. Both are unbalanced, and in a moral sense in an abnormal state or relation to each other, and therefore social inharmonious is the now existent condition of social life. I cannot stop here to specify the causes or influences which have created and maintained these opposite and unbalanced states of sexual expression, from which have resulted so much misery, wrong and injustice in the world. Evil tendencies once acquired are self-projective, self-perpetuated and self-maintained, until some other corrective force disturb the conditions upon which they exist, and then they cease. The social reform movement, now fully inaugurated, is the corrective moral force, resolute—to destroy the conditions—through which and by which all social evils are maintained. It may take years to accomplish the results desired, but in the order of human events the prophets dream will be ere long crystallized into historic fact.

I am well aware that all revolutions and reforming efforts produce anarchy, as the first step and, the first essential, before the elements can become subject to the new formative forces under which they are to reform. The individual elements which constitute our present social institutions must be torn away from the forms and forces which now fetter them, and surcharged with the spirit of an individual freedom, and then left to drift by natural impulse into their proper relations. The present movement is the disorganizing effort, the disintegrating force, which settles nothing, but unsettles everything preparatory to future adjustment. The political enfranchisement of the woman element is a certainty of our political existence, and by awakening her to newer duties and responsibilities it opens the door to her social freedom. The male aristocracy, and theology of the past and present, cannot and dare not limit the social freedom of the woman of the future. Her body and soul will not be fettered by law, custom and religion, and made subject to the brutal indignities and outrages of man's amative ferocities, as in the past and at the present.

In order to promote this object, I shall continue to present to the world through the *WEEKLY* many "unpleasant facts that need to be told" concerning the amative crimes of men against the woman soul of the world; and if this record is black and dark and damning, blame not the soul that dares to reveal them.

DANVILLE, Ill., Feb. 16, 1873.

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—MURDER BY LAW.

This is a subject the pen does not touch with the freedom it touches intemperance, insanity, life, death and immortality, and yet this subject embraces all these—combines them.

We pity the inebriate, we look most sorrowfully upon the maniac; we shudder at the thought of death and bitterly mourn when it wraps our loved ones in its icy embrace; we talk of the realities of life, its struggles and triumphs and fearful mysteries, and of eternity we speak with sacred awe. Yet when the inebriate, the insane, the morally deformed, swing from the gibbet, from life into death and the great



eternity, we accept the deed as just because the murder is done by law.

There is a child born in sin, reared in sin, turning more naturally toward evil than good, left to struggle with evil propensities, to stumble through the dark way of sin, surrounded by evil conditions and unfavorable circumstances. We look upon him pityingly and hope the little good in him may yet overcome the bad.

There is the drunkard staggering by. We turn with a sigh and perhaps a tear from the unhappy sight. We know that man forgets his dignity and will sink himself into imbecility, degradation, perhaps crime, if God's hand or man's hand does not reach his heart ere it is too late. Ah! we pity the insane, the morally deformed, the inebriate, but when the imbecile, the imbruted wretch, the criminal, swings from the gibbet, when the soul is jerked into eternity by the barbarous rope and the quivering flesh paints the agony of a cruel and unnatural death, we stand and look upon the scene in this nineteenth century and offer no protest against the ungodly deed.

"It is a shocking sight to witness," you say; "but what shall we do with the murderer, the wretch that defies law and order?" and when the answer is given, "take away his liberty," you say if that were the only punishment, murderers would increase in tenfold ratio. Now let us look into this matter. How many murderers are punished by this law? We see every day the great villains who have money and influence escaping punishment, while the wretched, half-witted tool of the accomplished villain is the one who is oftenest hanged. We see another thing that proves capital punishment, aside from its barbarity, a failure in accomplishing the end it is intended to answer. The law says: "To take the life of any human being with malice prepense is murder." To kill with a deadly weapon in the commission of an unlawful act, but not with intention to kill, is manslaughter; an indictment for murder includes all minor degrees of homicide falling within the evidence. There are cases where the jury must find for murder or acquit as the crime cannot be brought within the lower degree of homicide and made punishable with imprisonment. For example: man may presume himself injured in his character or reputation and that the only redress is to take the life of his detractor, and while the law would deem him guilty of murder, the compassion of a jury for him on account of the severity of the penalty attached, would be displayed in their verdict and the criminal would be set at liberty merely because the punishment would be greater than is consistent with the crime. Again! A man may consider his life in danger (though not immediate) and that the law would justify him in taking the life of his enemy, when in reality, in law, his life was in no danger whatever. Again, would a jury liberate him from all punishment rather than see him suffer the extreme penalty attached to his crime; for as murder in the first degree cannot be punished with imprisonment, he must either be hanged or acquitted, and in such a case is oftener acquitted than made to suffer death; whereas, if he were guilty of manslaughter, a lesser degree of crime, he would be nearly certain of punishment because the penalty attached is not death, but imprisonment. Thus we see the greater crime goes unpunished because of the severity of the penalty attached, while the lesser one, having a humane and consistent penalty, rarely escapes punishment. In other words, the man killing with malice prepense escapes punishment as often as he receives it, while the man killing without intent to kill finds his punishment nearly a certainty. Another evidence that capital punishment is a failure, is shown in the fact that while the greatest criminal may be acquitted, innocent men are sometimes hanged.

Human life is a sacred thing. God gives it, and when man takes it by law, or not by law, he takes upon himself a fearful responsibility; he sends a soul into eternity—takes away that which he can never restore, that which is a mystery to himself, which God alone can understand. We know almost nothing about the causes of crime, are not competent to judge of the different degrees of crime. We know not in what degree a man is responsible for his evil deeds, or just how much punishment is due him. The law licenses and society sanctions the use of intoxicating drinks and other immoral practices, thus educating men to crime; and when society is disturbed by the natural result of its false teachings, to repair the wrong it commits a like one and calls it right.

Any punishment administered without the intent to improve the offender is sinful and degrading both to him who administers and him who receives his punishment. Man has no right to defile the image of his Maker by doing aught that will degrade or bring indignity upon the human form and the immortal soul. We have learned the degradation and barbarity of the whipping-post, and of those dismal prisons that shut out hope and aspiration and all good and blessed influences; but the gibbet remains a cruel blotch upon our civilization, an instrument of death made by law, a thing of barbarity that lowers the law-makers of an enlightened nation to the level of the hardened wretch that respects not human life. Here it stands in our midst, a thing so revolting to the divine instincts of the soul that the roughest and lowest man shrinks from the performance of its deadly work. Look at the hangman employed by the Government to kill his offending brother-man—look at the rabble rushing wildly to witness the shocking sight, and see if this legal killing prevents illegal killing. When the law of an enlightened government call *deliberate murder* justice,

is it surprising that individuals, members of that government, learn from its code of honor to settle their difficulties with swords and bullets? We call this a Christian land, but how much in advance of the heathen is the Christian that justifies murder by law? Any heathen can settle difficulties with the ax or gibbet. This is no new idea—this taking of life for the taking of life. This "blood for blood" doctrine is very old; it is a relic of barbarism deforming our civilization. We are a Christian people, believing God's mercy may reach the lowest and vilest of His children. We send to the prisoner's cell the minister with the Holy Book, and believe that salvation may come to the poor wretch whom the gallows is staring in the face; and, although we believe the criminal may be prepared for heaven—for the society of angels—we have no hope that he can ever be prepared for our society in this lower world. If we thought so, why condemn him to death? If there be a hope for the criminal why not give him the benefit of that hope in this life?

Punishment should not be given in retaliation but for the safety of society and the correction of the criminal. Hanging fails to protect society, and places the criminal beyond the power of human correction. As a Christian people, we believe the vilest wretch may be saved at the eleventh hour through the mercy of Christ. We also believe that he who is cut off suddenly from life, who is caught in the grasp of death before his heart is reached by divine mercy, is thrust with all his sin into a state of misery. Yet, when the poor wretch who has violated the law of this Christian land is sentenced to death on the gallows, when through dreary months of confinement, within a loathsome cell, his hardened heart is not reached by the spirit of God, when his clouded intellect and obtuse nature reject divine mercy, he is granted no longer time by the law of this Christian land, but sent into eternity to be miserable forever. What if the prisoner doomed to be hanged were granted another year—a month—a day, and in that day God's mercy reached his heart; then one soul would be saved through the little charity that spared a life a day. What if this Christian nation could be more consistent and extend to the criminal the charity the Master taught—cancel the heathen law of "blood for blood," and offer in its stead mercy in an asylum for the unhappily organized children of God? What if the germ of divinity that we know lies buried in the wickedest heart were offered healthy conditions and favorable circumstances? Would it not be more in accordance with God's laws and the charity Jesus taught to give the divine germ opportunity to outgrow the poisonous weeds of sin, than to sanction and justify retaliation and murder by snatching its life?

Nearly the last words of Jesus as he hung in agony on the cross were these: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." *Forgive them, the murderers*, who nailed his body to the cross, who tortured Him in His dying moments, flung at Him hisses and curses and cruel mockery as he groaned in the gasp of death. "*Forgive them, they know not what they do!*" These were the sublimest words ever spoken, and every man who professes to live by the pure and beautiful teachings of Jesus ought to remember them, and cleanse his heart of the barbarous feeling that dares to justify murder by law. Let every man calling himself a Christian be ready to take the murderer by the hand and teach him to comprehend that he has an immortal soul, and that no soul can be happy here or hereafter until it be lifted out of the darkness of sin.

See yonder poor wretch, untutored and unrefined, bruised and battered and pitilessly left to stumble on his darkened way; see him growing to hate the world and curse his own existence, growing harder and more brutal with the kicks and cuffs of humanity around him, losing all respect for human life and all thought of his own immortal soul. Ah, we know he comes upon this earth with much of his grossness and animality a heritage. Like the physically deformed, from whose horrible limbs or eyes or savage-looking mouths we turn away shuddering, the spiritually deformed come into life inheriting many of their evil passions, to sink them into the depths of crime and send them cursed and shunned and hated through the dark ways of degradation and misery. Oh, God help them! Oh God forgive us if we are too blind to pity them! All of the Father's work is sacred, all worth molding into something good. It is, perhaps, hard to show mercy to the wretch that defies law and outrages humanity. It is easy to see his enormous crime and decide that he deserves great punishment; but if we know how he came by his evil nature, I think we could weep for him and reach out a helping hand for the sake of the one spark of divinity in his darkened soul. We know that no child of God can fall so low but the right heart at the right moment can lift him up.

Death in its mildest form is something we cannot contemplate without a shudder. Any form of life we cling to tenaciously rather than meet the cold grasp of the destroyer.

To live—to go out into the light—to see the sun shine, the trees grow—to feel the soul expand with the thought of liberty and life—to love—to hope—*then face death!* Death in any shape—this is the awful thought that turns the soul faint and sick with dread! To face death at home, among friends, without physical pain, tenderly cared for, wept for, prayed for—to face death coming with all gentleness and sweetness, requires the courage of the bravest or the recklessness of the most insensible.

To face death on the gibbet—to see the rope dangling—to feel an eternity of anguish crowded into the moment—to look into the blackness, the great gloom beyond the fatal

drop—to see the bright world fading out of sight—to feel the cold moisture of death creeping into the heart—to shudder, to faint, to die disgraced—despised—a criminal—ah, this is the fearful thing that means more than death!

Law-makers of an enlightened people, look at this death on the gibbet—look long and deep! Look into the great blackness you send the soul to meet; look into the death your own feet are pressing forward to—look beyond! There in the eternity, where the soul is laid bare, where a higher justice awaits us, the law-maker of this enlightened day, who lifts not his voice against the foul error that calls *lawful murder just*, may be adjudged as guilty as some poor criminals who have suffered more than death through a barbarous law.

NELSON KENT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1869.

The following poem was given through the mediumship of Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of California, and dedicated to one of our brave workers there working on that coast. "Truth is stranger than fiction;" and when the lives of some heroic souls are unveiled, what tragedies will be revealed!

My heart is lone and sad and desolate.  
I've lived a lifetime in a few short years.  
I will not murmur at the hand of fate.  
My eyes are heavy now with unshed tears.  
I worshiped once, aye loved, with heart of flame,  
A face so fair, a form of perfect mold;  
Into my heart of hearts this being came  
Until my birthright I had well nigh sold.

Strong in my woman's faith, I gave a heart  
With all its richest treasures to his care,  
And only wished to be of him a part.  
Breathing his name in every voiceless prayer.  
My bliss seemed perfect, joy was all complete.  
I blindly trusted to the faith of man,  
Laid all God's blessings at my idol's feet,  
And worshiped him as only woman can.

Slowly, but surely, as the days passed on  
The unwelcome truth kept bursting on my sight,  
Until I saw my cherished idol gone,  
And all my sun of life go down in night.  
Through months of agony I wove a chain  
Of tender links to bind him to my side,  
But they were rent by death's stern hand in twain—  
Three times a mother ere four years a bride.

Oh, God! My God, within this heart of mine  
There scarcely seemed enough of life to save,  
For I had buried at my idol's shrine  
The talents that my great, all Father gave.  
Ah! well, the tiny spark within my breast  
Burst into flame, and I again felt strong  
To battle with the world, but not to rest  
While woman needs a voice to plead her wrong.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 21, 1865.

#### RADICAL RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLINTON INDEPENDENT TRACT SOCIETY.

*Resolved*, That the right of the people peaceably to discuss measures of public policy is one for the maintenance of which we dare to face the aristocrats, tyrants, and time servers of the world.

*Resolved*, That the late closing of Music Hall against Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull was a usurpation worthy only of the days of despotism and the Inquisition; and while we reprobate and condemn the animus of those engaged in the infamous business in the strongest language possible, we hereby record our belief that posterity will hold the lukewarm friends of freedom in a great measure responsible for the perpetration of the outrage.

*Resolved*, That we recognize in the attempt of Mayor Pierce and his sympathizers to overawe the Labor Reformers and choke off free discussion of social and labor questions the menace and meanness of a dominant aristocracy of wealth and political power, whose encroachments it now becomes "the sovereign people" to resist, even at the peril of life and fortune.

*Resolved*, That the hour has come for organized, earnest and self-sacrificing struggle to defend and maintain our constitutional guarantees, viz: Freedom of Thought and Conscience and their expression, Freedom of the Press, and the Inviolability of the Mails!

A. BRIGGS DAVIS, Secretary.

#### PROPOSITIONS IN SEXUAL SCIENCE.

##### BASAL PROPOSITIONS.

First.—The human race is dual—male and female.  
Second.—The continuation of the human race depends upon the blending of its quality in sexual commerce.  
Third.—The commerce is natural when governed by the law of its existence—its regulation by arbitrary law being a prostitution of its natural use and purpose.

##### DEFINATORY PROPOSITIONS.

First.—LOVE is sexual attraction, and may be passionate and temporary—passional, intellectual and moral, and consequently perfect and permanent, or modifications of these, both as to incentive and continuation.

Second.—FREE LOVE is the natural name for the relations of the sexes, which primarily result from—and are maintained by—mutual and reciprocal attraction.

Third.—PROSTITUTION is the natural name for the relations of the sexes, which primarily result from—and are maintained by—reasons other than mutual and reciprocal attraction.

Fourth.—MODERN MARRIAGE is a conglomerate modification of Free Love and Prostitution—ranging from the first in its purity to the last in its extreme sense, where sexual disgust replaces delight, and endurance, reciprocity.

##### RESULTANT PROPOSITIONS.

First.—The highest order of humanity results from sexual relations in which love is the only element present.

Second.—The lowest order of humanity results from sexual relations where there is disgust instead of delight, and endurance instead of reciprocity.

Third.—The intermediate orders of humanity result from various modifications of the two extremes.



## A RHAPSODY.

BY FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

TO CLARI.

"Made bold by want and prostitute for bread."—Prior.

Clari!

Lightsome, amiable, attractive Clari—  
My Clari!

I, thy woman-lover, have loved thee.  
Every pulse of my being tremulous  
With the thrill of affectionate coalescence  
As I gazed into the depths of thy large, gray, lustrous eyes,  
Soft and tender as thy woman's heart!  
How often have I pressed my warm lips on their drooping lids!  
How often have I kissed with ardor  
Those buds conduplicate that form thy mouth,  
Sweet, full and rosy-hued,  
Made for song and dulcet speech.  
How shapely thy form; thy limbs so lithe,  
Thy bust with roundlets firm, exactly molded,  
Fluttering to every heart beat,  
Or undulating to every inhalation;  
Nature's emulsives, emblems of motherly love,  
Symbols of her exhaustless bounty concentrated,  
The measured, symmetrical swell of motion  
Gracefully curviform as a wave of mid ocean,  
The roller intervening 'twixt the calm and the tempest.  
Auburn-tressed Saxon!  
The floatant floss of thy ringless aureate,  
Nerve filament transmuted,  
How often have I smoothed caressingly!  
Delicious woman, my wild admiration!

Yet supremely better than all,  
Noble-souled girl, honest heart!

Thy sister commiserates thee,  
Thy comrade sympathizes with thee.

Money, the life-blood of this world failed thee;  
Without friends, save me;  
And I fainting in the same struggle.  
With thy Cyrenaic nature,  
Thou could'st not abide what I have endured;  
Nor withstand the cold and want and obloquy of penury,  
And be conscious, at every outward deprivation,  
That this Psychomachy is developing the innermost.

For Clari, the perfumed bath and the richest unguents of the toilet;  
For Clari, the couch of satin, curtained with costliest lace;  
For Clari, robes of velvet, necklace of diamonds and coils of pearls;  
For Clari, fit mistress of kings, a palace for a home;  
Clari a princess!

Want stared at thee, Clari,  
And crazed thee to intent of suicide.  
I saw thee quiver at the fantasy of self-destruction;  
I saw thee, in moping reverie,  
Watching the gloomy stygian boat funereal  
Rowing thro' tenebrous mists  
Over black Acheron to the Hadean shore.  
Vaguely didst thou speculate,  
Shall I be to myself an atropos,  
And cut the thread of life?  
Tremblingly thou didst question,  
Shall I go?  
I heard thy thought's soliloquy,  
Charon is beckoning me;  
A luring smile upon his grim visage invites me;  
From him Eolus wafts me the whisper,  
Commend thyself to me.  
Shall I go?  
Sobbingly I muttered,  
Wait awhile!

Thou didst start with affright,  
Frenzied, and looking wildly into the distance,  
As tho' Pluto's realm were to thy view disclosed,  
As to ecstasy clairvoyants of Alighiere;  
Ixion on his wheel; Tantalus, eternally desirous;  
Sisyphus, thankless toiler, and all the condemned of Tartarus  
Thou didst hesitate to tempt their fate.  
Ravished Proserpine, hoping to come again on earth,  
Did she seem to bid thee stay?

Falling on my bosom thy dread found vent in words—  
To this death I cannot go.  
Thy face was overshadowed  
With a look that made me tremble;  
Each lineament with fixed purpose set,  
And lips compressed and pallid;  
And lifeless, bloodless, cold,  
The hand that clasped mine.  
Darling!  
Sitting by me frigidly, with frame indurate,  
Head poised daringly, my embrace abandoned,  
With sudden ebullition thou said'st, despairingly,  
If to that death I cannot go,  
To another death I must go.

I prayed thee  
Wait awhile.

We mingled kisses and caresses,  
We mingled walls and sighs.

Clari, thou a prey to merciless lechery,  
Vending for subsistence  
The most exquisite emotions of thy glorious body;  
Thy dear form lewdly gloated over,  
And its pure beauty breathed upon  
By the unclean exhalance of the libidinous?  
Made and abashed,  
Thy face with pudency rufescent,  
Thy bare body glared at with Satyric leers;  
Thy sanctuary of sacred love  
Polluted by selfish salacity;  
Lust reeking in thy reluctant arms,  
And profaning thy statuesque limbs;  
Demons engirding thee in foul embrace,  
And saturating thee with baneful magnetism,  
Making thee the toy of desecrating concupiscence?  
Do I see thee a Mimolonian dame,  
Riotously quaffing and dancing  
With Silenus in frantic orgies?  
Has folly metamorphosed thee?  
O one of humanity!  
Inwreathed in my arms, I tightly clasp thee,  
I would save thee from the glut of base desire,  
From the goatishness of the fleshling.  
Angels only are fit to possess thee;

I see thee in other scenes,  
The old forgetting.

No more the delight of books;  
No more entrancedly poring over romance,  
And with beaming visage relating to thy companion  
The wondrous story that infatuated thy fancy!  
No more the intense preoccupation of study,  
Seeking the knowledge of truth in the mysteries of science,  
Kindling with these sparks of intellect the fire of our own thoughts;  
No more quickenings of the spirit in aspirations for the good and perfect,  
Nor pleadings in the hopeful heart  
For higher possibilities, greater capabilities!

Silenced in the din of worldly life  
The guardian voice of conscience.

No more the enchantment of music,  
The harmonic thoughts of the great masters  
Made audible by thy dexterous fingers.  
Girl of rippling song! Prima Donna!  
No more, divine caroler,  
Will thy soul-declaring tones  
Lull me to love or reverie, languor or melancholy;  
No more interchange of wit and satire;  
No more sport and romp and boisterous play,  
Nor wild merriment and frolic, fun,  
Effusion of our contented and hilarious minds;  
No more the reverberating laugh  
Over the sparkling glass,  
Nor prattling unweariedly into the night,  
Thinking that this is the age of gold,  
And that we are the women for a better time,  
Permanently released, by happier conditions,  
From the miserable destiny of our sex.

Too soon, by thy dire fate,  
Awakened from this dream.

No more hugging cozily in my arms the winter nights,  
Closely pressed to my *embosomed* body,  
Deluded by frightful or exhilarating images in dreams;  
Or, starting up the summer sultry morn,  
We too hieing to the green and gladsome park.  
No more influence from each other's spheres;  
From me, as thou hast oft said,  
Thought, inquiry, bright gaiety and hope incessant;  
From thee, docile, spiritual receptivity.  
No more basking in each other's magnetisms,  
Interblending of soul auras,  
As in nature's incessant play of polarity;  
Whereby I give to thee what thou needest,  
And receive of thee what I need.  
No more loving together, chiding, impatience, forgiving;  
No more joy together;  
No more sorrow together.

Know ye, O women of a future generation,  
That to-day there exist two altars for human sacrifices  
Whose rites are far more cruel  
Than those of the fabled Minotaur.  
Of these shrines the presiding deity is lust,  
Incarnate and insatiate in man.  
Women are the victims offered to this demon,  
Who is worshipped, at one of these altars,  
With specious forms, under the name of MATRIMONY;  
At the other, with the most unrestrained license,  
Under the name of PROSTITUTION;  
At either of these idolisms,  
Women must be immolated.  
If they would insure themselves subsistence;  
Since the gods of these *Obeahs*  
Monopolize every avenue of support,  
Excluding the female sex  
From all lucrative occupation.

The altar of Matrimony!  
The worship of this altar demands of women  
That they shall barter their souls and bodies  
For existence sake.  
This world offers them no other aspiration.  
The young and the old, the fresh and the worn,  
The gay and the sorrowful, the beautiful and the homely,  
Adore this delusive sacrament of marriage.  
Chosen by one of the man-gods,  
To whom this altar is dedicated,  
The woman is linked to him  
With awful ceremonies;  
And this transfer of her property in herself  
Is celebrated with epithalamiums of joy;  
Amid song and glee and revelry.  
Unnatural oaths are imposed upon her;  
She must swear implicit and unending obedience  
To the master to whom she is thus yoked for life.  
If she observe her vow, all freedom is lost to her;  
In speech or act, hardly even in thought,  
Dare she impugn her despot,  
Who only fondles and cares for his vassal  
As she conforms to the iron rules  
He has prescribed for her.

Under this guise of marriage  
Lustful gluttons desecrate the sexual act;  
Deflowering and tormenting their victims,  
Who are thus debarred from all perception  
Of the exquisiteness of reciprocity  
In this divinest function of the body.  
The charms surrendered at this altar of matrimony,  
Are to him alone appurtenant  
Into whose possession they are yielded,  
And are not to be lavished upon other gods,  
Lest their instinct of possession be excited;  
For these gods have so little honor  
And so much lust  
That they seize incontinently any opportunity  
To debauch the slaves or slave daughters of their fellows.  
Sometimes these insidious gods  
Say to innocence and beauty,  
Let me but taste of thy sweet body  
And I swear to yoke thee after.  
Rarely do these gods yoke after tasting,  
And their inexpiable treachery  
Goes unnoticed of the minions of matrimony,  
While the deluded victims are punished  
With the extreme rigor of social ostracism,  
In this bondage of matrimony  
Unimaginable misery, and woe unspeakable  
Are endured by those consigned to this despotism,  
Wherein the strong inflict nameless cruelties on the weak.

The altar of Prostitution!  
Women destitute and starving,  
Friendless, homeless and desperate,  
Are driven to this altar as their only refuge;  
Women, whom the imps of matrimony  
Have deceived or abandoned,  
And upon whom the shackled slaves of the juggernaut, opinio,  
Pour out all the contempt of the ban of caste;  
Women finding no yoke-fellow at the altar of matrimony,  
Are driven hither by irresistible necessity.  
Slaves who have fled from the unendurable cruelty of a savage owner,  
Or who prefer reckless freedom and wild revel  
To the scourge of the matrimonial fiend.  
The most broken-hearted of women  
Are the priestesses of prostitution.  
The gods of this altar  
Are likewise the gods of matrimony.  
With a pharisaical variation of physiognomy.  
As matrimonial gods,  
They assume the gravity and dignity of masters;  
As gods of prostitution,  
They riot with bacchanalian libertinism,  
Dragging, with aphrodisiac clutch, into degradation,  
The innocent, tender and beautiful,  
The sad, comfortless and sick of soul,  
And, most horrible of all, budding adolescence;  
Since, in this wretched existence,  
Are to be found unfortunate children  
Selling themselves for the support of their parents,  
As these matrimonial gods do not always maintain their slaves.  
Would that I could depict the agonies  
Of the captives of this altar!  
That I might waken some pity for them,  
Some sympathy that would shield them  
From the anathema of the yoked slave,  
Or the public reprobation of the gods that use them.  
This magnetism of universal contumely  
Vexes to frenzy these poor exiles from humanity.  
Made wild with horror of being hated,  
They whelm all spiritual incitement  
In the stupefaction of animalism.  
The yoked slaves of matrimony  
Stigmatise them as outcast.  
Outcasts ye, poor captived bondwomen,  
Emmeshed in a network of convention;  
Outcasts from freedom, truth and spiritual beauty;  
Outcasts from charity, the all essential virtue;  
Outcasts from pity, tenderness and sympathy  
For these poor, banished, suffering sisters.  
The gods who made them what they are,  
The hireling servants of their brutish passions,  
Brand them with ignominy,  
And call them outcast.  
Outcast they!  
From all goodness, greatness;  
From the faintest glimmer of nobility  
Or generosity of nature;  
From all that man exalts above the animals  
And humanizes the race;  
From all manliness and knightly courtesy,  
Or that Christian sentiment of chivalry,  
Which protects the oppressed and feeble.

Raze these barbarous altars,  
Dedicated to a ruthless worship!  
Demolish the altar of matrimony!  
Remove the yoke from the enslaved!  
No more broken hearts,  
No more bodies or souls for sale!  
Overthrow the altar of prostitution!  
Restore the outcast!  
Make glad the despised!  
Dry the tears of the weeping,  
No more bodies for sale!

Dethrone the monster lust!  
Dethrone the tyrant gods!  
To every woman  
Give opportunity of employment;  
To every woman  
Give the power of self-maintenance;  
Let every woman  
Possess her soul!  
Let every woman  
Possess her body!  
Let the yoked slave and the prostitute  
Be free,  
And conjoin in sisterhood,  
With love, charity and equality!  
Even in judgment of the oppressor,  
Let then be catholic!  
The monster god:  
Instruct him,  
Love him,  
Make him, indeed a god!

Clari!  
Nierophant at the altar of prostitution,  
Ministering there with nerve, majesty and serenity,  
I see that not for naught  
Were thou impelled thither.  
The love and peace and joy  
Of thine inner being,  
The grace and beauty  
Of thine eternal presence,  
The truth and candor  
Of thine earnest nature,  
Dispel the mist of grossness  
Into which thou hast descended.  
The lustful gods, who have touched thee,  
Have been spiritualized  
By their chastening influence.  
Teach them how sublime is the sexual impulse  
When purified and demephitized,  
By taste, intellect and the recognition of ideal uses.  
Be thou a missionary to this Demonolatry.

O heal the wounds  
And utter words of hope  
To thy sister outcasts!  
For thee I, thy woman-lover,  
Pine no more.  
I see that angels are instructing thee,  
I see that angels are caring for thee,  
Clari!



## C. L. James' Column.

DEVOTED TO.

## Free Love &amp; Free Religion.

## The Truth Teller.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., January 20, 1873.

To the Patrons of the Truth Teller:

I understand, through Woodhull & Claflin, that they are able and intend shortly to recommence the publication of their paper. This being the case, I have determined to withdraw the *Truth Teller*, and to hire instead a column of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. The suspension of my paper during so many weeks was unavoidable. Its publication compelled me to dispose of my business and property at Alma. All subscriptions paid toward its support will be refunded on demand. I recommend my former patrons, one and all, to subscribe for WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. The editors are women, representing the cause of woman as no man can; they have more power and ability than any of our allies in America, and they have endured persecutions with which mine cannot be compared. I resign cheerfully to them the standard which, to the best of my ability, I bore while they were in the hands of the enemy. C. L. JAMES.

**FLAS.** Those really interested in practical social reform should not fail to become conversant with the nature of this institution. Full information may be obtained by addressing

C. L. JAMES,  
Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

## A MORAL VINDICATOR.

If Mr. Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
Had one peculiar quality,  
'Twas his severe advocacy  
Of conjugal fidelity.

His views of heaven were very free,  
His views of life were painfully  
Ridiculous, but fervently  
He dwelt on marriage sanctity.

He frequently went on a spree,  
But, in his wildest revelry,  
On this, his special subject, he  
Betrayed no ambiguity.

And though at times Lycurgus B.  
Did lay his hands not lovingly  
Upon his wife, the sanctity  
Of wedlock was his guarantee.

But Mrs. Jones declined to see  
Affairs in the same light as he,  
And quietly got a decree  
Divorcing her from Jones, L. B.

What then did Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
With his known idiosyncrasy?  
He smiled—a bitter smile to see—  
And drew the weapon of Bowie.

He did what Slickles did to Key,  
What Cole on Hiseock wrought did he;  
In fact on persons twenty-three  
He proved the marriage sanctity.

The counsellor who took the fee,  
The judge who granted the decree,  
The witness and the referee,  
Died in that wholesale butchery.

And then when Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
Had wiped the weapon of Bowie,  
Twelve jurymen did instantly  
Acquit and set Lycurgus free.

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## Beautiful Women.

ALL women know that it is *beauty*, rather than *genius*, which all generations of men have worshipped in the sex. Can it be wondered at, then, that so much of woman's time and attention should be directed to the means of developing and preserving that beauty? Women know too, that when men speak of the intellect of women, they speak critically, tamely, coolly; but when they come to speak of the charms of a beautiful woman, both their language and their eyes kindle with an enthusiasm which shows them to be profoundly, if not, indeed, ridiculously in earnest. It is part of the natural sagacity of women to perceive all this, and therefore employ every allowable art to become the goddess of that adoration. Preach to the contrary as we may against the arts employed by women for enhancing their beauty, there still stands the eternal fact, that the world does not prefer the society of an ugly woman of genius to that of a beauty of less intellectual acquirements.

The world has yet allowed no higher mission to woman than to be beautiful, and it would seem that the ladies of the present age are carrying this idea of the world to greater extremes than ever, for all women now to whom nature has denied the talismanic power of beauty, supply the deficiency by the use of a most delightful toilet article known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has lately been introduced into this country by GEORGE W. LAIRD. A delicate beautifier which smooths out all indentations, furrows, scars, removing tan, freckles and discolorations, and imparts beauty, clearness, and softness to the skin, giving the cheeks the appearance of youth and beauty. With the assistance of this new American trick of a lady's toilet, female beauty is destined to play a larger part in the admiration of men, and the ambition of women, than all the arts employed since her creation.

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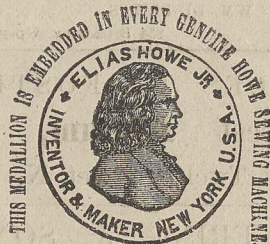
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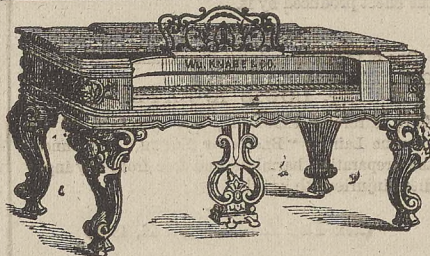
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