

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

Vol. VI.—No. 8.—Whole No. 138.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1873.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)
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THEIR INCOME from means already invested in less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty

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The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent. premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands, at Market

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This road runs from the City of Syracuse to Smith's Valley, where it unites with the New York Midland Railroad, thus connecting that city by a direct line of road with the metropolis.

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The road approaches completion. It traverses a populous and fertile district of the State, which insures it a paying business, and it is under the control of gentlemen of high character and ability. Its bonds possess all the requisites of an inviting investment. They are amply secured by a mortgage for less than one-third the value of the property. They pay seven per cent. gold interest, and are offered five per cent. below par. The undersigned confidently recommend them to all class of investors.

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FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

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VERTIBLE 7 PER

CENT. CURRENCY BONDS.

INTEREST WARRANTS PAYABLE

OCTOBER AND APRIL,

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Baltic, Saturday, February 15, at 3.00 p. m.
Celtic, Saturday, February 22, at 1.00 p. m.
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combining
Safety, Speed, and Comfort.
Saloons, state-rooms, smoking room, and bath rooms
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These steamers do not carry steerage passengers.
American travelers going to or returning from the
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6th; Beloit, Wis., 7th, 8th and 9th; Madison, Wis., 11th
and 12th; Watertown, Wis., 13th, 14th and 15th; Fond
Du Lac, 16th and 17th; Oshkosh, 18th, 19th and 20th;
Ripon, 21st and 22d; Whitewater, 24th and 25th;
Waukesha, 26th and 27th; Chicago, Matteson House,
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Psychometric Readings for persons who send me
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The new and staunch steamers
CITY OF BOSTON,
CITY OF NEW YORK,
CITY OF LAWRENCE and
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Will leave New York daily (Sundays excepted) at 4
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Canal and Watts streets.
For New London, and Norwich, their connecting
with Express trains for the above points, via Vermont
Central, Norwich and Worcester, and Boston, Hart-
ford and Erie Railroads.
For through tickets and rates for freight, apply at
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W. F. PARKER, Agent.
New York, June 7, 1872.

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Risk of Hall and expenses taken, and 25 cents
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complete and valuable printing and publishing estab-
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household goods. Yet he comes to the surface again
with unabated ardor, re-establishes himself at No. 407
West Madison street, where he has gathered new ma-
terial for his business, and from which point he has
already issued the first number (since the fire) of the
Western Rural, the same size and in the same form as
previous to the fiery storm. Nobody would imagine,
on glancing at the neat, artistic head and well-filled
pages of the *Rural* that anything uncomfortably warm
or specially disastrous had ever happened to it. Suc-
cess to Lewis and his excellent *Rural*. Chicago ought
to feel proud of it."

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A RURAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY JOURNAL
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WHAT "THEY SAY."

[From the *Chicago Evening Post*.]
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[From the *Letter of a Western Mother*.]
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\$5,000,000

7 per cent. Gold Bonds

AT 90 AND ACCRUED INTEREST. COUPON AND
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We now offer these Bonds at the above VERY LOW
price. THE CANADA SOUTHERN, or Eastern end
of this line, whose Bonds were so rapidly sold last sum-
mer,

IS NOW FINISHED,

and will be opened for business in connection with the
TOLEDO AND WABASH and other Western Roads,
at a very early day. The CHICAGO AND CANADA
SOUTHERN, or Western end of this line, is now being
rapidly built, and the Company expect it to be finished
during the present year.

THIS GREAT TRUNK LINE, when completed
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The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
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The Principles of Social Freedom.....	25
The Impending Revolution.....	25
The Ethics of Sexual Equality.....	25

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE.

1. Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you.
 4. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord.
- Gen. Ep. James v. 1-4.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

THE MEMORIAL SUBSCRIPTION IN HONOR OF THE DECEASED WIFE OF GARIBALDI.

The name of Garibaldi is very precious to all lovers of human progress. It recalls green memories of unselfish devotion to popular rights. Wherever, in either hemisphere, the contest between the principle of Liberty on the one hand and that of Authority on the other has waxed warmest, his active brain and ready hand have rendered faithful and efficient service within the limits of his opportunities and the means at his disposal. Especially in his own beloved Italy his deeds can never be forgotten. The government of that State, distinguished from most other States, even Catholic, has always been under almost exclusively clerical control. Until recently, Rome has been its seat (in reality, howsoever divided Italians may have been), and the seat of the most absolute and most absurd of despotisms. From time immemorial laymen had possessed no rights, no free meeting, no free press, not even personal liberty, no freedom at all by right, but only by concession of ecclesiastical authority. And now that Italy is supposed to be free under the rule of the consolidated government of which Victor Emmanuel is chief, and the city of Rome is restored to the Italian people, Romans nevertheless remain the slaves of this clerical despotism. The privileges of the clerical party, which had deep root in ignorance of their origin, Italy's constitutional ruler, so-called, cannot now at once remove, even if he would. There is danger, great danger, that what has already been gained to the cause of human liberty may be heedlessly thrown away. The priestly influence is still too strong. But it is greatly to the credit of Garibaldi that he opposed himself, even when such coadjutors as Mazzini shrank back in fear and trembling, to the despotism of this priestly class government. By nature and habit Mazzini was essentially a conspirator, seeking perhaps noble ends by devious ways, revolting to the hearts of brave men. Garibaldi, on the contrary, carried his heart in his hand, and equally without concealment as without compromise sought to reach his goal, already in sight, by the directest route. Possibly chargeable with imprudence, even his rashness commands admiration and inspires all hearts.

Nor was Garibaldi merely an upholder of Liberty for all. He was also a devotee of the principle of Equality promulgated by the International Workingmen's Association, and is to-day—for the hero yet lives—a member of that body; while Mazzini, in his lifetime, bitterly opposed it. Under the influence of Garibaldi's name, sections of the order sprung into existence as if by magic—many of which have made such efficient propaganda that they have been visited by the Roman police. As late as the night of May 27, "the police made a descent on the underground quarters of the International Society and succeeded in arresting six of their leaders, and also in seizing all the papers and documents belonging to the Italian branch of the order," says the Boston *Pilot* (organ of Roman Catholicism in the United States) of July 5. We had not heard of it, but the *Pilot* ought to know. At all events, presuming that the *Pilot* records a fact, it is at once the fittest commentary upon the condition of the Roman people, and the best eulogy of Garibaldi.

Is it any wonder, then, that the workers of Continental Europe should hold him in the highest estimation, or that, considering the devotion of his wife to his fortunes, they should propose a subscription in aid of the erection of a monument to her memory—literally "hunted to death," as she undoubtedly was?

The news came to the American Federal Council that their companions abroad had started such a subscription, and the Council resolved to appeal to the American people, independent of the I. W. A., in behalf of the same object. The committee appointed for that purpose, namely, B. Hubert, No. 19 Catherine street; T. R. Kinget, No. 234 E. Fifth street, and G. W. Madox, 42 John street, are now ready to receive subscriptions, no matter how small, and will duly acknowledge the same if required. Subscriptions will also be received at the office of the WEEKLY.

The American people above all others should remember Garibaldi. He was at one time a citizen of the State of New

York, and endeared himself to all who became acquainted with him. But not for that, but for his representative character so identical with our own, he should ever be held in grateful remembrance. Our revolution secularized the form of our government. For the secularization of the government of his own land and the governments of all the world he has lived and labored. Inasmuch as this, too, is one of the declared objects of the I. W. A., there should be no reluctance to aid in this work, lest our enemies should say we were taking sides against Catholicism or any other form of religion. No question of faith is at issue, only one of practice. Whatever despotism in the Church, no matter what its name, allies itself to despotism in the State—that State and that Church should at once be overthrown, let whatever will happen. Assuredly a true Church and a true State, if there be any, would survive the overthrow of the false. And, finally, if Pius IX. himself were to perform such deeds as his Inaugural gave promise of, and his sister or mother (we cannot say wife, since the Pope is doomed to perpetual celibacy), were to share his perils and disasters as Anita Garibaldi shared those of her husband, they would have merited the thanks of a grateful people including the members of the International Society throughout the world.

The American Federal Council have directed that the following brief historical memoir shall be published in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, but such other journals as may feel disposed to print it are not thereby precluded from publishing it.

WILLIAM WEST, Recording Secretary.

A WOMAN WHO WAS HUNTED TO DEATH.

"Evviva Garibaldi!" was the rallying cry of the revolutionary *legionnaires* who marched from Marsala to the Volturna. At this cry the throne of the brutal Bomba tottered to its fall, and ultimately freed the classic peninsula from the rule of usurping despots and soul-crushing priests. How profoundly that magic name moved not only the Italian people but the advocates of freedom and human rights in every land is well known. But there is a fact not so well known, and that is the deep debt of gratitude owing to the early partner of his joys and sorrows, the participator of his privations, to the noble woman who fought, sword in hand, for liberty upon many a hard fought field, until, hunted to death by the brutal Austrians, she laid her head down to rest in the forest of Ravenna.

Anita Garibaldi was the daughter of a ranchero (farmer) of Santa Catharina, Brazil. Garibaldi saw his future wife for the first time from the cabin of his vessel, when fighting for the autonomy of the Republicans of Montevideo and Rio Grande, then struggling against the ambition of the Brazilian Empire. He had been sitting in his cabin for some little time, longing for active employment against the enemy, when his gaze wandered almost unconsciously toward the shore of the lagune of Santa Catharina. His eyes rested at last on the *estancia* of La Barra, a farmhouse that stood close to the water's edge, and on three or four young girls who were sitting under the veranda that surrounded it. One of them rose and walked slowly down the grassy slope that lay between the house and the sea-shore. He felt an uncontrollable impulse which prompted him to go to her and address her. He did so, and besought her to become his wife. It so happened that, as soon as he spoke to her, she conceived an affection for him quite as warm as that which he had so suddenly felt for her. She silently placed her hand in his, and, after the lapse of a few short days, the hero was no longer alone in the world, for Anita, the beautiful Brazilian, was his wife.

The words were scarcely spoken that made them man and wife when Garibaldi was ordered to hold himself in readiness for active service against the enemy. He wished to leave Anita at home in the old *estancia* on the shores of the lake until his return, but she would not allow him to go forth on his perilous enterprise alone. They were bound together, she argued, by a tie that made it her duty and privilege to be by his side in health or sickness, in prosperity or distress, in the time of peace and in the turmoil of war; and that as it was for her to share whatever might befall him, to rejoice with him when fortune favored him, and to mourn with him in adversity, it was her manifest duty to accompany him in the expedition on which he was about to sail, rather than to be living in comparative security and comfort in her father's house while he was in danger of losing life or limb. She urged her point with such determination that her husband, who was proud of her devotion to him and gratified by this signal proof of her affection, yielded at last and permitted her to do as she desired. Garibaldi, in his autobiography, bears testimony to the valor and devotion of his wife.

"Amid the changes and wanderings," he says, "of my adventurous existence, I have frequently had pleasant hours and happy moments; and although the time and position in which I then found myself may not appear at first to form part of those seasons which have left me an agreeable remembrance of them, I recall it nevertheless as a time which abounded in pleasurable sensations, if it were not full of happiness.

"At the head of a few men, left out of so many combatants who had justly merited the name of brave men, I rode on horseback, proud of the living, proud of the dead, and, very nearly, proud of myself. By my side rode the queen of my soul, a woman who deserved the admiration of all. I was launched into a career more attractive than that of the navy. What did it matter to me that, like the old Greek philosopher, I carried everything that I possessed about me, to serve a poor republic which paid nobody, and from which, if it had been rich, I would have taken no reward? Had I not a sword swinging against my side, and a carbine lying across my holsters? Was not Anita close to me, my treasure, with a heart that burned as warmly as mine for the cause of the people? Did she not take part in fights as an amusement, as a simple variation to the general monotony

of camp life? The future smiled serenely and fortunately upon me; and the wilder and lonelier these vast American solitudes happened to be, the more delicious and the more beautiful they appeared to be, as far as I myself was concerned."

After the independence of the Montevidean Republic was assured, Garibaldi, refusing proffered honors and rewards, settled down to enjoy domestic life; but his inaction was destined to be short. It was about this time that the news of the elevation of Cardinal Ferretti Mastai to the Pontificate, under the title of Pius IX., reached South America. Ferretti had long been regarded as the "coming man" of liberalism, who would restore the church to its ancient glory by championing the cause of the people, and Garibaldi, in a memorable document, offered his sword and the services of his devoted followers to sustain him in the path of expected reform. How grievously the sons of democracy were disappointed can easily be understood by those who know that the emancipation of the people can only be achieved by the people themselves. The Pope, after granting a few unimportant reforms to the Roman people, became terrified at the work he had begun, and from that time ranged himself upon the side of despotism. The hopes of the people were turned to bitter curses, and Pio Nino, fearful of the vengeance of an outraged people, fled from the Eternal City disguised in the livery of a footman. The people, freed from the incubus, proclaimed the Roman Republic, with Mazzini, Saffi and Armellini as triumvirs. The Romans, however, were soon to learn that freedom is impossible until the solidarity of the people is accomplished. There ever has been a solidarity of the despots, and Louis Napoleon, the garrotter of freedom in France, sent an army to nip Roman freedom in the bud, in violation of the constitution of the French Republic, of which he was then the President. The Romans determined to meet force with force. The barricades sprung up almost as if by enchantment. Women lent the aid of their smiles, and sang songs of liberty to excite the barricade makers to work the harder. Drilling went on day and night, till the cry "Garibaldi! Garibaldi has come!" ran like an electric thrill through the heart of old Rome. The enthusiasm of the people was marvelous to behold. Men, women and children came together in crowds to gaze upon him. No one talked of defeat now. Garibaldi was in Rome; was not that enough in itself?

It was amid the thundering of the Roman and French batteries and the noise of the cannon balls that came crashing through the trees and buildings that covered the ridge and eastern slope of the Janiculum, that Garibaldi was rejoined by his wife Anita.

Garibaldi had prevailed upon her to remain at Rieti when he was summoned to Rome to undertake the defense of the city, as her confinement was approaching, and rest and quiet were indispensable for her safety and well-being; but when she heard of the siege of Rome, and the dangers that her husband was encountering daily, she could no longer bear to be separated from him, and hastened to his side to share his perils and nurse him if he should be unlucky enough to be struck down by shot or sword. Poor affectionate Anita! her devotion to her husband was to cost her her life in less than two short months from the day that she came to him at Rome.

She arrived in the morning of the 14th June, and found her husband at breakfast in the Vila Spada, with his friend Sacchi and two other officers named Bueno and Corcelli. She had met with Orrigoni, whom she had known at Montevideo, as she was making her way through Rome toward Garibaldi's head-quarters, and he had conducted her to her husband.

"Do you know how she has amused herself on her way here, General?" asked Orrigoni of Garibaldi, as Sacchi and his brother officers were quitting the room to leave the Italian hero and his wife to themselves for a while after their reunion.

"No; how?" inquired Garibaldi.

"In stopping continually as we passed by San Pietro in Montorio to, look at the French batteries. See how dusty we are; that was done by the bullets striking against the walls. And so I said to her, 'Come along! do come along! It is no use to stay here and get shot!' she replied, 'Well, my friend, considering they are Catholics, how do you think the French treat churches?'"

The defense of Rome was the most glorious popular effort of that eventful decade. It gave a moral *prestige* to democracy that is incalculable. The Romans having upheld the flag of freedom for three months against the combined forces of France, Austria, Naples and Spain set out on that memorable retreat, which was to end so tragically for them all, and for none more so than the lion-hearted Anita.

Amid the horrors of that retreat she was constantly addressing the soldiers with the ardor and spirit of a soldier, encouraging those who showed a disposition to fall out of the ranks and faint by the way, to make fresh efforts to bear up to the end, increasing the enthusiasm of the brave-hearted by her example, and refusing to take any other food than that which was available for the use of the whole band; and whenever the Garibaldini exchanged blows with the enemy, she was to be seen in the thickest of the fray, mounted on a charger, and exposing herself, without the slightest fear of death or wounds, to the sword-thrusts and bullets of the relentless foe.

At last when the war-worn and famished column arrived at the Pineta of Ravenna, this noble woman yielded up her spirit. Pressed upon all sides by overpowering forces, the retreat still continued, but not until her body had been consigned to the priests of Ravaglia for honorable burial. Whether the fathers performed the last rites according to the customs of the Church, or flung her dead body in a hole, like a dog, the world will never know. But at all events, let us perform our duty. Let the friends of freedom and human rights in every clime give their mite toward erecting a simple memorial to the memory of Anita Garibaldi—the brave woman that lived and died for liberty.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

CENTRALIA, Ill., June 30, 1873.

This gifted and eloquent champion of Spiritualism is also an equally gifted and eloquent champion of the principles of social freedom. Sister Ballou cannot be confined to the narrow gauge of "mere Spiritualism," as defined by some of its modern proselytes; but Spiritualism, as it should and will be, embracing all humanity, and continually reaching out to all humanity, drawing every ill-fated or fallen sister or brother into its folds; a Spiritualism that can go right down into the foaming ocean of vice and crime, and pick up every fallen waif, however deeply blackened with error; a Spiritualism which will suffer imprisonment or death rather than recant one iota of its demonstrable truth; a Spiritualism which holds to the principles of universal freedom, and the absolute personal sovereignty of woman as well as man; this kind of Spiritualism Addie Ballou preaches with remarkable success; and, conditions favoring, she will ere long become one of the brightest lights of the 19th century.

Sister Ballou has just closed a lecture engagement at this place, from whence she goes north and east; and I would commend her to all societies who wish an entirely radical and fearless speaker.

I. W. EVARTS.

WOODHULLISM IN MICHIGAN.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The follower of no person, meanwhile confessing that if I were I would as soon be a follower of Victoria C. Woodhull as of Victoria Regina, Jesus Christ, or any other reputed saviour.

Truly, the name Victoria does seem to symbolize victory. Here in the glorious old woods of Michigan we have made the welkin ring with the name Victoria.

Oh, Victoria! You are a disturber of the world's rotten peace. This characteristic was the best thing in the Judean reformer.

About the middle of June I "railroaded" to Sturgis Convention. Word had been sent to Albion (not by a Spiritualist) that it would not be safe for me to go to Sturgis and ventilate any blasphemies. I never saw a Convention which so gracefully made up its mind to be "taken." In my first speech I rang changes on the worst heresies of which I had lately been guilty. My hearers bore it heroically. What next? I knew that Woodhullism had broken several Spiritual camels' backs. Victoria C. Woodhull was introduced (metaphorically speaking), and still they stood (or sat.)

Montgomery Grove was the next. The people there are ripe radicals, afraid of no man's thought. Saw the WOODHULL & CLAFLIN WEEKLY lying upon the stand in the humble dwelling of Brother and Sister Hewes when we entered the town. Wm. Bryan is the war-horse here.

Battle Creek Grove was the next. Here was introduced the unsettled Woodhull question.

It is shameful that Spiritualists should ever stoop to the low business in which Orthodox ministers have proved themselves such experts, hob-nobbing with the reporters. This was done at Battle Creek. It was perceived that the reporter of a Detroit daily was bent upon slurring such speakers as would have a word to say for freedom as vindicated in the person of Mrs. Woodhull. I took the ground that our grove meeting had nothing to do with the action of the State Association. I further stated my conviction that truth could not be voted up or down, and considered the action of Liberal conventions in this respect pernicious, an imitation of Popish practices in holy councils. The result was, there was no voting at the Battle Creek meeting, and plenty of free discussion.

The reporter's notes were published in the *Post* as follows: A GROVE MEETING AT BATTLE CREEK—THE WOODHULL DOCTRINES AFFIRMED.

[Correspondence of the *Detroit Post*.]

BATTLE CREEK, June 29, 1873.

A grove meeting of Spiritualists was held on the fair ground, in this city, yesterday afternoon and to-day. The meeting was presided over by Dr. J. V. Spencer, President of the Battle Creek Society of Spiritualists. The following Spiritualists were present: W. F. Jamieson, Cephas B. Lynn, D. W. Hull, J. O. Barrett, Dean Clarke, Lois Waisbrooker, Mrs. Moses Hull, Mrs. L. E. Drake and Miss R. Augusta Whiting.

The meeting was opened by a short speech by J. O. Barrett, who recommended expression of radical thought, but harmony in so doing. He was followed in brief addresses by the other speakers, when the meeting was closed for the afternoon by an address from W. F. Jamieson. He berated the Young Men's Christian Associations, calling them the most dangerous source of National corruption, and then went for the newspapers, and handled the press without gloves. He then referred to the Woodhull question: said that he believed, with Mrs. Woodhull, that any woman had a right to choose the fathers of her children; believed her to be the most persecuted and noblest reformer of the 19th century, and wound up his discourse by speaking upon the degradation of the marriage system, calling it legalized prostitution.

Mr. Geo. Winslow, of Kalamazoo, a Spiritualist who is most emphatically opposed to the Woodhull doctrines, put the following question to Jamieson: "Do you believe with Mrs. Woodhull that any two persons of opposite sex can assume the relations of man and wife without regard to marriage laws?" Jamieson tried to evade the question, but Winslow persisted, and Jamieson then answered, "I do not." When Jamieson commenced speaking he promised some poetry at the conclusion of his remarks, and when the time came about it was announced that a couple from Detroit were to be married, this was the poetry he promised. The ceremony was of the progressive style. Jamieson called the couple by name and requested them to stand up, and said, "I pronounce you man and wife." Not another word was said by him, and not a single word was uttered by the

couple; no promise to love, obey or anything else. The names of the couple were Dr. R. G. Murray and Mrs. Aimie Guillou, the bridegroom being a man of about 60 years and the bride about 40 or 45. At the conclusion of the afternoon exercises a meeting was announced to be held on West Main street, in front of Stuart's Hall, in the evening.

The evening meeting attracted a small crowd, which was addressed by Cephas B. Lynn and W. F. Jamieson, on "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the Republic."

The meeting, were opened this morning by the reading of the majority report of the Committee on Order of Exercises, by the chairman, Jeremiah Brown, after which he read his report as the minority. The only difference between the majority and minority report was that Brown wished to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That we disapprove the action of the late meeting of the State Spiritualist Society, held at Charlotte, in passing (by the casting vote of its President) the resolution reading as follows, to wit:

"*Resolved*, That we indorse all the doctrines taught by Mrs. Woodhull concerning the social relations as explained by her."

The majority report was accepted. Brown, of this city, and Winslow, of Kalamazoo, attempted to say something upon the question, but the Woodhullites were in the majority and they were choked off—the President of the meeting ordering them in a most emphatic manner to sit down. Winslow then announced that if he was to be "gagged" he would speak immediately at the close of the forenoon exercises on his own hook.

The first address in the forenoon was by T. S. A. Pope, of Grand Rapids, on "Love and Marriage," followed by an address on "The Impending Revolution," by Mrs. Moses Hull. At the conclusion of this address Mrs. L. E. Drake arose to speak, but as it had commenced to rain, the assemblage adjourned under the grand stand on the southeast side of the fair ground, where the people were addressed by Cephas B. Lynn. At the conclusion of his remarks the meeting was adjourned until afternoon, giving a recess of one hour and a-half. A basket picnic dinner was partaken of in the grove by those present.

The afternoon exercises were commenced by an exhibition of the mediumship of Mrs. A. E. Blair, formerly of Vermont, a "spirit artiste," which everybody pronounced to be quite wonderful. The medium was securely blindfolded by a committee of two ladies, and then proceeded to paint, in colors, a group of flowers, which was done in ten minutes. Another group was painted in eight minutes. The flowers were beautiful and the painting done excellently. It is said to be impossible for an artist when not blindfolded to paint such beautiful flowers in that space of time. Instead of painting as other artists do, Mrs. Blair painted upward and with the pictures wrong side to. More interest was manifested in this exhibition than in anything else that was done or said during the day, being especially interesting to those who were not Spiritualists.

The speakers who occupied the afternoon were Mrs. L. E. Drake, J. O. Barrett, Lois Waisbrooker, Deane Clark and D. W. Hull.

During the noon intermission Geo. W. Winslow, according to announcement, ventilated the Woodhull question, and threw some good-sized shells in the Woodhull camp.

The meetings to-day were well attended, notwithstanding the rain and bad weather.

This evening a meeting was held at Stuart's Hall, which was addressed by W. F. Jamieson.

Cephas B. Lynn, one of the most eloquent lecturers in the field, also spoke; also, Dr. Lyon, of "Hollow Globe" fame.

The evening meeting (Saturday), under the gaslight, attracted a good crowd. Such meetings will be held by several of us during the summer.

The misrepresentations of the Battle Creek reporter were so flagrant that I sent the following reply, which appeared in the *Post* of the 3d inst.:

THE BATTLE CREEK GROVE MEETING.

To the Editor of the *Detroit Post*—The report of the Spiritualist two-days' meeting in Battle Creek, published in today's *Post*, is exceedingly incorrect, wholly falsifying the spirit of the convention. There was no conflict between Mr. Winslow and myself on the marriage question. In fact, he commended the marriage ceremony which I performed. Did so publicly, in the hearing of the multitude. The questions he asked me were promptly answered. No attempt whatever at evasion. Mr. Winslow was not "gagged" or "choked off," as your reporter euphoniously styles it. The majority report of the committee, accepted by the convention, prescribed the order of business. When Messrs. Winslow and Brown attempted to speak, in defiance of the people's vote, they were clearly out of order. It was the President's place to insist upon order, which he did by commanding the gentlemen aforesaid to "sit down." Such scenes occur frequently in religious and political meetings. On my motion ten minutes were added to Mr. Winslow's time to finish his speech.

I did not say that marriage is legalized prostitution. I did say that there is a great deal of legalized prostitution in the present marriage system. Who dare deny it? I affirmed that true marriage is, I believe, the happiest relation on earth into which man and woman can enter.

The form of my marriage ceremony was so brief that your reporter is certainly inexcusable in not catching the precise words. Instead of saying what your reporter says I did, namely, "I pronounce you man and wife" (a form which I repudiate for these reasons: 1. I believe nature, not man, marries people. 2. It would be as consistent to say "woman and husband," as "man and wife"), I said, "you are married." I legally recognized the fact, or supposed fact. No one who performs a marriage ceremony is expected to guarantee true marriage.

W. F. JAMIESON.

ALBION, July 1, 1873.

[Orators on the social question seem to forget that "true

marriage" exists regardless of laws and ceremonies, while false marriages require both to make them continue.]

Victoria—I wish to inform you that I have just attended the anniversary of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, and that your arrest and imprisonment and the malignant persecutions that you have suffered from the modern Jesuits were discussed, and feelings of sympathy expressed and the outrage upon freedom of speech and a free press were most indignantly condemned. Judge Holbrook, of Chicago, well known as an opponent to most reforms except theological, protested against bringing the social question before the convention. E. V. Wilson, who is always strong for what he believes to be right, and who is the moving spirit of the association, stood up there and in unmistakable tones announced that the freedom of the platform would be maintained, and that any subject could be discussed thereon; spoke most powerfully in favor of free speech and a free press, and condemned in his most scathing manner all efforts at suppression, looking a very Hercules ready for battle against all usurpations by the enemies of freedom and progress. A collection was taken and has been forwarded by Brother Powel.

Courage, my noble, pure-hearted sister. The world will not always persecute you, but in time will do you justice. Little by little as the people grow to have capacity to understand your principles and the grandeur of your work, will they accord to you the true position of one of our saviors and the greatest that has yet come to bless the world and receive its curses.

Your friends are increasing all over the land, as I may judge from the many times "God bless you" greets my ears as I am grasped by the hand as I descend from the rostrum after speaking on reforms and its martyrs, dwelling at length upon the present persecutions, together with a just description of your character and work. I try to show them that with you liberty's banner rises or falls; that you were the battle-ground between the fossilized conditions of the past and present, and the glorious incoming of the new conditions of freedom of the present and future; and that as we were in sympathy with you or against you, we decided the question whether we were in favor of freedom or slavery. If our professed reformers had more pluck and moral courage, the world would move the faster for it. As for me, I know nothing at the present time but Victoria Woodhull and her crucifix, for in her is the more complete freedom of the future embodied as was the advanced condition of the past in Jesus of Nazareth, and fear nor Satan's guiles can no more turn her from her glorious mission, even if she wear a crown of thorns or suffer crucifixion. And just as surely will the future generations bless her and accord her justice. Then go on conquering and to conquer. My soul is with you, and ready to suffer all that you have suffered, and even more if counted worthy; for he that would save his life (or reputation) in this conflict shall lose it, and he that would lose his life shall save it, for the truth will come uppermost and justice shall be done. And if those who have stood in the past as leaders in the reform ranks can afford to remain dumb, allowing you to be crucified, when they might have come to the rescue, you can afford to bear the burden and wear the crown they are unworthy to wear, and perhaps the Judases of the present dispensation may have the grace to go and hang themselves; at any rate, they have killed themselves as reformers of the times. Angels in heaven and the brave and true of earth will sustain you in these trying times. The strength of thousands of loving souls go toward you from all over the land, and will help build you up that you may in the form remain to reap the reward of your noble self-sacrificing work.

Yours always,

MRS. J. H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

NEW ORLEANS, June 23, 1873.

Editor of the *Weekly*—My own newspaper experience of some thirty years forbids the expression of much that I might say concerning the course of the WEEKLY, as between the extremes of its endlessly diversified enemies and friends. I regret and have publicly reproached the silence of the *Journal and Banner* on the most vital and trying issues of your life, as well as the misapprehension and still more frequent wilful perversion and vindictive opposition of self-sufficient envy in little souls.

Two weeks ago the WEEKLY's position was discussed in the Spiritual association in this city.

While some of the silent noses were sniffing for some of the scent in the wind, upon which to confer with old Mrs. Grundy on the "awfulness" of your *sub rosa* status, the more active spirit of radical reform dealt in things, persons and names as they are. Your friends were largely in the majority and invariably of the thinking sort; even some of these thought you crazy, but "one of the best and most slandered women in the world." So it is, the impress of custom has transposed the head and heart, or given one the leverage over the other, so far as to get the thing so mixed as to partake of the colorings of their own peculiarities and feelings. No one doubted your integrity of feeling, action and purpose, as well as practice; and even if they had they would have gladly accepted the good of Mary Magdalene as readily as of Mary the mother of Jesus, or any of the illustrious Marys or Victorias.

Admitting all the "they say's" of other ignorant or designing enemies, still a good comes from a supposed illegitimacy, through a Nazarene manger, and your principles are practically sufficient to swim any "rotten egg," so called, that contains the essences best suited to exercise the turned-up noses of modernisms, self-sufficient idiocy, knavery and bigoted misdirection.

Aside from your ability, which I recognize as one of fundamental purpose, the dash, vim, variety and depth of your contributors, help to make your paper just the desideratum wanted, as the *sine qui non* to lixivate the great sum total.

Treat's lectures are gems of the first radical reform water. Train's role as the friend of the oppressed, the practical prison epigrammatist, is just the prelude through which the

future sends us "the coming Dictator." The world may laugh while you and Train perspire toilsome blood; yet in turn shall the world weep the blood tears of renovated self-perversion, ignorance and superstition.

I often meditatively wonder at the extraordinary forecast of wisdom underlying the centre and surroundings of your coming. There is perhaps more behind, more operated through, and more depending upon the results than even you, and much less Horatio have dreamed of in your philosophies.

As to the course of the government, public opinion, its press and judicial tribunals, though virtual crucifixion to you, sounds as the heralds of the approaching savior of radical reform that it is to "redeem" the world from the gross perversions of priest and kingcraft. Now, dancing in Bacchanalian mood as drunken Neros over their own burning Rome of their own firing. Their triune understanding, behind self's iniquitous curtains, is doubtless based upon their frailties and apprehensions, and is the germain twin of the Beecher-Bowen-Tilton thing with which the uninitiated world is at present so speculatively preoccupied.

Though sincerely sympathizing with you as the necessary sacrifice, individually being burned on the marital altar of reform, while all the butterfly children of an opening spring season's sun have, under the first sweeping breezes, left the flowery fields and taken up their more retired, popular and secure "cow-pen" abodes.

Your friends in this city have noted an allusion of Mrs. Britten commencing 18th line, second column, first page of the *Banner* of the 21st June, 1873, which some, realizing the shallow pated yet deep malignancy of her Johnny Bull thing, have supposed refers to you and your friends. Do you know if it is so? If it is I desire the duteous privilege of doing her up.

I paid for your WEEKLY through the club terms of the *American Spiritualist*, just before its collapse, and received a few numbers of your WEEKLY, when it stopped in such a manner as to induce me to suppose the subscription money for one year had never reached you. I also wrote you a friendly letter this past spring was a year ago, and as I supposed a suitable communication to your paper (from Mobile, Ala.) of which no note was seemingly taken. I complain not of this, but mention the fact to show I am not delinquent, if I am so represented on your books; nor am I a new convert to mere Woodhullism as the world would call it. My record stands out in your favor in the *American Spiritualist* of April 13, 1872, third paragraph, and others.

I now send you this letter with stamp and a suitable (as I think) communication, which you are of course to dispose of as you may choose. You need not suppose my editorial connection with the art and science department of the *R. P. Journal* has anything to do with my estimates of you as the daring sacrifices of the most momentous of all modernisms, fundamental purposes of radical reform. I owe and profess but individual allegiance to my own conscious recognition of truth, no matter whether found in Christian lands or heathen ground. Should you desire my aid as a friend and contributor to your cause, let me know by return mail and send me your WEEKLY. Address Y. A. Carr, M. D., care of Dr. F. W. Allen, No. 12 Dryades street, New Orleans, La. I reside with Dr. Allen, who is a patron and great friend of yours. Hoping to receive an autograph line from you, I remain, fraternally,
Y. A. CARR.

[From the *Banner of Light*.]
CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

A belief in infallibility, whether avowed or secretly indulged in, puts an end to progress in the individual holding it. A fear of candid investigation upon any or all subjects, in whatever direction or to whatever extent it may be carried, is proof positive, of which there can be no successful contradiction, that the individual so fearing to investigate instinctively feels that there is truth concealed in the subject, which reason, which instantly recognizes truth, will compel him to assent to and indorse.

Truth is divine, and as such can, if allowed its full course, bring forth only good or divine results. Those, therefore, who fear to face truth, in whatever form, do not believe, however much they may profess to, in its divinity. Now let us apply the test.

Over twenty years ago our departed friends concluded to demonstrate to the world that they still lived. This same world had received, eighteen hundred years ago, as it supposed, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of revelation, from which nothing could be taken and to which nothing could be added.

A tiny rap, showing intelligence in the rapper, was the first to shake the faith in infallible revelation. From tiny raps to moving ponderable objects, controlling hands to write, tongues to talk, inspiring brains to think and proclaim, and, lastly, taking up the cast-off magnetism of bodies in the form to rehabilitate the enfranchised spirit, to convince the world that the doors and windows of inspiration and revelation were not only not closed, but wide and continuously open, and death, supposed to be a curse imposed because of disobedience and sin, was but a natural event incident to growth of the spirit and a blessed transition.

They demonstrated not only the naturalness of death, and the constant presence of spirit friends, but they exploded the doctrine of total depravity and the existence of a devil; proved, beyond the shadow of contradiction, the absolute divinity of everything in the universe, and the immutable laws of progress.

This new philosophy of life and death called Spiritualism accumulated millions of believers, who avowed not only a belief in but a knowledge of an immortal existence and an expectation of constant and ever new revelation, because in the march of progress new truths must be eternally evolved; there can be no finality. The soul, like truth, is divine; evil, being only temporary and fleeting, the result of undevelopment. This is the firm belief of Spiritualists.

Entertaining such a belief, who could consistently arrive at a standstill point, or be led to manifest astonishment or dis-

like at any development or revelation? But let us see if we have not such an exhibition of inconsistency in the ranks of Spiritualists.

Misery caused by ignorance and undevelopment fills the earth. Women virtually enslaved, children unlovingly thrust into existence, prostitution, adultery and crime abounding, who shall be the saviour to lift humanity to a higher plane, by withdrawing the curtain that hides the real evil, and pointing out the true remedy? Hundreds attempt it. Brave, noble-hearted Emma Hardinge-Britten plies the body politic in vain to legislate for her so-called fallen sisters. Strong and able hands unite their strength to lift the incubus of evil from off the shoulders of downtrodden and suffering humanity, but the weight remains. But behold! the star appears again in the East. Wise men and women watching the signs of the times see it from afar. It moves up the horizon and rests over Steinway Hall. There the babe, who is to be the modern Saviour, is born. It is named not Jesus, but Freedom—freedom in its absolute sense, freedom for every function of the soul, in every relation of life; freedom sexual, freedom social, freedom political, freedom religious.

But—strange sight—the old drama re-enacted of seeking the young child's life to destroy it. It is captured and confined with its mother in Ludlow-street Jail. The millions professing to expect ever new revelations, divide. The Saviour has not come from the right quarter, is not respectably parented nor decently clad. The good and loving Emma Hardinge-Britten frowns on it, the wise and tender A. E. Newton wants it "restricted," and hundreds of others turn a cold shoulder on the tender babe. Don't, they cry, ask us, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, who have fought old theology, labored with the anathemas of church and press, priest and laymen upon us, to demonstrate the fact of spirit return, and to overthrow the old dogma of the fall, and the plan of salvation; don't ask us, now we have gained for Spiritualism a tolerably respectable position, and weary with our efforts, are resting comparatively quietly beside our orthodox and respectable neighbors—don't, we say, now ask us to shoulder this bastard babe, sexual and social freedom. Now let us examine the obnoxious thing.

But first, the soul, we say, is divine in all its organs of manifestation in the body, all necessary to its growth and development. To grow properly and symmetrically, it must be free to operate all of its functions in its own orbit; to seek out and appropriate that which it individually needs.

All souls, though intrinsically divine, are varied in their composition, and, consequently, in their needs. How, then, is one soul capable of choosing or legislating for another?

Freedom! let the word stand out large, and let us contemplate it. From the cradle this has been the thrilling word to every American child, and the aspiration of every soul born under the sun. What has altered its complexion so suddenly, and made it so hateful? Ah, it was freedom to worship whom and in whatever manner we would, and to vote for whoever we would (that is, the male part of we!) This is the freedom we gloried in; but freedom of the affections, freedom to own one's own body, and to say when it shall be used for purposes sexual or paternal, without legislative interference—that was never dreamed of; such freedom is cursed.

The reasoning, the worshiping faculties of the soul, say you, are divine, capable of self-regulation and self-government, but the affectional and passion—the basis of our earthly existence—are depraved, and must be subject to bonds. Or, in other words, the root and trunk of the tree are base, but the branches and fruit sublime and glorious. What a paradox! A small, very small improvement on total depravity, and not so logical or consistent, for we are told that a bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet waters.

Again I say the soul will never grow round and symmetrical until free fully and entirely to expand itself in all directions. If freedom, in such dim outline as we now possess it, is so glorious, why should not its full dawn be most devoutly to be prayed for? Friends, timid and frowning, this is the millennium day to which we are hastening. Just so sure as there is freedom in the spheres for every soul, just so sure is it its destiny while habiting the mortal form. Progress is the divine watchword, and its mandate will be carried out successfully, whether we help or hinder. Blood may be shed, but the fiat of divinity will be accomplished. Under the banner of old theology the hosts are gathering for a final grapple with this new-born freedom. Even now, with "God in the Constitution," they have their fingers on its throat. Will you, because of prejudice, stand idly by and see this precious thing strangled, or will you lay all differences, bickerings, petty jealousies and fears of popular opinion aside, and unite as one vast organized body of Spiritualists, to overthrow this host who would either shackle us with creeds, or incarcerate us in prison, and hasten the dawn of complete individual freedom, the noontide glory of which will lighten every dark place, and warm and reanimate every crushed and sorrowing soul?

MRS. EMMA TAYLOR.

OBITUARY.

"Beautiful in life, united in death."

Mr. and Mrs. McAdew, of Jefferson County, Ill., were old, steadfast and confirmed Spiritualists, patiently and joyfully awaiting the summons calling them to the higher life. No physical disease pained or wasted their bodies. The old gentleman was called first. As he drew his last breath he lifted his hands and closed his own eyes, showing his calmness and consciousness. When the struggle was over, his aged companion remarked that she had no regret except that he did not wait a day or two, that they might go together. But she did not have to wait long. Before the funeral of the old gentleman was completed, she, too, was called. Thus, at a ripe old age, after raising a highly respectable family, and buffeting the opposition of unreasoning bigots, they passed quietly home, in the perfect knowledge of immortality. To them, Spiritualism was a verity full of consolation. They were buried in one grave, and awoke to meet each other on the other side and take up their journey anew.

VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Humanity still seeks to climb heavenward,
Up Babel towers of swarded wealth,
And still is blind to that Great Law
Which discord, strife, confusion sends amid the workers
As monitors to show God must be trusted,
Not fought with barricades of bank safes.

For him that trusts, the world is his,
Skies, mountains, clouds, birds, trees and flowers,
Lakes, streams, storms, calms, crowded cities, empty wastes,
All cry to him "Enjoy!"
Solitude, the vulgar's dread, becomes his inspiration.
The mountains nurse him,
With Deity upon their tops oft he renews his covenant—
Nor needs for other company.
Babble there of common things to him is blasphemy!
Sublimar even than the thunder's roll
Is Shasta's icy silence,
Brooding over past eternities,
When present sun and system were unborn;
When naught was save the Great I Am!
Before whom earth's age and history to atom dwindles.
So to Him speak the Sierras,
Ever pointing with fingers, storm worn and scarred,
Beyond all time, and space, and thought,
Beyond all law, all plan, all theory,
Pointing to that void, terrible, unknown and inconceivable,
Never to be lit up
Without beginning, ending, bounds or history.

Here man fears God,
At once his littleness and greatness feels—
Little that he's an atom of the infinite mystery—
Great that he's a part of Infinite Divinity.

This is the voice of the mountains!
Nor what men call learning, nor culture, nor civilization are
needed to know its meaning.
Often it speaks loudest to unlettered men.
The Indian hears it plainer than we;
He is content to live only that he may hear it.
He cares not for ships, nor roads, nor arts, nor commerce,
Nor the heaping up of gold,
Nor to babble, or prate, or preach;
Content with what nature sends him.
As a child the father, so he trusts the Great Spirit.

A few hear this voice!
God has moulded and fashioned them,
He has singled them out and beckoned them to follow Him
into the wilderness,
He has effaced their likeness to common men,
He has for them placed thorns in every broad road that they
shall walk in the straight and narrow path,
And when they hear His voice,
When all that was and is, and is to be, ever murmurs in
their ears,
With a mighty sound which is yet a mighty silence,
Then are they ready to speak to men.

Their lives are as new books,
Open for all worthy to read.
Open, honest, impulsive, impassioned lives—
Nature trusted in the sight of men.
Thought, passion, sentiment, the evil and the good, the gold
and the dross,
All openly displayed;
They are as living sermons more potent than pulpit homilies.

—PRENTICE MULFORD.

MODERN MARTYRS.

JOHN'S HILL, Franklin Co., Ill.

Editors Weekly—I have carefully watched for many years the theological tornado which has expended its force in attempting to crush out the new dispensation and make martyrs of its agents. You are not the first victims who have been called to the stake in defense of new and higher truths.

In the month of April, 1852, I launched my bark on the unfathomed sea of Spiritualism in pursuit of immortality. Myriads of spirit voices discoursed glad tidings to thousands of famishing souls at the spirit-room, near Athens, Ohio, which I believe was the first of this form of manifestation in the country. Here the truth was dispensed to all ages and classes, without money or price. It was a living fountain to all thirsty souls. Of course this was unsatisfactory to God's pettifoggers. And to counteract the influence of the floods of glory, coming irregularly, they set up a howl only equal to the thunders of that peculiar region. "Down with Koons—persecute him to the death—he is unfit to live," came from the pulpits all through the country. The effect of this can easily be imagined. The minds of their dupes were inflamed in the highest degree, and culminated in a cowardly attempt to destroy my property, and thus cripple my resources.

In the month of December, 1862, when the spiritual realms seemed intent on dethroning the whole army of D. D.'s and M. D.'s, who had held humanity spell-bound for ages, the incendiary's torch was applied to my barn, where was stored my crop, food for man and beast, tools, and a part of my stock. This they thought would cut off my means of accommodating the hundreds who were flocking from all parts of the world to that humble shrine for living waters. Instead of diminishing, this only stimulated investigation, and brought the necessary pecuniary aid.

It was a clear, cold, calm night, in the midst of winter. But for the calm, house, spirit, family, all would have shared the common fate, in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

I was well informed that on a previous night arrangements were made to assassinate myself and eldest son, but was thwarted by the presence of a crowd of visitors.

While my property was consuming I asked: What have I done—what authority insulted—what law violated that I should suffer this malice and vengeance? It was done because I persisted in affording opportunities to investigators; this and nothing more. Overcome by the calamity I retired to the spirit-room to see if the angel world could or would afford me relief (this was about 3 o'clock in the morning),

while my whole support was mouldering in the fire; immediately the trumpet sounded and the voice spoke words of consolation. "Fear not, life and future welfare will be sacred." Many predictions were made of future calamities and events, many of which have been fulfilled.

You are inspirationally performing your part to-day, as I did twenty years ago on the stage of social and moral reform. The same angelic voice that poured words of consolation into my afflicted soul, revealed the names of my persecutors, after I pledged myself not to pursue them before the authorities that would not award justice. "We" said they "will see that they get their reward."

Shortly after this one of the parties died a miserable death, the other fled the country in dismay, and soon came the report that he was mangled to death beneath a loaded wagon.

And you too my sister may rest assured that your persecutors will be cared for, with a kindness tempered with a disagreeable degree of the justice they deny to you. Comstock, Davenport and all their co-conspirators, are fully known and marked by those invisible agents, who execute laws with fearful certainty and are not amenable to Church or State, Beecher or District Attorneys.

Yours in the bonds of martyrdom,
J. KOONS.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

Dear Sister Woodhull—I am willing to do all I can to spread the truth, but do not feel qualified to take the stand yet. But you can say to the public that I will lecture to small circles on the benefits of Social Freedom—freedom of the sexes. I shall talk plain, and all those who do not want to hear me must not come. My route will be east from here to Boston.

Yours in truth,
DR. L. A. EDMISTER.

NATURE'S OR GOD'S LAWS VS. LOVE.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 24, 1873.

Down deep within the bowels of the earth dwell the elements of universal love, and the essences of that love pervade all animate and inanimate Nature. Therefore humanity is an outgrowth of that love; for man is composed of the essences of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Therefore we are children of fathers and mothers—God's great, loving hearts. And if left to dwell unmolested by outside laws, we should have remained as pure and fair as the lilies of the vale or the roses that bloom on yonder hill-sides; for to the pure all things are pure. Man alone, with his crooked and dwarfed reason, has converted God's glorious Eden into a scathing hell; and the hot, burning coals, have fallen upon his own devoted head, and he cries in vain for succor and aid upon the fabled God of yore, who sat upon a throne, wielding His sceptre over all below; but, alas! hath neither ear to hear or voice to reply to the wailing cry of poor humanity, in their hour of sorest trial, for they have usurped His power and become free agents. Therefore every soul must outwork its own salvation and become regenerated, and then they are all qualified to enter anew the Garden of Eden, and outwork their spiritual state. And even upon this earth-plane some souls have attained a high altitude of spiritual development, through trials and the cultivation of the highest moral elements of both heart and brain. And if we would elevate and benefit the present inhabitants and the coming generations, we must educate the young and plastic mind to walk in the path of moral purity, truth and virtue, by giving them our best experience of life and the purest literature for a guide over the rough sea of life; then they never dare sleep upon a loveless bosom, or wish to.

J. A. SPAULDING.

TITUSVILLE, Pa.

TO ALL NATIONS, KINDREDS, TONGUES AND PEOPLE,
GREETING:

As servant and witness of the Lord God and of Jesus Christ, I declare in His Holy name that He has utterly rejected and condemned all churches and societies as dry branches, as dead bodies, and has graciously charged me to form a new Church, a holy community, where the wicked and the hypocrites will find no place, but only the elect of God, the humble followers of the Lamb, who are under the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and are endowed with Spiritual gifts and powers.

Therefore, the Lord God has in tender mercy and loving kindness charged me to invite all people, without any distinction whatever, to join with me in fasting, prayers and confession of sins for the said purpose, namely: That they may receive the Holy Spirit and be truly baptized both with water and with the Holy Spirit. Of this fact and invitation see Joel i., 14, and ii., 15, 17.

The said Church and the formation thereof is briefly described in my book, "The New Dispensation, Dispensation of the fullness of times," of two parts and 204 pages, which may be had at Lee & Shepard's, No. 149 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and at H. H. Thompson's, in Water street, Meadville, Pa., and at J. L. Weil's, No. 11 Franklin street, Titusville, Pa.

Come all, saints and sinners, rich and poor, high and low, of both sexes and of all nations, colors, denominations, conditions and ages to the marriage feast of the Lamb, His wife has made herself ready; but come in an acceptable way, with penitent and broken heart and contrite spirit, that you may be received and have your sins all washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and that you may reign with the Lord Jesus Christ forever.

It is evident that this Church will be entirely under the control of God and His Holy Spirit, and not of any man or company of men. I invite all, even the vilest of the vile; but God Himself will make the choice. I am therefore only an instrument in the hands of God.

This Church will be unlike all sectarian churches, and will be the true holy Christian Church, the holy city, the New Jerusalem, much prophesied of in the Holy Scriptures. The world is nigh at hand, even at the door; therefore come out of her (Babylon) that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. Come and

buy wine and milk without money and without price. The Spirit and the Bride say come and take of the water of life freely.

The grace and peace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.
FREDERIC HYREN.

REPORT OF A GROVE MEETING AT CARSON, MICH., JULY 6, 1873.

Dr. Barnum, of St. John's, called the meeting to order, and Dr. Hampton, of Muir, was chosen president, and F. Oliver, of Elm Hall, secretary.

After appointing a committee on resolutions and one on finance,

Dr. Barnum was introduced, and gave a very able address, and the meeting adjourned for one hour.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That Spiritualism, resting on a scientific basis and susceptible of present demonstration, is soon to become an acknowledged fact the world over.

2. *Resolved*, That the scientific truths of Spiritualism, when properly received and comprehended, cannot fail to mentally, morally and spiritually elevate and make humanity better.

3. *Resolved*, That we believe in the free expression of all principles, however distasteful to the public ear.

4. *Whereas*, Liberty of speech and freedom of the press are regarded by Americans as among the dearest and most sacred rights, therefore,

Resolved, That we indignantly denounce the action of the Young Men's Christian Association, their aiders and abettors, in the persecution of Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Clafin, Col. J. H. Blood and George Francis Train, for exercising these rights (guaranteed to all) as outrageous and damnable.

5. *Resolved*, That women should not be held amenable to the law they have no voice in framing.

6. *Resolved*, That as Spiritualism belongs to a free platform, we cordially invite all to a participation in the discussion of these resolutions.

7. *Resolved*, That an abridged report of this meeting and a copy of these resolutions be sent by the secretary for publication to WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, *Our Age*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Banner of Light* and *Huberston Advertiser*.

All of the above resolutions were passed unanimously. In the evening, Dr. Barnum discussed the subject of Spiritualism, and we thought by the stampede that old theology was about to fall to the ground. And last, but not least, the citizens of Carson spared no pains to entertain strangers and make everything pass off in order, which is no small addition to the enjoyment of such occasions.

F. OLIVER, Secretary.

OUR AGE.

This live paper, edited by our good sister and friend Lois Waisbrooker, at Battle Creek, Mich., comes laden every week with living inspiration and wisdom. It professes to be "A weekly journal devoted to the interests of Spiritualism in the broad sense of that term;" does not admit that there are side issues. Can there be sides to a perfect circle or a perfect sphere? A religion which will meet the want of humanity must be both—Free press, free speech, ~~and~~ and has no love to sell.

The price of this invaluable paper is \$2.50 per annum, and it deserves the active support of every Spiritualist, especially in Michigan, and generally in the country. There are no more honest, earnest, faithful and competent workers in the field of reform than those who make up the editorial corps of *Our Age*.

S. S. JONES—THE R. P. JOURNAL.

Since the unprovoked, unwarrantable and utterly unjustifiable tirade of lies and abuse that were returned us in the columns of the *Journal* in reply to an earnest and honest inquiry made with the best and purest of motives, to effect co-operation for the interests of humanity, we have never noticed any of the scurrility and so-called criticism it has offered about us. It has been a secure retreat to which all have flown who desired to vent their spleen against us, since they knew they were there safe from harm. But since in the number of the 5th inst. Mr. Jones at last takes a position editorially on the social question, we feel called upon to reproduce it, supplemented by some other words of his spoken at another time and place and under different circumstances:

AN INQUIRY.

Dear Sir—I noticed a communication in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 24, headed "The Real Issue," and being a reader and subscriber of your paper, I ask your permission to ask a question or two concerning the article on Free Love above referred to. The question, Mr. Editor, on which I solicit information is, Do you indorse the theory advocated in the article, "The Real Issue?" If the Woodhull theory be a correct one, then I have not been educated up to that point, and only ask to be put on the right track. If you are opposed to the Woodhull doctrine, then, as an editor, you would be expected to oppose it, and if in favor of it, to advocate the theory. I shall, with my friends, anxiously await your reply through the columns of the *Journal*.

Fraternally yours,
MASON CITY, Ill., May 22, 1873.

J. J. BUMHAM.

REMARKS.

Woodhullites condemn the *Banner of Light* for its silence on the Woodhull doctrine, and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for its outspoken opposition. They carry their resolutions in their pockets, and when two or three assemble together for business in their line, they read them over and adopt them and send them to each of those papers and to the *Boston Investigator* for publication, as the expression of the "Spiritualists and Liberals" of the town where they are pleased to date them. Our correspondent desires a more emphatic expression from us. If we had at hand Swedenborg's book entitled "Heaven and Hell," we would give a

few paragraphs from his revelations of what he heard, saw and knew, of the authors of the Free-Love doctrine. It is no new doctrine; it belongs to Old Theology! It has been practiced in the churches in all past ages; has ever been condemned by the angels of light, and true philosophers upon this plane of life. It engenders and extends the most loathsome diseases, blunts the purest affections, raises doubts as to paternity, and cools the love of fathers for their children, destroys domestic happiness, corrupts and debauches the purity of young men and women, and its baleful effect is carried into spirit-life as a cankerous sore—a foul blotch that the laws of eternal progression alone can eradicate.

Does our correspondent now understand the position occupied by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* upon the subject he inquires about?

[To which we reply: If he do not, the following from a friend will aid him to do so:]

I was asking a new-comer to our town, Mrs. W—n, if she took the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*? "No," she replied; "I did take it for many years, and I considered Mr. Jones a most gentlemanly and upright man; but we had heard rumors to the effect that he did not live with his wife, but with another person, with whom he found himself more happy. My friend, —, was determined to scotch this scandal at the start, and he went straight up to him at the convention and said:

"Jones, there's a slander being circulated about you, and I want to be able to contradict it from your own lips," upon which Mr. Jones replied:

"But it is true, and I am not ashamed of my own life. I am not happy with my wife, although I respect her highly, and I love my children. I do support the lady you refer to, and I live with her as a husband." Since then I never wanted to touch the *R. P. Journal*," concluded our new-comer.

I should not detail this unimportant bit of news except for its bearing on the attitude of the *Journal* to your own opinions. I have noticed a tendency among the most intelligent and charitable class to ignore the bonds of Church and State for themselves while they condemn the same course in others, and refuse to see that a universal principle must be involved which applies to all alike. It is a curious fact that what we ourselves do seems so natural, so innocent apparently, that we are conscious of no self-condemnation; but what others do, that which approves itself as equally justifiable to them, we, looking on, condemn as "bad."

[Comments upon the above would be superfluous, but we cannot refrain from quoting from the *Journal* of July 12 the following characteristic effusion. We do not care either to make any comment on this, but we are anxious that all our readers shall have the opportunity of referring, some time in the future, to these words from a professed Spiritualist and harmonial philosopher in the so-called *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, which claims, in the number of July 19, to be "the most philosophical paper in the world:"]

INFAMOUS FALSEHOODS CONTRADICTED.

During the whole time that Victoria C. Woodhull has been heralding her vile slanders against Henry Ward Beecher and others, we have felt a deep conviction that it was originated for no other purpose than to lay the foundation for a general system of blackmailing. The consequences that ensued were not anticipated by her and her coadjutors.

When they were arrested the game was spoiled. Threats of publishing vile stuff in the WOODHULL & CLAFLIN WEEKLY against people, until they shelled over the greenbacks, no longer availed. The next step was to arouse sympathy in the breasts of kind-hearted people who did not see through the thin veil that screened the corrupt movement.

The potent argument to that end was, "Mr. Beecher dares not deny her charges; she has his own letters to convict him."

Mr. Beecher, like a sensible man, bided his time to speak upon the subject. That time came when that church dignitary, Henry C. Bowen, planned with Victoria C. Woodhull to get up a new sensation, to the prejudice of Mr. Beecher, by visiting Woodhull in company with his stool-pigeons, under the pretense of securing certain letters that Beecher had written her. She refused to surrender them to Bowen for fear that he would use them against her. The whole interview was devised by Bowen and Woodhull to get up a new sensation, but so shallow that none but the most gullible would have swallowed it had not Mr. Beecher come out and defied them to produce and publish any letters they might have of his.

Those who for the last three months have made so much capital out of Mr. Beecher's non-refusal to deny the infamous charges will have to change their tactics. Those who have been in the habit of denouncing Henry Ward Beecher with being as "guilty as h—l," simply because he spoke not, will find sensible, unprejudiced people calling for proof, when such charges are again uttered against one of nature's noblemen.

[Surely hath a Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel must have reincarnated in a Jones. But placed in contrast with this latter Daniel, some modern man, of only common sense, says:]

"If Mrs. Woodhull has uttered untruth and wrongfully given the name of persons as witnesses, it is the duty of these persons to fix upon her the odium of a public liar. While they remain silent, it will not do to charge her with originating the statements, and to say that she was not justified in publishing them. It is a question of veracity in which, as between the witnesses and Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Woodhull has nothing to do, and, as between the witnesses and Mrs. Woodhull, Mr. Beecher has nothing to do."—*Correspondent Washington Capital*.

Deal gently with those that stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. One kiss is worth a thousand kicks. Kind words are more valuable to the erring than a mine of gold.

UTICA V. CLAFLIN BROOKER.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

WELLESLEY, Mass., June 21, 1873.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

My Dear Madam—You may not need to read, but I cannot feel myself worthy to be called a woman if I refuse to write in expression of my utter detestation of this farce of law, that has so long outraged your rights (rights common to us all) and mocked the common sense of the whole country.

The pitiful spectacle presented by the Courts of the United States throughout this entire proceeding, is enough to crimson the cheek of every American. Where are we? And whither are we tending? There can be but one answer. No government can afford to so belittle itself, especially no government of the people, no democracy.

Do the Courts imagine they can stifle discussion? Suppose they imprison you (as they evidently intend to do if the people will permit it), will they thereby rid the country of those who dare think? Of those who dare speak and write their thoughts? Rid the country of those who dare question the justice of all laws, the efficiency of all courts, and the value of all institutions? Institutions are valuable only as they subserve the interests of humanity; when they cease to do this they must die. They cannot live because their origin has been thought divine. No matter what their source, they can have but one claim upon us for their continuance, that is their adaptation to human needs.

That this discussion of the merits of the marriage institution is fully launched upon the sea of human thought, beyond recall by Christian Associations or United States Courts, I have not the shadow of a doubt, and I rejoice that such is the case. Whether Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church are "guilty" or "not guilty," whether Mr. Bowen be true or false, whether Mr. Tilton be a wise man, or not so wise, and whatever Woodhull, Claflin, Blood & Co. may be, is now of the smallest possible consequence, in consideration of the mightier issues involved in the discussion of the institution itself.

No age has a right to consider as established beyond question any institution, any law, or any gospel that it has not thoroughly investigated for itself, investigated with all the light that science, physical, spiritual, moral and religious can shed upon it. If no age has a right to do this, no individual has a right to do it, and the path of our duty is at once and forever cleared of all doubt. They who deny the right, the duty of the individual thus to investigate, deny all individual responsibility.

Yours, for the demand and the maintenance of all human rights,
ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

TROY, N. Y., July 7, 1873.

My Dear Mrs. Woodhull—The conflict of ages is ripening into rapid fruition. All ardent and susceptible souls are passing through swift transitions. Three years ago, but few persons could be found who would risk their reputation by committing themselves openly to radical social views. Today there are tens of thousands not only committed to the new social gospel but who proclaim the living word, and devote their lives to extend its influence.

Other thousands are surprised and frightened to discover that their feet are involuntarily treading upon new and strange territory. Though following you afar off, they have drifted beyond the ruts which old-time prejudice has carved, and, lest the conservators of respectable society discover their wanderings, they join Peter and denounce the reformer, wishing in their hearts in the meantime, the most eminent success to your labors. Moreover, a little self-examination convinces them that, after all, there is nothing in their private convictions that need stand in the way of their forsaking tradition, and proclaiming freedom as a principle. Thus the leaven of truth is working in the social mass, converting all available material into beneficent tendencies. The most inveterate bitterness of yesterday is today translated into enthusiasm and helpful sympathy.

And you, brave sister, are the mighty personal force that has given direction and potency to this new phase of American thought. You have carried our cross up Calvary, received in your person the gall and bitterness of persecution, made atonement for the people, that through this great struggle and sorrow we might be made brave enough to speak and act the truth. Through your sufferings, thousands have had their tongues liberated and their courage fortified, so that they have become swift messengers of liberty and joy to those who are still bound in chains. You are breaking the way not only for "future generations" but for this as well. You are the grand focus in which the spirit of the age and hour is crystallized; the point where numberless mountain rills converge, to make a river of resistless power, the instrument through whom the beneficent influences of social progress are unitized. What Jesus was to Christianity—what Luther was to Protestantism—that you are to this last and greatest of all reforms.

Centuries of mental ferment have prepared society for a great social crisis; and now that it is upon us, a brave, consecrated soul, is required to enter the moral wilderness and conduct us through the bewildering transition; one who can see through the night to a brighter day beyond; one who has power to persuade the faltering hosts that the light that comes to them from afar is no ephemeral splendor of a passing comet, but the mellow glories that will shine from a divine centre evermore. And so you came, prophetess of a new age and a better life—came

"Like the roar of distant cataracts,
Like the slumb'rous roll of waves,
Like the night wind in the willows,
Sighing over lonely graves."

You came

"In want and woe and weakness; and
All alone the wine-press trod,
'Till the salt sea-foam of sorrow
Whitened on your quivering lips—

"Till your heart's full tide of anguish
Flooded to your finger tips."

Struggle on, brave Victoria! and

"Praises shall breathe while hopes are born;
Live through the night, and in the morn
Each heart will smile on you."

E. WHIPPLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

Mrs. Woodhull—Although an entire stranger to you, I feel I must express my earnest sympathy for you and for the cause which you are so nobly urging, and for which you are now suffering martyrdom. God grant you renewed health and strength to fight this battle, and to bear up nobly under this unparalleled persecution.

I cannot see of what stuff H. W. Beecher is made, that he can sit still and see you imprisoned, sick, almost dying, and all that he may be shielded, when one word from him, one spontaneous burst of manliness would have prevented it all. What does it mean? Of course we all feel now that he must be guilty. The "dignified silence" is but intense cowardice. He is like Peter when he said, "I know not the man." God grant that he, like Peter, may repent bitterly.

There are times when every reformer feels what it is to stand alone. History repeats itself—"Then all his disciples forsook him and fled." You must have realized that moment in the life of the world's best friend, humanity's noblest lover, when in the solitude of the dreary cell you too stood alone!

God and noble spirits cheer you!

Fifteen years ago I was a frequent hearer of Mr. Beecher. One Sunday as we passed from the crowded house and took our seats in the car, a lady in the company said: "I often think what a change there would be in Mr. Beecher's congregation were anything to happen to him; if he should lose his voice and be silenced, who else could take his place?"

Since the exposure of Mr. B. I have often thought of that woman's words—Beecher silenced!

Silence in Plymouth Church! How will he be able to continue with this heavy pressure of public opinion against him?

But the cause of woman's emancipation, and through her freedom for the entire race, must go on, let who may stand or fall.

An elderly lady here said to-day: "If I had a home of my own how gladly would I invite Victoria Woodhull to come to this coast and visit me, and get a good rest from her sickness and then speak to these people here."

We both bewailed our poverty that we could not send a large sum, but we will try to get new subscribers to your paper.

Yours in deep sympathy,

SARAH J. TALBOT.

ACROSTIC—VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

BY O. F. CHANDLER.

Voices, whisper, use thy forces
In the truth to battle wrong;
Cut from every worldly shackle,
Trust, for truth is mighty, strong!
Onward march, nor fear or falter,
Rule with rigor, foes within;
Impetuous tides are dashing 'round thee.
Acrid, poisonous, rife with sin.
Check this torrent, dear Victoria.

Will you defy the wanton giant,
Overthrow his bastle great!
Objugate his power, and with it
Dispel the wrongs in church and state?
Hammer on, with truth unerring,
Unbind, release each fettered soul—
Leagues against thee shall not prosper.
Live! The social sin control.

JUNE, 25, 1873.

29 ARCH STREET, Hartford, Conn., June 28, 1873.

Woodhull and Claflin, Sisters—I have been watching with unbounded interest the different phases of your revolution, and my blood tingles in my veins with mingled feelings of admiration, disgust and pity. I admire your noble devotion to progress, your vast intelligence, your fearless and undaunted courage, your urbanity and kindness to your many adversaries, treating them with the greatest courtesy, furnishing them a medium through which even to attack you, which has been done at least with rudeness; still you have shown only the best traits of humanity, flowing from a love of the race of man.

I am disgusted with the thin-skinned friends who lauded you in prosperity, who boast progress as their leading principle, but who, in the hour of battle, desert principle, progress and friend to preserve the small amount of respectability they suppose society estimates them to possess.

I pity those fanatical Canutes, who, basking in the sun of ignorance and superstition, which receives its light from the hard toil of the masses, dividing \$10,000, \$15,000, \$20,000 to \$30,000 to each other, wrung from them under the fear of hell and damnation, while the producer is compelled to eke out a miserable existence at something less than \$500 per year, and worse for women. I do not wonder that the pious puritanical officials of Boston prevented you from being heard, when the Legislature of the State informs the world that 20,000 sisters in that city are toiling throughout the year at the enormous sum of less than \$3 per week, out of which, in order to be respectable, they have to pay \$5 per week board, the rest is for clothing, to shine in the lights of the parlors of the pure, philanthropic, revered and reverend citizens, and on Sundays to attend the fashion churches, to contribute the remainder of their abundance to serve some of those self-sacrificing missionaries to convert the heathen.

I forgot, some of them are so acreligious that they stop in their garrets or cellars to mend the rags they have been unable to attend to during the week, mammon requiring

their whole time and exertion; and these circumstances instilling into their minds the great principle of (if not political economy) domestic economy, that they have no need for a wardrobe, or any necessity of going to the expense of a trunk. It would have harrowed the kind, philanthropic, pious, puritanical and reverend heart of Boston for you to tell them the glorious state of their beloved city.

Do they not keep this unpleasant state of things studiously out of sight by vagrant laws, shutting poverty up, if not willing in garret or cellar, forcibly in prison, almshouse or asylum. When these blessings of our boasted civilization have driven them mad, how handy is the insane asylum, an easy and one of the safest methods of meeting truth, and if not convincing their adversary, of disposing of him. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, surely.

I cannot say that I belong to the Spiritual faith. I have been unable thus far to gather sufficient evidence to counteract my materialistic convictions; but I must say that I have a great many friends among Spiritualists, and we have discussed your position. Some indorse you thoroughly, some reservedly, and some, I am afraid, would not say outside what they do to us. But you are gaining new friends amongst those who dare think for themselves for the love of

"— truth, wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground."

Those you rely on. There are many ways of appreciating your exertions, the chief of which is by sustaining the WEEKLY, for that is our telegraph by which we can disseminate truth. Nay, it is something more; it is the crucible of human intelligence.

I condole with you on your precarious condition of health more than anything else of your many troubles, for with that removed and with the truth that you love, I doubt not of your success.

Yours most truly,

S. W. TAYLOR.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 28, 1873.

Dear Victoria, Tennie and Colonel—I just saw the telegram in the newspapers announcing the verdict of your acquittal. Thank God! notwithstanding the Judge Davises, the Phelps, the Beechers, the Plymouth Church, the Comstocks, and the Young Men's Christian Association, there is yet some legal justice left in our courts. Every lawyer of the land knew long ago that if law and justice could be assured you, you must be acquitted; and every lawyer of the land looked upon your pretended prosecutors as so many real persecutors. I do not know exactly the points upon which Judge Blatchford directed your acquittal. It is stated in the published telegram that newspapers were not included in the law of 1872, and this the only point. Your case was full of legal points securing your acquittal before an impartial judge; and on the merits of the facts you must have been acquitted by any intelligent jury, though composed of men. I shall look for a full and impartial report of your trial in the WEEKLY, and sincerely trust I will then learn, that notwithstanding the terrible personal corruption of men in official position, there is some virtue extant.

Permit wife and myself to congratulate you upon your release from your legal persecutors, and to express our trust that you are now free from the meshes of the law. We hope, too, that you will now make use of that freedom to so strike down all persecution, under the protection of heaven and the angels, that it will never lift its hydra-headed front against you again.

God speed you in all your great and good work. I want to hear from some of you.

Yours truly,

A. G. W. C.

BOND.

BY ANNIE E. HIGBY.

My soul sits fainting in the dust,
In sight of Eden's bowers;
And, thirsting, sees the dews descend
That freshen its fair flowers.

These heavy bonds, these shackling thongs,
These chains of slavery!
They fret my soul, they pain my soul,
They wear so wearily.

Unloose these chains that bind me down,
Unfettered let me be;
My soul's true whisperings come and go
Like song birds wild and free.

Like summer winds that breathe around
A rosy morning lea,
The rippling wave's resistless flow
Upon the beauteous sea.

Then let not slavery's voice be heard,
Freed from her let us be;
Nor let her thralldom claim a child
Created to be free.

Free to rise from out the wastes,
Where sin's dark shadows grow;
Free to drink deep the crystal cup,
Where truth's clear waters flow.

My soul sits fainting in the dust,
In sight of Eden's bowers;
And, thirsting, sees the dews descend
That freshen its fair flowers.

OUR people do not readily accept the possibility of Grant's being pressed for a third term, but that such a programme is on the Republican slate seems more than probable, if we may judge from the half-hearted denials of those who at present have the General in charge.

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48 Broad Street, New York City.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

MATERIALISTS, INFIDELS, FREE THINKERS,
LIBERALISTS EVERYWHERE.

To all these classes of people we beg to say that the columns of the WEEKLY are open to you all to argue your sides of the various reformatory issues now before the country. It is the province of the WEEKLY to admit to its columns all sides of all questions, so that its readers may have the opportunity to compare opposite ideas; so that the various opinions may stand side by side for comparison; so that the rough edges of all new things may become smoothed and rounded by contact with each other.

THE PRESS AND TYPE FUND.

In order to meet the desires of many friends, who wish to contribute toward this fund, and who are not able to contribute twenty dollars, it is now announced that subscriptions will be received for any sum from one dollar upward. We are already making arrangements for the purchase of what is needed, relying as we do upon the interest being sufficient to sustain us in so doing. We hope within a month to be doing our own work, thus saving from fifty to seventy-five dollars per week in the expenses of the WEEKLY. Let everybody who intends to subscribe to this fund do so at once, even if they desire to make the payment at some future time during the year. To those who can make them, however, we should be obliged for immediate remittances.

We shall consider it an especial favor on the part of our friends all over the country if they forward to us local papers that contain mention of the WEEKLY or the cause it advocates. Since the new postal law came into operation we are cut off from receiving many papers that used formerly come to us in exchange; hence this request.

PREMIUMS TO CLUBS.

In a short time we intend to present the most magnificent schedule of premiums for new subscribers and clubs that was ever offered, as an introduction to which we now present the following:

For every subscription (from one to four) received we will send the WEEKLY one year and one of the dollar photographs—Woodhull, Claflin or Blood.

For every club of five subscribers—fifteen dollars—five copies of the WEEKLY one year, five photographs and one copy of "Constitutional Equality, a right of woman," by Tennie C. Claflin, price \$2.00.

For every club of ten subscribers—thirty dollars—ten copies of the WEEKLY, ten photographs and one copy each of "The Principles of Government," by Victoria C. Woodhull, price \$3; and "Constitutional Equality" (each book containing steel-plate engraving of the author).

For every club of twenty subscribers—sixty dollars—twenty copies of the WEEKLY one year, twenty photographs and two copies each of "The Principles of Government" and "Constitutional Equality."

For every club of thirty or more subscribers, accompanied by three dollars for each subscriber, thirty copies of the WEEKLY one year, ninety photographs and one each of the books—"The Principles of Government" and "Constitutional Equality"—for every ten subscribers; and

For a club of fifty subscribers—one hundred and fifty dollars—fifty copies of the WEEKLY one year, fifty photographs, a set of the books and a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

IN MEMORIAM.

Death's swift unerring dart,
Brings to its victim calm and peaceful rest,
Whilst those who live mourn with the arrow in their breast.

—ALFRED BURNETT.

A tempest passes over the land, and levels with the ground the grandest elms and the sturdiest oaks, and the toughest and most elastic hickories, along with the graceful willow, the slender poplar and the beautiful maple; while the gnarled shrubs and the dwarfed bushes and the intolerable brambles are left to flourish as if in contempt of their worthlessness; or again, as if to show its power over the strong and the beautiful to make the earth desolate by selecting them as its victims.

So also does the tempest of human life pass over and leave the earth desolate by striking down the fairest, sturdiest and most graceful among men and women, while the dwarfed in form and the scrubby in feature and small in soul are left to give their testimony of the inharmonies that produced them, and to heap evidence on evidence, warning the world to flee from the wrath which is to come.

But when the gentle breezes of evening play with the rustling leaves of the beautiful trees, only bending their graceful boughs enough to add to their already almost heavenly beauty, the divinest harmonies flow in softest cadences from the contact—where desolation and destruction would mark the track of the tempest, carrying dismay, even horror, perhaps, to companions and the sweetest and most entrancing music lulls the soul into happiness and content with all the world. So it is not upon the trees themselves that all these results depend, but more especially upon the powers that come to act upon them. Indeed, that which is most divinely, blessed of beauty and symmetry, and capable of the most perfect harmony and peace, when touched by the spirit of harmony and peace, becomes possible, when in the hands of the opposite power, of the most terrific devastation.

And here again is the analogy found in human life. That which is formed as if nature had exhausted itself in the production, and to which when swayed by angel power no human, scarcely any angelic thought is an impossibility, when subjected to the demon's wrath, breathes forth the deadliest discord. And so when human action is adjudged, all that is beautiful and grand and noble and divine should not be accredited solely to the form through which the exhibition is made; but in a deeper and truer, and more significant sense, to that, which is the inspiration behind such action. Nor yet again should the unharmonious strains, the terrible tones or the demon acts, be wholly charged to those who are so unfortunate as to be brought within the influences that glory in producing such discords and contradiction upon the divinely gifted. When the entrancing tones of the harp fall upon the listening ear, in delightful melody, the conscious soul goes beyond the harp, and wonders at the talent there displayed, and in the enthusiasm the poor harp is entirely forgotten; but not so fully is this ever done, upon the opposite, when some rude, uncultured hand essays its finely strung possibilities, delivering only the most abhorrent sounds, that "horrid harp" is almost the only thought.

Now, as all these things are to the world of matter, so also should they be to the world of human life; and no one is capable of just judgment, until he or she is able to go behind the actor and learn the sources of the inspirations. No human being ever yet absolutely, of himself or herself, did a single act. It is always something resulting from something, every action having for its source a competent causal power; and therefore no human being can ever be absolutely responsible for any act of inharmonious, nor is to be credited wholly with any act of goodness.

At the same time, however, those upon whom the former shall fall, as its objects, feel the injury as deeply as if it were wholly personal, unless wisdom come to the rescue; while the recipient of the latter, appreciates the blessing and offers thanks as if the individual were the only power involved in its bestowal.

The tempest has swept over our household, and its most beautiful member is numbered as an inhabitant of "The City of the Dead." Her body sleeps in Greenwood, but her Spirit, risen to still more glorious possibilities, has triumphed over the grave and whispers back in our ears, "Oh death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" A sister has gone from among us, in body, only to be nearer and dearer to us in spirit; and while it is impossible for us not to grieve at the destruction wrought where were gathered so much loveliness, so many possibilities, it is not so much that she has been laid low by the fell storm as that her wondrous powers were never actualized. It is indeed the saddest of sights to see one to whom the highest symphonies of the universe are possible, pass from earth to Spirit life, having realized nothing but the discords of hell. A life which might have shed happiness and peace and heavenly content all around was wasted, blasted, blighted by conditions which the world saw fit to make her carry, and to which, poor child as she was, she had not the interior strength to become superior. The soul that can know and realize one half of all that this ascended spirit had to endure during the latter years of her life must cry out in anguish: Thanks be to Him, who hath power over life and death, that she is risen.

She was our sister, born of the same sinew, nursed at the same breast, and inheritor of the same general springs of action, and she must be spoken of as a sister by a sister who knew her better and comprehended her indomitable spirit—

perhaps more fully than any other; and though words of seeming harshness may be used to set forth that which should be known, she will bear witness they fall not from their inscribing pen in ought but sisterly tenderness. Indeed, she would have her whole life revealed to the world as an example and a warning to others not to follow in similar paths, or come under the influence of like conditions, and she will see from her new home that she has been at once the terror and the solicitude of a sister's heart that would have yielded all the wealth it had to yield, could it have made her life one ray more radiant—indeed, has yielded untold and ever-to-be unknown sources of happiness, although in vain.

Born three years later than the writer, and two years earlier than another sister, it was natural that the earlier years of our lives should have centered more intimately with each other than with those of the older or younger sisters, and so it was. We were all in all to each other, and early vowed with each other never to be separated. Could this have been, there is little doubt that our then almost infantile ambitions might in a large degree have been attained. We slept together, we played together, we lived in each other, and in all those young years shared all our joys and sorrows, and though the joys were many the sorrows also were not wanting.

These early years of sisterly attachment were soon disturbed by the difficulties and troubles in which our family—a few years after her birth—was involved, and this again was soon afterward followed by the marriage of the writer, who was young, entirely inexperienced in the ways of the world, and utterly unconscious of and imperious to the then conceded rights of marriage. In her new relations, she could see no reasons for the obliteration of her previous affections, but she often found them utterly incompatible with each other. In the years of separation that had ensued previous to this, the finely-toned physical sensibilities, which in a child rendered this sister so lovely, had been badly played upon by rude hands, and had become so out of tune, not only with themselves but with all the world, that the heavenly music of their former days was replaced by such discord and angularities as are only possible of so highly a tempered spirit. Chafing at the bonds that bound her ambitious soul to such conditions she was continually strung to the highest tension of which she was capable, and so terribly sensitive to the least touch of discordant influence, that what should, and under right conditions would, have been sweetest harmony was turned to soul-harrowing discord.

But there were causes for all this made effectual by the possibilities of her organization. Though possessed of all the attributes and capacities that make the greatest men and women—perfection itself in form and almost in feature, in intellect a giantess, in moral sense a heroine, and in affection a very venus—indeed a very queen among women, she yet lacked the one thing that could reduce all these talents to practical use—she had no application, no concentration, no continuity. As a child at school study, even, was impossible, and this characteristic gained in strength as she grew in years, until it was the controlling element in her nature. Yet she realized all her possessions, and feeling them as none but a queenly soul could feel, she involuntarily and constantly rebelled against the power that thus held her captive to its sway, yet lacked the capacity to conquer it. This one weakness turned the whole current of her life from the smoothness and grandeur of the mighty river, to the terrific rushing of the mountain torrents as they are let loose from the winter's snows by the drenching rains of spring.

What she needed most of all things was a master mate—some one before whom even her regal nature could bow and seek wisdom, which she so utterly lacked; but this she never found, because never at liberty to seek it, or to become subject to it if found. She yearned for love. Her nature was an immense wealth of affection, that never yielded up its treasure, because its keys were held in the grasp of the fiend incarnate—marriage—who denied to all seekers any near approach, while she was slave enough to this monster, to yield up her life to its demands rather than let the impulses of her soul speak out in action. Though dying for love which she could not have in slavery, she cursed those who would have labored to set her, and all other women like her, free. She did not count the cost of this, but she has paid the penalty, nevertheless. But what she had in place of it, proved the bane of her life and the prime cause of her early death. Indeed may it be said of her, "Cut off at thirty-one by marriage." To the experiences of two marriages, extending together through the last twelve years of her life, and, added thereto, their natural consequences upon her susceptible and unconquerable, and ungovernable nature, may the tragedy of the last two weeks be largely attributed.

Hers was a nature too large and demanding, too conscious of its own capacity to be counterparted and commanded by any other than a superior; and while either of those to whom she was married would have made any ordinary woman happy, in marriage as the world goes, to her they were restraints that at the same time both curbed and nettled her proud spirit and kept her constantly on fire. Especially for the last six years have these things burned into the depths of her being. Ambitious to excel in some great thing, the assistance to do so was, in some instances, more than rudely denied her, and she was slave enough to the conventional forms and customs of society to endure rather than rend the chains that bound and made her slave.

But the very contest that this aroused within her soul, which desired freedom but dared not embrace it, when it

could have been had for the mere taking, kept her constantly in open rebellion, and made her to all her friends, who would have aided her onward to a throne even, a source of constant solicitude, not to say trouble and often of deep anxiety, sometimes of such a character as to wring their inmost hearts with grief indescribable. There are some conditions in which nothing can touch such souls, and she was frequently the subject of them. And while her sisters would have gladly laid down their lives to snatch her from herself, she would not permit them even to so much as speak a saving word. Never, perhaps, was there such profusion of possibilities for greatness and grandeur so utterly in ruins as in her who has gone from us. Her life and sufferings, her privations and sorrows, her ambitions and defeats, are a volume whose pages are full of signals of danger and warnings to every woman having capacities and desires to be more than a sexual slave to a man.

To have seen her form lying in its regal beauty, still and cold, prepared for its last resting-place, never having accomplished the mission on earth to which it was called, and all because of the ignorance, the littleness and the cruelty even of false social customs, was enough to rouse the soul of woman-kind, and of every man also who can rise above his selfish love for woman, into rebellion against them, until all bonds are rent asunder that would even attempt to command love against its own royal will, and herald to the world the incoming of the new social dispensation, based upon the freedom and the purity of love.

Neither of these had ever shed their blessings upon this lifeless clay, and as the last look was being taken of her face, bearing the sad smile it had assumed as the spirit bid adieu to its earthly temple, the heartrending scenes of her life that first led her to the habitual use of narcotics, and when almost too late warned to break from them, to stimulants to drown the griefs and disappointments, and to blunt her susceptibilities and ceaseless longings for something better, rose afresh to the memory of all of us who had stood by to aid her through her fiery trials. These habits of life induced kidney disease, and as this increased it added a new source of suffering to her cup, already running over, the demand for stimulants being at times almost a necessity; and this, again, reacted to hasten the progress of the disease. But she was too proud spirited most of the time even to complain of pain which she must have suffered. So accustomed had she become to shutting her needs up within her soul, and then of drowning them by narcotization or stimulation, or again of spending their violence on some one who would fain have shared her sorrows, that her friends seldom thought her suffering. The pallid face and the lustreless eye nevertheless often told the tale of her bodily as well as of the mental pain.

Within a month of her death, what we now know to have been, in effect, a symptom of the disease that was silently though rapidly eating away at her vitals, gave her at times the appearance and action of an insane person. Suddenly and without provocation, in the most terrible manner, she would turn upon her best friends; indeed, her best friends seemed at such times to appear to her to be deadly enemies. When these would pass away she would realize what she had done, and several times expressed a fear that she might do some one perhaps even a mortal injury. But that this arose from her disease was not then known. The presence of uremic poison in the blood, which should be excreted by the kidneys, produces a spasmodic or a comatose condition. Her disease had progressed to a point that would have prostrated any less vigorous and obstinate constitution; instead of doing which it expended itself in these violent mental and physical outbursts.

To all outward experiences up to the day on which she finally took to bed, she was in perfect health, and the *post-mortem* examination, which circumstances compelled, revealed the wonderful fact, that aside from the complete destruction of the kidneys and an inflammation of the stomach, every organ was in perfect health. Indeed, it was a physical organization that ought to have withstood the common ravages of a century, to which age she would have undoubtedly lived, had she not been by sheer desperation driven to intemperance. The brain, even, which in such cases is almost always diseased, was perfectly healthy and showed by its remarkable convolutions and texture that it had by mere involuntary will-force, protected itself from the attack of the demons that had been introduced into her system, all of which had expended themselves upon the kidneys, as the only other recourse.

We now understand all that terrible power before which we trembled lest she should do some one a fatal injury, but which, not understood, caused her to be almost fatally misunderstood. As a matter of no more than common importance, she was a fit subject for an asylum, either for inebriates or the insane; but as the victim of a series of circumstances that conspired to make a lamentable ruin of one of the most divinely gifted of human beings she deserved the keenest commiseration of every one, and their most compassionate endurance. And all this she had, tempered with such love and forbearance, as few unfortunates obtain; and if at times unkind words have replied to cruel shafts, she will now understand them, and know that they did not proceed from unloving hearts. And if sometimes unkind, perhaps seemingly cruel, acts have followed some terrific deed, she will now realize that they were dictated only by the demands of safety. One to be kind must sometimes be seemingly cruel; and while these things may not be spread before the world in their detail,

still enough of them have crept, in one way and another, into its knowledge to require so much of explanation. She would not have the living suffer for the so-called dead. Had she been as well known to us before as she was after death, could her wondrously-wrought form been an open volume to be read by us, much might have been done to mitigate all her late conditions; but until recently no remedy was possible of application. The very severity of her case placed an impossible barrier between her and any who would have done her good; and when this good could have been rendered it was too late. The fell disease had culminated.

So she has passed on to the brighter shore, where the weaknesses of the flesh will no more annoy, nor the fettered conditions of the soul any more chafe her aspiring spirit. But as the tomb closed upon the casket that held her earthly form, bearing the words

UTICA V. CLAFLIN BROOKER,

Died July 9, 1873, aged 31 years,

it seemed to us it might have been appropriately added:

Cut off at this early age by marriage.

DEATH IN "OUR HOUSEHOLD."

Another great affliction has fallen upon Victoria and Tennie. The angel of death has just borne a beautiful and beloved sister to the higher life. I left the house of mourning one hour ago, and while my eyes are yet wet with tears of sympathy for our grief-stricken sisters, I will take the pen and tenderly lift the veil that conceals their private sorrows—sorrows in which social ameliorations are gestated, and out of which great reforms have their birth.

Victoria's sister, Mrs. Utica V. Brooker, passed to the immortal life Wednesday night at half-past eleven o'clock. Her age was thirty-one years; her complaint, Bright's disease of the kidneys. I was with the family during the last day and night of her illness. Arriving from Troy early Wednesday morning, I proceeded immediately to 48 Broad street, where I found Victoria in great distress. She told me her sister was dying, and asked me to accompany her to her residence on Thirty-fourth street. Arriving there, we proceeded to Mrs. Brooker's room, and found her in a condition of extreme suffering. Victoria put her arms about her sister's neck, and exclaimed: "O, my sister! do you know how I have always loved you? do you know how I could die for you?" The sufferer answered only with copious tears, for she could not speak. What struck me first was the rare beauty of the woman. Both form and features were of exquisite mould; and I bethought me how little the world comprehended the wonderful possibilities that were latent in that heart and brain, and how, all unconscious, it had trampled the bright jewel in the mire of earth.

The whole family were almost frantic with grief. The aged parents bestowed every attention which extreme devotion to their pet child could suggest. Victoria bent over her sister with the tender solicitude of unselfish devotion and the agony of a breaking heart. She left the house for her office at eleven o'clock P. M., saying she could not remain to see Utica die. I went to the bedside, raised the suffering woman in my arms, and held her there until her spirit took its flight. She died as gently as a child going to sleep upon its mother's breast. Victoria was at that moment in the Broadway omnibus opposite Trinity Church, and she distinctly heard a voice say, "Vicky, it's all right now." She immediately exclaimed, "My God, Utica is dead!" Then looking up at the clock on Trinity steeple, the hands pointed to just half-past eleven.

Before leaving the office, Tuesday morning, Victoria was preparing to go to Greenwood to remove the remains of her former husband from the vault, when she heard the voice of Dr. Woodhull—"Don't go now; you will change your mind to-morrow; your sister will not live the night out."

I never witnessed such a scene as that which transpired at the Woodhull-Claflin residence when Mrs. Brooker breathed her last. The aged parents and three sisters—Tennie, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Sparr—were present. They invoked God and Jesus and all the powers of heaven and earth to bring her back to life. They walked the house and wailed forth their frantic grief the whole night through. Victoria returned at three o'clock in the morning from her office. Her attitude was less vehement but her sorrow was more intense than that of her sisters, for besides the loss of her sister there were other troubles from without and within that were weighing down her spirit, of the nature of which I will speak presently.

As if to add to Victoria's and Tennie's sorrow, already accumulated past endurance, and while the sister was lying at the point of death, suspicions were whispered about town that Mrs. Brooker had been poisoned, and threats were rumored that Col. Blood and the sisters were to be arrested on suspicion and an investigation instituted. And with the memory fresh in her mind of the outrages she had already suffered at the hands of the press and members of the Y. M. C. A. of New York, Victoria's mind was naturally filled with terrible apprehensions of the next dark move they might choose to make. In view of all this the sisters, Victoria and Tennie, resolved to have an inquest over the body and so settle that matter forever. Coroner Hermann came at four o'clock P. M. on Thursday. A jury was impaneled. I was present and witnessed the *post-mortem* examination. Every word spoken on the occasion was courteous and in an evident tone of kindness for the relatives. The brain was first examined and pronounced by Deputy Coroner Cushman to be sound, with the exception of slight congestion. There was no softening or structural disease of any kind. I was myself surprised at the depth of its convolutions. It was a brain of the finest texture and most superior mould. The lungs were perfectly sound, stomach inflamed and its membranes congested. The uterus and vagina were pronounced by Dr. Cushman free from disease and as natural as those of a virgin. This latter statement was very gratifying to the sisters, since remarks had been made by certain ones that "undoubtedly a *post-mortem* examination would reveal the

fact that the deceased was rotten with sexual disease, and to save their feelings the inquest had better not be held."

The kidneys were found to be enlarged to twice their natural size and much decomposed, which was the cause of death, and the verdict was rendered accordingly. Dr. Cushman took occasion to remark that "if the deceased had paid an intelligent regard to the laws of health she might have attained to a hundred years of age."

O beautiful sister! daughter of the skies; the world did not understand thee. The fountain of love and melodies that leaped forth from thy soul, seeking beautiful vales, green meadows and kindred sympathies, was diverted by the ignorant multitude into lanes and sewers, and poisoned by contact with exhalations that rise out of uncongenial abodes. You loved gardens and flowers, music and painting; but these are only for those who half appreciate them. You were turned into the desert, made to wander among icebergs, and compelled by society to freeze to death in the summer-time. O God! when shall these delicately attuned natures find a home and welcome in the world! Child of sorrow when you should have been a herald of joy; you were born to be a goddess and queen among women. A model of grace and beauty, you should have inspired the world with its charms, should have enhanced the public appreciation of nature and conducted the popular taste toward the higher walks of aesthetic culture. But your parents were unwise, and knew not how to train the powers so full of promise. They gave you no glimpse of the mountain of endeavor or the grandeur of life, and so your earthly career was a failure.

You must needs go to a better school and be disciplined by wiser teachers ere your mission in the universe can be fulfilled.

Mrs. Brooker would have made a grand reformer if she could have enjoyed the proper training in her girlhood years. At the age of sixteen she was an actress in San Francisco, and remained on the stage five years. Two years ago she desired to unite with Victoria in her work and go upon the rostrum. But she did not see the necessity of work for the work's sake. Her ambition was for personal emolument, and so she was constrained into a conservative position. Victoria would consent to assist her in public labor only upon condition that she would subordinate personal aims to genuine reform, and hence, instead of a co-worker, the sister became an opposer and enemy.

And in this connection I wish to state my impressions of the Claflin family. I had heard and read many things concerning this extraordinary household, and I desired much to get an inside view of their home-life and so have a new outlook from which to estimate the sisters and their work. I found it, indeed, a remarkable family, but I believe that while the world gives them full credit for their virtues, it fails to perceive and appreciate their many and admirable virtues. Their virtues are negative and the results of ignorance. Their virtues might, with proper direction, be made potent with saving power. The Beechers have frequently been alluded to as possessing more brains than any other half-dozen families in the country. I think if Prof. Morton's ghost could come back and take an inventory of the Claflin craniums, he would book them first on the list, both for quantity and intensity of brain. But with the exception of Victoria and Tennie, this wealth of brain is all untaught and rendered abortive for any noble uses. It is an engine off the track, nearing a precipice with frightful speed. The parents have great natural endowments, and even at their advanced age exhibit flashes of originality and genius. A phrenologist would pronounce them both possessed of the highest order of organization. Father Claflin's head is not large, but sharply defined and very high. The mother has a superior brain both for size and activity. She is by nature highly intellectual and spiritual, and she has inherited from her German ancestors a bias to superstition and the intuitive perceptions peculiar to the Teutonic temperament. I never saw greater devotion for children, yet that devotion has been their curse because unguided. The grandest emotions of the soul conduct to surest woe, unless they receive direction from an enlightened reason. Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Sparr are the two remaining sisters, besides Victoria and Tennie. The former is good at heart, but angular in disposition and weak in moral courage. Mrs. Sparr is the most eccentric and altogether unfortunate organization in the family. The vices of unheard-of ancestors seem boiled down and concentrated in her person. She is as much inclined to suspicion and hate as the sparks are to fly upward. She has exerted her utmost to prejudice the world against Col. Blood and Victoria. Poor woman! she knows not what she does.

With all their faults Victoria loves her family with the purest devotion I ever saw. Though they have filled her path with obstacles, treated her with persecution and slander, lived upon her bounty, still she loves them, forgives them, and would lay down her life for their sake. The noblest traits in her nature, the elements that constitute the chief grandeur of her character are most misjudged by the world. Those attributes are the source of that weird and mysterious influence she exerts over all who enter her presence.

And what more can I say to the readers of the WEEKLY in behalf of our dear, suffering Victoria? If I had a thousand tongues and as many hands they should be devoted to lighten the task that has already broken down her health. She has not tasted food for several days, nor slept for several nights. Her eyes are swollen with weeping. The agony in her sweet, sad face is enough to bring tears from a stone. And her sorrow is not simply the outburst of a blind affection for her kindred. It is a sorrow that comes as the consequence of the accumulated wrongs and injustice that surround her upon every hand. It is the reaction of a sensitive soul against that society that whispers "poison" and "assassination," while her heart is breaking over her dying sister. It is a sorrow that weeps over the ignorance of parents and the stupidity of society—that stupidity which drives the sweetest emotions of love and sentiment into the discords of pandemonium. She said to me while weeping over the remains of her sister, "Do you wonder, my brother, that I should

feel desperately in earnest to reform the evils of our social life when I remember what I have suffered in my own family? Opposed and misunderstood by my parents and sisters, compelled to bear an idiotic child by a drunken husband, O, my God! and the world thinks me only ambitious of notoriety!"

Victoria loves the great, suffering, starving world as unselfishly as she does her own kindred. Her tears and her life are poured out free as rain for its welfare. And if her professed friends half understood the depth and delicate tenderness of her soul, her timid and shrinking nature—if they could but realize how their occasional suspicions sink like steel into her heart—if they knew what a load of private grief and public sorrow overwhelms her, methinks they would be more considerate, give more hearty assistance, and help hold up the hands that have become so weary in work without recompense. I know there are thousands who stand afar off, who deny all sympathy for the reformer, yet who are the first to take advantage of that more enlarged public sentiment which the tears and prayers and sacrifices of our dear Victoria have inaugurated. Beset with pecuniary embarrassments, imprisoned by bigots, struggling against the frauds and hypocrisy of society, betrayed in the house of her friends, her health is fast giving way under the accumulated load. Shall we abandon her to die in this trial hour, with her work all unfinished, and suffer this reform to be put back a hundred years? God forbid! and nerve us to our duty.

There are two other persons included in this trinity of workers which the world will better understand by and by. The sister Tennie has great energy and great devotion—devotion both to Victoria and the work to which she is wedded. She has unbounded benevolence, an exuberance of animal spirits and a ready tongue, but seems to lack the interior life and inspiring power of her sister. She has been with Victoria through all her struggles and persecutions, and bravely encountered the vicissitudes of fortune that fall to the lot of all reformers. And a nobler man never lived than Col. Blood. His light is steady as the stars. Almost unnoticed and unknown, he labors with untiring zeal. His devotion to humanity is so grand that he needs no outward recognition to inspire his heart and direct his pen. His vision is not bounded by country, sex or nationality, but he labors to the end that the whole human family may be redeemed and disenthralled.

Neither is Victoria the brazen, bold, world-defying creature many suppose her to be. Her terrible courage is no product of masculine bravery, but it is the silent strength of a great moral purpose. She possesses all the feminine qualities and fine susceptibilities of her sex. Every nerve is keyed to highest tension—every feature strong and beautiful. Her soul shines through her face, making her look as sweet and tender as a mother, and as pure as divinity. From the higher life, Victoria, thy ascended sister will return to thee, and bless thee with a purer love and grander devotion than she ever knew on earth.

E. WHIPPLE.

PARK HOTEL, New York, July 10, 1873.

ADDRESS OF LUCIEN S. CRANDALL AT THE FUNERAL.

In the grand cathedral of one of the oldest cities of Germany, was once the finest chime of bells that had ever been founded. But one day a great conflagration swept over the city, and destroyed both church and chime. It was a sight to see those flames as they mounted the towering spire, and thousands assembled to witness its fall; slowly the mighty structure melted into flame, and as, one by one, the fastenings of that chime gave away, each bell rang out one farewell peal, then sank into the seething hell below, to become a heap and keep silence forever.

How many a young life shoots up past the budding morn of promise, even into the full noon of love and labor, only to startle the world with one clanging peal of genius, then sinks from our sight to keep silence forever; and who shall interpret the lesson of their coming or their going? Vain the lesson of this dead, vain this gathering of the near and dear, vain the beautiful casket and robes, and flowers, vain the journey to yon silent city, vain these tears, if we fail to fathom the lesson of this hour and catch not from the departing dead some thought that shall be as a lamp to the feet of the living.

This is the hour when prayers ascend, the hour when dusty tombs are aired and the bones of ancient creeds brought forth to grin in marrowless impotency at the needs of the times; though at all times all things preach, this is the special hour for sermons, the time set apart for creedal dress parade, when priests mount guard o'er the minds of men, and hungry souls assemble to receive their weekly stipend of nurtureless spiritual pabulum, hashed to suit the powers of dyspeptic consciences, a time when the hungry and athirst of holy aspiration must turn empty away or sit down to a repast of conventionally garnished rhetorical pottage, dished to toothsome tickle the palate of sin.

Yes, all things preach. This still form preaches, this clay is a sermon, these mute lips are framed into pronouncement of a prayer that shall move the mighty forces that shape the destinies of the race; in the calm of that motionless casket is gathered a storm that shall shake the world.

The text for the lesson of this hour is at once an epitaph, a wail, a verdict, a curse, a prophecy:

CUT OFF AT THIRTY-ONE BY MARRIAGE!

Wherever the thought of her loveliness carries this wail shall be heard: *Cut off at thirty-one by marriage!*

Wherever the truth shall be sought concerning this young life, which sprang up as a rose in the morning to canker and die ere the noontime, this shall be the verdict: *Cut off at thirty-one by marriage!*

On whomsoever the light of these latter days has come will also fall the blighting curse of God if he fail to heed the sermon of this clay: *Cut off at thirty-one by marriage!*

And a prophecy, withal, is this; for were every nerve of

this pulseless form a highway for the forked lightning, there should not come to mortals surer destruction than shall come to him who, perceiving the truth, fails to put this marital abomination beneath his feet.

Freedom to follow the beckoning hand of the Infinite is the indispensable prerequisite of righteousness. Less than righteousness is sin. "The wages of sin is death."

This is the law: as water cannot rise above its fountain so shall none be truly free who spring from the loins of slavery. No man shall scale the heights of æsthetic outlook beyond that point up to which have trembled the aspirations of the mother who bore him. In freedom alone is growth to perfect stature. In emancipated womanhood is the hope of the world. O, spirit of maternity, raise thy wings! When that quartette of hell—the dramshop, the gambling-den, the brothel and the church—shall have perished by the sword of this grand social movement, then the true second advent shall be; then the Christ shall reign in his glory; then the kingdom shall come, and on earth as in heaven there shall be neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but all shall be as the angels—in the dual perfection of mateship.

All hail the dawning of that day! On the peaks of yon distant mountains already may be seen the glinting of the golden sunshine; by-and-by 'twill steal along down their rugged sides, and fill all their dark ravines with a flood of ineffable glory. Even here, in this little circle, where ere now distraction has rent and fierce discord scattered, Death himself has seized the key, and to-day my soul feels the straining of the wires as each heart trembles up toward the concert pitch; and when perfect harmony shall come, from out this family circle shall sweep a wave of strength so grand, a wealth of glad tidings so sweet, that all the world shall be charmed into paths of peace.

But what concerning her who has passed? (Not passed by measurement of time and space, but passed by change of condition into the sweet serenity of the summer land.) We will forget those days when storms overwhelmed and the billows of despair so wellnigh made shipwreck of the angel within. We will forget those moments when the mighty tides of her regal nature came sweeping back upon her heart like the merciless undertow of the resistless ocean, and threatened to engulf all kindly feeling in the whirlpool of demoniac obsession. All this and more; but we will not forget the timid, unobtrusive presence, those sad eyes longing for love, that starving soul begging bread, the queen in search of her kingdom. We can think on the beauty that girded her loins as with the exquisite moulding of a Venus Medicis, and still, perhaps, be reconciled to see it crumble. We can think on the grace that clothed her every motion as with a garment of stately-rythmed poetry, and rebel not that she is lost to view. Even the subtle fragrance of her every gracious charm may pass away; yet when we remember that with all these have passed away the grand maternal possibilities of a perfect woman, verily the whole world may put on sackcloth and ashes.

Father, be comforted. Mother, be proud till the day you die, for the world has known few on whose brow has so lustreously sat the crown of maternity. To have been the mother of such royalty as sleeps here to-day is glory enough for one. Sisters, you who have seen her proud lip curl in scorn of the world's hypocrisy; you who have torn the mask from the foulness of canting greatness; you who have braved the felon's cell and dared the hounds of law, she speaks to you to-day. Be fearless, as never before; be brave, as never before; be true, as never before!

Fear nothing! Dare all things! Truth never shall fail,
Though hell gapes before thee, and terrors assail.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! To the right eye be true;
From thy earth struggle Godward, till light breaks to view.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Though onwards bewail
Their sad social fate, when strange doctrines prevail.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Be PURE, TRUE and FREE;
In these are sweet peace, rest and heaven for thee.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Press on to thy goal,
Remembering that travail is growth to the soul.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Toward heaven raise thine eye
(Reck not that thy ken fails to pierce the blue sky);
See that golden tints only illumine thy life's west,
Then the sunset shall welcome thy soul to sweet rest.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Stand firm by the right;
Grand the sunset, but grander the MORNING and LIGHT.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Nor falter, nor pale,
Though storms lash the sea and death rides the rill.
This life's but the Alpha—one line in the plan—
A letter—a prattle—the birthday of man.
Fear nothing! Dare all things! Let truth be thy staff;
Pierce the bubbles of error, winnow grain from the chaff;
Teach that all life's a journey (its true pathway love)—
The scaling a ladder that lands us above;
Where light e'er shall guide us and truth be our rod;
Ceaseless use; endless progress toward the Omega—God.

TEXT, AND ITS SERMON.

A lifeless form before us lay,
In the casket there, that summer day,
The form of a dear one fled;
But she looked so like life, like an infant in sleep,
We could almost have gazed and forgotten to weep,
For it seemed not she could have been dead!

For over her face there played a smile,
That told not of Death's decay;
And her pale, cold lips were just parted, the while,
As if to disown his sway;
And her brow was bright with a radiant light,
That to many a heart did say,
That there was no death where she was gone,
And then she had not died, but only passed on,
From mortal vision away!

And flowers bright on her bosom were lying,
And roses pale, in that coffin dying,
Their perfume shed:
And a myrtle wreath round her forehead twining,
As a pledge of our love in her soft hair shining,
Encircled her head.

We gazed on her long, till our eyes grew dim,

Till the cup of our anguish was filled to the brim,
And ran o'er:
Till the lid was put down to hide her forever,
And we knew we should look again on her, never,
As before:
Till the lid was put down, and over all,
Was thrown the dark and funeral pall,
And she was borne away,
Through the sheen of that summer day!

But why did she die so early, and why was the promise of her magnificent destiny turned to ashes while she lived—that great fate,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been'!"—

that great possibility turned once more to realization,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

"More sinned against than sinning!" is the answer. Society first makes us, and then curses us for what it makes. It made her, and then did not love and bless and save its wondrous Child! A thousand years hence, with the world baptized into love and freedom, she would have shone so like an Immortal, she would not need to be one; but as it was now, there was no rest but to die! As some might say,

"But rest more sweet and still,
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave!"

"There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide beat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet!"

"So we lift our joyful eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod:
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God!"—

or as others might phrase it,

So alone, neither wife nor maiden,
She has just resigned her breath,
And been so sweetly wedded,
As the Bride of the Bridegroom Death,
And thus her spirit added,
To the souls of the upper Aidenn!—

or still others,

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep—
After life's fitful fever she sleeps well!"

And so it has been from eternity: eternity ago, the Universe was full of men and women, as it is to-day; and then as now, all in the infancy of their races, and before the perfection came, were cut down, cut down while yet needing to be immortal, as the perfect do not. The great fates of the Universe recognize no individual, not even the highest, except to rebuke his egotism and presumption, and roll on in very despite! And then the lesson is, that we now on the earth should not throw our existence away, but abide as long as we can, each one saying to those about him who squander life, I am making my calculations to live and be happy, long after you are dead and buried! And the lesson is, that we should learn how to cure disease; and that was the need of this darling Sister even ten years ago, when this affection of the kidneys compelled such constant pain as drove her to stimulation or narcotization—that was the need, that she should have been cured, and she might have been. And that was the need not a month ago, and it might have been then, and if those who are all the time living for another world knew not how it might be, yet those who live for this world are not included. True, a month ago, no one perhaps suspected the exact condition, but that makes no difference: she was all around, even attending the trial of her sisters in the Courts—and such a woman could have been arrested where she was, constantly bettered instead of suffered to grow worse, and cured. And the great deep human love which would have saved that Sister's life a month ago, is more than a belief in all the immortalities in the Universe!

With Immortality, or without it, the infinite need of the dear world of brothers-to-day, is to be able to live, and not die! And Nature can cure every possible disease, and when none die except from age, they will want to die, and the world will be happy!

And then "being dead she yet speaketh," teaching us how to live, and we will not mourn for her, but be happy as she would bid us! At least the writer, even if he often weeps for the living, never once drops a tear for the dead; and though he often speaks of weeping with the living for the dead, it is his sympathy with the living, he still can never know a tear for the loved and lost! JOSEPH TREAT.

[Dr. Treat, from the same appreciation and sympathy, reproduces the following three Poems, penned even before the advent of Spiritualism:]

Forget her, the loved one flown? Yes, ye will,
When the rolling Sun in the heaven stands still:
When the silver Moon no more gives light,
When the calm, high Stars no more are bright:
When the Bow no longer arches high,
Nor clouds come back to shut the sky:
When Day and Night return no more,
And Times and Seasons all are o'er;
When Heaven and Earth away shall flee,
And God himself shall cease to be—
Then—then—ye may then forget her forever!
O no, no! No, no, no! ye will forget her, Never!

Forget her, the dear one fled? Yes, ye will,
When all of good is changed to ill:
When there's nothing left that's pure and fair,
In upper sky or lower air,
To bring to mind, through eye or ear,
The perished forms of friends once dear:
When no pleasant sounds are borne on the breeze,
Nor whispers come sighing through the tall green trees:

When no longer the carol of warbling bird,
Nor the chime of the tolling bell is heard:
When a brother can stand by the side of a bier,
And his eye not fill with the blinding tear;
Or walk in the churchyard with careless tread,
And heave not a sigh for the souls of the dead:
When his heart can be steeled to affection and love,
And he feels not a tie that binds him above—
Then—then—ye may then forget her forever!
O no, no! No, no, no! ye will forget her, Never!

What can please me like mourning, that young, strong and fair,
She hath gone to the fields of the viewless air?
To the heavenly fields, all radiant there,
In the starry depths of the azure, where
The other dead have gone?
To the far-off fields in the clear blue sky,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye,
Though still her spirit hovereth nigh,
And her light form floateth ever by,
Within that dwelling lone?

Or how can I other than feel as I should,
If an own dear sister were she?
For all who are loving and gentle and good,
Are brothers and sisters to me!
And so when they pass from the earth away,
There's something within me that seems to say—
"Gone! gone! the dear ones of thy Mother!
Fast flow thy tears, O weeping Brother!"
Aye! and they do, they do, oft flow,
For many who in death have long been low;
But now shall they course down my cheek once more,
And freer and faster than ever before—
Full freer for her who fell asleep last,
Than for any who died in the long, long past!

So a long farewell to our Sister sleeping,
In the cold and silent tomb:
O'er her head, so low pillowed, be wild flowers creeping,
And myrtle and forget-me-not bloom!

Friends, why thus mourning? For the Dead are ye yearning,
To bring them again from their places?
And who then is it, that comes thus to visit,
Your hearts with affectionate embraces?

Loved ones, she meets you, and, loved ones, she greets you,
On the earth whom so fondly ye cherished!
Ye call her a lost one, but she is not a lost one—
O think not the absent has perished!

And she is not absent; her face is not present,
And the clods her cold ashes may cover;
But her spirit glorious, over Death was victorious,
And that spirit around you shall hover!

It shall come in the dawning of the red, rosy morning,
And breathe to you accents of peace;
And when earth is beclouded, and in darkness enshrouded,
And sleep from your woes gives release—

It shall then in your chambers, keep guard o'er your slumbers,
And mingle with sleep, pleasant dreaming:
Shall tell you in vision, of its own blest Elysium,
And the glory from that better land, beaming!

Henceforth shall its care be, henceforth shall its prayer be,
To solace the desolate-hearted:
It shall be with you ever, it shall go from you never—
That spirit of her that's departed!

[From the New York Sun, Monday, July 14, 1873.]
A PECULIAR FUNERAL.

No Crape, No Mourning Dresses, No Clergyman, No Imposing Train of Coaches—Shakespeare Quoted Instead of the Bible.

Mrs. Utica V. Clafin Brooker was buried yesterday, from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, at 6 East Thirty-fourth street. Mrs. Brooker died on Wednesday night of Bright's disease of the kidneys, having been confined to her bed about ten days, a greater portion of which time she was unconscious. Her relatives were with her in her last moments, but she was unable to speak to them. No crape was tied to the bell-knob, nor indeed was there any indication of death in the house. Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Clafin told Mr. Joseph Young, the undertaker, that they desired no display; that they should have none of the hollow mockery, as they termed it, which surrounds the funerals of the times. They grieved for the loss of their sister, but did not propose to make any outward exhibition of that grief. All they wished was quietly to follow her to her last resting-place. Accordingly, yesterday morning the remains were placed in a plain casket, a plate on whose lid bore the inscription, "Mrs. Utica V. Clafin Brooker, died July 9, 1873, aged 31 years." The body was attired in a pink silk wrapper, with lace encircling the neck and wrists. A beautiful white flower was on the breast. Choice flowers were strewn on the casket, which rested in the front parlor.

The venerable father and mother, and Mrs. Miles, a sister of Mrs. Brooker, sat at the head of the casket, and opposite each other and near the foot were Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Clafin. The latter were neatly attired in dark clothing, and delicate white roses were on their breasts. They were surrounded by many of their literary friends, among whom were the well-known Western humorist, Mr. Alfred Burnet, and Miss Helen Nash. None of the family wore mourning. The father's grief was almost untroubling. Tears filled the eyes of the others as they listened to the touching address of Mr. Lucien S. Crandall, formerly editor of a newspaper in Syracuse. It was the desire of the family that no clergyman should officiate, but that some one who knew their dead relative should say a few last words over her remains. Mr. Crandall is a young man of fine address. He began with a quotation from Hamlet:

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's dead.

Then followed a line from Macbeth:
She should have died hereafter,

The speaker dwelt upon the virtues of the dead and what she might have been, repeating with emphasis at intervals, "Cut off at thirty-one—by marriage." (Referring to her marriage, which is said to have marred her happiness and sent her to her grave.) He was satisfied that had she made no mistake in securing a partner for life, she might have outshone many of the women of her day, as she was gifted with great powers and would have sought to accomplish great works. He spoke a few kind words to the father and mother, and then addressed the sisters, Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Clafin, who, he said, had braved a felon's cell, and bade them do what was right and have no fear.

The address occupied about twenty minutes, and at its close the relatives and friends took a last view of the body. Then there was a few moments' quiet meditation. The neighbors were unaware that there was a funeral in the house until a plain hearse and four carriages drove up before the door. Then the front door was opened and four of the undertaker's men bore the casket to the hearse. Following them were the venerable Mrs. Clafin, Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Clafin, weeping, and an intimate friend of the family, who seated themselves in the first carriage. In the next carriage were the venerable father, a daughter, Mrs. Miles, and two friends; other friends filled the two remaining carriages. The quiet, unostentatious funeral procession moved down Fifth avenue to Broadway and thence to South ferry, crossing to Greenwood Cemetery. In the cemetery Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Clafin broke down, and their mother tried to comfort them, but in vain. The casket was placed in the receiving vault, and then the carriages returned to New York.

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SPIRITUALISM—REFORMATION.
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As there seems to be a doubt resting upon Spiritualism, whether it mean reformation for the world or merely the demonstration of the fact of continued existence after the death of the physical body, it may be well to consider the effect that the adoption by Spiritualists of either of these propositions as a guiding rule, will have. And in doing this the experience of the past may legitimately be called into requisition. If it be found that all the new things of the past, in accepting anything, any attainment, as a finality upon which to stand continually, [necessarily accept a limit to their usefulness as methods of reform, it may verily be inferred if Spiritualism accept the demonstration of spirit existence as its finality, with that attainment, its use, as a method of progress, will have ceased.

That such has been the fate of all past reformatory movements need scarcely be argued. The fact is too patent to require elucidation; but since an evident example exactly in point exists near to the present day, it may be referred to with advantage as lending force to what shall be said regarding Spiritualism.

Abolitionism was held by its advocates to mean the abolition of slavery for the negroes as the property of their white holders of the South. With that accomplished, great as was the work, it died a natural death; it had nothing more to do; its mission, according to the claim of its advocates, was fully accomplished.

But was this really true of the work in any really grand sense? When chattel slavery fell, did all slaveries that needed to be abolished also fall? Nobody pretends that they did. Then, had abolition of slavery been held to mean what it justly implies, there would have not yet been an end of its mission. Those who worked and fought so manfully for a specific abolition would still have been active to secure the further abolition of other and greater slaveries; as instance the slavery of the laboring millions to the wealthy few; the slavery of women in their sexual capacities to men, and, in a word, each and every slavery that fetters either the body, mind or heart of any human being. Now apply this rule to Spiritualism, and see from it what destiny awaits it, if it be limited to the demonstration of Spirit life?

Twenty years ago there was little knowledge in the human race that existence really continued after the grave received the body; but there was faith and belief. Knowledge, however, is to them as fruition is to hope. Spiritualism has given this knowledge to millions of souls, and relieved more hearts of dread and fear than everything else that ever came into the world to save it. Hope and faith have been replaced all over the world by knowledge and fact, and become a great salvation. Even admitting all that Christians claim for Christ, and that all that claim is to be realized, his work was as nothing compared to that which Spiritualism is destined in this one direction to bring to the world.

But Spiritualism has already demonstrated that the claim for Christ made by latter-day Christians is entirely a myth. There is no hell fire from which people need to be saved; and no heaven, with pearly gates and silvered streets and golden throne, to which the saved are to be transferred, while the lost are to be consigned to hell. It has demonstrated that all the salvation there can be for man, is growth from present conditions into higher and better ones, is development from ignorance and darkness into knowledge and light, is evolution from material conditions merely into the realms of spiritual enlightenment; and that all these must be made by each individual for himself or herself aided, to be sure, by the counsel and advice of friends and teachers.

Hence it comes to be known that there was no need that a Jesus should be born, and that he should be crucified in order that a lost world might be saved from everlasting torments in hell. All this nonsense is purely mythical and

must be an impossibility to any mind awakened to the experiences of reason and thought. It may, indeed, be true that the example of Jesus, so loving the world as to be willing to die rather than deny the truth, may have a saving, a salutary influence upon those who require example; but, even here, would it not be more in accord with nature to assume that Jesus preferred death for the truth rather than life for a lie?

Indeed, aside from some beautiful examples of love, faith and spiritual wisdom, as his life claims to have exhibited, his death has been equaled by many other individuals who, dying for the truth, may with equal reason be claimed as having died to save the world, which is literally true in effect, since every person who has been put to death, either physically or morally, because they dared to utter and advocate unpopular truths, may with equal propriety with Christ be said to have been Saviours, because their devotion to the truth has led the world to a comprehension of the same much more rapidly than it otherwise would have been led.

Great as has been all this great work that has already really been effected by Spiritualism, there is no reason that it should stultify and limit its uses by quietly sitting down upon these achievements, and saying, there is nothing more to be done for humanity. It should rather affirm for itself the great truth of evolution, that there is no cessation to the unfoldments of Nature, and that one glory achieved only makes possible a grander and more glorious glory, to which the real aspirant will press on with ever renewed vigor and earnestness of purpose. In this way every one becomes a Saviour, saving not only himself or herself, but, by example, helping to save everybody else below in the scale of unfolding.

It is because of the deep importance of this matter that Spiritualism ought not to permit itself to be hampered with any finality, or to exclude from its proper field of operation any human need. Instead of doing this, it should adopt as its basic idea, that whatever belongs to the race that needs to be made better, is included in the meaning of Spiritualism.

If, then, Spiritualism means reformation in any large sense, what field should it at least attempt to occupy? Evidently the humanitarian field. Its sphere should be so large and inclusive that there can be no such things as "side issues," since in a perfect whole there cannot be anything not included. Reformation means, first, bettering the condition of individuals, and secondly, through them, the race. Bettering the race means making people generally, better, holier and happier, and making them thus means to make them have better bodies, better hearts, and better souls—in short, better Spiritual natures than they now have; but first, better bodies. It is impossible and utterly futile to make a bad tree bear good fruit; neither can you expect grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. By their fruit shall ye know them; that is, they shall be judged by what they produce.

Now, one of the prerequisites for a better humanity is a better grade of children. It is almost useless to attempt to patch up and mend a badly constructed house. It will be a bad house after all. So with the habitation of the soul. If it be bad at the start, all the repairing that may be done to it will not make it anything else than bad, on to the end. Now, instead of spending all our time and strength in endeavoring to make good out of the bad, leaving that which is to come to be still of the same sort, let at least a part of the efforts be turned to that which is to come, so that when it shall come it will not need the constant repairs we are now wont to bestow upon almost all there is in the world.

In a word, let the efforts that are now expended to save such as need salvation be turned to the begetting of such as shall not need to be saved, having never been lost. It is quite foolish to longer think of making good and pure men and women from bad children. The great need to save the world is good children. If every child hereafter to be born could be insured a perfectly natural birth and growth, the world would at once be saved from physical death and could devote all its strength to intellectual progress and moral growth, the possibilities of neither of which would be dwarfed by a vile, physical habitation.

Then, indeed, should Spiritualists blush for shame to say that the great social problem is not a legitimate subject for their consideration, instead of blushing, as many of them pretend to do, because some brave souls have dared to claim for Spiritualism the great work of social regeneration. It is to be hoped, also, that they will be ready and willing to accept whatever issues it involves, and to shrink from nothing that their enemies see fit to hurl upon them, even if it be the odious name of Free Lust. By your fruits shall ye be known, and not by any contemptuous epithet that may be branded upon you. Let it be known and used severely, too, that the real Free Lusters are they who endeavor to maintain the family as the foundation of civilization, regardless of the love that should be its base. Inside of marriage only does Free Lust reign in its most horrid deformities. Then let them brand us with the degrading term if they will, it only shows that what exists in their own souls is reflected by them, and let us, by our lives, by our fruits, prove to the waiting world that we are Free Lovers indeed, in contradistinction to the Free Lust that has and desires to maintain marriage as its safeguard, remembering that lust is an impossibility in freedom where the right to demand, given [by law, is replaced] by the governing rule [of mutual consent, without which] there can be no love expressed, and with which there can be no lust.

FREEDOM COMMANDING RESPECT.

"People are always curious to know something of the social habits of those who have attained eminence in literature or art. Of lady authors the private way of life is usually less known than that of the male sort. Of the social life of the author of *Middlemarch*, it is said: "Mrs. Lewes never visits the houses of other people, and receives only her special friends at her own. Since she has achieved fame she might be received by many ladies who, before this, would have refused her *entree* to their homes, but she neither desires nor will accept their proffered recognition. She did not overstep the conventional laws of society without due consideration; she knew the price she must pay for a happy home and a satisfied heart, and she is content to pay it; nor does she find it too high. It was a perilous experiment, and one that no woman, unless she be as strong, as brave, and as pure, and as sure of holding her lover as Miss Evans, would do well to repeat."

The above beautiful tribute to the practice of freedom in love, without the restraints of law or the enslavement of priest, is from *Harper's Weekly* of July 5. It would perhaps be difficult to determine just what the editor meant to convey to his readers by so pointed an indorsement of Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, in their life of marriage based upon love and continual attractiveness, having so supreme a contempt for it in its mere legal form as to endure present ostracism, relying wholly upon results to command for them what others, lacking result, rely upon the established custom of legal marriage to command; but there can be no reasonable doubt that this was admitted to *Harper's* as an emphatic indorsement of that course, and as an approval of the same in all cases where similar results follow.

"It was a perilous experiment," but it was one that a strong, brave, pure woman dared. Now, just such strong, brave and pure women are the greatest demand of the present time. *Harper's* inferentially says that our women are not strong, brave and pure, because not being these, like Mrs. Lewes, it would be a dangerous experiment for them to undertake to live as she is living—a decidedly poor compliment to all womankind, but perhaps just. It is more to be credited to women than it is to men, that there are so few marriages without the legal bonds. Men, as a rule, care little for it, and would in many instances disregard it if those whom they propose to make their wives did not demand and insist upon it as a necessity, both as to respectability and to insure perpetuity.

As it is, the instances are numerous in which men and women have entered the marriage state ignoring the farce of the law, and so far as our knowledge of them goes they are without exception equally with Mr. and Mrs. Lewes to be approbated. As advocates of this practice hundreds of cases come to us, which to the world are unknown, and none of them would dare to attempt the effect of the law. Their fear is entirely upon the other side of the question from that on which *Harper's* puts it. They remain lovers instead of slaveholders, and this is the secret of their universal happiness. The legal yoke is the grave of the lovers. After it is put upon men and women they become husband and wife instead, and hence it is that that which is supposed to be absolutely necessary to continued happiness and love is their greatest enemy; in nine cases in ten utterly destroying them and planting custom and respectability in their stead.

It belongs, then, to the brave, strong and pure men and women, to the genuine Free Lovers, to step above the law and trample the bond of legality under their feet, standing as Mr. and Mrs. Lewes have stood, in defiance of social ostracism, in order to attain to the great object of life. Mrs. Lewes, says *Harper's*: "knew the price she must pay for a happy home and a satisfied heart, and she is content to pay it." Let every woman who values these more than she does the recognition of society go and do likewise, and our word for it she will find them.

It may safely be concluded that if *Harper's* does not advocate the practice outright of the theories which we hold, it would look with approval on the people who should be strong, brave and pure enough to attempt them. Indeed, it may be inferred that it is even in a broader sense than this an advocate of freedom for love, since it will be remembered that it published Tennyson's "Last Tournament" in full from advance proofs from England, in which the following occurs:

"Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we swore but by the shell—
I am but a fool to reason with a fool—
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour; but lean me down,
Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
And harken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but while we may;
The woods are hushed, their music is no more;
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away;
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er;
New life, new love to suit the newer day;
New loves are sweet as those that went before;
Free love—free field—we love while we may."

"Ye might have moved slow—measure to my tune
Not stood stock-still. I made it in the woods,
And found it ring as true as tested gold."

* * * * *
Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
More than I mine! Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Then had we never sworn. I swear no more.

I swore to the Great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?"

"He seemed to me no man.
But Michael trampling Satan; so I swore,
Being amazed; but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use;

"But then their vows—
First mainly thro' that sallying of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:
Can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woo his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, 'we love but while we may;
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

In all that we have ever written or spoken about freedom, we never have used so objectionable language as this. There is an utter positive abandonment of every consideration save love only. Yet the Poet Laureate of Great Britain can write and the Harpers can print this and no howl of indignation is raised. Our readers must draw their own conclusions.

Again, in the *Baltimore American* of the 11th inst., the following is found in the editorial correspondence from Vienna, Austria:

MORALS AND MARRIAGE.

In my former letters allusions have been made to the condition of morals which pervades Vienna, and is rapidly spreading among all classes. In order that no injustice may be conveyed to the minds of your readers as to the character of the people of Austria, who are so different in every respect to the Germans of Prussia, I have made special efforts to obtain authentic information as to the causes which are leading to this extensive demoralization. That there are many good and virtuous people here there is no manner of doubt, but that the next generation will greatly deteriorate is equally certain. Ten years ago it was regarded as somewhat degrading to the female to live without marriage. Now no woman is considered as having lowered herself much in the esteem of her neighbors unless she becomes a brazen courtesan. Of this class it is but proper to say that Vienna, with its million of population, has fewer than the smallest of the principal cities of the United States. There are, however, more people living together without marriage than with marriage, and this condition of life, with the privilege of separating at pleasure, which often takes place with the birth of the first child, is becoming daily more popular.

The laws regulating marriage are, I have ascertained, different from those of any other civilized nation. The Church is forbidden to marry any man or woman without the consent of their parents. The parties proposing marriage must also have the written consent of the Burgomaster and authorities of the place of their nativity, which will not be given unless they can prove that they have means sufficient to support a family and will not become a charge upon the community. During the three years which every able-bodied man is required to serve in the army, he cannot marry without he has also the consent of the Secretary of War or the General under whose command he is serving. Some of these laws can be evaded by going to some other section of the country, but the bars to marriage are so great and the difficulties to be overcome so numerous, that they generally prefer to do without the ceremony, and start off in life just as so many of their neighbors and friends have done before them. There is a recent law which is intended to protect the female in these left-handed marriages. If she ascertains that her "man," by whom she has children, is about to contract marriage, she can enter protest and put a stop to the ceremony. It does not, however, prevent him from abandoning the mother of his children and familiarly taking up with his new love, just as he in days long past took up with her. The novels daily published here all recognize this new phase of life, and the most popular are those which represent their heroes and heroines falling in love with and eloping with husbands and wives. Matrimony is ignored entirely in most of them. The marriage ceremony is daily growing more unpopular, and bids fair soon to become, in Vienna at least, to be regarded as one of the follies of a past generation.

Social Freedom, it will be seen from all this, has made great strides already, which, if fully realized, would cause those who rely solely upon the marriage law to hold their husbands and wives to quake with fear at the rapid approach of its dissolution. It is doomed, and all good men and women, or as *Harper's* has it, all men and women who are strong, brave and pure enough, ought to thank heaven that the day of general deliverance is so near at hand, and to do all in their power to hasten its coming.

It may also be said that the literature of this country, equally with that of Austria, recognizes this new phase of life. No novel is popular here unless it contain the elements of spirit communion and of Free Love. And so the grand work moves majestically, even rapidly, onward. In spite of all the efforts of grim and gaunt Conservatism, Radicalism is the real power in the world, and will soon be so recognized.

The following poem is also from *Harper's*, of same date as the above:

UNSATISFACTORY.

"Have other lovers—say, my love—
Loved thus before to-day?"

"They may have, yes, they may, my love;
Not long ago they may."

"But though they worshiped thee, my love,
Thy maiden heart was free?"
"Doubt ask too much of me, my love;
Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet now 'tis you and I, my love;
Love's wings no more will fly?"
"If Love could never die, my love,
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,
And Love and I must go?"

"Indeed I do not know, my love;
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you must be true, my love,
Nor look and love anew!"

"I'll see what I can do, my love;
I'll see what I can do."

THE PLATFORM OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY
—ELEVENTH PLANK.

"Eleventh.—That there should be unrestricted exchange of productions and commodities between nations and individuals, without regard to distance or locality."

This plank involves the theories of protection and free trade, and raises anew all the arguments that have been for years made in favor of either proposition; but it is fair to say that all these arguments have been made without reference to the basic proposition of humanity, and entirely upon the theory of the right of one to profit at the expense of another. This is fully recognized by such advocates for protection as admit that free trade in principle is right, though expediency and selfish interests make protection necessary.

Civilization is becoming sufficiently aged to begin to think of adopting for its basic proposition such principles as are in harmony with the operations of nature, and to ignore and make a formal departure from such as are built upon purely selfish motives, to be fostered without regard to the interests of mankind in general.

The basic proposition, then, is the doctrine professedly of the Christian Church, though it is entirely ignored both in its theory and practice, that the human race is one family, finally to be so organized and recognized. A true civilization must then base itself upon this proposition, and construct its organization in consonance with it. Instead of endeavoring to establish what will be best for this or that individual, people or nation, that which is best for mankind as a whole should be the watchword and the maxim of all legislation and all reform. This is also in harmony with the well-recognized general philosophic proposition that the best interests of individuals are conserved when the best interests of the whole are maintained; or what is equally true (since all true propositions are equally so from either extreme), that the best interests of the whole are subserved when the interests of each individual are best maintained. As the humanitarian policy is the better one for individuals, so also is it the better for nations. A protective tariff is maintained in this country to protect the manufacturers of such goods as are also manufactured in Europe against the so-called pauper labor of its various countries. Now, is it not clear that the interests of labor in Europe are sacrificed by the adoption of a plan which makes their productions pay a large tax before they are admitted for sale into this country? That is to say, either the consumers in this country are compelled to pay a fictitious price for European products, or, on the contrary, their producers receive less than their real value. In a word, in the exchange of commodities between the various nations of the world, their real values are entirely lost in the arbitrary prices affixed upon them by protective tariffs.

But says the political economists, "It is necessary to levy duties on imports in order to meet the expenses of the government." By which it is intended to say, that since it has been the custom of this government to raise its revenues in this way, therefore it must be continued indefinitely; or, that the necessity of a revenue to be had in some way makes a supposed necessity of a tariff as the best way—all of which is the most arbitrary sort of reasoning, indeed is no reasoning, but the merest assumption.

It is high time in the ages to adopt principles as a base for all action, whether in individuals or nations. In a protective policy there is no principle involved, but rather a sacrifice of all principle, since if it be right in the abstract to tax the products in transit between nations, then is it also right to tax them in exchange between the individuals of nations. The Constitution of the United States emphatically denies this right by forbidding that there shall be a tax levied on the exchange of merchandise between the different States. If this is a proper and just law, why should it not extend to nations as well?

If the adoption of protection follows legitimately as a sequence to the necessity of a revenue, then the complete practice of that rule should be made. It should be made to extend to all transfers and exchanges of commodities, which would make the percentage on the whole vastly smaller than it now is on the imports upon which it is levied, and vastly more evenly distributed among all the people. The practice now makes the whole tax fall on the consuming poor, since the merchant who pays the levy to the United States in turn adds it to the price of the goods and collects it from those whom they are ultimately sold, and by whom they

are consumed. This, as was shown last week, virtually carries the whole tax home to the door of the poor working people, who from day to day merely live, and who, struggling all their lives long are ever at the door of penury and want, while their more fortunate employers, no matter how much taxes they directly pay to the government, increase their wealth from year to year—a clear showing that the poor workers pay the taxes in the last analysis.

The adoption of a true policy, regardless of principle, in a single direction makes it necessary to adopt corresponding lines of policy, in almost all other directions. The protective policy is not a legitimate outgrowth of natural causes in the domain of the things directly involved. Its supposed necessity arises from altogether a different domain. The goods upon which taxes are levied before admitted to our markets are such as can be manufactured in Europe cheaper than they can be produced here; and in order that their production and importation may not stop their manufacture here the tariff is imposed, being placed at such a rate as it is supposed will make their continued production here possible.

Now, in what does the extra cost of manufacture in this country consist? Take for instance cotton cloth, which, notwithstanding the raw material is obtained to a large extent from this country; the English manufacturer can offer it in our own markets at a lower price than our own manufacturers can offer it. In other words England can purchase our cotton, pay the same price for it that we pay, transport it across the ocean, manufacture it and reship it to this country cheaper than we can manufacture and sell it.

Here is a seeming paradox which it is difficult to understand, but it has an explanation if it ever can only be found. The items of expense of the manufacture of cotton goods in England, are the same as in this country plus the cost of transporting the cotton there and returning the manufactured goods. The several items exclusive of this are: 1st., cost of cotton; the same in both cases; 2d., the cost of capital invested in factories; not the same in both cases. 3d., the wages of the operatives. This last item, in dollars and cents, shows a considerable difference in favor of England; but when the cost of living is taken into the account the real difference is small, that is to say it costs the operatives in either country all they can earn to live; the cases where they accumulate more than comparatively small sums, being few and as numerous in one country as in the other, while those of England, on the whole, live equally as well, in as much comparative comfort as do they of this country. A single cent per yard would be a large allowance for the difference in cost in manufacturing cottons between the two countries, arising from the difference of wages. The great difference, then, that enables the English manufacturers to pay for the shipment of cotton across the Atlantic and for the return of the goods, and then to offer them at a price that makes it necessary to levy a duty of 20 per cent. per yard, is in the item of cost of capital.

The English manufacturer pays from two to three per cent per annum for his capital, in most instances owns his own capital, seldom having to resort to discounts to meet his payments; while the American manufacturer is compelled to pay six to twelve per cent. per annum for his capital, and frequently as much as twenty-five per cent. discount, to enable him to meet special demands, and this is the principal expense that makes the cost of cotton goods in this country, from twenty to twenty-five per cent. greater than in England.

It becomes evident, therefore, that the government does not levy a duty of 20 per cent. on cotton goods in order to obtain a revenue, but in order to enable the cotton manufacturers of this country to compete with those of England. But would not the more direct, and in fact the only legitimate method to do this be to reduce the expenses of manufacture to that of England, by the introduction of a system of free money, which would enable the home manufacturer to offer his goods to the trade at the price of the foreign goods minus the cost of transportation of the raw cotton and the manufactured goods, which would shut foreign goods out of the home market effectually?

The same method of argumentation applied to every other article in which there is a competition between this country and Europe, would result in arriving at the same solution. What is most needed for the encouragement of home manufactures is a new and scientific money system that shall reduce the use of money to its legitimate and scientific uses, in facilitating the exchange of the products of labor and take from it its present chief character of enabling capitalists to live from the labor of the poor. Free money and free trade then is the motto for the employed of all sorts of manufacturers, and their realization the exemplification of freedom for commercial exchanges and the introduction of the possibility of equity in such exchanges and of an inauguration to Industrial Justice all over the world.

CALL FOR THE PRESS AND TYPE FUND.

One-half of this fund having already been subscribed, and being desirous of reducing our expenses by the use of the material, which can be done by about fifty dollars per week; and it being possible with the amount subscribed to obtain what is required, depending upon future subscriptions to meet deferred payments, we now prefer the request that the subscriptions be sent in at the earliest convenience of subscribers. The funds will be placed in the hands of two proper and responsible parties, who will forward the neces-

sary papers to each subscriber in accordance with the original proposition, holding the material in trust for the WEEKLY until such time as its earnings will repay the same. Thanking our friends for the very remarkable manner in which they have come forward to the support of the WEEKLY, both by subscription to this fund and by labor in increasing its circulation, we are able to say that if they continue to labor with us until the expiration of the year, the WEEKLY will be on a permanent basis and beyond the reach of its foes—the Y. M. C. A.

THE PAGAN BIBLE.

WE are requested by the publisher of the "Pagan Bible" to say that Mr. Train left the country with the last form of this pamphlet unfinished, which is the explanation of the delay in filling orders. The completion is daily expected, and when received it will be immediately issued, and all orders promptly filled.

THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The attention of Spiritualists all over the country is invited to the following constitutional provisions regarding representation in the National Convention, to be held in September, probably, in Chicago:

"ARTICLE VI, SECTION 3. Each active State or Territorial Organization of Spiritualists within the limits of the United States of America shall be entitled to as many delegates at large as such State or Territory has representatives in Congress—the District of Columbia being entitled to two delegates—provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory. Each working local society and each progressive lyceum shall be entitled to one delegate for every fractional fifty members."

It will be noticed that any organization of ever so few members is entitled to a delegate. Spiritualists everywhere will be governed accordingly.

It is decided that the Convention will convene on Tuesday, the 16th day of September, at 10 o'clock A. M.

SOCIALISTIC.

[From the *Vineland Independent*, March 12, 1873.]

FASHION, No. VI.

A stranger approached me beside a crowd, saying, "Madam, I have been watching you, and though your peculiar costume causes you to affect me more as does a man than as a tender, emotion-inspiring woman, with your leave, I seek an introduction." Our names were pronounced, and I remarked, "Then my appearance did not forbid acquaintance." "Not at all; I rather felt invited to that," he said. "Thanks," I replied; "you have paid my costume the highest compliment; can you say as much for fashion?" "Ah," said he, "in this answer your style will claim still higher praise; for the language of fashion is, 'admire my massive finery, but never search for knowledge beneath it'; women who exhibit that do so under the ten-fold labor of proving against apparent evidence." "Then," I rejoined, "as you evince practiced thought on this fertile topic, please be so kind as to state whether you think the universal adoption of a natural style, even farther removed from fashion than mine, would be salutary or sickening to the public?" He exclaimed, "Good woman, any reasoning person will not hesitate to say salutary—but soft! if I continue expressing on these conclusive points, I shall be ashamed to longer accompany fashion."

"Yet," I begged, "pray favor me with reply to a query touching what your first remark suggests. Can rational objection obtain against conditions admitting full acquaintance before the tender emotion is fostered?" "Seriously, not any," he sighed, "but we are so used to follies that we do not feel like volunteering to abolish them while women first wink at, then countenance, then cultivate them." I could but crave his patience still another moment to say, "as pure love is the product of compatible relations which are not quickly determined, but which unmistakable magnetic blendings surely reveal, what power can prevent being lovely and beloved?" He seemed wrapt in thought, and I proceeded, "and who can calculate the deluge of happiness that will arise to humanity by escaping the evanescent attraction which in one sex beguiles, in the other betrays? With eyes beaming in the light of a new view, he said earnestly, "now I discover the mighty motive that enables you to soar above the persecutions of ignorance—now I fathom the devotion that finds peace in preparing it for all—now I discern that stable faith in the growth of souls, that makes you complacent in isolation, and cheerful 'mid any surroundings. I will assure people that they may cease to pity you, while I can only envy."

"In your discoveries," I added, "I am truly glad. They will help us forward, and put fresh flowers in our hands. They have answered many questions; but the amplitude of the motive, the depth of the devotion and the extent of the faith can only be divined when practical goodness shall make health the general order of society, and disease the exception, and then, through equal opportunity, a little time will display the abundance of possible blessings." He bowed good day, saying, "God bless you and the world! I can almost resolve to help save contorted humanity, but it has me too much involved." As he turned away, a shadow chased the radiance from his thoughtful face; his straggling gait seemed to say, "going where joy is not." My sympathy could but whisper, "Poor men! you all go to a joyless goal when in wrong you get involved." And poorer women! so

involved that you feel unable to work out the good that can liberate you.

Here was a man of originality and learning, understanding the sham usages of the times and having no heart in them, but had rather pander to them than stand among the first firm callers to reconstruct them. He may represent millions who would lend their help with full resolve, could they see unflinching action in circles of mature, disciplined women, who must become inaugurators. Hitherto they have proclaimed in word and deed that they were guided by this sophistry: "As long as the fair sex can afford to be reckless, we are excused in being so, whether we can afford to or not." Here is the cause that has filled the past with lone, agonizing hearts, seduced and cursed! with tortured spirits and bodies, bruised and crushed by hasty marriage bonds! with fearful cries of martyrs perishing for just release from various popular ties and tyrannies! Mutual lack of confidence and multifarious prostitutions naturally result from undue dependence in one class and undue power in another; for not only are the passionful functions sold, but some part of the purchase sullies the integrity of many faculties. And many a prude who counts on chastity bartered as bright treasures for as paltry things as the frail sister she contemns. All extravagancies invert the good they would bring home; they multiply vice and compound poverty. General happiness must spring from the full fields of prosperity, where practical philanthropy supplants aristocratic monopoly. The fictitious societary arrangements of this age are toppling over the quicksands of weakness, disease, privation, dependence and the knowledge that all these are wrong. That knowledge must transform the underlying snares; quietly and peaceably may the change go on with willing acquiescence. Strength of body, mind and moral purpose, with means to live without dependence on others, must come to the mothers of humanity and the makers of public sentiment, ere the lures can be withdrawn, and a pure basis laid for the intelligent, scientific and harmonious society which souls that aspire to the true and high believe they are nearing, because they know they are needing.

M. E. TILLOTSON.

Boston, July 1, 1873.

Victoria—Permit a stranger to congratulate you on your acquittal. It is needless to multiply words, but such a shameful subterfuge, I venture to say, never before disgraced our courts. To imprison you and your confederates on a charge of obscenity, etc., instead of libel, simply to prevent the exposure of "America's pulpit orator."

But it was not for this solely that I took up my pen, though I have watched the proceedings from the first, with an interest far beyond a personal recognition of justice to yourselves.

But I wish to speak of Mr. Beecher particularly, not exclusively as a man, not in regard to personal morality or immorality, and dishonesty in evasion, if he be guilty, but of him as a preacher. I have read his sermons for more than twenty years as reported, and can fully indorse all that was said of them and of him as a preacher by Joseph Treat, M. D., in his oration delivered in the Opera House, Springfield, Mass., April 28, and published in the WEEKLY, June 7.

One statement in particular, the truth of which I have always known, astounded me with its forbiddleness, viz.: "Mr. Beecher has always acted a part; preached one thing at one time and its opposite at another; contradicted himself more often than any other man in America." And now I have come to the subject for which I mainly took my pen. All these years I have wanted to show up these inconsistencies, but have never found a sheet radical, bold or honest enough for my purpose. Many, many years ago I asked to get into a controversy with him or his doctrines, through the press. I cared not whether I was answered or no, if so be I might get these contradictory statements, false assertions and egotistical praise of his before the people, because I knew that they had sufficient wisdom to see as soon as their attention was directed to the fact. And all these years he has gone on duping Plymouth Church and the thousands of otherwise sensible people who have hung entranced upon the magic of his words as if he was very God; and no one has dared to say nay! And yet I could get no paper to continuously publish my strictures. No; he must be respected, he must not be corrected, he must not be shown up as rotten in creed and utterance! No; he of all men must be let alone! And what is he more than any other man, that he must be thus respected, that "hands off" must be so sacredly applied to him? Thanks, thanks, your hands have not been "off," but yet, what could you have done without your own paper? Nothing, absolutely nothing; so while you have attacked him in one direction I desire to do the same in another, and want the loan of your paper to do it through; may I have it?

I want to publish a short review each week of his sermons, selecting those points that will appear most palpably absurd and self-condemnatory. I will give you a specimen in this letter which you can publish, if you choose, as review of Beecher No. 1. It is an extract from his famous Music Hall lecture delivered in Boston, December 18, 1872, as reported in the *Journal* on the following day, his subject being "Democratic Principles and Society."

In the course of his remarks, all at once and quite irrelevantly, he seemed to swing clear of his subject to give woman a thrust, which, if appreciated by him, would have left Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, D. D., a motherless babe immediately after the hero of your "scandal" was ushered into being. Hear the noble man compliment his mother, all mothers, all women! But what else should we expect from a follower of the author of these words, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—Jesus.

"Women, at last, are doctors! If there is any nuisance to the age, it is woman. After giving birth to us, she ought to take wings and fly away. She has no right to aspire to the practice of law and medicine. As soon as she begins to develop into any proportions of strength, then she is a nuisance which ought to be abated, and will be abated when men stand where God does!" [Applause.]

At that time, with but little knowledge of what had taken place, and no anticipation of what was to occur, I wrote the following: "We had thought that Henry Ward Beecher was in favor of woman occupying any position for which she was fitted, and why is he all at once so soured on her? Have Victoria and Tennie given him the blues about her that he thus vents his spite? Are they nuisances to him? There are many other women in the world, Mr. Beecher, besides those noted characters and their kind, who, when 'developed into proportions of strength,' are not nuisances to themselves or their friends, if we judge rightly."

"Nuisance to the age." How does Henry Ward know but what the women of other ages were as great nuisances to the men as are the women of the present age to him? But if so, how happened the sons of God, when they saw that the daughters of men were fair, to take wives of all which they chose? (Gen. vi., 2). Why, Mr. Beecher has told it was simply to born "us" (men), and after the *borning* "she ought to take wings and fly away." Indeed, we women are much obliged to you for the information, and perhaps the Almighty will be also since you say "she ought." Then why don't God invariably give her the wings and teach her how to use them? Who can say that she would not be the gainer if she could? But to return. Are women in general nuisances to you, Henry? Is that the reason you express yourself so sweepingly? Was your mother a nuisance to you through your babyhood, boyhood and manhood? And did you want her to "take wings and fly away?"

Were and are your sisters nuisances—Harriet, Catherine and Isabella? They have "developed into proportions of strength." Ought not such nuisances to be abated? If you thought woman was a nuisance, why did you marry one? and has she been a nuisance to you ever since she borned your first baby? and did you then want her to "take wings," Henry? If all mothers had thus "flown away" would the Beecher men have taken care of the Beecher babies? Where would you be to-day if old Lyman Beecher's wife had died as soon as the little Ward was born? Would Lyman, your honored father, have taken better care of the little "Us" than your "nuisance" mother? and would the motherless Henry have been better provided for had his "nuisance" mother died, think ye, than for her to have lived and "developed into proportions of strength?"

"Abated when men stand where God does!" When will men stand there, Henry? Do you stand there? O, self-righteous man, and can you intercede with God to abate woman, or will you abate her? Yes, you and your kind will do it when you "stand where God does." If she is not abated till then, we women need have no fear but what we shall exist as long as do men. "Ought to be abated." Then why don't God abate her? Was her existence an afterthought of the Almighty, perhaps Henry can tell.

A man who could utter such a phillipic should never know a mother's fostering care, never be cradled upon her arm, never be fed from her breast, never catch the gleaming of her eye, never hear the love cuckoo tones of her voice, or taste her first kiss. He should never receive the kind attentions of sisters, who assist him up the steps of life and guide the brother's feet lest they stray. The courteous attentions of young ladies he should never know; their smiles he should never receive. No home, made a home by the prudent, faithful, watchful care and provision of a woman wife should ever be his; no prattling child should ever hail his return with delight, mourn his absence with a sigh; no loving daughter should minister to his wants in middle life, mature years or extreme old age.

No woman stranger, even, should ever cross the threshold of his door to assist, soothe, inspire, encourage, or even smooth his dying pillow or perform the last sad offices over his carcass. How could they? they all died after having given birth to the little "Us'es; no women over twenty or thirty years old (except the old maids) in all the wide, wide world. Man cooking his own food, making, mending, washing, ironing, and arranging his own apparel and appurtenances! O, Mr. Beecher, the women to be even with you should never again inflict their "nuisance" presence upon you by crossing the threshold of Plymouth Church, by attending prayer meetings and conference meetings, by manufacturing pincushions, neckties, tarts, tea and coffee for your church fairs, festivals and sociables! O, what a paradise you lords of creation would have if these nuisances were all abated, if they would accommodate you by borning you, and then "take wings and fly away;" yes, as soon as they had borned their first baby!

Were you the first-born, Mr. Beecher; if not, then you would have been nowhere could you have had the ordering of the matter. O, fie, fie, Mr. Beecher, you have said and done a great many foolish things in your life, but never fell from your lips a more impracticable, ridiculous and contradictory assertion of your almighty decrees than the one above quoted.

Wild men, Arabs and outlaws, hyenas, tigers, wolves and serpents, mosquitoes and loathsome vermin, one would think by your letter were considered as fitter companions for you and your fellow-men than woman, composing one-half of the human world, and the mother of both halves!

The *animus* of the man stands here revealed, and those who would applaud such a statement deserve to be consigned to the same fate as does the renowned pastor of Plymouth Church, who owes his very existence to the sorrows and pangs inflicted upon woman, that such a worthless being, compared to the woman who bore him, might live to thus curse the author of that very being. E. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REVOLUTION.

Every woman brought before any Court for trial, or herself bringing a case before any Court, ought to demand and insist, that half of the jurors impaneled to pass upon the issue, be women. What an outrage on the very face of things, if her demand be refused! Even though constitutions and laws

have to be broken! Better break both than justice. Such constitutions and laws are injustice. If "man is more than constitutions," so is woman. Let her at once, and in every possible case, make that issue.

And every man brought before a Court, or bringing a case before a Court, ought to demand and insist that half of the jurors be women. He needs, and has a right to, the equal influence of woman, in pronouncing on his case. Woman loves him more than man, then let him have the benefit of that love.

Not twelve men to try a man, nor twelve women, a woman, but half of each to try each. Could anything be fairer? Could anything else be fair? Is not the statement the argument, the demonstration?

And as things are now, with all this prejudice against her, a woman about to be tried, has a right to demand that the Judge who is to instruct the jury, be a woman. Every good man says, yes. Who says, no, does not love woman as himself. And we have the women competent to play Judge, thousands of them. The law of justice, right, is in the human heart, and literal millions of women in Europe and America could announce and expound that law, *right out* of their hearts.

And a man has a right to demand a woman for Judge. I'd rather have one to-morrow than any man. I should believe that woman had more natural sympathy with me, than any man.

And every woman has a right to insist that half of the Legislature or Congress that makes the laws to which she is subject, shall be composed of women, unless she thinks an equal number of men better—and in either case, that is woman's voting. And every noble man, knight, lover, says yes, let her vote if she wishes. Think of a man on his knees, suing to a woman to be his sweetheart, and then getting up and spitting in her face, saying she shall not vote! O men, shame on you! That you should be so mean! Don't you hate yourselves? Women do not hate you, but that makes you meaner yet.

And then women have a right to insist that woman shall be President, half of the time. And the really good, noble men will insist on it with them. And by this time, every man who loves woman will insist that she shall be his equal, have opportunity, own her own body, act her own love, refuse maternity except at call of highest and noblest and even infinite, yes, every man who loves woman will show it by aiding to bless her, as against living the lie that the only being in the Universe is himself! O for this love, to bless and to save both men and women! This free love, that not only women are dying for, but men, too, if they only knew it! Thousands of both men and women afraid of free love, and yet perishing for lack of it! Mark the prediction: In five years Free Love will be the most glorious watchword on American lips, and in one year we shall hold Free Love Conventions everywhere, State, National, Cosmopolitan! J. T.

TO THE RAIN.

(WRITTEN FOR ALFRED BURNETT, BY MISS CORA M. EAGER.)

Patter away, with your musical feet,
Over the house-top, over the street,
Tinkle and tangle your notes in the eaves;
Sing to the hyacinths, sing to the leaves;

Tap on the window, and dance on the sill—
Kiss the young pansies whenever you will;
Glide through the alleys, and into the lane,
Court the grasses, most merciful rain!

Tell them to gladden some desolate heart—
Drive away sorrow, or deaden its smart;
Thence to the sick-room and banish its dread—
Light up the dim eye and lift up the head;

Whisper of all the sweet dimples that play
With the blushes and smiles on the fair cheek of May,
And quicken the pulse with a touch of the tune
The South winds will pipe on the soft reeds of June.

Go to the laborer over the way:
Tell him you'll work for him just for to-day:
Dig in his garden and garnish his cot—
Wake up the roses and brighten his lot.

Go to the palaces—fall tenderly there—
For sorrow is keener mingled with care:
Tell the proud miser you've come in disguise—
A blessing from Heaven to open his eyes.

Tell him to search through the city and moor,
And find which is greater—himself or the poor—
They who, in spite of the scantiest store,
Have hands to give something, and hearts to give more.

For the love that, outliving all outer decay,
May pass from the night to the shadows of day;
And the ties broken here by the mallet of Fate
May link themselves there in most kingly estate.

Tell him that wealth has a covey of wings,
And "honor" and "glory" are fabulous things;
Far better to lessen his worldly amount,
And share in that bank that will never discount.

Then o'er the fields where the tiller has trod,
Trip through the furrows, and burnish the sod—
Reach down to the ear of the clustering grain
And minister the mysteries given to rain.

And over the hills, and valleys between,
Hang the light veil of your silvery sheen,
That the sun, stealing out from his vapory grave,
May stud it with gems, while you waltz with the wave.

Where the maiden, impatient, her gala-wreath weaves—
Tell her to wait, and you'll polish the leaves;
But of all the fair places, fall tenderly where
The laughter of children has tangled the air.

Though Hope's brightest budding and Love's latest bloom,
May not have caught early their sweetest perfume,
There's a charm that still clings to youth's rosier hours,
Like foam to the fall, or like tints to the flowers.

And oh, blessed rain! ere you gather your feet
From the trees and the turf, from the roof and the street,
Glide forth with your stillest and holiest tread,
Where we bury our hearts, when we bury our dead.

Kiss softly the sod, breathe of memorized hours,
Write the soul's dearest message—and write it in flowers,
That, lifting to Heaven their sacred perfume,
They may ask of the angels beneficent room.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Monsieur, when a wife's nature loathes that of the man she is wedded to, marriage must be slavery. Against slavery all right thinkers revolt; and though torture be the price of resistance, torture must be dared. Though the only road to freedom be through the gates of death, those gates must be passed, for freedom is indispensable.

Bravo! Charlotte Bronte?

The subject of marriage is usually discussed as of the rights of children were everything, those of grown persons nothing.—John Stuart Mill.

Give grown persons pure natural rights, and children will come naturally by theirs.—Helen Nash.

Love is carnalized to disappointment.—Fowler's grandest thought.

Marriage having this peculiarity, that its objects are frustrated when the feelings of both parties are not in harmony with it, should require nothing but the declared will of either party to dissolve it.—Alexander Humboldt.

A condition requiring the continuance of marriage, notwithstanding a change in the feelings of the parties, is absurd, shocking, and contrary to humanity.—Jeremy Bentham.

Those who marry intend as little to conspire their own ruin as those who swear allegiance. And as a whole people is to an ill government, so is one man or woman to an ill marriage.—Milton.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.—Plato.

The worst kind of vice is advice.—Coleridge.

A cordial, warm shake of the hand takes my heart.—N. P. Willis.

I wish it were customary to publish the causes of marriage as it is of deaths.—Ike Marvel.

There is generally something that requires hiding at the bottom of a mystery.—Hawthorne.

Love depends on the loving, not on the loved.—Bulwer.

REFORMATORY LECTURERS.

In view of the determination recently manifested by certain would-be authorities in Spiritualism, and from a sincere desire to promote their expressed purposes, to set up a distinction that will produce a free and a muzzled rostrum; we shall henceforth publish in this list the names and addresses of such speakers, now before the public and hereafter to appear, as will accept no engagement to speak from any committee of arrangement, with any proviso whatever, as to what subject they shall treat, or regarding the manner in which it shall be treated. A reformatory movement, such as Spiritualism really is, cannot afford so soon to adopt the customs of the Church and fall into its dotage. On the contrary, it demands an unflinching advocacy of all subjects upon which the Spirit world inspires their mediums under the absolute freedom of the advocate. To all those speakers who wish to be understood as being something above the muzzled ox which treads out the corn, this column is now open:

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
J. I. Arnold, Clyde, O.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. M. F. M. Brown, National City, Cal.
Annie Denton Cridge, Wellesley, Mass.
Warren Chase, St. Louis, Mo.
A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. Drake, Plainwell, Mich.
Miss Nellie L. Davis, North Billerica, Mass.
Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
R. G. Eccles, Andover, Ohio.
Mrs. Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.
D. W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.
Charles Holt, Warren, Pa.
E. Annie Hinman, West Winsted, Ct.
Anthony Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.
W. F. Jamieson, 139 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Jennie Leys, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.
Cephas B. Lynn, Sturgis, Mich.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.
J. H. Randall, Clyde, O.
A. C. Robinson, Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Laura Cuppy Smith, No. 1 Atlantic street, Lynn, Mass.
M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich.
John Brown Smith, 812 N. 10th st, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. H. F. Stearns, Corry, Pa.
Dr. H. B. Storer, 107 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.
C. W. Stewart, Janesville, Wis.
J. H. W. Toohy, Providence, R. I.
F. L. H. Willis, Willimantic, Ct.
Lois Waisbrooker, Battle Creek, Mich.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, Ohio.
John B. Wolff, 510 Pearl street, N. Y.
Wm. Rose, M. D., 102 Murison street, Cleveland, O.
Dr. Geo. Newcomes, Jackson, Mich.
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo.
James Foran, M. D., Waverly, N. Y.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, San Jose, Cal.
Clara A. Field, Newport, Maine.
Hannah T. Stearns, Trance Speaker, Corry, Penn.
H. H. Brown, 387 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.
J. T. Haughey, Paola, Kansas.
J. P. Greenleaf, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.

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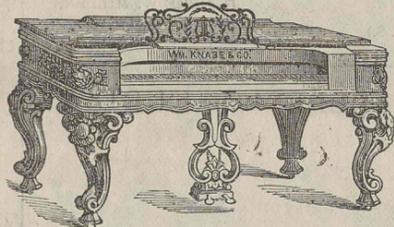
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The world has yet allowed no higher mission to woman than to be beautiful, and it would seem that the ladies of the present age are carrying this idea of the world to greater extremes than ever, for all women now to whom nature has denied the talismanic 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 smoothes 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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Dr. LOUIS A. SAYRE,

After carefully examining the analysis of the genuine Laird's "BLOOM OF YOUTH," pronounced the preparation harmless, and free from any ingredient injurious to health.

(New-York Herald, April 26, 1870.)

FLOWERS AND RUSTIC WORK.

Flowers are one of the few things in life that bring us unmixed pleasure. They are the most innocent tribute of courtesy or affection, as acceptable in the day of feasting as in the house of mourning. Florists are thus in a sense public benefactors. Hodgson, at No. 403 Fifth avenue, from among the palaces takes us away to the sights and odors of the country with his rustic work, his gnarled boughs, and curiously crooked seats, his fragrant flowers and beautifully assorted bouquets.

Of all the ornaments now devised for beautifying gentlemen's grounds, there are none that can surpass rustic work, either in grandeur, beauty, utility or durability. It may be introduced almost anywhere if the surroundings are in the least rural; in many cases it can be placed where nothing else could be, oftentimes converting an eyesore into a place of great beauty, and yet ornamental and useful. As it is, there are few that have either the taste or good judgment for the judicious arrangement of the materials out of which the best rustic is made. To make or design rustic objects, the maker or designer must exercise good judgment as to the best place for his object—whether it is a house, bridge, vase, basket or any of the many objects that may be formed of rustic work—for if the object is in a bad position, be the object ever so good, it loses half the effect, or even becomes an eyesore. There must be something rural in the locality, something in tone with the object. Perfect taste is required for the form of any object, although in anything rustic the form will be much modified; yet there must be an original design to give meaning and grace to the object. In all cases, unless working with straight material, nature must be followed as nearly as possible, avoiding right angles or anything that looks formal; every piece should look as if joined by nature. This not only gives beauty but stability to the work. To all this must be combined the skill of the builder, to give strength, finish and neatness to the whole work. Many people think that as a matter of course carpenters can build rustic, but there are few if any that can give the natural rusticity so necessary to it. It is a trade by itself, and requires men with a natural taste and inventive genius. Some men work at it for years and cannot do it creditably.

There is nothing that may not be made in rustic work, from a dwelling-house to a cage, a bridge to a card basket. Many of the vases are filled with plants and look very handsome, with ivy half hiding the woodwork, and fine flowering plants capping the whole and making it a thing complete in itself. There are also many fine baskets filled. Certainly nothing could be more ornamental or better in a window than one of these. But these things, to be appreciated, must be seen; for large constructions we would advise any one to visit the grounds of Mr. Hoey, at Long Branch, or Peter B. King, Esq., on the Palisades overlooking the Hudson, or General Ward's estate.

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This is the Lecture that was advertised to be delivered at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, Sunday, April 13, 1873, but Mayor Stokley threatened to arrest Dr. Landis should he deliver it.

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*5:00 P. M., Daily Western Express, for Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Car, through from New York to Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Louis, to Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago.

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2:00 P. M., Hudson train.

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