

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

Vol. VI.—No. 9.—Whole No. 139.

NEW YORK, AUG. 2, 1873.

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[From the *Chicago Daily Sun*, Nov. 30, 1871.]

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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-
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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-
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[From the *Chicago Evening Post*.]

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SOCIALISTIC.

AN ORATION

BY HELEN NASH.

I come before you, a woman deeply interested in a subject that most vitally concerns her sex.

I stand here with my heart upon my lips, and an inward prayer that in utterance of my earnest convictions I may be so inspired that "those who have come to scoff shall remain to pray."

'Tis not my intention to plead for "Woman's Right" to the ballot and political aggrandizement—for her right to start a bank, study medicine, practice law, or preach the Gospel. Neither do I intend to plead her right to mount the rostrum. I am here, and worthier women are here in numbers before me. Possession is nine points of the law. Yet, to me, a woman's right to an active voice in all that concerns the well-being of humanity is a self-evident fact, needing no argument nor elucidation.

I come before you to-night to plead in the language of truth and soberness that ye render simple justice, concerning the chiefest wrong under which, like an incubus, woman struggles—a wrong which, until it is righted, woman can never achieve her rightful position before the world—a wrong that is much talked about, much preached about, much written about, but seldom in the spirit that moved Jesus of Nazareth when he could not find it in his pure heart to condemn the repentant Magdalen. If he could not condemn, how dare we; and that, too, in the face of the fact that men enact laws to protect the prostitute in her calling and themselves in preying upon her?

I am aware what I have taken upon myself in thus standing up before assembled people to agitate a question that shall be brought to a successful issue only through agitation. I know to what a torrent of abuse and invective I expose myself in thus letting the public know to what an extent a woman has even dared to think upon themes generally considered unchaste. I have asked myself can I bear the scoffs of the scorner, the jeers of the vulgar, the innuendoes of the vicious and the slanderous, and last, but not least, the slashing and cuttings-up of the unwashed reporters.

I have hesitated long, for I have known that I could not enter the arena and handle the beast with gloves on. I must hold up the rattling skeleton in society's secret closet just as it appears to me in all its moral hideousness. I shall call things by their right names, show abuses in their true colors; and if any there be whose tender sensibilities receive a shock, I beg their pardon, and I also beg them to so order their moral intellects that they can look truth in the face without a blush of false modesty.

In this I must not look for the popular voice on my side. But I shall have gained an end sought if I make a few generous souls conscious of the wrong done, and resolved henceforth to render "simple justice."

There is scarce a child of a dozen years in these days so ignorant that it does not know Magdalens are a feature in civilized social life to-day, and houses of prostitution a flourishing institution of Magdalens. One may say there are three classes:

The first, those who adopt the life from choice, prompted by an inordinate love of display, luxury and indolence, while in their inmost souls they abhor the contacts it involves, till their souls become hardened.

The second, those most worthy of our efforts and our charity—if one class of sinners can be said to be more worthy than another—those driven into the depths by seduction and deceit and the world's hardness of heart, many of them innately pure and noble women, from whom much virtue goes out when they resort to a life of prostitution, because much virtue was in them, which cannot be said at all times of those loudest in condemnation.

I have heard "position-bolstered" women berate a fallen sister whose shoes they were not worthy to unlace!

The third—most unhappy class—consists of those born with the mark on their forehead, through the workings of that inevitable law which assures us that "if the parents have eaten of sour grapes, the children's teeth shall be set on edge."

Of this class, one who has been a close observer and investigator, says that in innumerable instances he has been enabled to trace their fall to drunkenness, in either one or both parents or grandparents.

For this class of unfortunates, who shall hold condemnation? For them there is little hope of redemption while the toils of the flesh are about them. Then let us abound in mercy toward this most wretched class. We shall know

them by the mark, if we know human nature at all, thankful that we are not called to expiate such sins of our parents "even unto the third and fourth generation!"

Leave the marked Magdalen to her God, who wisely weighs all motives and puts all responsibilities where they belong. And in view of such most righteous judgment, let us all stand in fear and trembling lest the little sin of those born in light shall terribly outweigh the great crime of those conceived in darkness.

And how countless many human beings there are around whose conception and birth have not been thrown as much light of sense and reason as the intelligent farmer throws around his stock to perfect it. Children born in the nineteenth century, methinks, have not so much to thank their parents for when so many come into the world filled with disease and seven devils to render life a curse, and make them wish they had never been born.

Such children must cease to be born ere the third class of Magdalens cease to exist and ply their vocation. But for the other two classes much can be done, that never has been done, and the first thing to do is to begin to treat them like human beings and not form corrals for them outside of the Walls of Zion—in other words, "Homes for the friendless" outside the pale of social life.

When the repentant Magdalen enters a refuge "good Christians" have provided for her, she sees "imprisonment for life" staring at her from its walls, and every picket of the fence that surrounds those walls is a bristling bayonet of social prejudice leveled at her breast. She sees that society expects her to wrap herself in sack-cloth and forever after do penance for a sin, that when all is said, is no more heinous than that species of legal prostitution which sanctions "a marriage of convenience." If she be truly repentant and resolved to lead a purer life, she at once buries hope and takes up a cruel cross, a tortured victim to society's false gods and falser charity.

Then, perchance, she looks outside the walls of her "refuge" and sees the man who has brought her to this dire calamity going about free, happy, courted and admired, seducing other pure women, and her soul grows hot within her to think this vaunted society puts her in strait-jacket, shuts her up away from its charmed circle, while it fondles and protects the roaring lion that hunted her down. Is it any wonder she snaps her finger at society and its rottenness, and prefers to wear her badge of infamy in the world where she can at least have the company of her kind? "Then do not ask if the Magdalen has not forfeited her claim to dwell with society's favored ones by her fall."

If she truly repent and desire to return, there is no claim of the weeping woman society has any moral right to dishonor. And for that, whether she repent or not, she has just as much right to come into the sacred precincts in her pollution as the cowardly thief who took all she had to give, risking nothing himself, and then ran away from the consequences, skulking behind Mrs. Grundy's ample petticoats that cover a multitude of masculine sins.

Therefore, I say, the repentant Magdalen has forfeited no claim! And you erring mortal, who presume to set the dividing line, and say, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further," are guiltier and more deserving of condemnation than she.

Christ came into the world to purge all mankind of their sins, and in his life and cruel death to wash us all white as snow; and when he said to the repentant thief upon the cross, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," He didn't mean in a "house of refuge" still wearing the brand of infamy, "But with me in Paradise, at my Father's right hand, rejoicing with the angels."

And what are you, sinful hanger-on at the skirts of modern society, that you dare embitter the Magdalen's tears with your

"Stand aside! I am holier than thou?"

I fear it will go hard with such as you at the day of judgment.

Now, don't say: Oh! all very nice to get up and talk about it; but who is so foolish as to take the Magdalen and the thief into their society, and not be always on the watch for a relapse! You know the adage, "Once a rogue"—

My stern moralizer, might not the necessities of that thief have been as great when he first fell as were those of Christ and his disciples when they entered the corn-field on the Sabbath day and satisfied their hunger on the corn that surely was not theirs? Christ and his disciples could be a law unto themselves; but the wretched thief, from stealing a loaf to sustain the life of a loved one, perhaps, came to be a house breaker, and ended his days side by side with the "sweet-souled Saviour on the cross!"

So the Magdalen who first fell through a most unwise love, but so perfect, nevertheless, that it cast out all fear, came to be a common prostitute, scorned by those who, never having been tempted, or if they have were not found out, sit in high places and stone her.

"Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity."

Show me that man or that woman who believes with an abiding faith in human nature, who discerns "the gem of purest ray serene" underneath the dust and rust and rubbish of sin and crime and human misery, and I will show you the man and the woman whose daily walk is on delectable mountains, even with the redeemed of Christ!

"Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it light and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay! not so," replied the angel.
Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still,
And said, "I pray thee, then, write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. Next night he came,
With great wakening light, and showed the names
Whom love of God had blessed.
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

When but a girl bound to accept social codes without demur, and condemning Magdalens, wholesale, on the "say so" of the blind, the ignorant and the prejudiced, I nevertheless would often find myself wondering how it came to pass in the wise dispensation of Providence, that one sex is held responsible for a sin which the other sex even has a license to commit.

Still, with the bigoted of my sex I held my skirts aside from the Magdalen, and pointed the finger of scorn at her unhappy head, while I received and accepted the man who had been instrumental in her downfall! Yet all the while my wonder grew as to why are these things so!

Several years of constant travel, coupled with an earnest interest in the question, have served to open my eyes, to show me where the wrong lies, and to balance the scales of blind justice in my own mind!

Now I know that because Eve ate that ancient apple, tempted of Satan, is no good reason why he who shared the bitter fruit with her, tempted of the woman, should not also share the blame and the burden. Sad pity that the cowardly receiver of stolen goods, by turning states evidence, *a la* Father Adam, to save his precious neck, should so escape all responsibility in this world. But I tell you he doesn't so escape moral responsibility.

"The laws of God have each a rod,
Who breaks them must get hurt."

Man goes about, with his assumption of lordliness, with all the vain world at his back; and the world is a mighty lever, that rises and falls on the fulcrum of the flesh and the devil. He comes and goes unquestioned. He seduces his victims by a studied system of infernal arts, and enters society on the same day, and selects one of its fairest flowers, one of its purest maidens, to be his wife. Society smiles, comforts itself with the assurance, "He has sown his wild oats," shelters him in her broad, though scarcely liberal, bosom, while his victim sits outside the gates, and her more virtuous sisters stone her to death. Which is the most pitiable victim, the legal wife of a seducer, or she who sits in sorrow outside the gates?

Woman of the world and of society! I wonder, when your fingers clutch the stone, the spirit of Christ does not rise up before you, with his holy eyes looking straight at you while he says, "Let her who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Then shall he turn to the weeping woman and say, "Who has condemned thee?" And she shall answer, "No woman, Lord!" "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." In all this I seek no palliation for the sin; I but ask that Christians shall learn to have Christly charity for the sinner, and to deal with simple justice toward both parties in the transgression. And if there be any here to-night who pervert my meaning into an excuse for prostitution, they reason out of their own blindness and grossness, and utterly fail to comprehend me.

I seek to lift the veil from pestilent modern society, which winks at the escape of the thief who robs the casket and runs away with the gem, taking all, having nothing to lose, while it remains inexorable toward the woman who sacrificed all to a love, which, exercised in the right direction, could redeem the world again!

The idea that for man is all the freedom of passion, for woman the calm and the pain, is not founded in God's eternal justice, 'tis the code of Lucifer and the shield of his imps.

I have seen and heard so much in my travels to illustrate this wicked state of the world's inhumanity to woman till my heart has ached with its burden of unshed tears, till my brain has burned with its weight of ineffectual endeavors to see a way to right this most foul wrong toward my own sex. And my soul has wrestled in prayer not to commit the perhaps unpardonable sin and pass judgment upon the Almighty power that suffers such injustice to grow and flourish in the earth.

When I see a pestilent squad of corner loafers pointing their diseased fingers at a Magdalen passing by, in whose company they may have often passed unhallowed hours, my spirit rises into such rebellion I could do desperate deeds. Such men are simply cumberers of the earth, and, like the unfruitful fig tree, deserve to be cut down and burned in a fire of public indignation.

Let me relate you an incident that was vouched for to me by the editor of the *Cheyenne Journal*:

You all know how the little cities of the plains have been notorious for Magdalens, as the tide of Western progress has left town after town in its course.

The beautiful city of Denver, in Colorado, was among the most notorious. It was full of wealth, full of enterprise, full of the fruits of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And alas! it was full of friendless Magdalens, plying their soul withering vocation, keeping time to the march of man's improvement, and the dire rage of his necessities.

Well, under this regime in Denver, there was to be a ball given; a gathering of the elite, the untamed, the unpolluted, the carefully guarded, rare exotics of society's hot-house, a gathering where men could take their wives, their daughters, their sisters, without the fear of their being contaminated by the presence of a fallen woman.

A Magdalen of Denver, a woman remarkable for a sort of blasted beauty of form and feature, and for more than the ordinary degree of intelligence, over whose fall angels had wept, and for whose redemption Christ suffered his untold agonies,—this woman determined to attend this ball, for her spirit was dark within her, considering the injustice meted out to her kind, and she wished to see just how her purer sisters bore the protection of men, she and her companions were in frequent habit of entertaining.

By some successful statagem, which, strange to say, was easier than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, this Magdalen got into this select ball-room and sat reserved,

while men, steeped to the soul in vice and debauchery, led unstained women in the dance, and the iron entered the soul of the Magdalen.

Presently it was whispered that there was a "woman of the town" in their midst; and there was no Jesus of Nazareth at hand to stay the angry tide against her, and she bore the look, the word, the act, that has sent many a woman headlong into infamy.

Soon there were no virtuous women left in that "select ball-room," out on the plains (?) in Denver City.

Their protectors had taken them all away, beyond the reach of contamination; and the presence of one Magdalen, had stopped the ball. *And the presence of one Magdalen shall in the day of judgment be many a woman's direst condemnation.*

There is one fact more, more detrimental to this cause of the Magdalen than any other. The fact that the discussion of the question is conducted more or less "under the rose." Mothers are afraid to have the subject broached in presence of their daughters, and when it is, they at once bring out their heaviest artillery, and condemn, to kill, and so have done with the subject.

Women are shy of conversing with each other upon the theme, and especially with men, lest they be accused of handling pitch. Only when women shall bring to this discussion, a true, earnest, and pure intent, shaking themselves free of the vulgar ideas with which false education has trammelled them, will the matter be on the way to mend.

I have no patience with the prurient idea that bars the way to such discussion, lest it endanger the purity of one sex by inflaming the passions of the other.

What! have we so little faith in human nature that we must needs chain men up for ravenous beasts, and enslave women, lest the beast spring upon them?

I have found many men truer to the image in which they are made; and 'tis little wonder such men regard the majority of women as frivolous, silly and insipid, for a majority of women cower behind a society hedge of false modesty when they might command the higher admiration of all true men—for there are such—by their instinctive power to converse eloquently upon themes that absolutely call them to their discussion. Let women begin to unvail this monster of iniquity; let them bring its discussion to every pure fireside in the land, keeping God's righteous laws in view, never confounding pure nature with obscenity—a fault too common among ordinary and vulgarly educated women. "Then let the galled jade wince."

'Tis fearful to contemplate, under these circumstances, how much wincing there would be; how many respectable heads of families—even among those loudest in condemnation of a woman for shooting her paramour, or soonest to uphold a man for shooting his wife's!

How many heads of families, think you, could bear this honest, earnest discussion, at their "ain" firesides?

Ah! but I have seen "the galled jade wince;" and that is the reason men prefer their women to remain in an ignorance which they flatter themselves is innocence.

An ignorance that keeps women from demanding the same purity of life in a man that he demands in her.

I am of the opinion of George Sand, "That 'tis only a base nature that can still love on and know it has been outraged."

The woman, be she maid, wife or widow, who can accept the homage and caresses of a man false to her purity, is groveling and base.

"But let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away."

In Washington City, some time since, I read in the *Daily Republican* a long and eloquent appeal for fallen women, headed, "Will not love reclaim all?" It was full of earnest charity and tear inducing sympathy until it came to the last paragraph, which contained a sentiment that turned all the sweet waters of its intentions to bitterness. 'Twas this:

"Of course the fallen woman must never expect to regain any social position which she may have forfeited by her fall; that is out of the question. She must wait, in hope for the great reward hereafter."

No matter how deep, how true, how fervent her repentance—with what wistful, earnest gaze she turn to her old place in society, yet she must never expect to regain it! She must possess her sorely-tried soul in patience everlasting, and be content with the "great reward hereafter." A poor crumb of comfort, truly, when she could look to that cross and know the thief upon it would in twenty-four hours of his repentance be with Christ in Paradise!

That paltry sentiment bowing to society's golden calf, drove all common sense and charity out of the entire article.

Christian people! Followers of the meek and lowly Jesus! The spirit of love is potent, but it needs to go hand in hand with that wonderful humility and charity which kept Christ from condemning the Magdalen.

Churches and "Young Men's Christian Associations" can only be a bar to the prostitutes' redemption while they set aside isolated corners to reclaim them in, and shut them as effectually beyond the pale of social life as they were before; while we hold up to the outcast that she must not come into our society and be one of us once more. Who wonders she scorns our pharisaical sympathy and sees no divinity in it. Angels turn from our pompous pretensions in disgust, and know the weeping woman is holier than we.

Not until we go to the fallen as sisters in the bonds of iniquity, all of us wretched evil workers because of our imperfections, and take her right to our hearts and homes, as God would take her in her penitence, right to his holy table to feast with angels; not till we throw off our mantle of worldliness and fancied purity, and sit in sackcloth and weep with her, offering her all we have and acknowledging to her that the world is full of respectability odious in the sight of God; not till we bid her hope her sin is not the unpardonable one in this world as well as in the world to come can we hope to reclaim her successfully.

"But, dear me!" says worldly Prudence; "you don't really mean that we are to take 'those creatures' right, literally, to our hearts and homes; you must be speaking figuratively."

I am not speaking figuratively. I mean just what I say; I am not here to mince matters, nor to cater to any perverse spirit of worldly expediency; but in plain and unmistakable terms to point out that spirit of true religion which bade the pious young man of the New Testament go sell all his worldly goods and give to the poor.

So I bid you, women of the world-worldly, go sell to some wandering Jew all your petty prejudices, your private piques, your unholy bigotry, and wherever and whenever you find a repentant Magdalen, take her to your heart and home, and teach her to feel the beauty of that text and teach yourself in so doing to learn its spirit;

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons,"

Mrs. Grundy is a terrible stumbling-block in the way. But Mrs. Grundy

—"Is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

She is a painted Jezebel, a scarlet woman of Babylon, the legitimate worker of much mischief. She sits enthroned upon seven hills, living luxuriously and wearing purple and fine linen. She is the founder and sustainer of ridiculous forms and ceremonies. She makes matches of eligibility and respectability. She strangles numerous germs of righteousness ere they see the light.

I have seen allegiance to her despotic rule cause a brother to cast his fallen sister to the world, lest she taint the air his young wife breathed.

I have seen allegiance to her cause parents to forget that they were responsible for the life of an erring daughter, and that mayhap, through their own shortcomings and willful disregard of laws of nature, that daughter was brought to her downfall.

I have seen allegiance to Mrs. Grundy cause sisters to unmercifully war with sisters, and women everywhere to forget their gentleness and don the livery of Satan, in their inexorableness and implacability toward their sex.

And while woman withholds mercy, why should we look to men for "simple justice?" Would to heaven we had a Masonic Order to bind women in a fraternal spirit; to make them cling to each other through thick and thin—through good and evil report; to make them sustain and uphold each other, and not say, as soon as the evil days come upon a sister, "I told you so! I always knew she was not true blue," and then prepare to stone her to death; which work of execution women perform with so much grace and vim that one is shocked into the belief that it gives them exquisite pleasure.

As an illustration of this wicked spirit, I was conversing with a prominent Methodist clergyman of Evansville, Ind., upon this subject, and he related to me this incident:

A young man of wealth and social position went to New Orleans, and, when he returned, brought with him a beautiful girl. He found her in a house of prostitution.

He became deeply interested in her story. He loved her—determined to rescue her from that terrible life and marry her.

A bold resolution! One man in a thousand! Possessed of great courage! Mrs. Grundy would call him a—fool.

The girl was possessed of a great degree of natural intelligence, quite young, and this man determined to educate her before he married her. He accordingly applied to the principal of a female seminary, who received the girl, and in three years she graduated with the highest honors.

The young man had remained faithful, and they were married.

Some weeks after, that principal's wife learned the "whole truth" about "that girl;" and the vials of her virtuous wrath were poured out upon the defenseless head of the girl and upon the head of her devoted spouse. She gave her husband "Hail Columbia," so the minister expressed it; and it came near separating the pair.

In my opinion it would have been a separation of the chaff from the wheat—a process that is to be extensively carried on in Heaven, where "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but where we shall be as the angels of God."

Yet there are many true, untrammelled women in the world after all, somewhat tabooed, to be sure, but nevertheless exercising hearts and brains to some purpose toward the emancipation of their sex from the miserable enthrallments of fashion and sacred (?) slavish customs; dropping the seeds of free thought and independent action here and there till it shall spring up and bear fruit, ten, twenty, fifty, nay, a hundred fold!

I remember an incident which goes to show what little things, if persisted in by women, would eventually turn all this tide of error and injustice from the sex.

In a certain fashionable assembly in a large city there was a certain prominent doctor and his wife; also a gentleman friend of the doctor who had ventured to bring with him a woman whose reputation was not altogether like that of Caesar's wife.

The man was an immense favorite in social circles—rich, handsome, influential; and being an unmarried man, maneuvering mammas played queer games to win so eligible a party for a son-in-law.

The doctor and his interesting little wife were also high in the social scale.

In the course of the evening the doctor brought his gentleman friend forward and introduced him to his wife. She took his proffered arm, and they promenaded and chatted for half an hour, at the expiration of which time the doctor's wife begged her companion to introduce her to the lady he had come with, and who had been sitting playing wall-flower the entire evening, neglected by every other woman in the room and by the man who had brought her there. He was so busy receiving the homage of managing mothers of marketable daughters, rigged out for the matrimonial sacrifice, that he had no time to bestow upon the unwise woman who was, for his sake, suffering crucifixion.

In vain the good doctor tugged at his little wife's skirts when she requested the introduction to this tabooed woman. She either did not or would not heed, but persisted and obtained the desired introduction, and she sat and talked with the neglected woman for an hour.

At last her husband remonstrated with her.

She replied, "My dear, didn't you yourself introduce me to the man who brought that woman here? And did you manifest any anxiety that I took his arm and chatted with him for an hour?"

"But, my dear, that is different—so entirely different. Custom! custom! my love. Custom is everything!"

"Custom is fudge!" retorted the wife. "If the presence and conversation of that man will not harm your wife, neither will the presence and conversation of that woman, who is reputed to be his mistress!"

"But I tell you it will harm you," still urged the husband of an independent wife. "You positively must not exercise your strange ideas to such an extent. Custom will not be so outraged."

"Then custom or I must go the wall," replied the wife; "for where I see the rottenness I will not go round it—I will go through it, if I die for it."

And that is the stuff reformers and martyrs are made of? People have gone to the wall before to-day for going through the rottenness of reigning customs. Martyrs have been dragged through the streets with a rope of public opinion round their necks for raising a protesting voice against a popular abuse. And yet the world has moved!

And now, women of the 19th century, are you ready to brave the stake and the fire? to say in the face of this vaunted modern society:

"You are rotten to the core! being manifest only through your outrages and abuses. We tell you your race is nearly run."

'Tis a braver battle than martyrs have ever fought before, and the glory of its winning shall shed a wonderful light in the ages yet to come. In the day and hour of great revolutions, who would be a grub lying dormant with the cross of Calvary in view?

A visit to San Francisco and witnessing the degradation of Chinese women was quite enough to settle my mind as to which side I should take in the struggle of the sexes.

I went one morning with a friend down to that magnificent bay of San Francisco, and saw a noble steamer ride like a thing of life to her moorings, bring to our hospitable shores a living freight of Chinese, upward of eighteen hundred human beings. Among this entire lot were perhaps about two dozen women. These last mentioned were brought over like chattel slaves to serve the lowest instincts of those men and help fill the coffers of both white and yellow speculators in immortal souls. If that horrible traffic be not the unpardonable sin, then there surely can be no such sin!

But the Chinese women (so the Chinese say) have no souls, therefore they are treated worse than brutes; and when of no further use to man—the "superior being"—or when plying their vocation has sown the seeds of death, they are shut up in some underground den (of which peculiar Chinese institution many abound in California) there to die, the sooner the better, when their bodies are taken no more care of than the carcass of a dog.

But when a masculine Chinese departs this life, his celestial bones are celestially conveyed to the celestial country, where his stupid celestial soul is supposed to have gone before, hunting that celestial paradise where women do not come, for the Chinese women have no souls.

In view of such heathen goings on at our very gates shall women keep silence in the churches?

St. Paul was a good man, but he had a rank prejudice.

A modification of the same gross barbarism that prevails among the Chinese rules and ruins in civilized social life to-day.

The festering corpse is covered with a veil of rose-color, and poesy's potent charm is perverted to surround it.

It consists in narrowing and gauging woman's sphere, and holding her responsible for Adam's share of that ancient apple of discord!

The man who says it is woman's mission to stay at home and bear children, and attend to his toast and tea and buttons; that youth who thinks it is a woman's whole duty to look pretty, be graceful and charmingly stupid—that man and that youth are infinitely worse than the "Heathen Chinee!" for, living in the light of civilization, they have not the same palliation.

I was shown a letter from a boy of eighteen to a boy of about the same age, and in that letter was a sentence sneering at "Woman's Rights."

I had reason to know that the boy who had received the letter was, in some respects not necessary to mention, wiser than his father; and I said to myself as I read that puerile sentiment from one boy to another:

"The blind opposition of the ignorant rabble of children and fools can clog the wheels of progress!"

In three years those boys so precocious in vice will have a vote to cast into the ballot-box, against my highest eternal interest!"

And a cruel sense of the deep outrage to my free womanhood caused the hot tears to spring to my eyes.

Many weak-kneed people use the argument, "There are so many bold adventuresses identified with this movement." And I have heard ordinary women say that intellectual capacity tends to demoralize a woman.

A comical idea, in regard to which I have only to say, "It serves as a powerful inducement for the stupid woman to remain stupid, which they undoubtedly would without laying any such flattering unction to their souls."

As for the former charge, let me ask if the presence of one, or two, or a dozen "bold adventuresses" should cast lasting odium upon a cause that has arrayed upon its side some of the best brain and heart of the civilized world?

Has the presence of the Kallechs, the Cooks and the Sabines damned the Christian religion? Does the slime and scum that forever float upon the seething current of prog-

ress, and that causes the superficial observer to decry progress and say, "We are all going to — to visit his Satanic Majesty"—do that slime and scum make progress any less a fact and a prophecy?

But look to it, that you don't take scandal and public rumor for Gospel verity, for they are a lying brace of tongues, often right in fact but grossly wrong in deduction. Hear what those women whom you call "adventuresses" have to say; prove them out of their own mouths, always conceding to them the right to worship God according to their own consciences. Then, if you find them false to their teachings, time enough to sit in judgment.

Prove all things! Hold fast that which is good! And if a condemned woman utters it, which perhaps out of her bitter experience she is amply qualified to do, do not let your stubborn prejudices rise up like Chinese wall to shut her out, but say in generosity "She has uttered truth!"

Growing nearer in accord with beautiful law, I have come to see that purity of life is no less essential to the manly than to the womanly character. Therefore my heart is sad over the sacrifices on society's foul altar! Sacrifices of pure, young women offered up to the "demon of lust to be polluted."

There is in the heathen code of "Mrs. Grundy" a clause to the effect that a man has a right to demand a pure woman in marriage, and if the pure woman be so foolish as to yield him her purity before the all-sanctifying ceremony has yielded him the right to pollute that purity, why, then, "Mrs. Grundy" calls him a wise man if he refuses to give the woman the worldly shelter of his name.

I remember an incident fully bearing upon this point that went the rounds of the press but a short time ago. A steamer on the Mississippi blew up, killing several persons, among them Capt. M—. The news of the disaster flashed over the wires, and upon one heart it fell with deadening weight—the heart of a woman. On the day of the accident, a fine-looking, well-dressed woman entered a steamboat-office in a certain Western city, and tearfully inquired if it was true that Capt. M— was killed. She was told that it was. "Did you know he was married?" she asked. "I know he was not married," was the heartless reply of the person addressed. The woman wept bitterly and turned away. For days thereafter the same woman came and went upon the levee, among the boats and river-men, always weeping and always inquiring if it was true that Capt. M— was dead. Her grief gained for her almost universal sympathy. Her manner excited wonder and pity. Soon a day came that brought a sad realization to the broken-heart—a boat touched the landing bringing the remains of Capt. M—.

They were in charge of a brother and were being conveyed to a former home of the deceased for interment.

The same sad and distracted woman hovered about the wharf, and when the boat landed, she begged and plead that she might be permitted to follow the remains of him she called husband to their last resting-place. But the brother denied her the boon!

The remains were placed on board of another boat for transportation up the river, and then came the resolve of her, to whom the world was now a cold and cheerless blank, to join beyond the unknown sea, him whom death had taken from her.

She took passage on another boat and told the captain she was the wife of Capt. M—, and asked how long it would be before the steamer bearing his remains would pass them.

She then shut herself up in her room, and a mighty sorrow was prisoned in a little space.

Night came on, the little steamer plodded her way up the river, bearing its awful mystery of a broken heart, and after it came the other steamer bearing the still greater mystery of a silenced heart.

Nearer and nearer it came, and a woman stood on the guards of the advanced boat, wild and distracted in the moonlight. As the boat containing the dear dead body passed, the woman sprang wildly into the water; the waves of the passing boat washed over her, and the living and the dead were joined.

"In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran."

Alas! poor unwise, but much loving woman; no monument to her memory; not even consecrated ground for her poor body to lie in; not permitted to follow the loved to the burial, refused the boon by a worldly-minded brother of her precious dead.

"A minstring angel will that woman be,
When he lies howling."

She lived a sacrifice, and died a martyr to a respectable steamboat captain.

Maybe he would have been less respectable, had he given that devoted woman his name. Bah! what is a man's name worth, what is his whole soul worth, when he can accept the self-immolation of a woman to his coarser nature?

Yet woman who have breathed a lie at the altar, promising to love and honor a man for his wealth and position, will pass heavy judgment on the soul of her whose body lies self-murdered, 'neath Ohio's murky waves.

Those women bought with a price in hard money, can play a winning game, for honors are easy, when Church and State have ratified the unholy contract.

Uneasy rests many a head that wears the orange wreath nowadays. Where under heaven is there a sadder sight than that of a woman sitting shivering over the embers of a youthful hope, dimly contemplating the flitting ghosts of a dissipated dream? or a strong man going about with a perpetual shadow, clanking the chain his fiery, foolish youth forged for him?

The class of women who accept a man and his vices so cheerfully consists of those who throw around God's laws of life and the origin of being a horrible vulgarity that passes for delicacy and modesty, a shocking shamefacedness which they mistake for purity.

Such women hide their faces behind fans and handkerchiefs when an allusion is made to which they can attach the vulgar tone of their own minds. And they are the class most inexorable to the Magdalen, willing, maybe, to build her a refuge, but not willing to entirely forgive her for a sin that, under the same circumstances, the same temptation, they would have been guilty of themselves.

But that charity which is not large enough to embrace the world is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

What if we do shelter a viper in our bosoms to sting us sometimes. Methinks that meeting ingratitude seventy times seven could not drain my soul of love for, and faith in, human nature. At least, I should most earnestly pray it might not.

There is one subject I desire to touch upon that may seem irrelevant, but it has its bearing upon the Magdalen. There is in this day and generation a demon on the track of woman as powerful to destroy the soul as prostitution, a vice to which women are every day yielding more and more, and 'tis not confined to the poor, the despised and the outcast. But 'tis creeping, creeping with sly and insidious step into our best society, making high and noble dames its victims.

I allude to the demon of the still—to intemperance. Start not, fair hearer; the times have given it proof. Newspapers have touched the warning bell, the vice is becoming fashionable among women. In our larger cities 'tis not so novel a sight to see an elegantly dressed devotee of fashion come out of a first-class saloon tipsy.

Women order wine for lunch as nonchalantly as the veriest *blaze* Lothario. 'Tis a notorious fact that women in the first circles have their wine-closet as well as their lords, and treat their friends with as assured a grace as any man.

I have seen women toss off a whisky straight with as much gusto as their male companions, and afterward their conversation became anything but straight.

Men look on while some lady is hustled into her carriage and conveyed from some assembly to her home, drunk; and then men say, "Observe the pernicious effects of this Women's Rights nonsense." But 'tis not the Women's Rights woman that drinks her whisky, the indulgence in which must ultimately blunt the finest sensibility.

Only recently I have read extracts from prominent English journals touching the fearful inroads intemperance and tipping are making in "first-class" London society.

Woman—women! why will you plunge a knife in the heart of your dearest interests.

With two more incidents, serving to show the worthiness of the Magdalen to our consideration, I will leave her to the tender mercies Christ first taught the world to extend to the fallen.

While traveling in Texas I arrived one morning about nine o'clock at the town of Herri, one of those new railroad towns in a new country, that I can compare to nothing but the slime of the trail of the serpent that ever crawls in the wake of progress, the same old serpent which was in attendance upon Mother Eve when she fell upstairs.

It was a dull, drizzling, wretched morning; the town was the most home-sick place I ever got into; hotel accommodations enough to make one sigh for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," and it only needed the soul-saddening incident which came under my notice that day to complete the depression of my spirits.

I was sitting by my open window ruminating on the dreary prospect, when a friend came in at the open door and said: "Look up the road toward the woods and see the funeral of a prostitute who killed herself here night before last!"

I looked, and there, slowly jolting through the dripping cyprus woods, with its solemn drapery of gray moss, was a dray drawn by a mule, which was driven by a negro.

On that dray was a rough wooden box covered carelessly with a sheet. Following were two women—one a sister of the suicide, sister in blood and in iniquity.

Some men were also following at a distance as though ashamed; not ashamed to follow the woman while she lived, but such is social prejudice that now she was lying dead it seemed quite another thing.

Dead in a box, on a dray, these men had no license to follow the Magdalen.

Out in those weeping woods was a deep, ill-shapen hole dug, and into it was tumbled that rough wooden box.

There was no man of God at hand to send the poor shipwrecked soul on its way with a prayer of hope to the All-Merciful. A minister had been applied to, but, like his worthy brother Sabine, he refused to follow the master among publicans and sinners; and in that wild country there was no "Little Church Around the Corner," God bless it!

The next morning, when I heard that minister ask a blessing over our breakfast, I said unto myself: "Away with you! Scribes and pharisees—hypocrites!"

Consecrated ground was denied the self-murdered Magdalen by a trustee of the graveyard, where his wife and child lay buried, and whose bodies, mouldering to decay, he was more considerate of than when the immortal souls animated them; for it was a notorious fact that, when his wife and child were living, he constantly frequented the house where the poor suicide had lived.

A colored preacher, imbued with the spirit of his calling, offered to perform the funeral service, but the living sister preferred the body should be consigned to the hole in the ground, *sans* ceremony, rather than permit a negro to officiate. Such an inconsistent and oftentimes comical genius is human prejudice.

And in the face of incidents like this, right at our very doors, we call ourselves a Christian people!

God alone knows the dark despairings of that unhappy Magdalen ere she took her perverted life into her own hands, and rushed unbidden into the presence of Him who gave it. She was young and beautiful, a sweet singer, could have lived by her voice independently, yet she died a wretched suicide in a brothel, and no cause assigned.

Who shall say it was not her deep repentance, her despair of forgiveness in this world and her rich hope in God's

boundless mercy in the world to come? Perhaps had there been some grand-souled Julian Gray to find her out in her penitence and say to her: "Arise! poor wounded heart—beautiful, purified soul! Take thy place among the noblest of God's creatures," I say, perhaps, there were one more glad heart on earth to-day—one dark grave less in Texas.

The nature that sins and has the grace to repent in bitterness of soul is among the noblest of God's creatures, for God has made us all sinners, and even Christ has wrestled in dark Gethsemane. He who wrestled and conquered in that dread midnight there, could feel more mercy for a poor sinner than many of His professed followers who sin daily but don't happen to get detected. The secret sinner is Magdalen's most inexorable judge. He sits in unabashed authority behind his paper wall and mercilessly reads the stony law. But the time shall come when the scarlet woman, who is the secret inspirer of his debaucheries, shall stand upon the house-tops and betray him. *Selah!*

In conclusion, I will relate one more pertinent incident that came under my notice in Cheyenne, Wyoming, two or three years since. While there I was one night reading the poem of "Beautiful Snow" to a large audience. There were many Magdalens present. Cheyenne was famous for them. They were sitting apart from other women on one side the hall among rude men.

How I pitied them! To be compelled to wear the mark even in a place of public entertainment. I could not help wondering if those favored gentlemen on the other side among purer (?) women had ever seen these Magdalens before. I noticed, as I read the poem to a breathless audience, that one of those women was weeping bitterly. Three months after, on my return from California, I learned the sad story of that weeping woman. I give you the incident as it originally appeared in the *Cheyenne Journal*. 'Tis the one incident of my life upon which I reflect with a sense of the joy there is in heaven among the angels over one sinner that repenteth:

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Those of our readers who attended the entertainments given at McDaniel's Theatre by Alf. Burnett, during his recent visit to this city, will remember the affecting poem, "Beautiful Snow," rendered by Miss Nash. On the second evening of the performance of the troupe in this city, there was quite an attendance of the demi-monde. When the before-mentioned poem was repeated by Miss Nash, the sympathies of the whole audience were aroused, and such was the silence and attention of the people that the dropping of a pin might have been regarded as a disagreeable interruption. The attention of the audience was diverted to that portion of the house where the frail sisterhood sat. As usual, they sat together and alone. There is a sisterhood in crime and misfortune. These abandoned girls feel a singular attachment for each other, knowing that society disowns them all. Hence they go in groups. On this occasion it was observed that they were all deeply interested, and on more than one pale cheek the pearly drops of unbidden tears attested that the emotional nature was not yet dead in those hearts. One beautiful girl among the group listened with a strange and statue-like composure. Not a tear dimmed the brightness of those azure orbs which were concentrated with a fixed and piercing gaze upon the speaker. Her countenance indicated a degree of intelligence far above that of any of her companions. The features were moulded in delicate, classical outlines, the forehead was harmoniously rounded, the dark, brown hair was tastefully pushed back from the smooth temples. By what strange fatality could this magnificent creature have "fallen so low." We know not. She was a comparative stranger in the city, we afterward learned, and known to but few. She had a "fellow" with her on the occasion described, and after the performance was over he started to attend her home. What was his surprise when at the very door of the theatre, the girl turned to him with flashing eyes, and trembling in every nerve and fibre, bid him farewell. "I cannot live this shameful life any longer," she hurriedly said. "Go; you will never see me again." She fairly pushed the young man from her with convulsive energy. She went to her boarding-house alone. The next day the eastward-bound train bore her away from our city. A brief note to the woman with whom she lived in this city has since been received. It contains only these words: "Dear —: I am going home. Not as I left it, but with 'a scarlet letter' for all to point at with scorn. I deserve it all. I have a good home, and will henceforth live for others and bear all patiently until welcome death brings me in the presence of my Saviour, from whom alone I hope to obtain forgiveness. I shall pray for all the Girls. Good-by."

God keep her wandering feet steadfast, fixed upon the plowshare till the "scarlet letter" become transfigured in a pure white cross that shall change for a starry crown. And may that sweet charity which prompted Jesus to say: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Grow and strengthen daily in all souls till Magdalen's tears are wiped away to flow no more forever!

PROBLEMS IN SEXUAL SCIENCE.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., June 23.

Victoria—Put me down, if you please, on the \$20 press list. I ought to have written long ago to assure you of the profound interest I feel in your efforts to make clear to others the laws governing conjugal love. I, if any one, should be grateful for the light you have let in on the misery and degradation of our sex, for I have been weighed down since a mere child with the unhappy confidences of long-suffering wives. Constantly, all through the forty years, I have counseled with the wisest and best of women, and not a few good men, concerning the reason of the disappointment and misery almost universal in married life. Why was it, I asked, if man was the mate, the counterpart of woman, that his constitution was so largely at variance with hers, that he could only make her miserable? Why was he created fickle and sensual, she faithful and pure? And, seeing that man, when in love, was in his very highest estate, all his most delicate and unselfish qualities quickened and his own happiness immeasurably increased, why could not this

blessed condition become permanent so long as his affection was returned, instead of fading away to a sort of humdrum animalism and selfish indifference after a short experience of marriage? Why was it that this divine sentiment, capable of transforming the rough, willful lad into a chivalrous, unselfish, courteous man, that gave music to the voice and delicacy to the manner, should sink into mere sensuality and disappear in early manhood? In spite of faith and good intention, why did the subtle charm vanish, and marriage become the grave of love? Parentage afforded almost universal satisfaction; marriage proved almost universally a failure. If love had remained, such harmonious development would have resulted.

Why was it right and necessary that overworked women should continue to bear unattractive, poorly endowed children year after year, when the doing so dragged them down to early graves? Why must many of the fairest of our daughters be doomed to prostitution because of "an invincible necessity in man" (not through any sensual needs of their own), and then be farther crushed by the laws and abhorred of the public? How could it be possible that, as men insisted, this sacrifice was essential to the purity of every home in the land? "Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. But for her the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted. On that one degraded, ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."—*Lecky's History European Morals*, pp. 299-300.

These questions, with many others, we sought most earnestly to solve, but the problem was too weighty for us. All that could be done by the few more enlightened mothers was to forewarn and forearm their daughters that they might resist the selfish animalism, "the loveless, enforced embrace, possible only in married life."

But again, why discipline, firmness and self justice, in view of the highest and holiest relation known on earth? Was not love delicate, considerate, self-denying, caring only for the happiness of the object loved? These certainly were love's characteristics before human law stepped up with the chain that was to bind it fast forever.

Most of us were brought up under the old regime which condemned the name of the vice more than the vice itself; that kept women studiously ignorant of physiological truths, and called "ignorance" "innocence," and threw on "Providence" the onus of all the mental and bodily weakness and deformity in the world. But science has been slowly undermining the strongholds of ignorance. The brain of humanity has grown clearer; its nervous system finer—finer and more capable of suffering. Suffering develops earnestness and courage, and at last through you this courage has demanded an investigation of the terrible marriage question, and to what conclusions have we arrived through this investigation? Simply, I take it, that nature is to be trusted—that love is, was and ever will be free; and that the effect of legal ownership is to destroy the charm that makes love possible. That man is not by nature false and sensual and cruel, but that he is the subject of conditions, and is, in this 19th century, trying to fit himself inside laws that originated when man was a cowardly savage. Failing to feel comfortable or amiable in the life-long bond his savage ancestors invented, he escapes and behaves meanly outside as well as in it.

This is an appalling statement to timid, subservient woman, who has been taught from youth up that the civil law alone kept her husband faithful (while yet he was faithful).

"Oh, that is terrible!" she exclaims. "Men are bad enough now. We endure loneliness and oppression continually; but this lets down the bars to unlimited faithlessness and sensualism;" and it is not reasonable to suppose that these ignorant and helpless souls can at once be made to see that the very cause and incentive to the faithlessness they mourn is the legal bond itself.

Thirty years ago I talked freely on the marriage question with that most pure, large-minded and womanly woman, Margaret Fuller. In view of the universal experience, some conscientious persons objected to that part of the marriage ceremony which made them promise what they could not be certain it would be in their power to perform. Speaking of this Miss Fuller remarked:

"I believe if two persons of intelligence and unblemished reputation should publicly declare that while they hoped their love would continue for life, they had conscientious objections to solemnly promising what they might not be able to fulfill, and should proceed to set up housekeeping on those terms, the public would respect their scruples."

I did not agree with her then; but a great doubt has loosened the terrors of the law and of public opinion to vast numbers, and it might be different with this generation. At any rate this is what will come to pass before very long. Even young and inexperienced persons will shrink from seeing love melt into indifference as it does inside the marriage bond.

Very truly yours,

GEORGINA B. KIRBY.

STILL ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CASE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1872.

MRS. VICTORIA WOODHULL:

Madam—A correspondent in your paper of last week gives Henry Ward Beecher the credit of having taken a "bold and decided stand" for free-love principles in the celebrated "Richardson-McFarland case."

Now, in the first place, that affair was not a case of free love in any such sense as the advocates of marital reform promulgate. It was a case of treachery, intrigue and adultery; and its infamous character and tragic consequences were unjustly saddled on the true free-love movement. In the second place, the role that Henry Ward Beecher played

in that drama was that of a panderer to lust, a slanderer, a liar and a coward. I will show all this.

About a month previous to the tragedy in the *Tribune* office, a person named Camp, then the leader of Mr. Beecher's choir, submitted to his moral consideration Richardson's fatal intercepted letter, of which the whole world has heard. The base, treacherous, intriguing plot which it disclosed, the sentiments it expressed and the lustful spirit it bore upon its face were repudiated, and as severely condemned by every friend of true sexual freedom as they were by the most conservative people; "first-class intrigues" was the commendable name the letter bestowed upon the woman written to and her associate, for their success in the underhand, villainous game they were playing in connection with the writer of the letter. But this revelation of deception, intrigue and adultery did not shock the pure, pious Henry Ward Beecher in the least—he saw nothing wrong in it. The public can now understand the reason why Mr. Beecher saw nothing wrong.

With a full knowledge of what had taken place before between the parties, Mr. Beecher, "as a minister of the Church of Christ," performed those tragi-comic, ghastly and ludicrous rites at the Astor House, and had prayers offered up to God on the occasion, in thanks for the adultery which had been committed, not for the relations of true free love.

It will also be remembered that when the press and public sentiment came down upon him for the part he had played, in order to palliate his conduct, this pious, chaste, immaculate Joseph had the cowardly meanness to charge McFarland, falsely, with having committed adultery; and when Robert Bonner publicly demanded of him to give some proof of the charge made against the man incarcerated in the Tombs, then unable to defend himself, he publicly confessed that he had none. When afterward, he was arraigned before his church for sanctioning and consummating those impure and disgusting proceedings, with the authority of the Christian religion, after he had read the intercepted letter, he denied point blank that he had ever read it. But Mr. Beecher did read it, and made his comments on it, which were not unfavorable, if Mr. Camp is to be believed; and he is a friend of Beecher. It will be remembered, too, that subsequently, in a lecture before Plymouth Church, he showed a quasi repentance for all he had done in the matter, and saying that his conduct might be explained by the fact that he was constantly "so full" that he was liable to "slop" over.

Let Mr. Beecher still be allowed, as a defense to the charges now pending over him in the Tilton-Bowen-Beecher et al. case, that he could not help "slopping" over.

HENRY WOOD.

WERE I WITH YOU TO-NIGHT.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

"Were I with you to-night,
I would give you a page of the soul,"
Said a wife;
"I would show you the book,
Into which you may look,
That is printed above
By the angels of love,
And is pictured in dews
Of their heavenly views,"
Said a wife.

"Were I with you to-night,
I would give you a page of the soul,"
Said a wife;
"Of a beautiful white,
Like the roses of light,
Manufactured in part
In a womanly heart,
And so sweetly impressed
On a bosom at rest,"
Said a wife.

"Were I with you to-night,
I would give you a page of the soul,"
Said a wife,
"That is bound up in tears
Of our happiest years,
And in colors so rare
There is nothing can tear
Any beauty apart
From its soul-graven art,"
Said a wife.

"Were I with you to-night,
I would give you a page of the soul,"
Said a wife;
"I would find you the page,
Never seen by the sage,
That will open, if it's kissed
By your lips' amethyst,
And its holy perfume
Will your pathway illumine,"
Said a wife.

"Were I with you to-night,
I would give you a page of the soul,"
Said a wife;
"And the words are the beats
Of the heart that completes
From the soul's loving mint
To a rhythmical print,
That the world will adore
For its mystical lore,"
Said a wife.

"Were I with you to-night,
I would give you a page of the soul,"
Said a wife,
"Do you know what is taught
In its innermost thought?
Do you hear the soft coo
That is calling to you?
Come to me, O, my love!
Like a mate to its dove,"
Said a wife.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES.

A COMMON CASE.

ILLINOIS, July 2, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—I regret to hear of your illness, and hope now you are fully recovered. Accept the warmest sympathies of a suffering sister—one who has known but little of the joys of life since childhood's hour, drinking deeply of wormwood and gall.

Years ago I was induced, through pity, to marry a man thirty years my senior, a widower with seven children, the youngest a babe. Being young and inexperienced I did not realize what marriage meant, but thought as hundreds of girls before and since have thought that in getting a husband not addicted to bad habits and a home I was doing very well. But I soon found out my mistake, for before twenty-four hours had passed I would have given worlds, if I had them to give, to have been free from him. We were not mated sexually, and although years have rolled away and I have raised his children, and still remain a faithful wife, he has never been able to awaken within me any feeling but loathing and disgust. He is and has been for many years a perfect invalid, and, as a matter of course, I am sick all the time. I think we are the most wretched couple in the world, and the only way I can see out of our trouble is through the grave.

I think if every girl in the land could read WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, none would ever make such a terrible mistake as I made. And yet, as much as we suffer, none of our neighbors or friends seem to suspect the true cause—none, unless our physician, and he dares not hint at it even.

I do not think my husband has any idea of the real cause of our trouble, and being of a suspicious nature it would never do to tell him; so I keep my secret and my sorrow hid together in my heart and suffer on, hoping that light on sexual matters may spread until none may suffer as I have done for want of knowledge.

Yours in love,

"LOVE."

SOUTH BEND, Ind., July 5, 1873.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, New York City:

My Dear Friend—I have often attempted to write to you, but have as often abandoned the task; but I must now express my confidence in you as a consecrated redeemer—as one set apart for a grander work than that achieved by any person in the past.

For about eight years my husband and myself have been traveling, teaching the people to be temperate and healthful. I have been repeatedly made sick at heart by the private histories of wives and mothers. I have heard enough of their wrongs and abuses from the hands of husbands to cause the blood to curdle with horror at the recital. Wives of renowned clergymen, whose cruel stories have awakened desperate impulses in my soul, form no inconsiderable part of the list. Their countenances indicated the deepest suffering, as if chained in a living grave. They mourn their lives away, unblest by love. Even the children whom they have unwillingly borne are demented, sickly, and in many cases the involuntary victims of the lust and depraved appetites of their progenitors. I believe marriage, as it exists to-day, to be the greatest of all curses.

I thank you for your glorious utterances in favor of the broadest freedom for women and men, to unfold the infinite possibilities of their natures; for the Herculean skill with which you have sent conviction to the minds of all who dare to weigh your unanswerable arguments.

The people worship the dead Christs of the past, but crucify and scourge the living Christs of the present.

Your fair brow is now pierced with thorns, and you faint beneath the heavy cross, as one martyr man is said to have done years ago; but a mighty host is with you, and the desires of your soul shall be accomplished.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He lives most who thinks most—
Feels the noblest, acts—the best."

Yours for human freedom,

PRISCILLA R. LAWRENCE.

DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL FREEDOM.

We desire to present from time to time a list of the writers and speakers who advocate Social Freedom. The time is not far distant when it will be necessary that these shall know each other, and it is at the suggestion of one of the most able writers and speakers, and most earnest of them all on this subject, that we now invite names for this directory:

Francis Barry, Ravenna, Ohio.
Julia H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Thomas W. Organ, Tuscola, Ill.
Loren Hollister, Turner, Ill.
J. W. Evarts, Centralia, Ill.
Laura Cuppy Smith, care this office.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn.
J. K. Philleo, Parkman, Ohio.
L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.
E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
— Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
Seward Mitchell, Cornville, Me.
Carrie Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio.
Daniel Wood, Lebanon, Me.
Jessie Goodell Steinmetz, Amherst, Mass.
Nellie L. Davis, S. Billerica, Mass.

LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

CARVERSVILLE, BUCKS CO., PA.

This institute will be opened in September, for persons of both sexes. There will be an educational department, and also a healing department, under the care of competent persons. Address, WM. R. EVANS.

Public meetings at Liberal Institute, Carversville, Bucks Co. Pa., on Saturday, August 3d, at 10 and 3. Addresses by Caroline H. and John M. Spear and Henry T. Child, M. D.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

[From the Pittsburgh Leader, July 7.]

LAURA CUPPY SMITH IN PITTSBURGH.

ONLY RADICAL SENTIMENTS STIR THE PEOPLE ANYWHERE.

The fame and name of Laura Cuppy Smith drew a large audience to the meeting of the Radical Society yesterday morning. The attendance was larger than usual at the meeting of the Society.

Before the arrival of the lecturer a boy passed around copies of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY of the date of June 21.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Mrs. Smith entered the hall. Her subject for consideration, she said, would be the curse of non-committalism. It was the besetting sin of the age—the curse of the hour. What was wanted now-a-days was radicalism—people that would speak out. There were plenty of people who thought in advance of their ages and generations, but if they spoke what they thought they were put down as dangerous characters. The New York World had recently referred to her as a woman who was attempting to disorganize society. She was not doing anything of the kind. She was not even an advocate of what is called Woman's Rights. She went farther than that, and labored for human rights. She would show that there was now a worse system of slavery in existence than that for the abolition of which, a few years ago, men sacrificed their lives and blood, and—what was dearer to men—their money. She made a brief explanation of her position on the Bible by denying that she warred against Christianity. She loved the Golden Rule. She had read the teachings of the Nazarene, and admired him for his compilations from the heathen philosopher Confucius. The Nazarene was in advance of his time. He was a commune, a radical, a reformer, a free-lover, as she was. But she would not have that word misconstrued. Freedom was the greater blessing—as love was the divinest attribute—of the human race.

But when she said freedom she would not have it interpreted "license." When she said love, no one should dare to translate it "lust." At present, society is a falsehood. There is one standard of virtue for men, and one quite different for women. She wanted equality. Women should be neither above nor below men in the social scale. Now the seducer was welcomed to society while his victim was cast out. The beautiful American girl on Fifth avenue was sold for a house and lot, for a carriage, for a retinue of servants, for half a million of dollars, and she accepted the husband as an unpleasant but necessary encumbrance. That was prostitution equal to that of the streets. That was a system of slavery, of barter and sale, for which mothers prepare their daughters. Mrs. Smith then went into a eulogy of Mrs. Woodhull, and argued that she was but a little in advance of the age. Non-committalism kept her in prison. Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and other great female lights had told Mrs. Woodhull, when she commenced her crusade, to go on; that she was right and they would sustain her. They went to Mrs. Woodhull with all the tales they knew; they told her everything about society to help her, but she must not mention their names. It was non-committalism that kept them back. They knew as much or more than she, and thought as she thought, but were afraid to say so openly.

Some of the very best men in New York called on her and sympathized with her, but they begged her not to say anything about it. They said to her, "God bless you! Here is five dollars; send me the WEEKLY. Send it in an envelope." That is so that these scavengers, the Young Men's Christian Association, who have had Comstock stationed in the New York Post-office to confiscate Mrs. Woodhull's paper, cannot get it. Yes, they all said "God bless you, and go on with the work, my good woman, but don't mention my name." That is non-committalism. After all Mrs. Woodhull had endured in silence, Bowen went to her and stated that he had known for years of Beecher's hypocrisy, and he wanted from her proofs to substantiate what testimony he already possessed. The pulpit of Plymouth Church is filled to-day by a hypocrite, she said, and plenty of people knew it, but were afraid to speak out. It is a common thing to hear that the press and pulpit lead the people. The contrary is the fact. They follow public opinion and cater to the public taste. Beecher himself says he thinks twenty years in advance of what he preaches. But the radicals of Pittsburgh ought to be proud of the fact that there were at least two papers in this city the editors of which dared to say through their journals that this woman should have justice. These two papers and the Syracuse Standard said it. It was not much to say, perhaps, but it was saying all they could say when the interest of their subscription lists were considered. That was the secret of the whole thing. Preachers and editors had to look out for their families, and there was no honesty.

Editors know what the truth is well enough; but if you take them an article on reform they will say it is correct and well written, but it is in advance of time. They dare not publish it. If editors could make it pay to publish the truth, reform would roll forward.

In this style she discoursed for an hour, her remarks at times causing a general movement among her auditors as of a struggle to suppress applause.

[From the Pittsburgh Dispatch, July 7.]

THE EVENING LECTURE—MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith delivered two lectures yesterday before the Radical Society. To say that the room was crowded would hardly give an adequate idea of the enthusiasm awakened among the members of the organization by the advent of one so noted as a progressive woman as Mrs. Smith. At both lectures, standing room was at a premium, the reputation of the lady having drawn many to hear her who did not belong to the society under whose auspices she appeared. Mrs. Smith is much better known east than she is west of the mountains, and has long been recognized as a brilliant light of the constellation of which Mrs. Victoria

Woodhull is the shining centre. And among the latter's friends none have proved their devotion to the Queen of Free Lovers more than the lady who lectured last evening.

PERSONNEL OF THE SPEAKER.

Mrs. Smith is apparently about thirty-two years of age, figure rather *petite*, face intelligent and possessing traces of former beauty. Her hair is worn short and curly, and is slightly tinged with gray, and this, together with her animated style of conversation, impresses one with the idea that she is a girl prematurely old. In discussing the topics of to-day—spiritualism and its kindred subjects—her remarks are exceedingly pithy and her ideas—well, say peculiar. Mrs. Woodhull she describes as "a noble woman who is educated too far in advance of the teachings of to-day to be either understood or appreciated." With reference to her own work in the cause, Mrs. Smith pathetically remarks that she has been sneered at and snubbed, but as a woman—a Christian woman—anxious to benefit poor humanity, she will continue in her course until the walls of prejudice crumble before the batteries of progressive knowledge. On the platform the speaker betrayed no hesitation or nervousness, but gave her ideas in a manner remarkable for their augmentative force, brilliancy of expression and disregard for modern tradition or accepted conventionalities. Her enunciation is perfect, gestures few but appropriate, and in looking at her, as she seems to talk with her whole mind on the subject, it is impossible to conceive that the woman does not thoroughly believe every word she utters.

Last evening the speaker began her address at eight o'clock, taking for her subject, "Spiritualism as I Understand it." She began by saying that Spiritualists of to-day may be divided into two classes, the phenomenal and the philosophical. The great work accomplished by Spiritualism had been the proof of a future life, and in connection with this Mrs. Smith spoke as follows:

"Outside the manifestations I hold that we have no proof of an after life. In the Christian churches the teachings stop at the grave with a 'perhaps' or a 'peradventure.' At present a large number of cultivated people refuse to believe in the future and require proofs. Many who were unbelievers steadfastly adhered to their peculiar views until convinced by Spiritualism. Robert Dale Owen was an example of this. Refusing to be guided by philosophy, scripture or tradition he would not accept the truth of a future life, until a famous medium of New York visiting Europe convinced him by her manifestations. Well might the Bishop of London exclaim, 'She who convinced Robert Owen of the immortality of the soul is worthy a monument higher than the dome of St. Paul's.'" The speaker continued to give a resume of the reasoning of Prof. Owen on the subject, and concluded by saying that he, as one of the greatest scientists of to-day, was a bright example of the power of Spiritualism. The Spiritualism of to-day is but little understood—we have been spoken of as transcendentalists—as wonder lovers—superstitious fanatics—who have transposed our fanaticism from theology to Spiritualism.

This might be said of some connected with our organization—with the phenomenal Spiritualists for example. I may say that a mere phenomenal Spiritualist is an accession to our members which I deplore. It is wrong to judge our organization by such people. It is not done with other denominations. When Christian ministers, as of late, have forgotten their religion and eloped with members of their congregation, you do not blame the church—no, the man's laxity of morals is what is criticised. Then do not be so illiberal as blame Spiritualism for the works of some of its members.

This is a progressive age—no longer will the deadly ulcers which are now corrupting society be suffered to do their fearful work in darkness. To purify society these things must be brought to light. A new system of education must be inaugurated. Spiritualism must be allowed to illumine this subject. The speaker then dealt some blows at the churches and their teachings, which she characterized as theoretical Christianity. Their lessons, she said, were not adapted to the age—they wanted progression.

The old doctrine of death which said, "prepare to die," is changed by the glorious discoveries of modern spiritualism to "prepare to live." Death is nothing but transition from this world to a better state. This old dogma of death as talked by orthodoxy is fast fading. The religion of to-day consists in praying God to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, when those who beseech for these blessings should go and do it themselves. Let us realize that we are God's agents for this work—love of God may be freely translated to mean love for mankind—and to act accordingly. The practical man who sends a barrel of flour to a starving family is ten times more religious than the man who utters a mere prayer ten times a day and closes his pocket-book tight, leaving God to do the whole of the work.

After giving her opinion of the social evil and the necessity of thoroughly educating the youth of the land as a remedy for "this national vice," the speaker reverted again to Spiritualism. "The great fault of the Spiritualists of to-day was 'non-committalism.' In the East where every hamlet had a Spiritualist society—they were now growing strong—they were beginning to object to their speakers bringing in side issues on the platform. This must not be. Spiritualism must be all-embracing—all-comprehensive; it must have a voice on every subject of interest to humanity, and if it did not I would not be a Spiritualist. It is our mission to teach—to raise from the abyss of ignorance the unlearned masses made so by the orthodox teaching of the churches to-day."

In conclusion the speaker reverted to the necessity for free thought—free speech—free knowledge. The education of the young people of the land was the only means of purifying our institutions, and until this was done society in America would be rotten to the core.

The lecture occupied about an hour in its delivery and was frequently interrupted with applause. Of the audience present nearly one-half were ladies, who seemed to be satisfied and pleased with the discourse.

Mrs. Woodhull—The following scrap of poetry was put into my hands with these words: "Mrs. Woodhull must be the incarnation of these lines." So I think. Please give them room in the WEEKLY.

H. J. M.

"Oh Bigotry! I have seen thee face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
For dread, to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy foot-stool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—
I swear, while life-blood warms these throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalizing sway, till cruel chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod,
Such is the vow I take—so help me God!"

RESOLUTION TO BE OFFERED AT THE NEXT NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Believing that manifestations of magnanimity toward the unfortunate criminals of our country will have more influence for good than severe penalties attached to the commission of crime, and believing that no person is so low in the scale of morality but that they can be reached by giving them reasons for being grateful to the public; therefore

Resolved, That we recommend the circulation of petitions everywhere, between this time and 1876, to the purport that our one hundredth anniversary of American Independence shall be a year of jubilee in which every prisoner in our States' prisons shall be liberated—to remain so so long as they shall live in obedience to the laws of the country; and that the elective franchise shall be also extended to every one who has been disabled in consequence of the part they took in the rebellion.

I propose to offer the above preamble and resolution, or one similar to it, in the next National Convention. Meantime let our spiritual and reform papers discuss the issue.

D. W. HULL.

CAROL FOR THE MILLIONS.

Dancing in the golden West,
The sun of Freedom rises bright,
The shades of night they sink to rest
As morning wakens into light.

Rude Labor starts from its long sleep,
And lifts its brawny arms on high,
Whilst pale Oppression, trembling, cowers
With fear, and feels its end is nigh.

In double column o'er the ground,
With steady tramp it shakes the land;
No cowards in its ranks are found,
No foe can its fierce charge withstand.

The Unions of the East with joy
Salute the Granges of the West,
As they in love their force combine,
The power of traitors to arrest.

On every hill, in every vale,
A spotless banner all may see;
Inscribed upon its ample folds
Is "Woman must and shall be free."

No more a "spinster" of ill fame,
A "femme couverte," a hideous thing,
A "relict" of a knave or fool,
The ancient terms our law-books sing;

But fair, erect, sublime and brave,
A unit in creation's plan;
No doll or serf to pet or slave,
The equal and the mate of man.

Her right admitted to herself,
In every State, in every place,
To work, to plan, to rise, to rule,
The guide and mother of our race.

The ancient firm of priest and king
Is broken, tottering to its fall;
The people need a broader field,
For freedom is the right of all.

Beneath the "Banner of the Light,"
In every State, on every plain,
They rally round the standard bright
That bridges earth to heaven again.

The rotten churches, undermined,
Their faith a farce, and gold their God,
Before the Spiritualists' charge
Are destined soon to kiss the sod.

So, surging through the sea of time,
Our gallant cause goes bravely on;
Courage, true hearts, the day's our own,
The battle of the age is won.

Thus, dancing in the golden West,
The sun of Freedom rises bright;
The shades of night they sink to rest,
As morning wakens into light.

R. W. HUME.

A. T. STEWART'S VAST WEALTH.

The papers state, that previous to his voyage to Europe, Mr. A. T. Stewart had his vast property assessed, for the purpose of distributing it in his will, of course, after his decease. It amounted to one hundred millions of dollars. Estimating the wages of the hard working toiler at five hundred dollars per annum, this amount would be what one of them would receive for two hundred thousand years of toil. Think of that, sons of the hammer and plough. Go into traffic, it would be better for you, though not equally advantageous for the world. Yet the monstrosity is right; according to the recognized system of political economy we are cursed with.

and moral psychology, but various other moralities and psychologies. But he goes on to teach or command, thus:]

Did it ever occur to Mrs. W. that what she claims to be an amative physical demand, is a perverted, distorted and diseased action of the amative impulse, which is more properly designated as lust than by any other term that I can employ? The man who has an appetite (a physical demand—alimentary) for whisky and tobacco, and who gratifies that demand daily or hourly, has a "lust" created by perversion and distortion of his natural alimentative instinct. But such habits or such diseased appetites are, in no correct sense, natural or moral; they are both lustful and immoral. And the perverted and diseased amative appetite which Mrs. W. considers natural in Mr. Beecher, will, upon analysis, be found to be a lust as low and degraded and damnable as ever blighted the soul of man. There is no amative physical demand in Nature which will in any sense justify or excuse Mr. Beecher's amative crimes.

Natural function and diseased function are as different as prayer and profanity, in their demands and requirements. Diseased action is not physiological action, but the reverse and opposite—pathological action. Disease is vital force deranged, acting abnormally; lust is instinct diseased, acting abnormally and immorally. "Whoso looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already in his own heart," was the language of one who spiritually discerned the diseased action of the amative sentiment.

Amativeness has its function—its natural, moral function, and with it a law inherent in every pure, healthful soul, which determines when and what for it is to be used. That law binds and defines its moral action; and whenever the amative instinct, feeling or impulse, acts regardless of that law, it sins against every principle of purity, and it must, shall and will, eventually reap the consequences of this sin.

COMMENTS.

[Here is the beginning of the analysis, and Mrs. W. replies, emphatically, no! to this inquiry. She has no means of determining that Mr. B.'s amative impulses are other than the result of a powerful amative function, which both phrenologists and physiologists assign to him. These, however, being natural to his constitution, in a word, being bequeathed him by nature when it made him, if restricted by any peculiar ideas of sexual morality only admitting of a supply for a small proportion of the demand; or, again, by any moral psychology which would impress his spiritual nature that the appetites of the flesh are of the devil and lead down to hell, if these demands were not supplied;—these, we say, would perhaps make it occur to her that there might possibly be "a perverted, distorted and diseased action of the amative impulse." So here is the difference between Mrs. W. and her critic. She thinks the natural use of a natural power to be in the highest degree moral, and its repression highly immoral; while her critic thinks entirely opposite to this. But she fears that her critic's comparisons are equally as fatal to his arguments as she believes his logic to be to basic principles. She can see no similarity between the expression in a natural way—that method prepared by nature—of the amative impulse, and the attempt to satisfy hunger by chewing tobacco, or thirst by guzzling fire water, although both of these articles may be useful in some diseased actions of the system. To make this simile good, or in any way applicable to this case, our critic must establish, first, that Mr. B., when developed as a mature man, had no amative impulse; and, second, that the impulses that he now possesses, or that he has possessed, were acquired by practices at war with the methods of natural exercise, which Mrs. W. thinks it would be difficult to do in this case; and since he has attempted to do neither, she feels that it is competent to say that the comparison fail to meet the issue, and is therefore of no effect—void.]

One of two things is evident: either the amative impulse, in the smallest degree, in any person, is immoral, or in the degree to which it is developed in Mr. B., it is not immoral. Can this proposition be controverted by any sound logic? Mrs. W. holds that all the capacities of the human body and brain are moral; that amativeness is equally so with benevolence; and that alimentiveness is equally so with reason, and consequently that the development of any of them to a large degree is equally to be commended with the development of any other to the same degree. There is no such thing as caste in the capacities of nature. Each is God-given, and until proven to be diseased, is to be considered healthful. Perhaps our critic will hold, indeed to be consistent he must hold, that Mr. B.'s immense power of oratory is the perverted the diseased the distorted action of his capacities as an orator? But I think he would be ashamed of his logic after it should be analyzed; but no more so than he should be to assume such terrible things of Mr. B.'s amative nature.

But let us consider for a moment what this terrific monster, this amative lust is, really. If a person have the organ of ideality and sublimity developed to an immense degree—marked 8 in the phrenological chart, as Mr. B.'s amative is in his chart—and this should impel their possessor to constantly desire their gratification, by the observance of the majestic and awe-inspiring beauties of nature, this would be a natural desire, naturally expressed; indeed, it would be a necessity to such a nature, and could be only considered as legitimate, normal and, withall, moral action; but if, instead of gratifying this demand of his nature, he should constantly, by active will-power, repress it, until the desire should either be destroyed, or should be inverted, having satisfaction only in the observance of the most ghastly spectacles to be found in nature, then this would be diseased, abnormal and immoral action of the love of the beautiful. So also is it, if there is any analogy in nature, with the amative im-

pulse. Immense capacity, exercised in the manner provided by nature, cannot be considered as diseased, abnormal or immoral; but its repression, until it is destroyed or its exercise entirely diverted into abnormal channels, would, in our humble opinion, be diseased, abnormal and immoral action; would be "vital force" acting, "pathologically," "abnormally;" and we honestly doubt if there is any possible controversion of this simple but perfect logic.]

In a brief article I can but indicate in a general sense the nature and character of this law which determines the purity and morality of the sexual act. In a former article I have given an analysis of the amative sentiment, and have carefully illustrated the law which should govern its action; and from that I repeat, in substance, "The marriage law of Nature is found in the conjugal sentiment of the race, and not in the amative sentiment, as has been inculcated by the philosophers and lawmakers of the past. The conjugal sentiment may employ or use sexual amativeness as a means or mode of expression through which and by which it (conjugal) aims to impress its more profound and subtle feelings upon the object of its love. The amative instinct must, therefore, be in a certain sense subjective to the conjugal desire; and where there is a true conjugal feeling fully awakened, binding two souls in a divine unity of purpose and action, then amativeness may be employed to express their deepest, holiest and purest feeling." When, therefore, the amative sentiment acts regardless of this conjugal law, it sins. Its mission is reproductive, in more than a procreative sense, inasmuch as it should aim to reproduce upon the object of its love the tenderest feelings and emotions of the soul; and only when thus acting is it acting morally and normally.

I am aware that this view of the function of conjugality, as being Nature's marriage law, and of its legitimate right to employ the amative sentiment as its mode of expression, revolutionizes all the social creeds of the past. But I am willing to submit the idea to the social scientists and psychologists of the future, fully confident that their decisions must and will sustain me.

COMMENTS.

[The dictionary tells us that "conjugal" relates to marriage, and that "amativeness" is the organ of love. Our critic says: "The marriage law is found in the conjugal sentiment of the race and not in the amative sentiment." It requires but a simple and single proposition to demonstrate that this is purely an arbitrary assumption, and we give it in all due respect to our critic. We are seeking after the truth, and anything that shall lead us in its direction cannot be ignored out of personal respect. The conjugal sentiment, as our critic calls it, could not and would not exist were there no amative sentiment, and it requires no argument to sustain this. It is one of the self-evident things. Marriage itself is conjugality, and conjugality is the union of the positive and negative poles of sex, or, to reduce it to the form of a syllogism:

1. Conjugality refers to marriage.
1. Marriage is amative opposites in unity.
3. The unity of amative opposites is conjugality.

Wherefore the use, then, of all this verbiage to blind and distract the inquiries after "the truth about love?" Why not call amative expression marriage, and come immediately down to first principles? In the true sense of things all amative unions are marriage—marriages according to nature; and the result of each may be reproduction, but not necessarily; but upon this, more further on.

"Its mission is reproductive in more than a procreative sense." Here our critic admits away his entire case about Mr. B., since how is it possible that he or anybody else, other than the parties involved in the acts, should know that their aim was not "to reproduce upon the object of their love the tenderest feelings and emotions of soul"—that there was not "a true conjugal feeling fully awakened binding two souls in a divine unity of purpose and action," and that their amativeness was not "employed to express their deepest, holiest and purest feelings?" We fear our critic has got some crotchet in his brain that proves a stumbling-block to his reason. We fear that it is impossible for all human kind to stand upon the platform of "sexual morality" and "moral psychology" that he has erected for himself, and from which he proceeds to judge the whole world instead of judging, as he must be just, "every person from his or her own standard of morality and sexuality."

The manner, however, in which our critic presents "this view of the function of conjugality" does not appear to us to be "revolutionary" to all the social creeds of the past, but confirmatory rather, that is, in the sense in which he advocates them; but to us he presents a paradox, which to him is not a paradox, but which, when analyzed, we find is one nevertheless; and of him we are compelled to say we fail to see wherein he dissents "from much, very much, that Mrs. W. has expressed" upon the sexual question. She has no doubt that he thinks he does; but she confesses her inability from his argument to discover of what it consists. He has one method of expressing a certain thing, while she prefers a different one—the bald and bold one, divested from all meaningless verbiage, and hiding behind no popular methods of expression to make the "doctrines" palatable to weak moral and mental stomachs, fully believing that "the social scientists and psychologists of the future" will not first construct a theory and by it proceed to investigate even so immoral a subject as sexuality is now held to be.]

Whenever, therefore, amative instinct acts or desires to act for the mere end of sensual excitement, with no reference or regard for the higher mission it was created to fulfill, then its function is prostituted, and that person is a prosti-

tute. And whenever any man seeks to gratify, appease, or exercise his sexual amativeness for the mere purpose and end of sensual gratification, then and there that act or feeling is adulterous.

Keeping these principles of sexual morality before us, we are now able to reason upon and decide as to what constitutes a virtuous or a vicious sexual act. It is not here necessary for me to decide as to whether the conjugal sentiment is unitary, duplicate, trinitary or complex in its function. It is only necessary at present for my purpose to illustrate what constitutes amative crime and what amative virtue, according to my analysis.

COMMENTS.

[Here the question of what is moral or natural and what is immoral and abnormal is raised, and it is an important one to be considered; but an arbitrary theory, having no foundation in nature or principle, cannot be profitable to anybody, and may be highly detrimental to many; therefore it is the duty of those who attempt to discuss this publicly, on the rostrum or in the press, to endeavor to find the truth, let it be what it may and lead where it may, even if it be to that which at present will shock the weak sensibilities and undeveloped moralities of all the so-called respectables and conservators of public morals.]

In the first place, we presume to say that it is impossible for one person to know the moving power in any other person seeking sexual intercourse, excepting only, and perhaps not then always, when it is sought by men from strangers, being so-called public prostitutes, who sell their bodies to be used for this purpose for money merely. Then it is to be presumed that sexual gratification only is the inspiration, and it is generally obtained purely selfishly, without regard to mutuality or reciprocity.

Indeed, our critic virtually assumes the ground which we occupy; but he does what we do not—he assumes to determine when the amative instinct acts for mere "sexual excitement," making Mr. B. an illustration. But there is a never-failing rule by which to determine when sexuality is diverted from its natural function, and when it may rightly be said to have been exercised wholly for selfish gratification, and this is when parties abort the results of sexuality by destroying pregnancy when it ensues, which is practiced to an alarming extent in, as well as out of marriage. It is seen, therefore, that all the natural indications for sexuality may exist, that there may be mutual attraction and desire, and entirely reciprocal consummation, and yet all this be supplemented by the destruction of the results of the act, which is an interference with the processes of nature. But do not those who argue for sexuality as the means of reproduction only, see that they too place the effects first, and argue from them backward to causes, since is it not evident that reproduction may be the immediate and sole inspiration of sexuality, and still not follow it? What, then, is to be deduced from these considerations? Why, clearly, that sexuality ought always to be mutually desired and to be reciprocal, and to be perfectly consummated without regard to what shall follow, but willing to accept all the consequences, aye, even to rejoice over them if they shall be pregnancy. And rest assured if such conditions always exist, that the children resulting from them will be natural, healthful and good, morally and spiritually; while to say that because pregnancy does not follow sexuality that that is lust, is immoral, is a perverted use of its function—indeed, "is a vicious sexual act," is to us an absurdity so evident as to require no elucidation; and since our critic does not argue for monogamic conjugal sentiment, we confess to being at a loss to comprehend what he means by sexual crime, or by sexual virtue.

To us, however, sexual crime may be defined thus: Where amativeness, being from any causes denied or impossible of natural and reciprocal exercise, vents itself by force of any kind—by force of personal strength, as in rape—by force of position and public opinion, as in marriage—by force of money, as in so-called public prostitution, or by force of ownership, as in the case of the slave; where none of these forces are present, and where mutual desire for sexuality is the sole cause for the act, we confess we can find no reason or cause to call it other than sexual virtue; and this is true, even where the results are destroyed, since the crime here is in the destruction and not in the original act.

To test this issue let it be supposed that a man possessing large amative capacity can by no possibility put himself in the condition which our critic is supposed to designate as sexual virtue, what shall he do? Does the fact that the arbitrary conditions do not exist, destroy the sexual demand or make it less imperative? Perhaps the sticklers for a certain form of sexual virtue will find some natural relief for such a case as this. Indeed, our critic, in his next proposition, attempts to dispose of it (but does he?) thus:]

No truly pure person, whose amativeness is healthful and normal, can, or will, or does desire sexual intercourse with any one to whom they are not bound by the mystic tie of conjugal love. To any pure-minded person in whom the conjugal sentiment is fully awakened, centred and fixed upon the object which it loves, the thought or act of sexual expression outside of that love is repulsive and disgusting. This is the heart and soul experience of all pure and refined souls in all the ages past. When, therefore, the amative instinct acts without regard to this law, it indicates disease, perversion, depravity, lust, prostitution, sin.

What Mrs. W. has designated as an "amative demand," an "amative necessity" existing in the elements of Mr. Beecher's social organization, which she supposes to be natural, and proper, and pure, and essential to his growth and physical well being, is just the reverse. This so-called

amative demand is neither pure, natural, or in any sense essential to Mr. Beecher's physical, mental or moral welfare. It is perversion and lust, as future revelations will demonstrate.

COMMENTS.

[And our critic might with equal propriety add to this, and we have the right to infer that he must add: "that no truly pure person, whose alimentiveness is healthful and normal, can, or will or does desire food, unless the proper kind to satisfy his demand is present and to be obtained. To any pure-minded person in whom hunger is fully awakened, centred and fixed upon any article of diet which his taste desires, the thought or act of appeasing his hunger with anything else is repulsive and disgusting. This is the mouth and stomach experience of all pure and refined souls. Where, therefore, the sense for hunger acts without regard to this law, it indicates disease, perversion, depravity, lust, prostitution, sin; and consequently that the demand for food, and the necessity for supply that exist in any person, where the proper elements are not to be obtained to satisfy it, is just the reverse of pure and essential to the growth and physical well-being. This so-called desire for food is neither pure, natural, or in any sense essential to anybody's physical, mental or moral welfare. It is perversion and lust. To appease hunger, one must wait until the food allowed by my alimentive morality presents itself. Indeed, in the pure, hunger will not be present unless proper moral food be also present. To which we add: we hope he appreciates the application.

Indeed, it is time to demand that this matter of sexuality shall be rescued from the mud to which it has been consigned by an ignorant thoughtless and superstitious Christianity, and be planted in regal splendor where it rightfully belongs—upon the brow of an emancipated womanhood as her chiefest ornament, which it will be indeed when, made independent of man for physical support, society shall recognize her inherent right to be the sovereign in the domain of sexuality, conjugality or marriage, whichever it may please the people to call it.

And here it may be permissible to consider what the truest type of a perfectly moral person is. Now if there is any such thing as sexual prostitution, then there is prostitution of any or all of the other functions of the body. There is a prostitution of the intellect when all the powers of the whole body are expended upon the intellect. There is a prostitution of the moral faculties when all the possibilities of a nature are applied to moral efforts, and so also may there be said to be a prostitution of the amative capacity when all the forces of a nature are expended sexually. But the most moral person, according to our standard of morality, is he or she who has the most evenly balanced capacities in all the departments of human life, and who exercises them the most regularly and naturally. Such come nearest being harmonious persons, that is to say, the most at harmony in all the capacities and possibilities of nature. If, however, it be admitted that sexual prostitution is a great immorality, then it necessarily follows that the prostitution of the intellect is a still greater immorality, and that of the moral faculties again greater than that of the intellect, if it be claimed, as it is, that these last are higher powers in the order of development than sexuality. It therefore follows that many who are crying out against sexual prostitution are themselves worse prostitutes in some other form.

There is still another question that ought to have consideration in this connection, and this is as to whether over-action, or excessive exercise, is, properly, prostitution. Scarcely anybody who so readily admits it of sexuality will be ready to admit it of intellect, and still fewer of morality. The over-use of any organ or part of the body to the extent of the consumption of physical force more rapidly than the restorative forces can supply the draft, is injurious to health and consequently to a true morality; since to say that a sick body can be moral is to admit that morality and physicality have no connection; while this is the chief claim of all our critics. We repeat, if the intellect and moral capacities are higher in order than sexuality, then it is a greater crime to reduce the strength of the body by their over-exercise than to do the same by sexuality. At least, this is common sense, if it be not considered common respectability, sexual morality or moral psychology.

It is the general, indeed it may safely be said, the universal rule, that an organ or part used fully up to its capacity not only gains strength and capacity itself, but it stimulates other and adjacent if not all other organs of the body. Instance the arm of the blacksmith, which not only becomes itself like iron, but the action by which this is developed also stimulates activity and strength in the entire body, by the healthful effects upon the digestive and nutritive organs, yet nobody would consider a smith with an iron arm and a depleted leg as a perfect man, physically.

Every effort made by the smith in his use of the heavy hammer consumes some particle of matter, is made at the expense of a loss of physical force; nevertheless, this very expenditure not only replaces itself but calls for an augmented capacity. The arm that can raise but a few pounds to-day may by proper training raise a few hundreds in a few months; and this, too, with the invariable general improvement of all the faculties of the body. Now, who shall say that this is not true of sexuality, and that after all, the true solution of the problem of life and death does not lie concealed in the present utterly misunderstood and uncomprehended science of sex; and that what has been taught as the most vulgar and obscene of all things is really

in the end to be the solution of Paul's prophecy, that death shall be swallowed up in victory? True it is, that in sexuality is the source of life, the spring from which all life flows. If a spring dry up the stream always ceases. Who shall dare to say that when the whole subject of sexuality is thoroughly understood that the elixir of life will not be discovered; that for which the wise men of all ages and nations have sought in vain, will not come into the possession of every human being, and the last and greatest enemy of human life—death—be conquered? It would be entirely in harmony with all the experiences of the past, if out of the most despised and degraded things the greatest salvation to mankind should come. Finally, to the pure in heart all things are pure. Will our critics call that to mind frequently, lest they, too, lay themselves liable to the insinuation of impurity?]

Mr. Beecher in amative sentiment is no purer than any debaucher of virginity; and when once the soul of the man is unvalued the world will see that I am right.

And now upon what logical grounds can Mrs. W. stand and defend Beecher, and not also defend every lecherous leper in the land, if her dogma of an amative demand has any basis in natural philosophy? The persons who pay large sums for the same perverted amative sentiment, the same distorted passion which rankles in Mr. Beecher's bosom; and why condemn them and defend Beecher? In them an amative demand exists which must be supplied, and fully gratified, according to Mrs. W's own theory advanced.

Mr. Beecher has the same holy and pure amative appetite—an amative nature—which needs food, etc., which justifies him in employing his clerical robes, his clerical tongue, his clerical social privileges, and other seductive wiles, forces and influences by which he thoroughly secures the means to gratify and feed his amative nature by seducing (I mean seducing!) innocent, unsuspecting women to yield up their bodies to him. Now from the standpoint of sexual morality I have indicated, wherein does Henry Ward Beecher differ from these other persons in the means employed to gratify their respective lustful desires. Will Mrs. W. please answer?

COMMENTS.

[Yes, Mrs. W. will be very much pleased to reply; but she is surprised that so intelligent a person as her critic should be, indeed is, should be unable to discover why she should justify Mr. B. in his relation with Mrs. T. and condemn those who to satiate their sexuality, which of itself has equal or rightful existence, as has Mr. B's, deliver over to moral damnation and social degradation any number of ignorant and unsuspecting young girls. In the first instance we are not aware that any of Mr. B's acts have consigned ignorant women to social or moral death, while we are all aware that thousands of young and beautiful daughters are yearly, through ignorance and unjust condition, we confess, consigned to everlasting infamy and to a life which is more a living death.

We assume that with a single instance perhaps, Mr. B's sexual relations have been mutual, being as much desired by his companions as by himself; and that they were entered upon by them fully conscious of all the consequences that were liable to follow; but in the other case, when a young girl is seduced, she is usually blind to, or ignorant of, all the consequences that may ensue; and she awakens from this dream to find herself as a rule compelled to resort to the regular sale of her body to obtain the means of support. She is expelled from her father's and mother's house, and is avoided by her former companions and friends; in a word, is cut off from everything that was previously hers. If this is not reason sufficient to condemn the one and justify the other, then we confess to obtuseness in this regard.

But there are other and entirely different reasons for doing the same things; and it is these chiefly that mark the difference between the two classes of cases. Every body will admit willingly that Mr. B's amative capacities are immense. He is married to a woman whom, for argument's sake, we will suppose to be almost destitute of amative capacity and consequently of desire. Will our critics have him murder this woman by his sexual demands, simply because he is bound by law to her, when in all probability there is no such thing as mutual sexuality between them, thus destroying even the little capacity she may have for sexuality and causing in her a perverted action of this force? It is to such a life as this, described by our critic himself as disgusting and horrible, to which he would consign these two people? It may be so, but a true morality and a true psychology would do entirely differently. It would commend the woman to the sexuality of him or them who are so constituted as to beget a mutual desire and a reciprocal sexuality; and would counterpart the man by an equal balance of sexual capacity whether it is to be found in one, two or in many women.

It is an erroneous idea that there are not women with equally as large sexuality as Mr. B., as erroneous as it is to conclude that the sum total of sexual capacity in man is not met and counterbalanced by the equal sum total in woman. Nature is evenly balanced throughout, male and female everywhere equal; and what is most required now of all things is the freedom to establish this equality, and to no longer maintain that, sexually unmated persons shall live together to render each other miserable for life and to distort their every other instinct and desire by their sexual expressions and immoral sexualities, since of all the damnable phases of prostitution none to us are so horrible and revolting as that which is the rule rather than the exception in marriage. Even the woman who sells herself nightly is happy compared to the enslaved wife who revolts at the disgusting approaches of her legal master, since she may sometimes, at least, be blessed by one who is sexually her

mate, while the wife is compelled forever to a continued round of horrors with never so much as the hope of a ray of sunlight to dispel the constant gloom that overshadows her life. If it be true of nature that it preserves its equilibrium, and that all revulsions are but efforts to do this, then it is true of all departments of nature—as true of sexuality as it is of anything else, indeed of all things else; and that Mr. B. in endeavoring to find this equilibrium for himself works in harmony with nature's first and greatest law, and therefore asserts the morality which is recognized by nature's laws if it be not by man-made laws.

On the other hand, there is a class of persons who by constant consorting with women who sell themselves, for whom they have no love, and who do not respond to them sexually, become depraved sexually and impossible of a natural passion, and therefore require the stimulus of purity and innocence to raise their appetites. These are they to whom virginity becomes a mania, and who expend any necessary sum of money to obtain it, and which, when obtained and destroyed, becomes worthless in their eyes. These it is who, under the garb of friendship, have the *entree* of families where there are innocent and ignorant girls just budding into womanhood, upon whom they practice all their powers to arouse the sexual desire and to entice them into satiating their insane, because depraved, appetites. And when they fail among the families of their friends, they go to the procuress, who essays to entrap some unsuspecting girl to her den for a consideration, who, by some means, when once there, is made to yield to the damnable designs upon her. But our critics can see no difference between these persons and Mr. B., and asks us to answer. Well, the most we can say is, we are sorry for him and for all others who, to us, are so morally obtuse. Remember, we do not say are so, but who are so according to our standpoint. We hold that while society compels these girls to remain in utter ignorance of sexual things—but when it is thus rudely thrust upon them condemns them to everlasting infamy—it is also its duty to protect them from such outrage, and to reprobate it wherever it occurs as an outrageous infringement of the rights of children, not yet capacitated to be responsible agents in sexual matters. Give the education necessary to guide and guard them, and seduction, with all its direful effects, will be arrested, and the damned trade of the procurers abolished forever. Is our critic answered? But he assaults us again thus:]

But let us illustrate this amative demand theory still further, and thus let Mrs. W. see the results of her own logic. Not twenty miles from where I now write, thirteen promising young men, impressed that they had amative desires and amative nature which needed and demanded amative food, secured the services of a poor little street-walker, and taking her to a back ally, used her in succession, until the whole thirteen promising young men with amative natures to be fed were supplied, satisfied and amatively nourished, after which amative demand performance, they paid their victim seventy-five cents.

Now upon the theory of amative demand, these promising young men whose well-being demanded amative food, in quantity and variety, did the best they could under the circumstances, just as Mrs. W. intimates that Mr. Beecher did in his explorations after amative food. These young men had no clerical robes or clerical privileges to employ as a means to secure them amative subsistence, consequently they employed the only means at hand to secure a victim upon which to nourish their amative natures.

COMMENTS.

[Now, really, we must object. Illustrating our theory of freedom by instances that occur under an entirely different order of civilization from that for which it provides, is an argument that we must reject as totally inapplicable. It would be impossible that such a thing as our critic relates could occur in a civilization based upon freedom; and we must think that he is endeavoring to conjure in his own mind some impossible things when he attempts to annihilate freedom by such an illustration as this.

But suppose all this did occur, and that it may occur indefinitely, what does it prove? Does it overthrow sexual freedom? Does it invalidate by one jot any argument for it that has ever been made? Is it in any conceivable way indeed, any argument against freedom? Neither one nor the other, nor any of these is so in any sense in which it can be interpreted. Here were thirteen young men and a person whom he degrades below a woman by denominating her a "street-walker," just as though all women do not walk the streets. He does not attempt to show that any force other than money was employed, nor does he show that the need of those seventy-five cents was not great enough to induce her to submit herself as related. It would seem that she must have been in some terrible strait to have willingly submitted to such repeated intercourse for such a pitiful sum; and it is not claimed that more was promised or expected. Neither is the age of any of the parties given. Suppose they were all adults, the woman included, and that she was willing for the consideration to do as she did, will our critic say that anybody had any right to step in and say to the woman: You shall not obtain the sum for which you are willing to sell your body; and to the young men: You shall not gratify your desires for such a pittance? Such is not our interpretation of freedom, nor such a condition of society as makes it possible for a young woman to be reduced to such a strait as this one evidently was, our idea of a proper society. Our critic must not catch at the fruits of the present social system and carry them forward into conditions of freedom and hold them up as bug-bears to frighten the thoughtless and the unwary; and we do not intend that

this one shall have the effect of even so much as casting a doubt upon the principles of social freedom, or that it shall result otherwise than as a complete demonstration of the general unsoundness and bad logic of the entire argument, while the spirit of supreme ridicule with which the circumstances are related, have no other effect upon us than to lessen our critic in our estimation as one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reform, independent of all consideration other than the truth, and as a logician and consecutive reasoner. Such arguments and illustrations as these will never convince the world that marriage is slavery or that social reform is necessary—both of which positions we understand our critic to hold; notwithstanding which he proceeds thus:]

The man who walks the streets in search of a victim to gratify his amative demand is the man whom society fears, and for this purpose brothels are established and perpetuated, wherein and whereat such men can be supplied, and the bodies of these poor, despised, rejected and hated victims of men's lust is the only protection which civilization has offered to the woman soul. In marriage, and under marriage law, woman is bound, obligated and forced to yield up her body at the will and bidding of men who have amative demands to be met and amative natures to be fed, and thus millions of the best and purest women have been sacrificed in health, mentality and life itself to feed and nourish these brutal lusts of men. These women submitted to this direful fate with the same blind religious heroism which has characterized the woman soul in all ages. To them this was a religious duty, and they performed it with the same blind zeal that characterizes the heathen mother who casts her little one into the turbid waters of the Ganges. To-day millions of our race are doing the same thing. From old Judah to Beecher the dogma of amative demand has had an existence in all of men's social creeds, codes and laws, and to-day the idea of men's marital rights has for its basic principle Mrs. W.'s dogma of amative demand and of amative natures which must be fed, and all the religious codes of the world have guaranteed to men the right to supply this demand in the marriage relation, with or without the consent of the woman soul; and woman has been taught that it was her religious duty to submit, because God Almighty had created man with these amative appetites, and that she had an existence for the purpose of gratifying that desire in men, and if she could not do this the end for which she existed was not attained.

COMMENTS.

[We deny that brothels are established to supply victims to men's lusts. They are established and inhabited by women whom society, by its unjust discrimination against them and in favor of men, compels to this method to obtain a livelihood; at least to this, as a choice among alternatives, to which right no one will object who has any regard for personal liberty. But as we have said before, all this cannot exist when freedom to establish an equilibrium in sexuality is gained. It will then be woman independent of man and entitled to the right to choose with whom she shall exercise sexuality; hence all this tirade about what has been and what is under an opposite order of things is utterly irrelevant and presented in bad taste, because it is irrelevant. For every male impulse in the world there is a female answering impulse; the business of freedom is to make it possible for these perfect positives and negatives to gravitate to each other. God has not created the world with twenty times more male than female impulses. It is lamentably true, however, that the amative impulses of nine-tenths of women are either entirely undeveloped or have been destroyed by being compelled to submit to a sexuality to which they could not respond which will ultimately destroy the finest sexual capacity in any woman. The idea has often occurred to us, if our male critics who talk so much about sexual morality and sexual continence and unnatural sexual appetites, are not themselves victims of some sexual disease that has deprived them of the capacity of desire, and that from this perverted condition they judge everybody else. For our own part we can conceive of nothing that reduces a man or woman in the prime of life to so degraded a condition as that is in which sexual desire is extinct in the body. In fact, they are emasculated, are nothing better than eunuchs, while the glory of manhood and the beauty and purity of womanhood largely depend upon a healthful and vigorous sexuality. We repel, therefore, with all the force of which we are capable, the insinuation that our theories regarding social freedom mean any such vile consummation as our critic assigns to them, and deny absolutely that freedom for women means the degrading conditions of gratifying the sexual desires of men; and for our critic to conceive that where consent belongs of right to woman, she should, or by any possibility could, submit to so disgusting degradation is, to our minds, an attempted impeachment of woman's nature and inherent goodness and purity; and we hope that the sex everywhere will make him, who has expressed such a possibility, feel the weight of its displeasure until he shall be compelled to admit that women can at least resent such an insinuation. There seems to be a prevailing idea that the moment woman shall acquire her social freedom, she will inevitably gravitate to the bad altogether. Men appear to be possessed of the idea that it is alone by the great power they now wield over women, by virtue of marriage and pecuniary slavery, that they are kept so good as they are. But for all womanhood we hurl the falsehood in the teeth of every Pharisaical man who adjudges woman by the standard of his own practices. So long as men have power over women, so long will they be sexual slaves; but make them free, emancipate them from the horrible condi-

tion to which pecuniary dependence and our social system have consigned them, and they will no more submit to sexual slavery than they will to any other less indignity, since that is the greatest that can be forced upon them. And we hope our critic may live long enough to learn this fact by experience, since he seems to be unable to do so otherwise.]

This has been woman's social and theological education from the hands of men in all ages, and it is against these dogmas that I protest, and in opposition to these ideas and practices I have presented my ideas of sexual morality. I am aware that Mrs. W. does not intend to sanction or justify amative criminality any more than I do, and yet the very theory upon she predicates or attempts a justification of Beecher's amative acts, is the argument used and employed by every licentious debauchee in our land to defend his acts. Mr. Beecher represents the average sexual depravity of men in general, and if this amative appetite which demands amative nourishment is natural, then God blundered in not making about twenty women to every man as the necessary means by which such appetite could be gratified, without injuring the health or outraging the instincts of the woman soul. I say it boldly that the amative lusts of men have destroyed more lives, and have produced more misery and suffering than all war, famine and pestilence combined.

More than ten years of my life have been given to the study of sexual physiology and sexual psychology, and it must not be considered presumption in me to claim a little knowledge on these important subjects. I have aimed to explore the whole domain of sexuality, normal and abnormal, natural and perverted, and I do not know that my ideas of sexual morality have their basis in the laws of nature, and not in the crude and perverted passions of men. Behind and beneath all this depravity and sensual rubbish, I have sought an ideal of purity upon which to build our future temple of sexual science, and to this temple the pure in heart of every clime will come to worship that divinity of love which is to redeem and save the world. I have thus briefly reviewed Mrs. W.'s theory, and have aimed to illustrate its origin and tendency, and in doing so, honestly and earnestly, I am none the less her devoted friend and defender.

In a future essay I shall discuss—"Did God Almighty make Henry Ward Beecher?"
Yours,
HOMER, III., May 8, 1873.

THOS. W. ORGAN.

COMMENTS.

[Now, what does our critic propose to do with his ideas of sexual morality; how make them of any utility to the race, and especially to womankind? Does he insist upon some method to compel people, whether they would or no, to adjust their social conduct by them? If not, and if he admit the basic principle of freedom, wherein does the end to be attained differ from the ultimate of our theories of freedom? Or does he, like so many others, assume that since we would give freedom to all conditions of sexuality, that therefore we advocate, as the ultimate, the very lowest order possible of sexuality; in a word, that being left free, the race will retrograde toward barbarity instead of advancing toward a true enlightenment? We deny any such possibility. All that the race needs is the discovery and development of a true sexual science to induce it to adopt its rules and laws; but to claim that a science has been discovered, and that its laws would compel all individuals of the widest differences of amative capacity to govern themselves by a single arbitrary law, is so contradictory to all that we know of nature that it scarcely needs to be considered to be refuted; indeed, such a law contains its own refutation, because it is a contradiction of nature, since everything in nature contains its own law of birth, growth and expression.

Be it far from us, however, to be understood that we conceive that the sexual conditions in which the whole world grovels represents the order of the future. We conceive a sexual attainment possible for the world which shall so far eclipse the highest experiences that have ever come to man or woman that comparison between them is impossible. To attain to this there must be growth; to be growth there must be investigation to discover the best method to promote growth, and to have investigation there must be freedom; and any theory that has been framed upon any supposed discovery that places the passions of men outside of nature's laws will surely fail. If there are conditions that require to be bettered, the method by which they shall be accomplished must be determined by the character and nature of the conditions. To frame a system outside of them, and then to impart it into them and attempt to adapt it to them, is to make failure almost inevitable. That has been the error of all time. Theories must be framed to meet the conditions to which they are to apply, and upon the principle involved in the conditions. Arbitrary rules never accomplish more than temporary relief in anything.

We too have an ideal sexuality; but far be it from us to brand every one who has it not as the subject of sin, of lust, of sexual crime and all the other vile and abominable epithets contained in the language. With our critic we also believe that more lives have been destroyed and more misery produced by ignorant sexuality than by all other causes combined, and for this very reason we would have the right of consent at once and absolutely granted to woman, when men may be assured that sexual murder and social misery caused from sexuality will cease.

We do not care to what conclusions our critic's investigation may have led him, we have seen enough practical demonstration to absolutely prove that freedom leads inevitably to the highest sexual morality, and we know it to be an inherent right, of which there is no power either in persons or systems that can rightfully de-

prive a single person of it; and secondly, because we know that it will lead to greater purity; this purity, however, will not consist of a less degree of amative capacity, but in the perfected action of all its impulses a thousand-fold intensified, so that the highest order of happiness and harmony shall result to humanity, and become such an example to the world that every human being will be made anxious to partake of its glories, to drink at its purified fountains and be healed—made happy. In desiring this consummation, however, we must not forget that it is the right of individuals to linger as long as they will in the darkness and misery of undeveloped and ignorant conditions. All yet are not strong enough to endure the bright effulgence of the noonday sun of social emancipation, nor all hearts able to conceive that it is in freedom only that purity can exist; nor all minds that can comprehend this fact; that people can never do right until they are first free to do what to us may seem to be entirely wrong.

In conclusion, we beg to say to our friend who has given us the opportunity to elaborate these views connected with the question of social freedom, that we are very much obliged. It is only by the best and most forcible presentation of objections to any proposed movement that the real truth is called forth, and we freely confess that our critic has made the best possible use of all the objections that can be raised to our view of social freedom. Notwithstanding all these, however—which we believe to be misconceptions; but admitting even that they have force and application—they do not in the least affect the main proposition as to the right of individual freedom. It is either right or wrong for people to enjoy the use of the capacities by which they are endowed, within the limits of their own sphere and so much further as the consent of others may permit. Our critics, while not denying this position and setting up the opposite, which they should at the outset as the fundamental question, argue as though they had done it, thus endeavoring to shirk the responsibility as advocates of social slavery, which they really are. We should be extremely obliged if, in future our critics would set out by denying our basic proposition and setting up the opposite, so that the issue may be clearly defined, and then argue from such position. Until this is done there can be no conclusions reached by whatever discussion there may supervene. If it be right to speak the truth it is right to do so unqualifiedly; with no proviso as to what may result from it. If it be right to possess and use freedom it is right let whatever may follow; and we commend this simple rule of judgment to our critic and to all who may hereafter enter the arena to defend social slavery in any form, whether it be from a legal, religious or moral standpoint.

THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists will be held in Grover's Opera Hall, Chicago, beginning on Tuesday the 16th day of Sept. next, and continuing three days. Each society, association or body of Spiritualists in America is respectfully solicited to send delegates to this Convention according to the provisions of Article VI., section 3, of the following Constitution:

Believing that the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, rightly interpreted and applied to the improvement and regulation of human society, tend to the highest welfare of our race, and that great good may be accomplished by a general co-operation of Spiritualists throughout the continent for the promulgation and application of these truths, the undersigned unite for the specific purposes hereinafter named, under the following:

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I.—Name.—This Association shall be known as the American Association of Spiritualists.

ART. II.—Objects.—Its objects shall be to co-operate with State and Local Organizations in the promulgation and application of the Spiritual Philosophy; to aid in the organization of Local and State Societies and Children's Progressive Lyceums; to encourage the establishment of improved educational, industrial, sanitary, reformatory and charitable institutions, so far as may be found practicable.

ART. III.—Membership.—Sec. 1. Members will be of two classes, active and auxiliary.

Sec. 2. Any duly appointed delegate, as hereinafter provided in Article VI., may become an active member of this Association by signing these Articles, or causing the same to be done, and paying any sum not less than one dollar.

Sec. 3. Any person may become an auxiliary member by signing these Articles, or causing the same to be done, and paying any sum not less than one dollar, which amount shall be paid annually thereafter. The payment of fifty dollars in any one year shall constitute a person a life member of the Association.

Sec. 4. Active members only shall be entitled to vote in the business meetings of the Association.

Sec. 5. Any member may withdraw at any time without being required to give reasons therefor.

ART. IV.—Officers.—Sec. 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer and six Trustees. The President, Secretary, Treasurer and Trustees shall constitute the Executive Board of the Association, not more than two of whom shall reside in any one State, Territory, Province, or the District of Columbia.

Sec. 2. The President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected annually by ballot, and serve until their successors are elected. The term of office for the Trustees shall be for three years, in classes of two each—two of whom shall be elected annually by ballot.

Sec. 3. The President of any State, Territorial, District of Columbia, or Provincial Association, shall be *ex-officio* Vice President of this Association, on payment of the membership fee provided for in Article III, but not a member of the Executive Board.

Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall give bonds in such an amount as the Executive Board shall order.

Sec. 5. The duties of the President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be such as usually pertain to officers of like character in regularly organized bodies, and their term of office shall commence at the close of the Convention at which they are elected.

ART. V.—*Duties of Trustees.*—Sec. 1. The Board of Trustees shall have control of all business matters of the Association, except such as may be acted on in annual or other general meetings. They shall meet quarterly for the transaction of business, at such places as they may determine from time to time. Three members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, provided their action be submitted to the members of the Board not present, and, if a majority of the Board approve thereof, the same shall become valid; and provided further, that no business shall be undertaken by the Trustees involving the expenditure of money, unless the Association has previously approved the purpose thereof.

Sec. 2. The actual traveling expenses of the Trustees, in attending the business meetings of the Board, may be paid from the funds of the Association.

Sec. 3. The Trustees are hereby constituted a Missionary Board, and it shall be their duty to employ as many missionaries as the funds in the Treasury will permit; to assign them to fields of labor; and to require from them written monthly reports of all collections, all societies organized, with the names of officers, and such other duties as a majority of the Board may deem necessary to effect the objects of the Association, as provided for in Article II.

Sec. 4. The Trustees shall make an Annual Report to the Association of all their doings, containing an accurate account of all moneys received and expended, from what sources received, and for what purposes expended; also publish quarterly statements of the same; and in no case shall any money be paid from the treasury of this Association for any other purpose or object than those set forth in Article II, and then only by order of the President, countersigned by the Secretary.

ART. VI.—*Annual Meetings.*—Sec. 1. Annual meetings of this Association will be held in the month of September, in each and every year, at such times and places as the Trustees may appoint.

Sec. 2. The annual meetings of this Association shall be conducted by the Board of Trustees and the delegates from the several State, Territorial and Provincial Organizations in active existence—provided such delegates become members of the Association, as provided in Article III.

Sec. 3. *Representation.*—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 fraction of fifty members.

ART. VII.—*Amendments.*—This Constitution may be amended, at any annual meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members and delegates present.

By order of the Board of Trustees,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,
President of the Association.

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.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK.

This able and earnest lecturer, who for the last year has been out of the field, is open for engagements after the beginning of September, either for Sundays or week-day evenings, to speak for Spiritualists, Liberalists or other reformatory societies. Mrs. Middlebrook has been a faithful laborer in the field of reform for twenty-five years, but not like most of the older laborers has she halted at any given point in the advance. She regards Spiritualism as including all questions in which humanity is interested, even the social not excluded. Beside being a dear friend we regard her as among the most efficient members of the grand army of reform, and we hope that many souls may be blessed by her ministrations.

HARD ON JONES.

The Morristown *Independent*, of Illinois, thus discourseth in a leader on the above-named editor of the R. P. *Journal*, of Chicago, whose practice varies considerably from his preaching as regards what is called the sanctity of marriage relation:

"Jones, in a late issue of the R. P. *Journal*, in the true Beecher style, descants on the evils, crimes, miseries and demoralization that result from free-loveism, as he understands it. That he is a very competent witness, no one, who is en-

lightened in regard to his free-love practices and marriage relations, will deny. Theoretically, he is a saint, a veritable Joseph, but practically, with all his wisdom, a Solomon, led incontinently astray by a strange woman."

This is severe, but what follows is more so, viz.: "The kind of free-loveism which the editor of the R. P. *Journal* is practicing, is but one remove from the lowest type of animalism and sensuality."

After the above statement, it is not startling that the Morristown *Independent* comes to the following conclusion:

"If there is anything in the Spiritual Philosophy that is in advance of the popular theology of the day, to elevate mankind, it will never be communicated through a canting hypocrite whose life gives the lie to his profession."

As regards ourselves, we, in company with a noble band of women who are fighting the battle for the personal rights of all mankind, respectfully commend to the notice of the R. P. *Journal*, the case of the woman who was brought for judgment before the Great Nazarene. Under the distressing circumstances of his own lamentable dilemma, we submit that it would only be decorous in him to emulate the modesty of the Pharisee, and cry "*peccavi*" for himself.

PARTIAL LAWS.

Clipped from the Titusville *Morning Herald*, July 10.

FIENDISH OUTRAGE UPON A CHILD.

"A man named John C. Connell was yesterday afternoon arraigned before Justice Tracy charged with the horrible crime of outraging the person of a child six years of age. The child whose name is Marion R. Boyson, was taken sick several days ago and Dr. Moody was sent for, it was then discovered that she was suffering from injury done by some person unknown. Yesterday afternoon the child told the whole circumstances to another girl who at once informed her mother, and this led to the arrest of the prisoner.

"It was shown in evidence before the Justice that the prisoner enticed the little one into the cellar for the alleged purpose of seeing a rat. When he got her down there he committed a brutal outrage upon her person, and then, under threats of killing her, he extorted a promise that she would not tell any one. The child told a very straightforward story, and as the circumstantial evidence was very strong against the prisoner, he was committed to stand his trial, in default of \$1,000 bail."

As bail to the amount of \$250,000 was demanded from us for condemning somewhat similar outrages in our paper of Nov. 2, 1872, it is correct to infer that the law deems it two hundred and fifty-six times more reprehensible to condemn a crime than to commit one.

"OVER DRAFTS."

This item of "over drafts" frequently appears in "Bank statements." Until the melancholy death of Mr. Mills, we supposed to overdraw your bank account was not of necessity criminal, though imprudent, and sometimes damaging. Perhaps three-fourths of Wall street business depends upon just this facility, given by bankers to brokers, though only for a few hours. Still, the principle is the same—a credit is given without security. This constitutes an over draft when the party fails to make his account good.

Mr. Mills has been careless; but the system warrants the exercise of discretionary power to an alarming extent. As a rule, when a president of one of our A-1 banks wants a loan, he goes to his neighboring bank and borrows his one or two hundred thousand, the neighbor returning the civility by an equal borrow from No. 1. Each can then say triumphantly, "I do not owe my bank a dollar."

Mr. Mills was clearly not up in this. He has had poor instruction in finance. A man with so good an opinion of his fellow-man is weak on per cents. and collaterals. However, judging from what we have read, and especially the statements said to have been made by Mr. Mills' son and by Mr. Rodman, it is clear the \$146,000 "over drafts" will be paid. And as this one item seems to be the only individual act of Mr. M. against the Company, it is to us conclusive that Mr. Mills had no cause and did not commit suicide.

"UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN! SPEAK OR DIE?"

According to the report of the New York *World* of the 19th inst. of a conversation held between one of its correspondents and Prince Bismarck, the above question is one that the "blood and iron" statesman intended to put to the people of Germany. In it the Prince laughs to scorn the idea that he expelled the Jesuits from the soil of Germany for the purpose of exalting the Protestant interest in that country, although throughout civilization he has received the compliments of all the doctors of the multitudinous "isms" of the Protestant sects for his firmness in dealing with Catholicism. According to his own statement, his idea was, and is, to make the unity of Germany, the State, the prominent idea in the minds of all Germans, and to subjugate all creeds and all Gods, and to render all religious secondary objects in the minds of the people. He says:

"It is the fight of the State—empire, monarchy or republic—against God; and in this fight the State will get the worst of it unless it succeeds in destroying the idea of God, and placing itself in his place. Men say that they must have something to worship—well, then, let them worship the State; let it be all in all; let it take the place of the family as well as of the Deity; let it be the Deity."

He admits that he has not yet succeeded in his attempt, and seems to fear a reaction in favor of Catholicism. It is

evident that the able statesman has taken his cue from ancient Pagan Rome in this matter. That great and successful military empire cared nothing what Gods its tributary nations worshiped, provided they paid duly their tribute to Rome. The Prince seems as impervious to the idea of religious supremacy as were the ancient Romans.

It is melancholy to think that while the German mind is thus aiming to beat down priestcraft within its borders, the bigots and fools of the Union are seeking to re-establish priestly domination here, by making an effort to foist God, Christ and the Bible into the Constitution of the United States. If our Catholics are Catholics of the "Baltimore" order, they will not succeed in so doing. If, on the contrary, they are roped in to forward the nefarious design, they may rest assured that the free people of this country will not long have to submit to the infliction, for in the division of power, in the near future, the Catholics and Protestants who have placed him there will quarrel over the shape of their God's nose, and the way in which he ought to be dressed. Then will our turn come again.

BLUEBEARD'S MARCH RESUMED.

In one of our city pictorials for last week no less than six wife murders are reported. They are as follows:

No. 1. NEW ORLEANS.—Mrs. Cook, wife of John Cook. The said John Cook is arrested and remanded to wait the result of the Coroner's investigation.

No. 2. SYRACUSE, N. Y.—De Witt C. Comstock surrendered himself to the police with these words: "Well, Captain, I've killed my wife." Verdict of the jury, killed by the above De Witt Comstock.

We cannot state positively that this debauched wife-murderer is related to Comstock, the famous or infamous informer, but think it not improbable.

No. 3. NEW YORK CITY.—Mary McCabe. Husband and son accused of the crime and arrested.

No. 4. BOSTON.—Ellen Kilpatrick. Her husband, Robert Kilpatrick, who is said to be a hard drinker, is held to answer, on strong suspicion of having caused her death.

No. 5. TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—Mary Donnelly. Patrick Donnelly, her husband, accused of the crime. At the inquest it is stated that the evidence showed beyond doubt that she had met death at the hands of her husband.

The same paper states that the bodies of these five women showed many marks of previous ill-treatment. We give the diagnosis of the last case. Two of her ribs on the right side were fractured, the right arm broken three inches above the elbow, and the right hip fractured at the neck of the femur.

No. 6.—The same paper reports another wife-murder in Boston, and records the fact of the suicide of her brutal murderer and husband.

No. 7. INDECENT ASSAULT.—N. Y. *Herald*, July 20.—Officer McGuire, of the Nineteenth Precinct, was tried before Commissioner Gardner yesterday afternoon for having committed an indecent assault on a young girl in Jones' Wood, on the Fourth of July. The testimony in the case was referred to the Board.

No. 8. LOUISVILLE, July 19.—James Gannon, formerly a barkeeper in this city, but lately a policeman in New Orleans, shot and killed his wife in this city to-day. His wife separated from him several years since on account of ill-treatment. Gannon came up from New Orleans a month or two ago, and persuaded her to come back to him. She lived with him three weeks, when she again left him. This morning Gannon, laboring under strong jealousy, went to the house where she was staying, and after some conversation with her, pulled a pistol from his pocket, placed it against his wife's breast and fired. She fell to the floor; Gannon fired again, the bullet entering her breast the second time and killing her instantly. Gannon has been arrested.

No. 9. PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 19.—Mary Fitzgerald, a young widow living in Central Falls, having declined an offer of marriage from one Joseph Fitzgerald, a brother of her late husband, Fitzgerald attempted to plunge a knife into her heart, at her mother's residence. The struggle was a long and desperate one, but she managed to obtain possession of the knife, and by her screaming summoned assistance. Fitzgerald was secured with great difficulty and lodged in jail. The girl, though not injured, is prostrated by the shock to her nervous system.

This is a very reprehensible case. The killing of a woman by a man who was not her legal protector, is certainly not justifiable.

No. 10.—New York *Herald*, July 20:

Michael Lanney, aged forty, was stabbed in the abdomen last night by Peter McKenna in the hallway of their residence, 64 Clarkson street. The altercation arose through jealousy. The wounded man was sent to Bellevue Hospital. McKenna was arrested by the police of the Twenty-eighth precinct.

No. 11.—More jealousy, from the same:

One of the prisoners who recently escaped from jail at Riverhead is Joseph Gerard. He went to the house where his wife was living and called her up. When she opened the door he grabbed her and began dragging her toward a pond, saying he was about to drown her. Her cries aroused the neighbors, and Gerard fled. Soon afterward he was seen at Waling river attempting to steal a boat. He was pursued, and several shots were fired at him, but he escaped. He dropped a satchel containing a sheath knife, clothing and a Bible.

No. 12.—Still more jealousy, from the same:

ALBANY, N. Y., July 19, 1873.

This evening Michael Manning entered the residence of Peter McNamara, on Van Wert street, who was in the room

with his wife. McNamara immediately sprang upon him with a knife, and inflicted a wound in his abdomen which may prove fatal. He afterward charged Manning with coming to his house to see his wife. McNamara was arrested.

The following two items are also taken from the New York Herald of the 21st inst.:

"Thomas King, residing at 136 Third avenue, Brooklyn, was taken into custody last evening for brutally beating and feloniously assaulting Maria King, his wife, who accuses him of having attempted to take her life by stabbing her in the hand with a carving knife. King, who is a laborer, was under the influence of bad Bourbon at the time he committed the assault."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 20, 1873.

"From appearances the City of Brotherly Love is fast losing its good name as a peaceful city, as within the past fourteen hours two deadly affrays have occurred, which may terminate fatally to two of the parties at least. At eleven o'clock last night Mrs. Jennie Albertson, while sitting at table playing checkers with a party of friends in Washington avenue, was approached from behind by her husband, John Albertson, who plunged a knife into her neck and fled. The blood spurted from the wound and saturated the table and the floor. The alarm was instantly given and the would-be murderer was arrested before he had proceeded a block from the scene. Mrs. Albertson was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and now lies in a critical condition. Albertson bears a bad name, and lately was released from the House of Correction. Jealousy was at the bottom of the affair."

This terminates the list of matrimonial felicities as reported in the newspapers during the past week. It will be seen that jealousy and rum are the prime factors in these murder cases; but underlying all of them is the claim, which law has ever vainly attempted to establish, namely: that woman is the property of man.

UNDER THE NEW DISPENSATION.

We, the undersigned, J. Chretien and Lessie Goodell Steinmetz, do hereby declare that we do not recognize any civil, religious or other restrictions as having rightful power to fetter or in any way to control our bodies, minds or souls in so-called marriage; and we protest against all laws that assume to ignore, defy or militate against the divine law of nature implanted in the soul of every human being, to assent to which laws, we believe, is willingly to submit to a slavery that is fatal to happiness.

Therefore, since there is no legal method of dissolving our present marriage except upon a plea of adultery, which we do not recognize as a cause for separation, or as a crime, and to which we do not desire to appeal for relief, we go before the higher court of common sense and individual sovereignty, and declare that the man-made marriage to which we are now subject, is abrogated from this day hence, and is null and void.

In consideration of the sum of one dollar each to the other paid, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged by each, we mutually, severally and freely of our own consent, resign each to the other, all supposed rights, conferred by or acquired over each other by this marriage; and we declare ourselves as free therefrom, as if we had never been married.

And we further declare that we do this, not merely to regain our own lost rights and to secure our own happiness, but also that our example may become the means and the incentive, to thousands of others languishing in unhallowed bonds and desiring to regain their birth-rights; and because we earnestly and sincerely believe that humanity is equal to its right to freedom, in the dispositions of its loves, as in every other already conceded natural sense and capacity; and that it requires no other guide in love, than love's own heavenly inspirations and aspirations.

Oh, Woman! Oh, Man!! Why will ye linger in darkness and in bondage, and consequently in misery, when happiness and the light lie so near in the advance! Let our example invite you onward to new and brighter hopes and aspirations, and to the divine realizations only possible when freedom for love shall reign triumphant in your hearts.

In testimony of which, we have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals this nineteenth day of July, A. D. 1873, in the city of New York.

LESSIE GOODELL STEINMETZ, [L. S.]
J. C. STEINMETZ, [L. S.]

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

By reference to another column it will be seen that this radical of radicals has been setting thought in motion in Pittsburg. From every quarter we hear these facts. Speakers who confine themselves to consideration of dry conservative subjects speak to quiet if not empty houses, while those who have the courage to speak the truths of the new dispensation, rouse the hearts of their audiences and crowd the halls in which they speak. A word to the wise is sufficient. They will lose no time in engaging Mrs. Smith. Address her, care this office.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Cornelius Burling, in the office of Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

WHAT EVERY MAN, FEMALE AND MALE, AND PARTICULARLY EVERY LABORER, OUGHT TO KNOW.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

SYNOPSIS OF THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN AS TO PREROGATIVE-ROYAL.

The Constitution of Great Britain is not a document, as is the Constitution of the United States, but it is the power of the king, individual will, bestiality, known as prerogative-royal, and such grants of that power to his subordinates as the king for the time being makes or acknowledges; for these grants are held at the will of the king, and subject to revocation by him when he will. And, mind, these grants are ostensibly to the people, and these subordinates, in taking them, pretend to take them for the people, but in reality these grants are to the subordinates themselves, and the people take nothing by these grants, except an increase of masters; for these subordinates, by these grants, become, with the king, the masters of the people; and these subordinates become such masters by pretending to represent the people, and, by such pretense, get the people to their back, and so threaten the king with the people, and so compel of him these grants, and so create themselves a third power to prey on king and people.

These subordinates always style themselves the people, and these grants as grants to the people; and so they must, for there are but the two powers—king and people. To admit a third, the subordinates, would be subversion of the government—it would be to discover the deception, to uncover the cloak, to open the eyes of the people.

From Henry IV. to Charles II. these grants were all revoked. We will now note these grants of the prerogative-royal.

Forty years after the conquest, Henry I. granted to his lords a mitigation of the feudal laws.

Henry II. granted trial by jury.

King John disregarded these grants, and his subordinates rebelled, and compelled him, at Runnymede, to grant them, the subordinates, the Charter of the Forest and Magna Charta—Anno, 1215.

Edward I. initiated the House of Commons. The king hitherto, like the people had been in the main supported by his private estates, the estates of the crown; these had been dissipated and he was in straits for money. He was unable to control his nobles as his predecessors had done, so he tried the expedient of appealing directly to the people.

He ordered his sheriffs to invite the towns and boroughs of the different counties to send deputies to him; these deputies had no power whatever, they were called simply to provide for the wants of the king. In most of the ancient statutes they are not as much as named, and where they are named it is as petitioners only. But even this was a great point gained to have obtained the right of assembling in a body, and in a legal way of influencing the motions of government, instead of the former only resource, insurrection.

Edward I. refused to acknowledge Magna Charta, but his subordinates compelled his acknowledgment of it, and in the course of his reign he acknowledged it eleven times.

He also consented that no tax should be laid without the joint consent of Lords and Commons.

Under Edward II. the Commons began to annex petitions to the bills, by which they granted subsidies. This was the commencement of their legislative authority. Hitherto they had been petitioners only, and they had been permitted as petitioners, in consideration that they granted supplies to the king.

Under Edward III. the Commons declared they would not acknowledge any law to which they had not expressly assented, and soon thereafter they procured to be impeached and condemned some of the first ministers of state.

Under Henry IV. the Commons refused to grant subsidies until their petitions were granted.

Under Henry V., VI. and VII. the nation was engaged in war, and the principle of the government—the supremacy of the king, Prerogative-Royal—asserted itself, and all these grants were swept away, just as in our rebellion the Constitution was swept away, and the principle of our Government asserted itself, and Lincoln was king—sole supreme.

Lords and Commons, as a recognized power in the government of Great Britain, exist by virtue of these grants of the king; they are the creatures of his creation, and as we have seen, he makes them and unmakes them at will.

President, Senators and Representatives of the Government of the United States exist by virtue of the grant of the people—the Constitution—which, in reality, is but an embodiment in one written instrument of Prerogative-Royal, and those grants of it, which at the time of the making of the Constitution of the United States, were known as the British Constitution.

Lords and Commons are but the corruption of the government of a king, a composition with the king to prey on the people, a partnership—the King contributing his Prerogative-Royal, his name—the Lords and Commons supporting him in consideration of this contribution. The king, the mouth-piece, the teat through which Lords and Commons suck the people. Lords and Commons the power holding the people subject to that suction.

This partnership, like any other, exists by the agreement of the partners, and as long as they can agree—it will do very well as a mock government to rob the people under, but as a reality a working machine, to be used against other govern-

ments, as in time of war it wont work; then the principle of the government, the sole absolute supremacy of the King, must assert itself in all its natural entirety.

Each of the Kings of England, from Henry V. to Charles II., was king as completely and absolutely as was William the Conqueror, or as is the Emperor of Russia, or the Sultan of Turkey.

"The nobles had alienated the people from the king and the king was unable to control the nobles," etc. Here we have at once the secret of the difference between the two kinds of governments:

- 1st. The king who is a king, a reality; and
- 2d. The king who is a king but in name.

The people are the power, and whoever represents the people is the power, the government.

A king is king to the extent only that he can command his people; to the extent that he depends on his subordinates; his subordinates are the power, the government.

This dependence of the king on his subordinates (as in the case of King John and Magna Charta) is the secret of all these grants.

These grants concern the people in two ways:

1st. By these grants a certain class of the people of Great Britain—males possessing certain property—are permitted to select by vote the members of the House of Commons. But these members once selected—elected—they are for their term of office as absolutely the masters, the kings of the people, as the king himself, for they owe no subjection whatever to the people: they are bound by no instructions; they are subject to no control of the people; they are subject alone to the king, who called them into existence as allies to get the people to his use. Until the king thus called on the people, the anthropophagi of the people were suppressed—this call removed the suppression, and thenceforth the anthropophagi of the people of England asserted themselves as the Commons of England.

2d. These grants do but make the slavery of the people more oppressive, for they increase the number of the masters of the people—the number of those whom the people are by law compelled to support.

Now, the relation of the people of Great Britain to the members of the House of Commons is the relation of the people of the United States to the President, Senators and Representatives. The people have the right to elect their kings.

Pistol.—Under which King, Bezonian, speak or die!—*Shakspeare.*

The Constitution is but the written embodiment of that state of facts known as the British Constitution, being prerogative-royal divided among President, Senators, Representatives—King, Lords and Commons.

There is this difference between the two governments: that whereas the Lords and Commons are subject to the king, our Lords and Commons (Senators and Representatives) owe no subjection to king or people; they are, to the extent of their powers, absolute, independent kings. The people are subject to such agreement as these kings choose to make.

There is a supreme court, and the agreement of President, Senators and Representatives may be questioned in it on the score of constitutionality, and the judges may agree with President, Senators and Representatives, and then the agreement of President, Senators and Representatives remains the law, and the judges may disagree with President, Senators and Representatives, and decide the agreement unconstitutional; and the judges of the supreme court do not command the army or the navy or the civil service, and the President does, and the President, army, navy and civil service may agree to defy the supreme court, and so the judge of the supreme court may realize that in the government of a king the judge is but a voice and nothing more.—*Vox et preterea nihil.*

The people are powerless, remediless. They can in no way reach their governors during their term of office, nor at the expiration; for these governors owe to the people no responsibility whatever. The people have the right to re-elect them or elect others in their places. The choice of kings is the beginning and end of the power of the people; else they are absolutely powerless.

Pistol.—Under which King Bezonian; speak or die?

Politician.—Under which king, free and independent electors; choose, and obey.

The agreement of their Governors is the government of the American people, and this government endures only as long as the Governors agree and when the Governors disagree the government concludes. Witness the disagreement, the so-called Southern rebellion, when the disagreeing Governors put their respective peoples in armies and compelled them to fight out the disagreement, and when on exhaustion of one side, disagreement became agreement, the government resumed. Can a greater lie be imagined than to call such governments the government of the people. The people had no disagreement, nothing to fight about. No; the disagreement was altogether of the Governors. The Governors disagreed as to the possession of power, office, spoils, and each side compelled their people to fight that they, the Governors, might retain power, office, spoils.

Let us state the case. The would-be Governors of a people make an agreement of government for the people, or agree to abide by one already made, and such agreement leaves the choice of Governors to the people. So the conquerors of an ass might agree that he whom the ass should first obey, should own the ass; as well might it be said, that the ass governed himself and was free and independent, because he chose his governor, as that the people governed themselves and were free and independent, because they choose theirs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From the N. Y. Sunday News.]

WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN—"A BLUNDER WORSE THAN A CRIME."

The result of the prosecutions of Woodhull and Claflin and of Train proves clearly that they were of that class of "blunders" which have, very properly, been denounced "as worse than crime." It was apparent from the first that these prosecutions were simply an attempt to smother damaging rumors against Henry Ward Beecher; that the offense was not the publication in grossest language of charges of indecencies; it was solely, simply and truly because the charges of indecencies were against Henry Ward Beecher.

We have seen for years, and continue every day to see, papers issued and circulated without a question, papers which contain charges against other individuals of as bad if not worse crimes than those attributed to Henry Ward Beecher by these prosecuted parties, and in language and detail much coarser, and yet no prosecuting officer has ever deemed it necessary to prosecute such papers. Such charges have been held to be an offense against individuals, who, if aggrieved, had a legal remedy. But in this case the prosecution chose to assume that Henry Ward Beecher must be held by all the world sinless as the Christian holds Christ to have been, and that, therefore, the charge of sin is of itself conclusive evidence of willful criminality and falsehood in any party making such charge, and, therefore, needing no vindication or denial, the mere fact of making such a charge being of itself conclusive evidence for a judgment of guilty and administration of punishment. And it was to impress upon the world as a fact that this whole community so held as a settled truth the utter impeccability of Henry Ward Beecher as to justify the treatment of a charge of sin by him as would blasphemy against God be treated. As in the one case, blasphemy was of itself a crime without a question as to its truth, so a charge of sin against Beecher was a crime, as its truth was an impossibility. A blasphemy against God and a charge of sin against Henry Ward Beecher were *unum et idem*, and similarly an offense against public morals to be similarly prosecuted.

For Henry Ward Beecher to have prosecuted for libel or slander, would have been to admit that there might be some persons on the face of the earth who might suppose it possible that there might be some foundation for the charges, and that a vindication, therefore, was necessary to remove the suspicion from the minds of any such credulous persons. The prosecution was wholly upon the hypothesis, that so far as Henry Ward Beecher was concerned, the charges were of no more effect than if they had never been uttered—that the prosecution was in no manner to be considered as a vindication of Beecher, any more than prosecution for blasphemy is needed for the vindication of God; but in both cases alike the prosecution is a vindication of public morals against the sin of blasphemy, and a charge of sin against Beecher, as being alike blasphemy and monstrous, audacious, wilful, unadulterated wicked lie upon its face, the bare announcement of which carries a verdict of guilty with it against its author.

If Henry Ward Beecher had not been charged with sin by the same paper, Mr. Challis might have been charged with many more and equally vile sins, and he would have been remitted to find his own remedy at law; no public prosecutor would have been irresistibly pressed to make a charge against the accusers of Challis; he would have been allowed to make his own vindication, and hold the parties to account; but under the wing of Henry Ward Beecher he finds his accusers held to account, which otherwise never would have taken place. For ourselves we have no faith whatever in the charges against either of these parties (and utterly disapprove publications of such character), and nothing short of authentic, conclusive proof could for a moment have credit with us. The purpose of our observations is simply a protest against wresting the law from its proper action in favor of particular parties. Let Mr. Beecher stand before the law on same level with all others; that is all sufficient for his vindication as it is for others; in fact he can resort to it with better assurance of justice than can most others.

FROM A. J. & MARY DAVIS, NEW YORK CITY, TO ALL PROGRESSIVES, GREETING:

East Fourth street, on the south side of which, No. 24, you will find the "Progressive Publishing House," runs east and west, at right angles with Broadway on the west and the Bowery on the east, and but a short walk on either thoroughfare. Three lines of cars pass up and down the Bowery (a car every thirty seconds), only two minutes' walk from our establishment, and two of these lines (the Fourth avenue and a special branch of the Third avenue line) start from the Grand Central depot and terminate at the Astor House, thus making our house easily accessible to all who seek us by means of either railroad route from the far East to the farther West.

We welcome you! Whether you want books or not, we invite you cordially. We wish to meet persons who take interest in the inspirations and spiritual ideas which are today stirring the great heart of the world, and we have provided a pleasant and convenient place where you can spend an hour in presence of the literature of reform and progress and feel the refreshing influences of such associations. Therefore, whenever you or your friends have occasion to visit the metropolis we shall be most happy to welcome you at our "Progressive Publishing House."

DIVORCES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The old Bay State has made one more move toward social freedom. Three years ago she abolished that relic of a superstitious age—divorce from bed and board—which left the parties married, but without sexual mates. But she was too timid to perfect her work, so she substituted divorces *nisi*, the exact effect of which even Judge Colt, one of the best Judges on her Supreme Bench, confessed that he could not understand. She has now followed Lady Macbeth's counsel, and "screwed her courage to the sticking place." She has abolished divorces *nisi* altogether, and grants absolute divorces on any of the following grounds: Adultery, impo-

tence, cruelty, desertion for three years, and neglect to provide suitable maintenance for the wife, etc. She does not yet allow the dissolution of a marriage by mutual consent, though some cases, like that of Senator Sumner, amount pretty nearly to that. In all cases the court has had discretionary power—which heretofore it has had only in certain cases—to grant "alimony to the wife, or any part of her estate to her husband in the nature of alimony."

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The rights of woman is, of all the past,
The most important subject, though the last.
It is the ultimate of all the rest,
Through which mankind will be completely blest;
By understanding both effect and cause,
And then administering impartial laws.
Her high and holy mission is to trace
The origin and progress of the race.
To generate man perfect in the womb,
"Regeneration" he will hence assume.
Man's first organic embryotic stage,
Is the important object of this age;
And the minutest circumstance to scan,
Of fetal growth unto the perfect man.
If formed by proper pure surroundings here,
Each will be fitted for a higher sphere;
And like the insect bursting from its clay,
Will soar a seraph in the blaze of day.
On woman's efforts in this mundane state,
Depends man's progress, happiness and fate.
Look all around, above us and below,
Earth, seas and skies, the planets as they go,
She must be free as planets in their speed,
Or men from bondage never can be freed.
Her principles of "equal rights" are grand,
They're bound to triumph and forever stand;
Man cannot progress until woman's free
To use her talents just as well as he.
The sable moor, and every other race,
In freedom's land have found a welcome place:
But patient woman, to this hour despoiled,
Her inspirations and her genius foiled.
But how unjust and perfectly absurd—
Her voice in Legislation never heard!
Our pure Republicans should be ashamed
To have so plain a contradiction named.
America, indeed! is "Freedom's land?"
Where half the people can't approach the stand.
America take woman's rights to view,
For she is loyal, always has been true.
Of all the nations, ours should lead the van,
To know and vindicate the rights of man!
Be noble, just, magnanimous, and then
She'll purify the laws and souls of men.
Make woman happy—by the great contrast
Of present justice—with injustice past.
Ye faithless rulers, creatures of a day!
Atone your errors ere you pass away.
Give her companions virtuous and dear,
Instead of uncongenial masters here.
Give her true partners and assistants pure,
For bloated tyrants she cannot endure.
Her right is suffrage, and 'tis very plain
She'll be elected in the next campaign.
She claims equality, and will contend
For Truth and Justice to the bitter end.
She'll sheath the sword but wield the mighty pen,
Woe to time-serving politicians then.
The rights of her policy and choice
Where high and low, where rich and poor rejoice.
All pure reforms she'll steadily pursue,
And always keep the working class in view.
Go, vote for her! take her to the polls,
Show all the nations you have human souls.
Let woman's purity the good command,
And all unite to purify our land.

—E. N. K.

SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND UNION EXCURSION.

From Philadelphia to Atlantic City, Wednesday Morning, 6 A. M., August 27, 1873. Tickets for the Round Trip—Adults, \$1.50; Children 12 Years and Under, 75 Cents.

MRS. WOODHULL:

Dear Friend—We most cordially extend to you an invitation to join us in our Grand Union Excursion. We say "Union," as we hereby extend an invitation to all Spiritualists and friends, not only of Philadelphia, but of Camden, Vineland and other parts of New Jersey; also of Wilmington, Del., and from all parts of Pennsylvania. And we would be most happy to see a good delegation from New York, with yourself as the leader. We shall have a suitable hall at Atlantic City for that day, as headquarters and for speaking. We intend making this the grandest excursion the Spiritualists have ever had; and we most earnestly ask the friends of the cause to lend us a helping hand in disposing of the tickets, and aiding us in every way to make it a success, that we may show to the world that we are strong in numbers as well as in spirit. For any further information, call on or address either of the managers. As this excursion is for the benefit of our society, the friends are requested to buy tickets on that morning from none but Dr. J. H. Rhodes, who will be at Second and Vine streets from 5 to 6 o'clock.

Tickets for sale and distribution by the managers.

H. T. CHILDS, M. D., 634 Race street.

J. H. RHODES, M. D., 918 Spring Garden.

WANTED.—A widow lady of middle age, possessing liberal views, but in the midst of conservatism, desires to get *en rapport* with liberal gentlemen, through the medium of correspondence, for the purpose of finding one who may harmonize with her sufficiently to assume a pleasant co-operation of heart and intellect. She has the elements of a pleasant home, excepting the masculine, which she needs in all the departments of her life—social, intellectual and financial. She is not ashamed or afraid to seek the necessary element and, if possible, obtain, appropriate and reciprocate according to the law of divinity. Any gentleman affectionally unencumbered, who desires to form the acquaintance of the lady, can open a correspondence by enclosing a return stamp and addressing

MRS. RAYMOND,
(Care of Dr. M. M. Toucey),
Versailles, N. Y.

The New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold their third quarterly convention for 1873 in Vineland, N. J., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 8, 9 and 10. Singers and music for the meetings. Among the talented speakers to be present are: P. P. Good, of Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. H. T. Stearns, missionary; J. M. and Carrie Spear, missionaries; Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, Vineland; Anthony Higgins, Jersey City; Grover C. Stewart, Newark; Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, N. Y. City; Col. J. H. Blood, N. Y. City; Dr. H. T. Child, Philadelphia, and Dr. S. Marshall, Wilmington, Del. August 8, the twelfth anniversary of Vineland. Evening programme, 7 to 8 o'clock, music by the Vineland cornet band (J. C. Barrett, leader). Eight o'clock order.—Music, Read's quadrille band (John Read, leader); song, Miss Zilpha Hazlet, or quartette; music, band; recitation, Miss Eliza Jennings; music, song or band. Address by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. Music; prepare for dancing programme. Excursions.—From New York, by N. J. Southern Railroad, take boat, pier 28, at 9:30 A. M., to Sandy Hook, thence by Vineland car, no change, arriving at Vineland at 3:20 P. M. Fare, \$3.25 for the round trip. Tickets will be for sale at New York, Bricksburg and Winslow Junction. From Philadelphia, by Camden and Atlantic Railroad, leave Vine street wharf at 8 A. M., to Winslow Junction, change cars to N. J. Southern Railroad, arrive at Vineland at 10:20. Fare for round trip from Philadelphia to Winslow Junction, 90c.; Junction to Vineland, 60c.; thus Philadelphia to Vineland, \$1.50. Tickets good on both railroads from August 7 to 13; children half fare. Excursion to Cape May with K. of P., Monday, August 11. Fare \$1.50; children 75c. Look out for a good time coming. We trust the "Vineland Policy" will enable us to furnish pleasant homes for the visitors.

D. J. STANSBURY, Sec., Newark.

L. K. COONLEY, Pres.

[The following letter, evidently prepared for the paper in question, was picked up in the street by a friend, who hands it to us with the specific request that it appear in the WEEKLY. As suggestive, we comply:]

To the Ohio Farmer, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio:

One of my desires in coming to this great city was to see Victoria Woodhull and her husband, Blood. I have seen them both, and I must say they are very nice sort of people. Why such a good-looking, well-behaved gentleman should have such a dreadful name, just think of it, Blood? I am told that he is wonderfully amiable, though to read the newspapers about him you would suppose his capacity for murder, arson, rape, theft and obscenity had no limit—that he gorged himself with the old and young.

I admit a shade of timidity when approaching Blood—a sort of faintness one feels when being bled before one is accustomed to the luxury. However, I tried not to show my antipathy, and our interview was very agreeable. To be sure, Mrs. Woodhull was near this monster with a large axe, a shot-gun and a brace of revolvers. I am told she keeps these articles constantly by her, so that a failure to poison any of her relatives in the ordinary way leaves this method always ready and effective. However, I must confess she is a dangerous woman; the havoc caused by her has no parallel in ancient or modern history. All the men are afraid of her and the women dislike her, but *sub rosa* she has a good many real and positive friends. Mrs. Grundy says she is an aristocrat because she thinks so much of Blood. Will write you again with more particulars.

AGNES BUTLER.

CARD.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE ON THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Independent Tract Society and the *Reflex* have been suppressed, and the entire property of the office confiscated, through the influence of the "Christians" of Clinton and by the cat's-paw of rascality.

The story of the infamy is a long one, and I have no money and no heart to enable me to present it in a printed form to the radicals of this country. Suffice it to say, that so soon as I can recover from the stunning blow, I shall issue an appeal through this journal. In the meantime, dear brothers and sisters, do not let up your generous giving. For this outrage shall not stop the pens nor the presses of free thought. I am moving again. We intend to re-establish the *Independent*. Only a small sum is requisite, and it shall rise.

Send on your donations, from 1c. to \$100, soon as possible. We shall print an "extra," if we get \$10, before the 1st of August, giving a detailed account of this cowardly attempt to wipe out the only free office in Massachusetts. Will you not help us? Address,

A. BRIGGS DAVIS, Clinton, Mass.

PUBLIC OPINION VERSUS PUBLIC LAW.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON THE CASE OF THE SLAYER OF CHARLES GOODRICH.

"Will they hang her?"

"Hang her! No. I hardly think a jury could be found to hang her."

"She committed the crime, and the penalty of murder in the first degree is death."

"Yes, that's very true, but her case is peculiar."

"Very peculiar, I admit; but, nevertheless, it was murder."

"Well, the circumstances surrounding the killing of Goodrich and the cause leading to it make the case a remarkable one, and have the effect, of course, of exciting the sympathy of all who have any sympathy in their nature."

"Yes, I see the sympathy is already manifesting itself in her behalf. None of the witnesses at the inquest appeared to have any desire to say anything which would be likely to injure her."

"There is another thing which will, no doubt, excite the sympathy of the jury, and that is her evident insanity."

"That may only be assumed for effect."

"Oh, no; she did things after the murder and before she was arrested that no sane woman would do, and all that will be brought out on the trial."

This dialogue, which was overheard by the writer, is perhaps the very best illustration of the idea which the community have of the taking off of Goodrich and the young woman whom he betrayed and who is now confined in the Raymond-street jail.

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 eard 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.

FOR USE IN FAMILIES,

THE FAMOUS

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Table Sauce,

THE BEST RELISH

Put up in any part of the world for Family Use.

Can be bought of any First-Class Grocer

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By SIMON M. LANDIS, M.D., D.D.

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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 Stockley threatened to arrest Dr. Landis should he deliver it.

Published by "THE INDIGNATION LEAGUE." Price 15c. Sold by Agents and Newsdealers.

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Change of hour. Commencing Sunday, Oct. 27, 1872. For West Philadelphia, 8 and 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 4, 5, *6, *8:30 P. M., 12 Night.

For Philadelphia via Camden, 7 A. M., 2 P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS.

9:00 A. M., Great Southern Morning Express, for Baltimore and Washington; for the West, via West Philadelphia, Baltimore, and for the South, via Baltimore, and via Washington, with Drawing Room Car attached.

9:30 A. M., Western Express for West Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, through from New York to Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati and Louisville, and with Parlor Cars from New York to Pittsburg.

1:00 P. M., Express for Baltimore and Washington, and for the West, via Baltimore, with Drawing Room Car attached.

*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.

*7:00 P. M., Daily Western Express, for Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars for Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

*8:30 P. M., Daily Western Express, for West Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, through without change, to Pittsburg, Crestline, Fort Wayne and Chicago.

9:00 P. M., Daily Great Southern Evening Express for Baltimore and Washington, with Reclining Chair Cars, and with Pullman Palace Cars through from New York to Washington.

Tickets for sale at Ticket Offices, foot of Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets, and in Depot, Jersey City; and at New York Transfer Co.'s offices (Dodd's Express), No. 944 Broadway, New York, and No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn. Passengers, by leaving suitable notices at these offices, can have their baggage called for at residence or hotel, and carried through to destination.

Tickets for seats in reclining chair cars and compartment cars for sale at the Desbrosses street office. A. J. CASSATT, F. W. JACKSON, Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Supt.

* Daily.

NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Commencing Monday, June 23, 1873. Through Trains will leave Grand Central Depot—

8:00 A. M., Chicago and Montreal Express, with drawing-room cars through to Rochester and St. Albans.

9:00 A. M., Saratoga Special Express.

10:00 A. M., Special Chicago Express, with drawing-room cars to Rochester, Buffalo, &c.

10:45 A. M., Northern and Western Express.

3:40 P. M., Special Express for Albany, Troy and Saratoga, commencing Saturday, 21st inst.

4:00 P. M., Montreal Express, with sleeping cars from New York to St. Albans.

7:00 P. M., Express, Daily, with sleeping cars for Watertown and Canandaigua.

8:30 P. M., Pacific Express, Daily, with sleeping cars from Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; also for Chicago, via both L. S. and M. C. Railroads.

11:00 P. M., Express, with sleeping cars for Troy and Albany.

2:00 P. M., Hudson train.

7:00 A. M., and 5:30 P. M., Poughkeepsie trains.

9:10 A. M., 4:15, 6:20 and 7:45 P. M., Peekskill trains.

5:00 P. M., Sing Sing train.

Tarrytown trains from 30th Street Depot, stopping at all Stations, leave at 6:45, 8:25 and 10:20 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:40, 5:15, 6:30, 8:00 and 11:30 P. M.

Sunday Way Trains—For Tarrytown, from 30th street, at 8:25 A. M., and 1:00 P. M.

For Poughkeepsie, from 4th avenue and 42d street Station, 9:10 A. M.

C. H. KENDRICK, General Passenger Agent.

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CHARLES J. MARTIN, Pres.

J. H. WASHBURN, Sec.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1871.

Having, on the 10th day of November, 1871, made a requisition, directing the officers of the Home Insurance Company, of New York, to require the Stockholders of said Company to pay up the sum of One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars deficiency then existing in the Capital of said Company, and upon due examination made, it appearing that the said amount of One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars has been duly subscribed and fully paid in, in cash, I hereby certify that the capital of said Company has been fully restored to its original amount of Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal on the day and year above written.

GEORGE W. MILLER, Superintendent.

(L. S.)

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"DR. ORVIS: Dear Sir—Please send me, C. O. D., one box such as I had before; and am pleased to say, it has acted as a charm with my wife.

"Yours, TUNIS H. BLACKWELL."

(This was one of the worst cases of constipation I have ever known.—A. O.)

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