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Vol. VII.—No. 14.—Whole No. 170.

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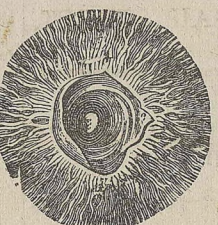
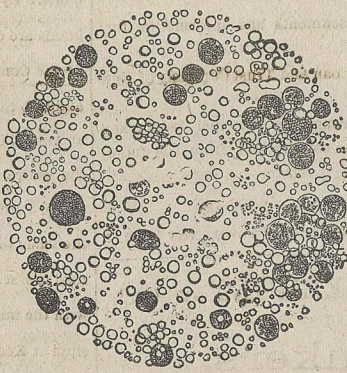
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1. Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you.
4. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into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

Gen. Ep. James, v. 1.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

THE GRANGERS' PLATFORM.

The national convention of grangers at St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday, adopted a platform of principles, the main features of which are: The development of higher manhood and womanhood; the reduction of the expenses of individuals, and co-operation to buy less and produce more; to discountenance the credit mortgage fashion, and every system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy; to buy and sell and act together for mutual protection; to avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the grange; to dispense with middle-men; to increase in every practicable way all facilities for transportation; oppose communism, agrarianism, excessive salaries, high rates of interest and exorbitant percentage of profits in trade; assert that the grange is not a political or party organization, and that no grange can discuss political or religious questions, call political conventions, nominate candidates, nor even discuss their merits in meeting, but that it is the right of every member to do all in his power, legitimately, to influence for good the action of any political party, to put down bribery, corruption and trickery and to see that none but competent, faithful and honest men are nominated for positions of trust; also, inculcate the proper appreciation of the abilities and proper sphere of woman as indicated by admitting her to membership and position in the order.

According to the report of Mr. Dudley W. Adams, master of the national grange, granges have been established in thirty-two States and two Territories. There is also in operation a provincial grange organization in Quebec. There are between 11,000 and 12,000 organizations and not far from 1,000,000 members. The organization has flourished more prosperously in Iowa, than in any other State, there being more branches there now than in all the other States put together. Missouri, has between 1,400 and 1,500 granges, with a membership of at least 60,000, whereas eighteen months ago there were but two granges, and twelve months ago there were but nineteen.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THE WORKERS.

Can they, these workingmen and women, really help themselves under the present laws regulating capital and labor? I see no way. Capital rules; it rules the law-makers and executors, it rules the President and all the police, and all between, that have authority. Where is the place or what the power of the working people—the men, the women? True, men vote as women do not. But voting does no more for men now, than no voting does for women. Had ballots power there would be no Trades' Unions and Labor Leagues, Internationals and Communes, and nobody knows what else. Women should vote as men do. Every one of ordinary ability and sense should vote at twenty, man and woman.

But voting will bring no millennium to woman more than man. Fifty thousand workingmen and women are without work to-day, and their children, those who have them, starve and shiver in the cold with them. And they wanted to go down to the City Hall and tell the pompous, high-paid dignitaries there something about their miseries, and the Mayor and the rest said they should not. Then they got together one terrible day on Tompkins Square, in rain and sleet and storm, to deliberate what to do next—these shivering, starving ones, men and women, many of their children clinging to their ragged skirts—and then the authorities sent fifteen hundred armed police to disperse them. They clubbed them, breaking many skulls, they rode over them on horseback, trampling women and little children into the mud, some of them declaring they had scarcely tasted food for a week; they arrested seventy and dragged them off to prison, some boys of fifteen, their gaunt, haggard visages witnessing to their frightful sufferings and destitution, and thus was magnified the dignity of the law, also, of the government also, I suppose, of the religion, the Christian religion, in this its eighteen hundred and seventy-fourth year!

Grover, did you ever read the French Revolution, by Carlyle? No matter: it is coming. Here is a word from one

page—207, volume 1: "As Hierarchies and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Aristocracies, Autocracies, Strumpetocracies have ruled the world, so it was appointed in the decrees of providence that Victorious Anarchy should have its turn!"

It couldn't help coming, that anarchy; could not help ruling after its own way, when it did come. It has got to New York now. Let the authorities beware of it. God made the human soul volcanic. Let tyranny beware how it uncaps her fires!—Parker Pillsbury, in Earlville Transcript.

[From the Macon (Miss) Beacon.]

CALL OF THE GRANGERS.

Ho! ye who nerve the toiling Earth,
Sons of the soil! arise and give
The olden time another birth,
A newer life that men may live.
Up with the plow! and down with shams,
That curse the world with lying lives,
Break down the barrier that now dams
The healthful current labor gives.

So shall you see a world enthralled,
And man meet man with honest grip
Of fervid hands with Labor soiled,
And words fresh from a truthful lip.
Oh! men; brave men! the serpent's grasp
Is at a nation's throat to-day;
That serpent glitters, and we gasp
A charmed but throttled life away.

Shall Fraud, the vampire, flout its wings
And suck your life-blood while you sleep?
Oh! wake, and break the spell that flings
Its torpor through your veins, and keeps
Its silken bondage on your will,
Despite the cold and hidden strength
Too long repressed—too long—until
You feel it must be freed at length.

Strain at the gyves upon your arms,
And feel how brittle are the bonds
That wealth, with its seductive charms,
Has knotted with repeated wrongs.
Up with the plow! and down with shams,
That curse the world with lying lives,
Break down the barrier that now dams
The healthful current labor gives.

A CARD.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1874.

The world has always had more writing, talking and theorizing than it knows what to do with, and is none the better for it, as its present condition too plainly testifies. The demand now is for something practical—some better way of living; and we find many looking toward association or communities for the realization of the desired object. With this view we propose to form a nucleus somewhere in Central New York, around which may gather those who, instead of remaining willing slaves to that most merciless of task-masters and tyrants, money, are ready to make it serve them, and throw in their resources for the formation of a communal home—such an one as that described by Mrs. Comstock in the WEEKLY of Sept. 27, where there is no selfish mine or thine, but our home, and where the only governing elements are love and attraction, with perfect freedom and individual sovereignty. All who are prepared to enter upon this new and only true life, or any others who are willing to contribute of their means for the establishment of righteousness on the earth, will please address Elizabeth Wheeler or Edward Wheeler, of Auburn, New York. We ask no more of others than we are willing and design to do ourselves for the promotion of the objects in question.

EDWARD WHEELER,
ELIZABETH WHEELER,

SOCIALISTIC.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

My dear Mrs. Woodhull—It is with some hesitation that I volunteer to give my social experience to the world, inasmuch as the affairs of home and private life are justly held as sacred from the intrusion of others. Only grave exigencies should induce one to display the golden links and shining pearls of one's own life-history before the vulgar curiosity of a mixed multitude. Our most sacred love-life cannot be fittingly translated into the rude language of the populace. But revolutionary times frequently demand our most revered treasures for stern uses. The duty is upon me to bring forth those of my own which delicacy would in ordinary times guard from public exhibition.

I do this to the end that we may reason our way from facts to a better understanding of our common human nature, and that friends of social freedom everywhere may the more cordially unite to break down false conventional usages and secure a happier social life.

My age is forty. The first twenty years of my life were fraught with many disadvantages. They were years inured to toil, and deprived of the ordinary society and recreations usually enjoyed by childhood and youth. But while the external life was barren, the inner life was full of melody, which found expression only in an ideal world.

My first courtship began when I was twenty. It was quite as idiotic and silly as the average among young and inexperienced people. With the prospective wife I never passed a word relating to what would most concern our united lives.

When the wedding day arrived I was twenty-one years and one day old (one day of freedom). It was the saddest day of my life. It seemed as though the bottom had dropped out of the universe and I was left suspended in the depths of space without any support. If I had been going to my execution I should not have felt more utterly forsaken and desolate; yet I could not divine the cause.

The woman who fell to me by chance loved and clung to

me with all the tenacity of an ardent and impassioned nature; but her ideas of life were biased by the most conservative education, and her love was selfish. Possession was a source of supreme satisfaction to her. Born of parents under twenty years of age, her tendencies were all impulsive.

Experience brought knowledge; my eyes were opened. The demands and aptitudes of my social nature were now reflected for the first time into my understanding. I soon realized there was an infinite distance between the cravings of my soul for love and the object which the law gave me to answer it. The atmosphere of my home became a stifling, poisonous breath that choked back every pure and noble emotion. The very fact that my wife clung to me with such strong persistence made my suffering ten fold more intense, for I pitied where I could not love. If she could have hated where she loved, it would have been a grateful relief. I struggled to rise above the repugnance, but could not. My soul craved other love, and I crucified it. If I could not love where I had promised, I resolved at least to live a sacrifice to my wife's Christian claim.

Though her sexual demands were excessive, she regarded even the thought of gratification outside of legal marriage an unpardonable sin. Her whole nature was conservative. She was a church devotee, and regarded Spiritualism with a feeling of supreme disgust. But we never openly quarreled. Harsh words never passed between us. She thought Spiritualism the barrier to my love for her. And perhaps it was, in the sense that it revealed me to myself, and gave me a glimpse of self-ownership—a glimpse of a freedom that Christianity knows not of.

The quickest of all intuitions is that to detect an arbitrary claim set up by a legal husband or wife over the affections. I am persuaded there is no more effectual weapon of death to love than the disposition to grasp and hold an object selfishly; the inclination to avail one's self of legal chains and public sentiment to retain that which love and unrestrained devotion does not freely give. And now, as I recall the unhappy experience of those unwelcome years, I can think of no combination of circumstances which so effectually estranged my love and even pity from my legal wife, as her constant, persistent claim of absolute ownership of my affections; her desire to appropriate me body and soul; her determination to exclude me from any and all fraternal greetings with other women.

I endured this bondage seven years. Scrofulous consumption developed in her lungs, and she was borne hence by the angel of death after an illness of five months. A child-life was the fruit of the union, who was adopted by the mother's parents at the age of two years. She is now a beautiful girl of fifteen. I have no word of condemnation for her who lived and struggled with me the best she knew through those seven years. She was a product of society; one in whom its most conservative tendencies were organized—facts I should have known ere I took her for "better or worse." She was both earnest and conscientious, but honesty did not suffice to make us companions in the sight of God. But I needed the lessons, and so have no word of censure for her who served as the instrument to impart them.

I now entered the field as a lecturer (in the year 1860), traveled four years and a half, became familiar both with the world and the private struggles of many suffering souls. I had set out with preparations for the field of labor that I felt lay before me, and had resolved to form no more matrimonial connections until that preparation should be far advanced and my work assured. But, alas for human resolutions! I had one weakness which has on many occasions proved my bane. I could not resist an appeal made to my sympathies.

I met a young lady ten years younger than myself—poor, struggling in poverty to obtain an education. We talked of marriage as the possible outcome of our acquaintance. In the meantime I proposed to send her to school; but the step-father here interfered and urged that, to save "talk," we had better have the "knot" tied at once, then I could provide for her educational welfare, and escape insinuations from the dear public that it was done for a "consideration."

The "knot" was tied, and we got acquainted at our leisure. The new candidate was an only child, reared by an indifferent step-father and an unwise mother. She was a woman possessing grace, native refinement, gifted with artistic genius, but with little force or power for self-application. Our thoughts and aspirations ran into widely divergent channels. We were not in any high sense companions, and both realized an aching void. Our home seemed sweet and fragrant to others, but to us it lacked a soul. She, whose attitude was full of freshness and gaiety, found no congenial society in me, and was a stranger to my intellectual life. She saw no necessity for my studious habits, took no part in my struggles and anxieties. And there was no more sexual adaptation between us than intellectual or social. All these things should have been understood before, but the pa's and ma's who are seeking to marry their daughters, leave all such considerations out of the preliminaries.

Well, we tolerated each other four years and a half, then concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and so we mutually separated. I have no words of blame. The woman whom the law gave me as wife, like thousands of her sex, was compelled by society to look to marriage as a means to get on in the world. Instead of condemnation for those who involuntarily execute the decrees of society, I should rather, in the light of this experience, labor to secure the equality of the sexes and the pecuniary independence of woman. I should be glad to see the sexual relations so independent of all secular considerations that men and women will consort only by voluntary preference.

Events glided on to new relations. My married life thus far had brought me little else than pain, yet I loved and revered womanhood. Of all things in the universe, I desired most the love and companionship of a feminine nature—one who could also find rest and peace in me. I did not grow morose over my disappointments, but tried to profit by the lessons of experience. I reflected that my failure thus far to realize a happy married life came partly from my own

ignorance, partly from the conventional usages of society, somewhat from what we had inherited from the past, and to a large extent from want of personal adaptation. Still I longed for a home and companion—a haven of rest which should become a centre of inspiration for all my work. And at last this prayer of my life has been granted.

At a yearly meeting in Michigan I met a lady with whom, I am persuaded, I shall walk through the eternal years. I felt, however, only a warm interest in her when our acquaintance began. She was of medium height, light complexion, dark, waving hair, large gray eyes with long lashes. Her carriage was commanding, easy and graceful. The face was indicative of both intellect and soul. I thought I had never seen such captivating eyes, they were so sweet and sad; a world of tenderness and love shone from their pure depths. A more intimate acquaintance revealed to me that she had endured a social hell for fourteen years. Her legal lord regarded a wife as he did any other species of property—to be appropriated for his own exclusive use and benefit. She had refused to share his bed the last four years, yet he would not consent to a legal separation. He preferred to hold her in unwilling bondage to seeing her seek her own happiness, even though the chains rusted to her very soul. At length she fled from her taskmaster, obtained legal papers in the county where she resided, took her daughter of thirteen, and left the State, a free woman. I will leave the story of her bondage and her sufferings for her own graphic pen to describe, at a fitting time in the near future.

In her native place (Alleghany County, N. Y.) she obtained a school, and devoted herself to teaching. I sent her the works of Buckle, Draper, Mill, Spencer and Emerson, to which she devoted her leisure. Mill and Emerson are her oracles. Our interest grew into mutual love, grounded not merely in objective form and features, but in the imperishable qualities of mind and heart. We had both been schooled in sorrow, both been made familiar with the curses that flow as a consequence of ownership in sex. We had felt the blasting mildew of social slavery, and knew how to appreciate the precious boon of freedom; added to which was a better knowledge of the world, and a more intimate familiarity with the best English and French writers on social ethics. So with the past experiences and present knowledge, we entered upon a more intelligent courtship than that which characterized the "vealy stage" of our lives. We canvassed freely all topics and relations that would in any way affect our future union. We had seen that a feeling of ownership, that any and all arbitrary claims, that the least desire to hold or appropriate a wife or husband without their consent, was the grave of love. Hence we did not demand any expression of love or loyalty that was not the spontaneous language of the soul. Permanent qualities were substituted for legal commands.

We, therefore, elected to recognize the sacredness of each other's individuality. We agreed that we could never have any more jurisdiction over each other's life and actions than we have over individuals of another race. While our love should experience a deep solicitude for each other's welfare: while it should multiply expedients to bless and guard from impending ills, yet it must never dictate, or command, or coerce. It must never encroach upon the domain of even wife or husband; never infringe upon the principle of liberty; never intrude upon the privacy of any individual soul. Especially will every noble nature respect these rights in the person of a sexual mate and soul companion.

Our second meeting was at the Buffalo National Convention of Spiritualists. During the progress of the Convention I had an attack of bilious fever. She came and took care of me at the fraternal home of George Whitcomb, on Palmer street. Her love and tender devotion were more to me than all the doctors in creation. Her presence was a divine baptism, and under her magnetic hand the fever was soon allayed. While I yet lay prostrated, her angel name came to me in a dream. I have ever since called her Hope.

Our acquaintance extended over two years, and then we brought our external relations into adjustment with the duality which our souls had already recognized. As I was before the world in the capacity of a public speaker, we thought best to go through the form of a legal ceremony; but now, at the distance of three years, if the question was up again for decision, we should omit such ceremony. Not that we are in our persons oppressed by it, but we have come to regard Christian legal marriage as lying in the path of social progress, and believe reformers preach most effectually against it by ignoring it. In the language of Stuart Mill:

"Neither one person nor any number of persons is warranted in saying to any human creature of ripe years, that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit what he chooses to do with it. He is the person most interested in his own well-being. * * * Considerations to aid his judgment, exhortations to aid his will may be offered to him, even intruded on him by others, but he himself is the final judge. All errors which he is likely to commit against advice and warning, are far outweighed by the evil of allowing others to constrain him to what they deem to be his good."

I now bethought me I had the basis for a happy home life. I constructed a neat brick edifice, mostly with my own hands. Hope, with rare taste and judgment, disposed the furniture, pictures and various objects that went to make up the internal arrangements of our dwelling. Our Nettie soon had hanging baskets and climbing vines in almost every room in the house. The shelves in our library are loaded with the choicest books; but there is no ostentatious display, no outside show, no straining after effect, no appearance of wealth. All that is embodied there has been projected and organized out of our own interior lives. Our home is a little paradise, perpetually baptized and consecrated with love. Wife and home are the centre from which I work, the source from which I am inspired in all my public labors, and that home is dedicated to freedom. No bickerings or jealousies, or harsh words have ever entered its sacred precincts. Its atmosphere is pervaded

with harmony and song. When I have grown weary with the world's work, how grateful to look forward to home and Hope—how grateful to know that when I return worn and weary, I shall be clasped to a loving heart, and welcomed in a home to which the breezes of God have found their way.

I have experienced this deeper love and found this higher life because I was loyal to my own soul, because I construed the demands of my soul as the commands of God. Had I obeyed the behests of society, had I continued to keep up the semblance of a relation which my interior nature never sanctioned, had I never gone forward to seek my own, then my own higher destiny would have been defeated; at least two individuals would have lived a supremely miserable life, and society itself would have gained nothing by this sickly conformity to its conventional rules. Emerson says, that

"A vicious marriage is answered by a person of commanding individuality as Cleopatra answered it; as Milton and George Sand answered it. A person of less constitution answers it according to the heroine; giving way to fate, to conservatism. Strong natures magnify the exceptions into a rule."

The love and devotion of my dear Hope, and the joy of my home life more than compensate for the envy and gossip of that society whose social moral sense and nice proprieties I have shocked; compensates, too, for the social isolation and heart-pangs I suffered in earlier years.

But we do not shut ourselves out from the great human world to selfishly enjoy this our sweeter time. There are suffering, starving souls all around us, who crave sympathy and who need such blessings as we are able to bestow. Our own interchange of love endows us with a superabundance for bestowal upon those whom it may bless; and after sharing this bounty with others, we return to the fountain of wedded bliss, receiving the sweet baptism of love, craving it all the more because consecrated to holiest uses. And thus is the law of reciprocity fulfilled; our relation blesses the world, and the world, notwithstanding all its fault-finding, blesses it.

Yet no power in human nature needs so much wisdom for its guidance as sexual love. It is the source at once of the direst curses and the greatest blessings. It needs not suppression, but direction. Under proper moral restraint and guided by an enlightened reason it is the mainspring of more refined joy than is outwrought from any other source in human nature, and it most surely conducts to happiness when we forget self in the welfare of our objects. The present and remote consequences should be consulted in every relation we sustain with others, and in the observance of a constant deference for the ultimate good we shall find our present pleasure.

Now, many who come to us for sympathy have been crushed and starved in their affectional nature; they are pathological subjects, and can no more volunteer the limits of what they should receive from others than the patient recovering from small-pox or fever. If we use them for our own gratification merely, we violate the most sacred trust which God and Nature have confided to our keeping. Yet we owe duties to this class; they are entitled to loving care, sympathy and encouragement at our hands, and we should bestow these in wisdom.

In my travels during the last thirteen years, which have extended over sixteen States, I have met hundreds of women suffering in social bondage, who have confided to me their sorrows. In all these cases I found they suffered chiefly because they were owned and appropriated as slaves. And if I have anything in my life which I can recall with pride and satisfaction, it is that I have preached the gospel of liberty to these captives; it is that I have helped to break the chains and assisted a few bound women to a condition of freedom. A few of these women are to-day in the field proclaiming with voice and pen the larger liberty and higher life of the new era. But when I was shut up in the peck measure of the old legal marriage, under the enforced restraints of selfishness, I was quite powerless to either bless my home or the world. My own heart's bride entertains no such narrow views, no such grasping selfishness. She has no feeling of exclusiveness to gratify, but bids me godspeed in every good word and work. And for this identity of interests she recognizes between ourselves and the world, my love warms toward her, augmented a thousand-fold.

Her own testimony will have an appropriate place in this connection. While traveling in New England the past summer, I met a lady belonging to the class cited above, and communicated the circumstances to my Hope (for I never keep any secrets from her. From her reply I extract the following:

"Your letter to Mrs. Woodhull was so good, and I am ever so glad you wrote it; glad, too, that you are called to do a work for social freedom in private life like that at ——. Sorrowing hearts turn naturally to you for sympathy and counsel. And they get it too, of a healthy kind—that which educates while it blesses. Darling, the spirit of our love-life impinges upon other related souls who are yet groping for the light and peace like ours. And how much we can do for others in this way."

Again, she writes me, in a letter dated June 8, 1873:

"My husband, how my heart blesses you for being so capable and willing to comfort and sympathize with the suffering and crushed ones of earth. The case you mention is indeed a sad one, and you can do her so much good by your tender sympathy and wise counsel."

What a real joy there is in the study of social science when the loved companion of our life can rise with us to any altitude we may go, and all their feelings and reflections glide into the same channel of thought with ours. I did not begin to live in the higher sense until my soul-companion came into my life. Unmated I was like the rose of Jericho, with roots wound about the trunk, hurrying before the winds of heaven. But since I found my Hope, I feel that I am anchored to a divine basis, so that the severest tribulations cannot take me off my feet. While I draw sustenance from

this fountain of love and power, outside calamities, sorrows and disappointments will never unnerve me, but I shall continually grow stronger with the shock of elemental war.

My wife's interest in social themes, and her accord with my views may be seen in the following extract from a letter of hers, dated June 29th, 1873:

"And I fully respond to the increased interest which you feel in the social problem. I shall gladly go with you in the study and investigation of the subject in all its details. I too see wherein we shall change or modify our views upon many points before we shall get at the clearest understanding and truest adjustment of our social state. Even in relation to our individual standing with others, and our dependence upon them in certain and ever-recurring new conditions, we may have need of a larger outlook and broader sympathy than we have hitherto known or felt."

The following tribute to Mrs. Woodhull was addressed to me by my Hope soon after Mrs. W.'s attack of heart disease:

"Was your heart stricken with grief when word came that our Victoria was dead, as mine was at the bare possibility of such an event at this time when her work is all unfinished? When the word came, I said 'No; 'tis not so. She is alive and shall be spared to prosecute her labors.' This was on last Tuesday, and we could get no further word until the following Monday, when the WEEKY came with account of her prostration and severe illness. How sweetly sad the event was described, by Col. Blood of course, for none like him understands her royal soul. I tried to read it aloud to our Nettie, but could not for blinding tears. Next to you, Edward, I love her better than any soul on earth, and I should grieve more at her death than for any other. And yet she is suffering daily a thousand times more than she could by dying. But she is laying down her life only to find it again, gloriously transformed by the victory that is hers."

Every woman that is truly wedded to the man upon whom her heart's best affections are centred, has a natural desire to crown that love with motherhood. And the loving pair who consecrate their labors to the ante-natal life and welfare of an unborn child, perform a larger service to the individual and the race than is possible to effect with all the instrumentalities of church and college subsequent to the event of birth. The most precious and sacred treasure in a home of love is a welcome child. Although my Hope has much desired to enter a public field of labor with me, she has desired motherhood more. And at last, when the event was in certain prospect, she joyfully put her house in order and consecrated herself to the work. The following extracts from her letters to me during this period will serve to indicate what the import of maternity is to a woman with a loving companion and who is the presiding queen of a happy home:

"Dear Husband—My last letter informed you of the new work begun, and yours in answer has done me more good than you can ever know—so quick to respond in tender sympathy and love, that my tears flowed freely in thankfulness and joy for this new assurance of your happiness in all that concerns us. And now will I be rejoiced when I know that I am to become a mother of your child! O, my darling husband! I cannot tell you with what joy I welcome such a prospect. But in this high creative work I shall do but poorly without your presence and assistance; and I know how gladly and fully you will do your part in it as circumstances allow. But you also have other work (in which my soul engages heartily), by which our daily bread is obtained, which calls for temporary sacrifice in some things, the hardest being this lonely separation from each other's side. Yet while our spirits stand face to face in unbroken sympathy, the harmony of our interior lives yields peace and rest beyond all that the world beside affords. The infinite heart of tenderness will fruition our lives accordingly. This is my trust."

At a later date, my Hope penned the following:

"Our baby, darling, forming beneath my heart! Does this fact make you glad, and want to be with me to do your part in the high work we have undertaken? You know not how glad and happy I feel at the prospect, especially as my health improves. But I get lonesome for my husband. Of course you know all this, and would be with me if it were possible."

"When I told Nettie [her daughter of eighteen] of our prospects, she exclaimed, 'Oh, is it so!' and came and put her arms about me, weeping and kissing me for very joy. And that night and the following she walked home from her school, three miles, to be with me and talk about it. What a comfort she is at this time, and neither you or I can be more rejoiced in this event than she is! With what perfect accord, dearest, our family are united in all good work!"

Still later she penned the following beautiful lines:

"Oh, my beloved! how knit to your life is mine now in intense nearness! How wildly sweet is the soul's matin song, thrilling 'neath the master tones, gentle and strong, that now have touched the silent heart-harp in love's highest creative art!"

Our love-life is a perpetual honeymoon. The days and weeks spent in our dear home are fraught with divinest joys. The melodies of creation have their grandest expression there. The hours never drag wearily. Every object seems baptized with love. As I sit in my study, driving my pen or conning the pages of science, a cherry voice calls out to me almost every hour in the day, "Darling, are you happy?" and as often a presence steals into my room and gently impresses a kiss on lips and brow. And when I am out in the world, engaged in my public labors, that home and the blessed objects gathered there fling their radiance upon my life, and the pleasant memories that throng my brain fill every hour of absence even with present happiness and anticipated joy. Our souls commune across the distance that separates our bodies. During the intervals of absence, my Hope's letters in large part supply the place of her physical presence. From these letters I will subjoin a few more extracts:

"HOME, Mar. 12, 1873.—*My precious Edward*—I wrote you last when much too weary to say anything to thy heart and love; and you must be anxious to know if I am rested, health good and heart happy in all that is or yet to be.

"So I will tell you, as I sit before our window looking to the west, where the horizon kisses the cold earth through a shimmer of golden light from the bright beyond, where sunlight and love-warmth are ever as one. Only the cold gray clouds are between it and me—and this in seeming; while there streams into my heart a warmth and radiance that can know no gray nor chill; for the sun of love has arisen in our inmost life, to make bright and glorious all it may touch.

"My noble husband! since we found each other, and our best and truest life in each other, it seems to me as though everything has come to us just as we needed it most, bringing a steadier calm and stronger confidence to our souls. And this absence from each other's side brings out our love with a redoubled potency, the confirmation of our early hopes; and each new meeting between us shows you to me grandly and beautifully changed, glorified as we see persons in dreams. Especially is this so when you have been doing your work where it is appreciated."

"May 6, 1873.—The Wednesday's mail always brings me a letter from you, and now I can hardly wait for to-morrow, I crave so much what comes to me in this way. But now when ill how every thought and feeling centres about you. How much I long to lie in your arms, with weary head pillowed on your breast, and close my eyes to all outward sight and sound, give up to the feeling of rest which such a boon would bring. But even now when we are so far separated in the form as to make this impossible, I do realize unutterable happiness in thy love that is ever present; and oh! such rest as it gives my inner self, making me oblivious almost to all physical weakness. Yes! blessed rest and ever increasing joy are ours."

"May 10, 1873.—Spite of a constant yearning to be with you, my dear Edward, in all your activities in the outward world, I rejoice in your newer opportunities for highest expression of self and wider fields of usefulness more than for all this. And not yet has your career opened up before you as my faith sees it, and as you are eminently fitted for. Ever since I knew you I have felt more than I could express how much you needed the East and it needed you, in order that you might be fully equipped for your work. And the way has come about that has led over more difficulties to its entrance than will lie beyond to the goal. So press on, darling, cheered and sustained constantly by my loving, adoring spiritual presence, that needs no death of the body to make real. My heart-beats shall keep rhythm to the music of thine own. The inspiration of our lives is to one end—growth into ideal excellence; and we spontaneously choose the same methods in freedom, finding added strength and harmony the result of this union, and a new song of thanksgiving and praise stirs in our hearts every morning for the boon of existence on these terms."

"July 8, 1873.—*My dear Husband*—Five years since our spirits first stood face to face, beholding life immortal in its divinest fruitions that has gone on ever since in ceaseless rhythmic flow to new and deeper depths of happiness, until the crown of parenthood is to be added. Oh! my darling! is there anything more to be needed beyond this perfect consummation to crown our love-life in completeness? Herein from the sacred altar of love will come the inspiration of divinest truth that shall light the way to grander attainments in our chosen work. My part in your work for the next few years may not now be just what you had most desired, but I trust it will be as potent for good, both to you and to it, as any you may have chosen. And this is more in harmony with my desires, because more suited to my capacity, so I am content, and only pray for its completeness in wisdom, as it has begun in harmonious love.

"How sweet and tender was your last Saturday's letter; and ever since there seems to be spread around me a blessed light, as if the world had grown suddenly holier. 'Tis because I feel thee so near, my husband.

"Your letters from New York are doubly interesting to me. How glad I am that you could stop a day or two with Mrs. Woodhull, and get fully acquainted with her and her good husband, and they with you. All such souls are related, and must sooner or later meet and mingle."

Thus the crown of perfect love is on our brows, and its sweet, baptismal influence poured into every hour of our united lives. Our devotion to highest duty is voluntary; our incentives to labor for each other's happiness needs no stimulus from church rituals or civil law.

Forty years ago I awoke from the slumber of ages into conscious life, and turned my wondering gaze toward the sloping Alpha of Being, whose altitudes fall insensibly into the ideal realms of eternity. My early teachers were poverty and toil. Both physical and mental struggles were inseparable incidents of my early years. My meditations, joys and sorrows, have been in silence, where only God and angels have taken cognizance. But the winter is past; spring, with its bud and blossom, have gone; and the summer, with its warmth and light—summer, with its golden harvests, is here. I know I shall see the rich fruitage of autumn ere my earthly career is ended.

The roughest ground has been traversed; the preliminaries are concluded. I am at the threshold of successful labors. Henceforth the pathway of my bride and I leads up the glorious mountains of thought, and the current of our wedded lives rolls its silvery volume in perpetual music.

Months have rolled away since the above was written. Events have glided on to new relations. We have left our western home and pitched our tents under the shadow of old Harvard, in which institution I have become a student to undertake a preparation at forty which circumstances precluded my doing at twenty. I take my pen, on the last day of '73, to finish what was hastily begun. The dawn of '74 approaches with noiseless tread, and reveals to my glad vision a foreground brilliant with coloring, in contrast with the darker back-ground of receding years. I glance at the pages

of the closing year, with many pleasing, and but few sad reflections. Events have crowded, and volumes of life history have been written. Our baby has come to us, crowning my Hope a royal queen for the glorious work, to which she consecrated body and soul. A world of tenderness and sweet possibilities beam in the little face. She will take the name of Victoria.

From her own heart and pen my Hope will ere long give an experience to the world.

VICTORIA WOODHULL, THE ANGEL OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Written after reading the "Welch and Woodhull Interview." *

And such is she, whom slanderous tongues
Would blacken o'er with crime!
Did ever angel walk the earth,
Unbarked at by the dogs of time?

Fling all your deadly shafts of hate
Against her shining head;
Her work will glorify the world,
When you and yours are dead.

You only serve where you would slay
A purpose higher than your own;
Your tether's end is fastened to
The pillar of God's throne.

No wonder that you stand aghast
At her who dares to draw
Aside the mantle of your vice—
A worse than Pagan law,

That you may see how low ye lie,
How fallen, how debased—
The superscription of a God,
From off your souls erased.

God speed the Angel of the Age,
Till every land and clime
Shall trample down the lie that is,
And build the truth sublime!

And if her feet should break, through time,
A path for womanhood to tread,
Her recompense will far outweigh
The crown of thorns upon her head.

God's prophets men have slain indeed,
And filled the world with human groans;
But every fane to truth is built
Above a martyr's bones.

And every living good hath been,
By sinners, labeled "crime."
Did ever angel walk the earth
Unbarked at by the dogs of time?

OSKALOOSA, Iowa.

L. S. H.

* Written by an exemplary Christian whom we know to have been a great enemy of Mrs. Woodhull previous to reading the Welch-Woodhull interview.—*Reform Leader, Iowa.*

LAURA'S LETTER.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP AND MARRIAGE—CONTROLLED BY MRS. GRUNDY.

Society, in its efforts to conserve the morals of community and prevent any of its members from overstepping the rules and conventionalities established for their guidance, surrounds them with a species of espionage that induces every soul possessing a particle of independence to wish that they had been born among the Bedouin Arabs, or, indeed, anywhere out of the hated circle of so-called good society—a circle within which it is dangerous to be natural and perilous to express any sentiment at variance with the code by which are regulated the lives and manners of those born under its baleful influence. Almost all social intercourse between the sexes is interdicted, because said code presupposes the utter impossibility of a pure, disinterested and unselfish friendship existing between two persons of opposite gender; and marriages are many times contracted for no better reason than to avoid the malicious gossip of society, and because of its gross misconception of the true relations between the parties.

A young man who has aspirations beyond the billiard-room, the saloon, or even the library of the Young Men's Christian Association, makes the acquaintance of some pleasant young ladies, and finds the society of one peculiarly charming because of similarity of tastes, opinions, etc. The regard is mutual, and he "drops in" whenever business permits, both deriving pleasure and profit from their association, when lo! upon their pleasant dream bursts Dame Rumor with her thousand tongues; and as marriage is supposed, by society, to constitute the sole aim and end of a woman's life, the young lady is congratulated upon matrimonial prospects that do not exist, or the gentleman is questioned by some one, with or without authority, regarding his "intentions."

Now, neither of the parties concerned have been conscious of any design more remarkable than to enjoy, as far as possible, a companionship productive of so much innocent enjoyment; but this gossip has introduced an element of restraint, and their relations are either broken up or change their character. As the gentleman cannot afford to lose his friend, or the lady hers, they try to fancy that, "after all, they are as much in love as many others whom they have seen united," and marry, to find that friendship and esteem, though very excellent, are not love, and that their union lacks an element that all their regard cannot supply.

Their young friends, however, derive some questionable lessons from their example. The gentleman learns that to evince a preference for a single lady is to "commit himself," and henceforth becomes an indiscriminate flirt, or relinquishes society altogether, and is known as an *habitué* of places of questionable resort, while the lady takes refuge from the imputation of having "designs" upon some particular gentleman in an infinite series of beaux. A preference for gentlemen's society is regarded as the outward and visible expression of some inward and secret depravity, and yet many women, thrown in early life upon a father's or a brother's affection for companionship, acquire a distaste for

the petty frivolities of what is appropriately termed "small talk," manifest their predilection for masculine friendships, and, indulging in an interchange of thought and regard that seems to them as innocent as it is agreeable, they walk, ride, or drive, as occasion serves, with some one friend, to discover some day, to their infinite astonishment, that they are being "talked about," and if they dare to brave public opinion, conscious of their own integrity, their doom is sealed. True, there is no pillory for such criminals in modern times, but they know that for Mrs. Grundy and her votaries Hester Prynne did not wear the "Scarlet Letter" on her breast more surely than do they, yet those who are loudest in their denunciations, and most skeptical regarding the possibility of platonic affection in the nineteenth century, quote Petrarch's sonnets to Laura with infinite zest, are charmed with the history of Bettine's affection for Goethe, and peruse with profound and sympathetic interest the record of Michael Angelo's devotion for Vittoria Colonna, even entertaining a large tolerance for Socrates' worship of the fair Aspasia. It is only when such friendships bud and bloom beneath their observation that they must be blighted by the frosts of merciless distrust, and we should well nigh despair were it not that out of the co-education of the sexes we believe will grow a better order of things. Already the experiment has succeeded beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, and the skeptics who predicted that a succession of premature and indiscreet love affairs would be the first fruits of the admission of girls to institutions of learning, devoted in the past exclusively to their brothers, have found that sickly sentimentality has given place to honest competition, in which the honors have not always fallen to the strong, and to the formation of matter-of-fact friendships, in which the quick intuition of one sex, and the logical strength of the other, have combined to enrich both, and they become not lovers, but co-workers, comrades, friends; the young man growing more gentle and less addicted to slang, the young girl more self-reliant, more earnest, since she, too, can work and achieve.

In the social condition these young people shall aid in founding, there may be less of the "marrying in haste to repent at leisure" that characterizes this generation, but the relations formed will be established upon a more permanent basis, and the children born thereof will necessarily develop into a nobler manhood and loftier womanhood than was possible to their predecessors, while slander, falsehood and detraction will serve only to designate the evils that bred discord and disturbance in the past.

"Ring out wild bells in the wild sky,"

* * * * *
"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—*Detroit Union, Mich.*

CINCINNATI is all tossed up by an angry discussion over the proposition of the Common Council of that city to license the social evil. Of course the debate runs back to the old swivel of the question, Cannot houses of prostitution be done away with altogether? A lady writer in the *Gazette* proposes a plan which, if it will not do it, will come very near it. Her plan of obliteration is this:

"Make it a law that the proprietors of houses of assignation and prostitution shall each day take the names of all the gentlemen who visit them, and have them published in all the daily papers. Also, that each gentleman shall be required by the proprietors of these houses to show a license (for which he has had to pay a sum of not less than five dollars) to prove that he has a legal right to visit said place; likewise that these gentlemen shall be subjected to medical examination each week, and that each one shall pay for and obtain a certificate from the examining physician, certifying that he is free from disease and fit to associate with the inmates of these houses. This certificate he shall be required to show to the inmates of said houses with whom he wishes to associate."

COMMENT.

Who makes the laws in Cincinnati? Why, men. When that is taken into account, does the "lady writer in the *Gazette*" think that male legislators are likely to sanction "equal justice" in such particulars? Certainly not.

[From the *Courier Journal, Louisville.*]

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

We met and smiled, and met again,
Smile greeted smile upon the street;
His form and face it seemed to me
To be my fault and fate to meet.
He spake, and took my hand in his
And pressed it; why? I could not tell;
I loved him; I believed him true;
I listened, and I—fell.

He spurns me now, and I have lost
All that was dear to me in life.
They call me "woman of the town"—
I who should be his faithful wife.
He shuns me, hates me: those I knew
Before I drank the cup of grief
Abhor me now, but smile upon
The coward and the thief.

He lives, and moves in circles, where
They seem with pride to call his name;
But all the wealth the world commands
Can never free his soul from shame.
He said "He loved me," and it was
The happiest moment of my life;
But now I'm scorned, because I'm called
His woman—not his wife.

He wronged me; and this little child,
I fold so loving to my breast,

May never live to know the shame.
He knows 'tis his—God knows the rest.
Though he should live an hundred years
And roam about—I do not care,
On land or sea, 'wake or asleep—
Guilt follows everywhere.

O woman! woman, why thus hate
One of your sex? Why not implore
The God of mercy to forgive?
Did He not say: "Go, sin no more"?
'Tis woman's hate to womankind
That makes our lives a wretched span;
Since you will scorn a woman so,
Oh! why forgive a man?

I dare not go into your church
And kneel with you in solemn prayer,
And ask God's pardon for my sin;
For you would scorn me out of there.
And, if the thief of virtue sat
Beside his sister, I've no doubt
He would be first to leave his pew—
To come and drive me out.

'Tis human nature oft to err,
And sweet forgiveness is divine;
Ah! where's the Christian woman who
Would speak to troubled hearts like mine?
Who comes to talk of Christian love,
To one whose heart and soul's defiled?
Not one among you! God forgive
A mother and her child.]

Ye angels holy, pure and good,
Go to our Father—He yet lives;
And tell Him not to scorn me too,
Though women hate me—He forgives;
Teach, O! teach them to forgive,
And let His spirit with them dwell,
That they may show lost souls the way
To heaven—not to hell.

"AT HOME," Feb. 7, 1874.

WILL S. HAYS.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

A FIRST-CLASS GHOST STORY.

Everybody knows where the Thomas Buggy saloon was located on North Third street, second door from Main. About a week ago Mr. Buggy retired from business, selling out to a river man named Shuman. Yesterday wild stories of a ghost or ghosts seen on the premises were in circulation. An *Express* ambassador was immediately set at work on the case. Disguised as a miner he entered the saloon last evening, where quite a crowd was assembled discussing the extraordinary developments. The following is the story as told by the proprietor himself to the crowd:

Strange noises had been heard about the saloon every night since he took possession of it. A stairway leads from the back part of the saloon to the second floor. Every night, between two and three o'clock, strange noises were heard on this stairway. Footsteps would be heard lightly coming up, halt when half way to the top, and then tramp down heavily as a stout man with the coarsest boots. This would be repeated over and over.

Inspection was frequently made. The doors were found locked, and not a soul upon the premises to do the devilment. Sunday night a friend of the proprietor concluded to remain in the billiard-room in the rear of the saloon, and solve the mystery. The light was turned down low. Between two and three o'clock he was awakened from sleep by an apparition that walked forward from the rear end of the billiard-room to the partition that separates the billiard-room from the saloon. It was a man whose apparel seemed so unnaturally luminous that he could be seen almost as plainly as one can see a figure in broad daylight. He wore on his head a white handkerchief, upon which the startled watcher, almost frozen with horror, saw large blood spots distinctly. The apparition walked without noise to the partition, as if to pass through the back of the counter, then turned and went out, disappearing.

Monday night Mr. Shuman, the proprietor, and his bar-keeper, Shuester, determined to watch for the ghost. Shuester slept on a billiard table, and the proprietor sat in a chair, in which he fell asleep. All the doors were first locked, and a search was made to see that no one was secreted on the premises. At the regular time the proprietor was awakened suddenly to see the apparition advancing just as it did the night before, noiselessly, to the partition. Shuester, also awakened, saw it distinctly—the unearthly garments, the ghastly face, the handkerchief with the blood on it. At the partition, it turned and walked back, disappearing through the back door. In a few seconds, before the horror of the watchers could be allayed, it reappeared through the door, and made three heavy steps forward, striking as heavily now as if its weight were hundreds of pounds. Then it went down the cellar, from which place sounds arose much like the sound of a heavy hammer upon an anvil. After a time the sound ceased. A light was struck. The doors were found locked just as before, and a close search afforded no explanation.

The ambassador gives this story just as he heard it. The men who tell it believe that they have seen a veritable ghost. They talked with perfect freedom on the subject, not knowing that they were conversing with one who speaks into the ear of the world.

Of course there are plenty of theories about the ghost. There is a story of a soldier being robbed and murdered in that saloon during the war. This was before Buggy's day. Of course it is very reasonable to suppose that the ghost of the dead soldier would like to come fooling around the spot where he was killed. The corner of Third and Main streets, just below, is well known as "Bloody Corner." Upon that corner several men have been killed, and it may be that one of them has come back to the nearest saloon.

Mr. Buggy was in the saloon last night, and stated very freely that he sold the saloon because of the ghost; that its

regular appearance had preyed so upon Mrs. Buggy's nerves that he could not think of remaining longer.

The talk was in the saloon that a strong party would sit up to see the ghost next morning. No report of their observations had been received at the time of going to press.—*Terre Haute Express*.

(From the Banner of Light.)

THE DEMANDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism, having for a basis an array of facts that have stood the fire of the Church and Science, and successfully resisted the combined powers of all its foes, now demands minds who, not wholly immersed in its phenomena—the A B C of the spiritual alphabet—have grown to a comprehension of its principles. Spiritualists do not need new converts to their faith half as much as that more of their numbers should be inspired with stronger and diviner purposes. We need those who not only can depend upon the influences of the spirit world, but who also feel that the spirit world can rely upon them for the accomplishment of its purposes; they who not only can rely upon the influence of disembodied intelligences, but have also learned to trust the higher and eternal principles of justice, and whose faith is unbounded in the ultimate sovereignty of truth over the human mind; they who do not mistake their first conception of things for the final truth. They will need to be men and women who will be themselves, stand on their own feet, see with their own eyes, think with their own brains, hoist their own colors, and on all questions and occasions be a law to themselves, and whom, consequently, the spirits can trust for a moment out of sight. There is hardly any lesson the spirit world has been more forcibly impressing on the minds of earth's children than the importance of thinking for one's self. Spiritualism came not only to demonstrate man's continued existence beyond the grave, but to establish justice upon the earth; and, having in part accomplished one of these objects, it should now commence the other. One of its most obvious tendencies has been toward individualization, and the consequent freedom of the individual (this being the basis for the most effectual mode of unitary action); and, as a result, Spiritualism presents to the observer a Babel of confusion on all ideas save its central one. Presently there will be demanded those whose higher inspirations shall harmonize its discordant elements—be our watchword, and unite us for the accomplishment of some definite object—and, by their comprehensive vision, shall cast its horoscope, and solve the question of its mission to the world. Such minds it must have ere it exerts the power in the world of which it is capable.

A. D. WHEELER.

A COMMUNITY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A singular report comes duly authenticated from Barnard, on the line of the Fort Scott road, about fifty or sixty miles south of Kansas City.

It appears that a steady, sober farmer residing about three miles west of Barnard, has been seized upon by some mysterious influence, which has such a powerful effect upon his mind that he is enabled to discourse upon almost any scientific question; talk of matters and things that he has heretofore been entirely ignorant of, and quote ancient languages, and talk of matters which transpired a thousand years ago with the same ease and fluency with which he has discoursed upon the crops and the weather. He is said to be an illiterate man when not under the "influence" of the spirits, and his past life and meagre education forbids the assumption that he has been in training for deceptive purposes.

The community in which he lives has become greatly excited over the wonderful "power" manifested by this medium, and so great is their faith in this newly discovered power that they have erected a building for the use of the spirits. This building is about half a mile from any house, and is a plain box house without fixtures or apparatus by which any fraudulent imposition might be perpetrated. Here in this box house, upon the open prairie, the people of the neighborhood meet with the supernatural powers or spirits, and it is said by those who have visited the meetings that the most unaccountable manifestations of mediumistic power take place in that building every night a circle is held. The entire neighborhood appear to have become converted to the new doctrine, as the revelations made are of a most startling and wonderful character. The *Times* will send a special reporter to the neighborhood to investigate.—*K. C. Times*.

SPIRITUAL REVIVAL.

SALEM, MASS., Feb. 16, 1874.

Here, in this quiet old city of witchcraft notoriety, we are enjoying a spiritual revival. Prominent among the many able lecturers who have occupied our rostrum during the past six months, stand Miss Nellie L. Davis, Miss Hattie Wilson, and our respected brother J. M. Choate. Our hall is crowded to its utmost capacity nearly every Sunday, and our Wednesday evening discussions, which are held at our spiritual headquarters, No. 137 Essex street, are also well attended. The increasing interest which these meetings are awakening in the minds of the people will doubtless, ere the close of the lecture season, compel us to engage a larger hall than that which we now occupy. We are about organizing a Progressive Lyceum, by which, together with our own labors as liberal book agent and tract distributor, we are dealing a blow at the rotten stump of theology, which will cause the Young Men's C. A. A. to cry, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Yours, in love and freedom,

H. O. SOMMERS, Sec. of S. S.

REV. THOMAS C. BROWNING.

This veteran Spiritualist departed this life last Tuesday, the 17th inst., at his residence in the City of Brooklyn, New York. He was born and bred in the State of Georgia—thither have been sent his remains for interment.

In his youth, Mr. B. enlisted into the military service, and became a brave soldier under the command of Gen. Andrew

Jackson, for whom he always entertained a great regard, and of whom he always spoke with highest veneration. In some militant movement, he was wounded in the forehead by a bullet, the traces of which were plainly visible in a scar. I well remember an interesting interview he once had at a meeting in Lamertine Hall with a spirit purporting to be that of Old Hickory. The spirit familiarly called him my boy, as the General was wont to do in the army.

In the course of events, Mr. B. became a Methodist minister, and, as such, traveled extended circuits, not only among the white population, but among the blacks, in the South. Afterward he came North to reside. Here he preached to a congregation of Methodists in Sixteenth street, New York City. While thus engaged, he examined the claims of Spiritualism, and accepted its doctrines as truths of Nature's Higher Law and Heaven's Better Gospel. Not at all reticent concerning his increase of faith founded on Spiritual phenomena, and enthusiastically desirous that his parishioners should not be ignorant concerning such manifestations, he *shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God* in that behalf. Not thus the course of some of his fellow-ministers. I will relate right here an illustrative anecdote told me by Mr. B. In the early days of this communion of spirits with their friends here in the flesh, at a seance held somewhere in the city of New York, he met a company of clergymen, privately assembled to witness the Spiritual phenomena. Among these ministers was Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church (Anglican), Broadway, New York City. This Doctor was so well satisfied concerning what he heard and saw on the occasion, that he frankly confessed his full faith in spirit communion, but asked his fellow-witnesses to please not, *during his lifetime*, mention in public his attendance, giving as a reason that he had no other means of living than his salary, and that were it known to the public that he had been in attendance there, and had become a believer, he would lose his pulpit and salary! Mr. B. faithfully respected the wishes of Dr. Taylor, and never divulged the affair till after his decease. The result was, that reticence in the case of Mr. T. saved him his salary as long as he lived on earth; and not shunning to declare the truth in the case of Mr. B. cost him his pulpit—a blear-eyed ecclesiasticism soon effecting a dissolution of his ministerial relations to his parish.

Upon the loss of his pulpit, Mr. B. engaged in secular affairs, occasionally preaching and lecturing at funerals and before societies of Spiritualists. For many years, and until failing health forbade this longer continuance in that employment, he was an esteemed and faithful book-keeper in the counting-room of the Manhattan Gas Company, in New York City. Few men, if any, with his limitations, have been more busy and efficient in the diffusion of the doctrines of the Higher Faith.

On the day of his dislodgment from the body, I was visited by my friend and neighbor, Mr. P. Lapham, a most excellent medium; and while we were holding a *seance* he announced that some spirit presented himself who desired me to meet him at Mr. J. V. Mansfield's office, No. 361 Sixth avenue, New York City. Next day this same medium called on me again and urged me to gratify the spirit who was present the day before, by going to see Mr. M. The next day, Thursday, I went, and on reaching his office was told that Mr. M. had gone to attend the funeral of Mr. Browning. At this statement I was greatly surprised, not having heard of the demise of my old friend. I concluded to wait. After a while Mr. M. arrived home. He said the funeral was a Methodist funeral; the reason why he did not learn, but supposed it was because the family lived in a part of Brooklyn outside a Spiritual centre or neighborhood. This sort of obsequies we regretted. I then made known my errand, neither of us having the remotest idea who it was that wished to communicate with me. Mr. M. got ready his paper and pencil, and I called on the invisible who had asked me to meet him there to proceed. The following is the result through Mr. M.:

"Well, Bro. Dresser, I had just left my old carcass, and recollecting our many exchanges of thought I came to you—that is, I came to the medium at your house. I came to Bro. Mansfield first, but he was engaged; so I next popped in on you. Dixon I met about the first one after I had reached this side; but he is Dixon yet, will swear, which to me you know is distasteful.

"Well, my mission on earth is complete. I know now all about it, and am happy to say I was not so much mistaken in my calculations before coming here. Bro. Dresser, you are right; go ahead; mind not what may be said of our blessed thoughts of the future. With me I know it for myself, but with you the thin veil yet separates you from this life; but soon it will be drawn aside and you will see it as I do.

"I was at my own funeral to-day. Well, it was all well enough, suppose. Bro. Thompson was the same old soul; he meant well; but, O how far is he yet from the light which, years since, has lighted up our pathway!

"I will say more by-and-by. I want a long talk with you when I am rested. I want to talk with my family first. Then I will tell you all you will wish to know. Dixon assists me in this.

"Your old friend and brother, THOS. COBB BROWNING.
"To Horace Dresser, Esq."

The Dixon mentioned in this communication is the late Joseph Dixon, of Jersey City. He was a man, of genius and of great scientific attainments. He also was once a Methodist preacher, but, at length, he put aside the shoddy robes of the churches and went to spirit land clothed in better habiliments. Bro. Browning was some seventy-four or five years of age.

HORACE DRESSER.

Feb. 21, 1874.

STONE'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

It was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. He had been very poor at one time in his life, and had to work very hard. His industry had in the end, however, met its due reward. At middle age he was comfortably circumstanced. When he announced to his friends, therefore, that he thought of taking unto himself a wife, it was thought generally that the step he meditated was a prudent and proper one. And when he further stated that he had made an offer of his hand to one Georgiana Warren, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by the lady, we of course hastened to tender our heartfelt congratulations on the occasion.

Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own sober, simple way:

"Well, you know I'm getting on," he said, "and if I'm ever to marry it's about time I should think of setting about it."

"You've been very kind. I think I shall be very happy—in fact I don't doubt it—as happy as a fellow has a right to expect to be. One has not a right to expect too much of course. But I'm quite fond, in my way, of Georgiana Warren, and I think that she, in her way, is fond of me; she is not too old; not too good-looking nor yet too plain; she is sensible and accomplished enough, and I don't see why she should not make a good wife, and similarly I don't see why I should not make a good husband. Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father, and perhaps he isn't fond of me. But I don't know as that may matter much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by-and-by; in the meantime I must try and make the best of the old man's humor, and not run counter to him more than I can avoid. And it seems to me that the old fellow would be no fonder of anybody else who would want to marry his daughter than he is of me. You see it is our affair—Georgiana's and mine—and not his; though it is hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgiana when she takes up with rather gloomy views of her father's temper. She has good sense, and, I think, looks at the matter very much as I do—only of course she can't help feeling he is her father, whereas I thank goodness he isn't mine."

It will be seen that Ned Stone was not a lover to "sigh like a furnace." As for writing a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrows, I don't think he could have accomplished such a feat even if his life depended upon doing so. The thermometer of his love stood at temperate, with no tendency of an upward rise. "The marks of love," as they are generally understood, were not discernable in him.

He never said a word as to the agitated state of his feelings. He did not regard Miss Warren as an angel or a goddess.

Probably he would have been the first to contradict an allegation that might have been to the effect that she was anything of the kind. Miss Warren appeared to him what she seemed to everybody else—a nice, sensible English girl. I called on Stone one evening. He was alone. He looked a little grave, and held a small sealed packet. We discussed various indifferent subjects; then I inquired concerning Miss Georgiana.

"Oh, you haven't heard?" he answered. "But of course you couldn't have heard. The affair is off. Our engagement has come to an end."

"You don't mean that?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, the thing's broken off," as people say.

"It's a bad job, and I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped."

"Had the lady resented his serenity and discharged him?" I asked myself.

As though he had heard the question, he went on: "It is the old man's doings. I hope he is satisfied now. He's the most unreasonable and disagreeable old fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet with."

"But what did he do?"

"Well, we fell out about the settlement; that was where the hitch arose. I'm sure I did all I could to please him. I gave up condition after condition, quite in opposition to the advice of my solicitor. I told him to settle what money he proposed to settle on his daughter—it wasn't much after all—just as he pleased; I didn't want to touch a penny of it. He might settle it, I told him, just as he pleased, or he might settle nothing at all upon her, if he liked that better. It was his daughter I wanted, and not his money. As for my part, I'd take care my wife and I would never come to want. I undertook to insure my life for a large amount, and to assign the policy to trustees for her benefit in case of my death; covenantee, of course, to pay up the insurance in the regular way. I thought that a fair agreement, but it did not content him."

He wanted to tie my hands completely. He hadn't a haporth of confidence in me. He gave me no credit for any sort of affection for his daughter. He insisted that any money that I might in future come in possession of, I should convert into a settlement. Of course I could not consent to it. I had my business to consider. Of course my wife and children—if I have any—will reap the benefit as I shall. However, he wouldn't listen to me. I told Georgiana exactly how the matter stood. She's of age. I asked her if she would marry me without her father's consent. Poor girl, she was in an awful way. But she did not care to do that. She don't like to offend her father. So there's no help for it—the affair is broken off, and I'm not to be married, it seems—not this time, at any rate."

He spoke rather sorrowfully, but still without the slightest trace of anger. I endeavored to console him in a commonplace sort of a way.

He opened a small packet he had in his hand.

"This is pleasant," he said, quietly; "here are all my letters sent back to me. Ah, here is a little present I gave her, sent back also."

There were not many letters. Their contents, I guessed, were little enough like conventional love letters, and the present was a ring—a large diamond heavily set in pure gold, just the valuable, simple, substantial present I would have expected Ned Stone to select for his betrothed.

"And now, I suppose, Georgiana will expect me to send back all the letters she sent me?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That is usual when engagements come to an end?"

"Certainly, it is the usual way."

He rubbed his chin, and seemed to reflect a little.

"Have a cigar," he said, presently, "and let us talk about something else. This is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell me what you have been doing with yourself lately."

So we fell to talking about this, that and the other. Presently, when I was going away, he said quietly

"I think I shall try to see Georgiana once more for a particular reason."

I did not ask him for his particular reason, and he did not tell me.

A few nights afterward I saw him again. He was no time subject to much discharge of mood; or, at any rate, seldom betrayed any variation of the kind. But he seemed in better spirit than usual.

"You did not mention," he said, "what I told you the other night—that my engagement was broken off?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it for a good reason. I had not seen any one whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It is just as well," he said, "because it isn't broken off, or, I had better say, it is on again."

"Indeed! I am glad of it."

"I told you I should try to see Georgiana again. Well, I knew she often, with her father and other relatives and friends, went to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. So I went to the Zoological Gardens. I soon discovered her with Warren and a lot of people. She saw me, and understood my sign that I wanted to speak to her on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of the party went to see the kangaroos, she slipped back with me into the snake-house. She looked a little frightened, and tears stood in her eyes."

"So I put my arm around her—it didn't matter to me who saw, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and also that I only wanted to speak a word or two. I told her I was sorry I hadn't sent back her letters, as I ought to have done; but the plain fact of the matter was, I couldn't do it."

"You love me still, Ned?" said she.

"Of course I do," I said. "Who's been telling you I didn't?"

She began crying terribly.

"Come, Georgy," I said, "let us get married whether papa likes it or not. Only say the word."

"She didn't say the word. Poor child! she couldn't speak a word for crying; and she looked at me with a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw. Of course I kissed her; and then I turned around and who should I see standing close by my side but old Warren!"

"Georgy gave a little scream, and then tried to make believe we were looking at the boa-constrictor. But of course that didn't work; so I said to old Warren, in a cheery sort of way, and putting out my hand cheerily:

"Mr. Warren, Georgy and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it to us."

"He was so astonished that before he knew quite what he was doing he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing near and looking on. Of course he could not go back after that. And—so—the thing was settled."

I congratulated him heartily. Presently I said by chance: "How lucky it was that you did not send back Miss Warren's letters."

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her. I couldn't send them back."

"You found them too dear to you?"

At last, then, he had been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all," he exclaimed. "I could not send them because I hadn't kept them; I'd destroyed them."

"Yes. What was the good of them? I only kept business letters; they are regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgy's letters, they were no use. It was no good keeping them; I made them into pipe-lights."

"You didn't tell her that?"

"No; I hadn't time. I never arrived at my explanation about the letters."

"Then don't, at least for the present."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send them back for a sentimental reason—because you couldn't part with them—and so, in point of fact, that misunderstanding of hers led to the re-establishment of your love affair."

"Do you think so?" he asked, musingly. "But if Georgy has made any mistake in regard to the matter, I think that I am bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice; for fear of accident, set her right after the wedding ceremony—not before."

Whether he took my advice, I'm not aware. He was married in due course of time to Miss Warren; and I know that the lady was often heard to declare subsequently that she married the best husband in the world.—*Toledo (O.) Sunday Journal.*

ABSURDITIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

A REMARKABLE LECTURE BY REV. DR. STINE BEFORE THE FREE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

The following are the main points of Rev. Dr. Stine's lectures recently before the First Free Religious Society:

The Christian preachers and their catechisms tell us about "the fall of man." You are familiar with the doctrine. It is a false doctrine and a bad doctrine. It has been productive of much evil. According to this wicked doctrine, every man, every woman and every child is a sinner. "In Adam's fall we sinned all;" or, as Josh Billings renders it, "In Adam's sin we all jined in." We look about us and we find it otherwise.

There are good men and good women—naturally good, and needing not to be "born again." Natural depravity! All depravity is unnatural. Is any man naturally bad? Tell me, Christian mother or heathen mother, is the child that nestles on your breast totally depraved? Is it by nature a sinner? Aye, it may be! But, remember, you gave it the nature it possesses. There is inherited sin, and there is inherited virtue. Do you believe the Bible? The old Hebrew story of

Adam and Eve says nothing about a "fall." The gods, in envy, forbid a certain fruit, and make poor Adam believe it poison. The serpent knows better, and tells the woman that the gods know better. "Ye shall not die." Eve eats, Adam eats; she because it is good, he because she gave it to him. There is no devil there; it is only a snake. And there is no fall; it is a rise. Their eyes are opened; they are as gods, able now to distinguish good from evil. Eve a sinner? Why, the noblest thing that any woman has ever done was done by Eve when she reached out her hand and dared to pluck that apple and eat it! Adam a sinner? Why, the noblest thing that any man has ever done was done by Adam when he obeyed the persuasive voice of Eve. What good, true man would not leave even the Garden of Eden for such a wife as that? Let pain and sorrow come. She has made a man of one man, anyhow!

The doctrine of the "fall" is absurd and untrue; still more absurd, and no less untrue, is the doctrine of "atonement by the blood of Christ." The blood of Christ! As well proclaim the blood of old John Brown. "Christ" is a fiction. But they mean Jesus. "Now, Jesus was a man, living as a man, dying as a man, teaching like a man, meeting the audacity of the priesthood like a man, and courting Mary of Bethany like a man." According to Matthew, Jesus, called by Christian people "Christ," was not a God, and according to Brown's "Dictionary of the Holy Bible," "If Christ be not God, then is the whole Christian religion but mere comedy and farce."

The deity of "Christ" rests on three assumed "facts" in the life of Jesus: the incarnation, the resurrection, and the ascension. Are these things true? The child Jesus was begotten and born just as other children—no matter whether his father was a "ghost" or a carpenter. After his crucifixion he was seen alive. But at his crucifixion he did not die. Of the ascension it may be said: "No man hath ascended up into heaven." History and philosophy unite in declaring Christianity not true; still do they talk to me about the influence of Christianity. It has influence; it is a power; its influence is pernicious; it has always been a persecuting religion. Paul, its founder, was a persecutor. Christianity excommunicated Luther, burned the heretics, imprisoned Galileo. Christianity destroyed the first printing presses, and declared the inventors of steam engines and telegraphs "possessed of the devil." It opposes the free school and the free platform. It denounces freedom of speech and freedom of the press. It would to-day—as it always has done where it could—crush out of existence every man and every principle opposed to its absurdities. Christianity is tyranny. Its spirit is the spirit of man's greatest inhumanity to man.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A WOMAN'S VICTORY.

THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS DECLARE LADIES ELIGIBLE FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

BOSTON, February 20, 1874.

Whether or no a woman can legally hold office under the laws of Massachusetts has been a subject of vexed discussion for some years, and it is pleasant to know that it has been summarily answered by the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court. Boston elected three ladies to serve upon its School Board (one of whom, Miss Adeline Badger, since drowned in Long Island Sound); and when these ladies made claim to their seats, the remaining members of the Board voted that they should be ousted. The question then went to the State Legislature and thence to the Supreme Court, which rendered the following decision this afternoon:

"The Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court respectfully submit the following answer to the question upon which their opinion was required by the order of the honorable House of Representatives of the 16th day of the present month. The question is stated in these words:

"Under the constitution of this commonwealth can a woman be a member of a school commission?"

"The question is limited to the effect of the constitution upon the capacity of a woman to hold this office, and involves no interpretation of statutes. If the constitution prevents a woman from being a member of the School Commission, it must by force of some express provision thereof, or else by necessary implication, arising either from the nature of the office itself or from the law of Massachusetts, as existing when the constitution was adopted and in the limit of which it must be read. The constitution contains nothing relative to school commissions. The office is created and regulated by statute, and the constitution confers upon the General Court full power and authority to name and settle annually or provide by fixed laws for naming and settling all civil officers within the commonwealth, the election and constitution of whom are not in the constitution otherwise provided for. The common law of England, which was our law upon the subject, permitted a woman to fill any local office of an administrative character, the duties attached to which were such that a woman was competent to perform. The duties of a school commission relate exclusively to the education of children and youth in the town or city for which it is elected. They consist of the general charge and superintendence of the schools, including employment of teachers, the selection of school books, and the regulation of the attendance of scholars and the preparation of school registers and returns, and they are in no respect of such a nature that they cannot be well and efficiently performed by women. The necessary conclusion is that there is nothing in the constitution of the commonwealth to prevent a woman from being a member of a School Commission, and that the question proposed must be respectfully answered in the affirmative.

JOHN WELLS, MARCUS MORTON,
JAMES D. COLT, WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT,
SETH AMES, CHARLES DEVENS, JR.,
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N. Y. e.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WEEKLY are returning to New York to prepare for trial in the "Challis" case. They will probably arrive on the 26th Feb.

AN OASIS.

Circumstances transpire occasionally which of themselves, even singly, fully repay us for all the cares, troubles and persecutions to which we have been subjected by being true to our own convictions of truth and duty. One of these, that was peculiarly pleasing, occurred to us during our recent visit at St. Paul and Minneapolis. Before reaching the former place, we received a pressing invitation from our friends Mr. and Mrs. Atwater to make their house our home during our stay. Although our engagements were such as not to permit this, it was nevertheless fully appreciated. At our lecture in St. Paul these friends, together with a beautiful daughter of fourteen years, blooming with vigorous health, occupied a private box on our right. We noticed that this daughter was deeply interested, frequently applauding some of the plainest utterances. After the lecture we remarked to Mrs. Atwater what we had noticed, and said: "She seemed to understand it all."

"Indeed does she," replied Mrs. A.; "I have not permitted her to grow into womanhood, ignorant of any functions or capacities, or their uses or abuses, with which she is endowed by nature. She knows everything that I know."

"But," we answered, "how did it come that you were able to depart so widely from the common usages of mothers as to feel it incumbent upon you to inform her upon these matters? She replied: 'I will tell you by making a public statement to your audience at Minneapolis next Sunday evening.'" "Certainly," we answered, "nothing would please us more."

The following is what she spoke, and we felt a sweet and strengthening consolation filling our heart as she proudly related it; while the daughter again, with all the pride and earnestness possible of maturer years, applauded her throughout, her face beaming with intelligent appreciation, and her eyes flashing forth their soul-lighted fire:

In the year 1871, on September 23, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull delivered a lecture upon the subject, "Children; their Rights and Privileges," at Davis Hall, in Plymouth, Mass. This was the first production from her able pen that ever fell under my observation. Being attracted by the subject, as my whole life has been spent in the work of teaching and my whole heart devoted to my work, I devoured eagerly and was forcibly impressed with the startling statements it contained. Notwithstanding many of its sentiments ran contrary to my previous religious teaching, I could not settle it that she was not right, and therefore kept weighing them in my mind, and looking to God in earnest on my bended knees for light, and that I might keep in the path of right.

That lecture I preserved, and have read and re-read, sometimes to single individuals, oftentimes to roomfuls. At the opening of the lecture she makes this statement: "I do not propose to follow anything with my eyes shut, but I propose to inquire into everything that falls in my way and endeavor to make the best possible use of it."

This sentiment had been my boast since the day I began to think; but now, as I revolved over in my mind, I saw I had permitted my judgment to become warped by prejudice, early education, priestcraft, creeds, etc., etc.—that it was

almost impossible for me to look through the accumulated mists up to God and nature for the true light.

But I will not long dwell upon this lecture, or anything else, as I do not propose to keep you from the main object you had in coming to this hall, and am only filling a gap. I will ask you to get that lecture and read it, and see if you do not find some truths there which you never met in print before.

I did not take the WEEKLY at that time, but was favored with an occasional copy from a friend.

The issues of March, 1873, contained such startling statements on the physical health of woman that I said I will know whereof this woman dares to give utterance to such horrid assertions.

I commenced investigating in earnest; not being a Spiritualist I did not go to the source I might have gone had I been; but I read medical works, but I could not then find what I desired. I then went to physicians with my list of questions, wrote to other physicians, and they deemed me in earnest—whatever they thought of my boldness—gave the facts which I found coincided with her statements almost precisely. But this did not satisfy me. I looked about me for experiences, and in fact here is the only true test: and the heartrending stories I have received from all classes, married and unmarried, men and women, boys and girls, would be dreadful to relate.

Then came the question, How are these things to be stopped? I saw plainly our present generation was ruined; no hope there; but could the children be saved? Yes; now. Educate them, teach them that there is meaning in the saying, "Know thyself."

Let this subject of sexuality, let these maternal life-giving functions be fully understood; let our rising generations come up with the present false notions of modesty blotted out, so that all these God-given powers may be discussed as any other subject is, openly and freely, and we are saved. I tell you in knowledge there is safety, while in ignorance there is danger.

I am asked do I indorse Mrs. Woodhull. Now, I presume there are many things about her I do not indorse, but this much I do indorse, the right to investigate every subject to the full extent of my brain's capacity (and as I look at it I am burying my talent if I do not), and accept or reject as my best judgment may dictate. I indorse the right of free religion—the right to serve God according to the dictates of my own conscience. I indorse the right to free speech, free platform, free press, free institutions. I indorse the right to get just as much of God's free love in my soul as I can, and scatter it broadcast as much as I can. I indorse the right to do to others as I would be done by, which to me is simply to "mind your own business." I indorse the right to love my neighbor as I love myself, which to me simply means, organize society so that your neighbors' wives and children shall be as well fed, educated and clothed as your own. I indorse the right to my womanhood—my own soul and body—to do with them as seemeth to me good, so long as I do not trample upon your rights, and I indorse the same rights for you and everybody else in their sanity.

And now, my sisters, you that have allowed yourselves to become embittered and set against this woman, because you have picked up some secular paper that has denounced her as a "free-lover, etc.," do you know what this woman is doing? What she is striving to do for you and yours?

Eighteen hundred years ago Jesus of Nazareth came among men, with his heart brimming full with love and sympathy; he tried to imbue the people with this God-given free-love principle and you well know the issue.

You remember it was said Christ came to his own and his own received him not; well now, my sisters, she, Mrs. Woodhull, has come to her own—to you, and you receive her not. She comes and offers you the balm of Gilead for your many woes, will you seek it—will you receive it? If not for yourselves, for your children? will you apply it and save them? May God and the holy angels grant it is my daily prayer.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Bills for subscription that have expired are now being sent in the papers weekly. We specially request that all who receive them will reply to them at once. Those who do not wish to renew will remit what is now due and order the paper discontinued. Those who wish to renew, will please send their subscriptions, upon receiving which a receipt for the same will be returned. Again permit us to say, Do not delay doing one or the other of these things.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

It is not fitting that men should be compelled, as the masses are now, to devote their entire existences, or even the greater part of them, to physical or mental toil. There are periods of relaxation required which are just as necessary to moral, as rest is to physical health. This statement may be, and undoubtedly is, opposed to the gross materialism and unsound political economy of the age, which estimates the value of human products at a higher figure than the welfare of the producers themselves.

The wise ancients were well posted in the necessity of inaugurating proper and healthy amusements for their peoples. The highest officers of Greece were those appointed to regulate the drama and the popular games. Many of the Roman Emperors superintended the more barbarous pastimes of that nation. Some, indeed, personally contended for prizes in the arena. It is true, the gladiatorial exhibitions of the Romans did not promote either the bravery or the morality of that people, but it may justly be asserted that the earlier Grecian drama, though pagan, was, in its period of purity, both morally and intellectually far superior to our own. The Athenian theatre would hold 30,000 spectators,

and the performances commenced early and continued only during the daylight. In both Greece and Rome, great public provision was made for the physical training of youth. In the latter country, at the time of the Empire, there were 800 public baths and gymnasiums, while, in both, lectures on all useful subjects were freely given to the people. It may justly be asserted that (although some license was permitted and at times commanded by a Pagan priesthood) the degeneration of those people cannot, as with us, be attributed mainly to their social relaxations and amusements.

In Great Britain, during the time of the Saxon and Norman monarchies, the people had many days of relaxation. In these it was required and commanded that the youth of the nation should be exercised in arms suited to their degree, and the peculiar skill in the use of the long-bow, for which Englishmen were for centuries famous, must be attributed to the early and constant practice in archery which they were called upon to perform. History tells us that, at the time of Henry the Eighth, nearly one-half of the year was absorbed in public holidays of various kinds. That monarch issued a proclamation (by authority of Parliament) in 1536, limiting those occurring in harvest time to three, commanding all fairs to be kept on one appointed day, and prohibiting the observance of feasts for the patrons of churches. As late as 1776 the English national public holidays were fifty-eight in number per annum, and there are many living who remember the red letter days on which the bank and all public offices in England were closed. They amounted to twenty-six or twenty-eight per year, and were not abolished until the third decade of the present century.

Probably at no former time have the periods appointed for public recreations and amusements been so contracted as they are at present. Yet the expansion of productive power within the last fifty years has been enormous. It is hardly possible to compute the amount of the additions made to it by the use of steam alone. Surely when almost all work can be performed by this great inanimate agent, some time might be set apart for the education of the people. What is the education of the people? It is like that of a child. Every circumstance which surrounds a child is a part of its education. Every physical, mental, or moral opportunity which a public enjoys, tends either to improve or to degrade its civilization. Like a child it learns quickest and retains longest that lesson which pleases it best; but there is this difference, at least in a Republic, that a people must be induced, it cannot be compelled to study its appointed tasks. The wise legislator does not attempt to force the public will; seemingly yielding to it, he turns it in the right direction. What is the will of the public in this matter of public recreations and amusements? The best method of obtaining it is by submitting the question to the financial test. Judged by that, the mere animal, or shall we say sensual indulgence of drinking intoxicating liquors carries the day. Next to that, the theatres absorb the greatest amount of the money of the people. After them, horse-racing, prize-fighting, etc.; then concerts, athletic sports, games, etc., which latter are in themselves beneficial. Of the two first mentioned, it may be said they have long been under the ban of the various religious bodies; but in spite of that, and even of a popular vote in this State against the former, they, to say the least, firmly maintain their ground. The evil of intemperance has been preached at, prayed at, and condemned, but cannot be conquered or even sensibly decreased, until proper public recreations are provided for the people. For intemperance springs from the lack of public amusements, as may be seen by the fact that the seller of strong drinks usually connects some game or games with his occupation, for the purpose of eliciting more patronage from the public. It is true it may very often be attributed to the requisition of too much labor from man, and is frequently resorted to by our young men as a means by which they hope to attain additional strength to perform their too arduous duties. With regard to the theatre, it may be an agent of good. Of horse-racing, prize-fighting, *et id genus omne*, it may be said that they also have certain elements of good in them. A noble horse, carefully trained and attended to, is a sight worth seeing, and so is a man under similar circumstances; but it is pitiful to see either animal willfully abused, and still sadder, in the case of the latter, who wilfully perverts his powers for the most barbarous purposes. A cultivated public sentiment will, and it may be said is reforming the former in our agricultural fairs; of the latter, we wish its development without its brutality, and physical education is beginning to receive attention at some of our public schools. Nothing need be said in defence of concerts, lectures, athletic games, etc. They are all in themselves beneficial; it is only their adjuncts that are sometimes detrimental. As a moral, sanitary regulation, concert-rooms and concerts ought to be provided for the people. The lecture-hall is an established institution, but the price of admission needs regulation. In Athens, the entrance fee to the finest theatre the world ever saw was less than six cents, and any citizen who chose could obtain a free pass from the magistrates. Out and in-door athletic sports and exercises have lately received a considerable share of popular attention and approbation. It is certain that these three latter recreations are absolutely requisite in order to improve the moral, intellectual and physical health of our citizens. But it is necessary that the public should be protected in the use of these aids to the acquirement of a higher degree of civilization, otherwise they will be, as they are now, often abused by the self-interest of individuals, and used as baits to decoy the young and unwary into vicious

practices. The way to eradicate, or, at least, to ameliorate this evil, is to publicly provide a better article at a far lower cost than can be obtained elsewhere, and this the right-thinking portion of the community are abundantly able to perform if they be willing so to decree. It might easily be proved that this could be done at no extra expense in the long run, for the prevention of crime is not only better, but less costly than its cure. Brute force, or penalties for crimes committed, has long been the order of the day, but true Spiritualists ought not to remain satisfied with that arrangement. The reformation of mankind, physically, intellectually and morally, is the prime duty of all governments; and of all reformations it is submitted that the first to which the public should direct their attention, is the judicious patronage and careful regulation of popular amusements and recreations.

THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Professor Max Mueller's lecture on Historical Religions divides the predominating faiths of humanity into eight sections. He says that the Semitic races have produced three—the Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan; the Aryan or Indo-European races an equal number; the Brahman, the Buddhist, and the Parsi; the two Chinese faiths, that of Confucius and Lao-tse, make the remainder. Of these, three are non-missionary faiths, viz.: Judaism, Brahmanism and Zoroastrianism; three, on the contrary, are advancing or missionary religions, viz.: Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity.

Of these, the three former, the professor asserts, are declining; the three latter gaining ground; two of them, viz.: Buddhism and Christianity extend invitations to mankind; but Mohammedanism, though a missionary faith, rather commands obedience. All of them differ from Spiritualism, inasmuch as they all draw the line around their own people, which Spiritualism does not. So that the latter faith being the most catholic faith of the whole, has a right to look for the most followers.

There is no doubt but that all of these above-mentioned religions have been useful to man in their day, and have aided in the development of the spirituality of human beings. Any faith is better than none; the African savage who worships a little brass god which has been manufactured for his use by the Christians of Birmingham is on a higher plane than the bushranger of Australia, who dreams not of a future and consequently worships nothing. Nor is there very much difference between that same little brass deity and the deity of the Jews, as we see him pictured in the Mass books and sacred paintings of our Catholic brethren. They merely respectively form the lowest and highest round of the ladder leading to Spiritualism, which, while admitting that it knows nothing of the Deity, proves in that very assertion that it has a profounder respect for the "great first cause" than ever animated the bosom of a Phidias, or warmed the heart of a Murillo.

But Spiritualism does more than this. It unites and does not sever mankind as is the case with all the faiths of the world preceding it. Where Christianity is, Mohammedanism cannot enter; and where Mohammedanism obtains, Buddhism is an unwelcome guest. On the contrary, Spiritualism, which erects no foolish divisions among mankind, being at the same time applicable to all, can enter freely everywhere and speed on its mission of love. Recognizing no hell, but at the same time demanding from all human beings all their attention to the proper development of their souls while on earth, it is capable of effecting the most momentous changes, which can only result in producing superior excellence in mankind. Acknowledging the value of all the faiths of the past, it extends a limitless charity to all creeds, and merely calls upon mortals, whether they be Buddhists, Mohammedans, or Christians, to leave the follies of the past which the world has outgrown, and come up higher. Nothing stands in the way of its certain success but the vested rights and moneyed interests of the various sects whose priesthoods have quartered themselves upon the richest and most civilized nations on the globe. But it is manifest that, in this commercial age, there is no religion, or faith, or development powerful enough and wise enough to unite mankind, save that which was heralded to the world, in these latter days, by two feeble girls at Rochester, New York.

THE Y. M. C. A. ON CHARITY.

When the founder of ancient—but surely not modern—Christianity was upon earth, he gave his followers one special charge which he dignified with the name of "a new commandment." It was "to love one another." According to the papers, this is how Mrs. Hyatt, the agent of the Y. M. C. A. who has charge of the "charity department" of Brooklyn, performs that duty to her fellow-mortals of the Catholic faith:

"Mrs. Hyatt has charge of the charity department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, and it is said to be her business to succor the deserving poor of whatever class or nationality. Mrs. Hyatt has different views of the matter, however, as appears by the following sharp letter in response to a request for help in behalf of some starving families:

"Mrs. Perry—It is perfectly useless to send any Irish to me; I will not do one farthing's worth for them, either in the way of work or charity, custom or patronage, or anything else. I believe I've had four or five Hibernian applicants bringing notes, and invariably sent them off as they came. Am very happy to relieve the wants of decent human beings, but neither term applies to those pirates, and any of my friends can tell you the utter waste of time it is to send them to me. Any nation on earth but that one you may direct to me, and if you can

answer for their need and worth, I shall be glad to lend you a helping hand; but not another man, woman, child or quadruped bearing that stamp, please. I don't wish to be annoyed looking at them or listening to their brogue; and I certainly have never been and shall never be among the Americans who are paying a premium on vice, crime, pauperism and Romanism in the community, by employing, dealing with and assisting the Irish. Yours, happy to see any one else, Mrs. Hyatt.

"The Irish in Mrs. Hyatt's bailiwick will be apt to understand after that, as it was formally given out a number of years ago, that 'no Irish need apply.' We are a little curious to know, however, if Mrs. Hyatt still retains her position."—*Exchange*.

Protestants are probably the most successful of missionaries. They storm the recesses of Asia and Africa to make converts to their various creeds. They toll the smallest children who attend their Sunday Schools to furnish the sinews of war for such enterprises. We will not say of them what Jesus said of the Pharisees of Judea, viz.: "Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." We will not say this, but as John Randolph said, we've a right to "think" as we please. Anyway, if the above-quoted letter be Christianity, we should think that in the lowest place of the lowest form used by the Pariahs of Hindostan, a human being would be likely to learn a religion more applicable to mankind.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY.

Even if the panic has drained your small means. This condition has been brought about by our false systems of government—finance, taxation and internal improvements. It is one of the special missions of the WEEKLY to explode these fallacies and to advocate better systems. Read the prospectus in another column, and compare a system based upon its propositions with this one that has culminated in the anarchy and confusion that reigns in the country now—politically, financially, socially. The WEEKLY is devoted to practical measures of reform, and to the elucidation of the principles upon which they must be based; and is, therefore, the most important journal published.

CATHOLICISM AND REVOLUTION.

Catholicism is the true foe of modern Spiritualism. It has a base and fights from a well-defined standpoint. The battle lies between "absolute authority" and "absolute freedom" in matters of faith. The near future will see the civilized world divided into two hosts on those subjects. When the fight gets hot there will be no room for the intermediates. Protestantism, with its thousand heads, must go to the wall. Intelligent people who refuse to worship the "old lion" of Popery, will not long be willing to worship the poodle-dogs set up by Protestantism in its place. On this account every movement of the Catholic Church is of importance to Spiritualists, for there is an animus in the ancient faith which enables it to supervise the most minute particulars, so that any indication, however small, is worthy of close examination and attention. For these reasons the WEEKLY presents its readers with the following letter, which appeared in the *Sunday Democrat*, a Catholic organ, in the past week. It is not believed that it has been published without authority; and it is certain that, had such an article been inserted in any paper previous to the declaration of the "Infallibility of the Pope," it would have materially injured the sale of such periodical. Now, however, the case is different, and we welcome the change, for anything tending to alter the present disordered and disorganized conditions of modern society, must be to the advantage of mankind. It is mere folly to hope that things will long remain as they are at present. The further increase of the volume and productive power of money must be circumscribed; the rightful rewards of the arduous toilers must be advanced, and the condition of the wealth producers must be ameliorated. The article reads as follows:

TRUE COMMUNISM.

To the Editor of the *Democrat*—The word communism is enough to make men shudder in its usual signification; surrounded with terror, murder, immoralities, desecrations, clerical outrages, incendiarism, robberies and hellish designs in general. Let the readers of the *Democrat* tremble not before the red spectre, whose vision startles humanity with foul deeds of horror and destruction. The word should have no terror in itself, as I trust I can show in a short space, notwithstanding that the subject is replete with danger.

True Communism has, or ought to have, for its object the overthrow of injustice, despotism, Caesarism, nepotism, rings, conservatism, aristocratic snobbery, packed conventions, public plunder, man-worship, hero-worship, mock reform, the power of tyrants and their satellites. Its object should be, and is, to wipe out the potent evils that have corrupted the administration of government in various portions of the world. It should strike like a flash of lightning the unclean cages of corruption wherever they exist. It means, or should mean, a community of rights, privileges, miseries and pains that accompany humanity on their dolorous pilgrimage on this earth that belongs to saints and sinners. Communism means a participation in the government of states, cities, towns and villages. It means all right in common founded on truth, equity and judgment, as they came from the hands of a beneficent God the morning of the creation of man.

True Communism has perished on the scaffold, in war, in exile, on tented fields, in dungeons, by persecution, by religious hate and political rancor. It bleeds to-day in Ireland, Poland, Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Spain and in the United States, where rings, nominating conventions, Evangelical conferences and foul-mouthed preachers throw dust in the eyes of the community. It suffers in India, where millions are doomed to die under the cursed rule of England! It suffers, and shall suffer, until the stentorian voice of outraged millions shall rise like the uproar of an angry tempest, sweeping away in its headlong flight the foul debris of wickedness that stand in its terrible course.

True Communism shall sweep away those temporal powers that have abandoned the hero of the Vatican, the indomitable Pío Nono, who battles courageously, with his face to the foe, against the powers of Earth and Hell! True Communism shall stand in battle array against the enemies of true religion and political truth, burying error, injustice, the

pride of false kings and tyrant emperors in one foul charnel-house! Let no man startle at the sound of Communism. When religious and political works have to be accomplished, Communism is the great lever that can effectively move a dying world!

By Communism the Christian world was moved in its infancy; by it the Jews, who returned from the captivity of Babylon, undertook to rebuild their temple and to re-establish their independence, surrounded by enemies within and without. All great undertakings can be accomplished by true Communism. Pure government can be re-established; ignorance, unbelief, woe and misery can be wiped away.

If any theologian, publicist, reviewer or politician should think these remarks are too sweeping or denunciatory, I shall be happy to hear from him. They are based on true revolution. The world is maturing steadily for an outbreak that must soon bring into dire conflict all the antagonistic elements of truth and error, freedom and tyranny. Truth must and shall prevail.

True Communism must shake the entire earth into a living consciousness that humanity proposes to avenge its outraged honor and strength by the utter overthrow of moral iniquity, base turpitude and despotism, that spread their wings in an ill-omened flight over the fairest portion of this beautiful world. The grand army marches onward in Italy, Germany, Poland, America, India, Ireland, France, Spain, Switzerland, Africa and the isles of the ocean. We shall wait patiently to see the burning tide of rolling lava, emitted by a true revolutionary volcanic eruption, purifying the religious and political world in its unassailable career! Then shall the weak and the defenceless be protected from tyranny and injustice. Then shall the bruised and weary find rest under the sheltering wings of pure democracy.

Then no longer shall the modern murderer of Poland pay honors any more to such a governor of an ill-fated nation, as Poland lately experienced under the ferocious rule of the late Marshal Berg. If these reflections that I have made, and also those that have been published for several years in the columns of the *Democrat*, are calculated, and have been, to do good, I am more than compensated for the pains and trouble of their production. I have written with a good intent. I trust they will stand as the outgushing of a soul fired with a keen perception of the evils that afflict humanity. I shall zealously apply my energies to reduce some of them to an early realization. For some time I shall take leave of the readers of the *Democrat*, to enter into retirement from literary life.

Yours, &c.,

JAMES MCCORMACK.

For speaking similar truths on a similar subject, the proprietor of the WEEKLY has long been held up to public reprobation. This very day (Feb. 22d), the *New York Times*, which, with the other New York dailies, refuses to record her triumphs in the West, joyfully opens its columns to report that, the evening previous, she was refused a hall in Chicago in which to lecture. Alas! to silence the prophetess will not mend the matter, were it possible to annihilate free speech in this country. It will only stimulate the crimes which are hurrying us forward to revolution. Our industrial, financial, political and social systems are rotten and must be removed. There are only two ways by which this can be accomplished, viz., by reason or by force. If the former be rejected, the latter will assuredly take its place. In the meantime, like the writer of the quoted communication, and in his own vehement language, we conclude by saying that we also "shall wait patiently to see the rolling tide of burning lava emitted by a true revolutionary volcanic eruption, purifying the religious and political world in its unassailable career! Then shall the weak and defenceless be protected from tyranny and injustice. Then shall the bruised and weary find rest under the sheltering wings of a pure democracy."

OUR THUNDER.

If gentlemen and ladies continue to take up the tabooed subjects which have long been the special themes of the WEEKLY, we shall soon be forced by competition to shut up shop. Two weeks ago we took exception to a lecture on "Sexual Holiness," as an invasion of our proper domain; this week the offense is repeated in another form. The item quoted is from the *Springfield Republican*.

"Rev. Olympia Brown has a searching review of the minor frailties of women in the (Universalist) *Ladies' Repository*, and accounts for them on the ground that a false system of education has so magnified the one virtue of chastity that all other virtues seem trivial. She is very hard upon the falsehoods, scandal-mongering, petty meannesses and uncharities of which women are guilty, and of which a business man would feel ashamed."

The WEEKLY has long labored to prove that it takes something more to make a full man or a worthy woman than merely sexual chastity. The world declined to believe us in the matter. Now that a divine, the Rev. Olympia Brown, is airing the question, possibly "society" will be more tractable. Even yet to do so is a dangerous movement, though all men decline to be measured by the rule of chastity, and unfortunately most women are as yet unwilling to measure themselves by any other.

JOSIAH WARREN.

The WEEKLY feels it to be a sacred duty to lay before its readers the following notice from the *Index*, of Boston, referring to the present condition of the well-known and highly esteemed reformer, Josiah Warren. Possibly no man in this community has done better service for his fellow-men than the philosopher and philanthropist above mentioned, and we feel assured that no man in the community has a better reason to rejoice in the prospect before him.

"We recently paid a visit to Josiah Warren, of Charlestown. He is the man whom John Stuart Mill, in his *Autobiography*, speaks of as 'a remarkable American.' He is, indeed, a remarkable man. He is on his death-bed, but his eye is as bright and his mind as clear as ever. He says it is a grand time to be living; the hour is full of good omens for the future. His face fairly shines with spiritual illumination, and he laughs aloud, when he speaks of the glorious things that wait on the advancing steps of man in the 'true civilization' of which he has written and spoken so much. He is seventy-six years old, and says it is time for him to die; but he has no fear of death, and feels no reluctance even to the great event. He leaves behind him a long life faithfully spent for the good of man, and, though he is an 'infidel' according to the standard of the Church, he is a noble hero and a grand old man in the eyes of all who know him."

"It is a grand time to be living; the hour is full of good omens for the future." Noble ideas, nobly expressed. But the man who has lived the life that Josiah Warren has, combating with all his might the giant shams of the age, has a right, in his seventy-sixth year, to enter his spiritual home rejoicing.

THE USE OF AN ANATHEMA.

There is a spring at La Garonne, in France, whose water is particularly clear, and is also celebrated for being pleasant to the taste. A French lady who had drank of it, on being asked her opinion of the same, replied that it only lacked one thing to make it perfect, viz., the interdicting of its use by the Pope.

We were reminded of the above *jeu d'esprit* on reading the following item in the *Reform Leader* of Oscaloosa, Iowa:

"WOODHULLABALOO.—The Des Moines Register says: Woodhull left trouble behind at Dubuque. Father Burke, a Catholic priest of that place, came out Sunday last in a very bitter and denunciatory sermon against the daily newspapers of the city for their course in relation to Mrs. Woodhull and her lectures there. The *Telegraph*, of which D. A. Mahony, an eminent, strict and life-long Catholic, is editor-in-chief, was selected especially for Father Burke's attack, and the refusal of subscription to all who would subscribe for such a paper was threatened. In the *Telegraph* of Monday evening Mr. Mahony published an article defending himself, and showing that he had denounced Woodhullism."

Of course, after this, we expect an increase of our subscription list in Iowa.

PHOTOGRAPHS—PRICES REDUCED.

We have been able to make arrangements by which we can now offer our photographs—Victoria C. Woodhull's, Tennie C. Claffin's and Col. J. H. Blood's—at fifty cents each, or three for a dollar. Thanking the many friends who heretofore aided us in our lawsuits by purchasing at the former high rates, we trust that others who did not feel able to procure them, will avail themselves of the present opportunity, and send for the photo's for themselves and friends.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM.

The WEEKLY is an iconoclast. It is the standard of the pioneer corps of the grand armies of reform. Accustomed to the rough, stern, hard duties of its position, it has but little time to stop on its course, and, probably, little ability to cultivate the amenities of life. But there are oases even in the desert of Sahara; lovely green gems set in the arid waste, where the weary traveller can find repose; and there are moments in the life of all earnest reformers, times of joy and triumph that will well repay them for all the difficulties they may encounter in their passage through life.

We frankly admit that we have arrived at one of these resting places to-day (Feb. 23), on reading the *Herald's* report of Henry Ward Beecher's last Sunday's sermon. Our readers will remember that about a month past, in No. 166, we called public attention to the above-mentioned minister's criticism on the "Sermon on the Mount." In it we pointed out that the Nazarene condemned our present selfish family arrangements in the following words:

"Few there are who comprehend the full grandeur of the teachings of the great Apostle of the Poor. There are many, who, like Henry Ward Beecher, can only see in them the destruction of the individual or family idea, as in the text quoted, and cannot perceive the force of the collective idea, which needed its removal before society could be properly developed. A dime held close to the eye will hide the noonday sun, so the family not unfrequently 'cabins, cribs and confines' the affections that properly belong to all humanity. This is why the Great Reformer sought to annihilate the family idea in his followers. It was not to destroy their relationship with their kind, but to extend it. 'For whosoever doeth the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'—Matt. xii. 50."

We have now the pleasure of adding to the above extract a part of the sermon delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, on the 22d February.

"Kindness in the earlier stages of civilized growth is confined to the family. It is limited by self-interest and expended only on a man's own, where he will profit by it. So it is still, except when the teaching of the Gospel of Christ has extended the obligation, to embrace all humanity. The Christian precept enforces a higher law—that of disinterested benevolence.

"This law requires us to do good to all in the proportion in which they need—to our neighbor, to those around us, to all with whom we come in contact or whom our benefactions may be able to reach."

This we cheerfully declare appears to us to be the Communism taught by the Nazarene. Let us hope that as a people, we shall soon get out of the "earlier stages of our civilization," and prove that we have done so by our actions.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IN THE WEST.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOCAL PRESS.

[From the *Standard*, Northfield, Minn., Feb. 12.]

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the best-abused woman on the American continent, is to speak in St. Paul and Minneapolis this week. We say the best-abused woman, for the reason that no matter what her theory or practice may be, her persecutions have chiefly been for utterances that were truths. Yet, because they struck boldly in their face the rules of society established by Madam Grundy, she must be crucified for uttering them. All admit that she speaks truth, and yet it is such an unwelcome truth that they do not wish to hear it.

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," and it is expected that the doctor's probe and lance will at times make the flesh shrink and quiver, and the patient sometimes scream in agony, and yet it is necessary that they be used in order to save the patient's life.

Victoria is using the knife and scalpel on the diseases that have made society but little better than "rotten at the core," and, with a bold, unflinching hand, holds up the hypocritical canters of the day to the public gaze in all their hideous deformity. When people are willing to denounce error, even though advocated by the clergy, and accept truth, even should "Vic. Woodhull" preach it, the world will be better off than at present.

[From the *St. Paul Daily Press*, Feb. 12.]

THE PRIESTESS OF FREE LOVE ON THE STAND. THE OPERA HOUSE CROWDED—GENERAL SURVEY OF THE AUDIENCE.

The remarkable energy and tact displayed by Tennie C. Claffin as the *avant courier* of Mrs. Woodhull, bore their fruit last evening in an overflowing house. The ability of the agent is undisputed by those who had been afforded an opportunity to study it during her short stay in the city, prior to the arrival of her better known if not more energetic sister. The activity of the former in her business sphere as an agent and as a canvasser for the WEEKLY, which has gained such prominence within a year or two, had by no means lessened the interest in the matter of the lecture. Women have regarded the new doctrine with aversion, and preferred the thorny road which many of them are forced to travel, in spite of the promised freedom which, while holding out a hope of relief to the individual, breaks down one of the strong bulwarks of society. Men exhibited an unaccountable desire to attend, for the purpose, as stated by many of them, of "seeing what Mrs. Woodhull had to say, and how she looked."

After more than the usual amount of preliminary discussion of the woman and her doctrines, friendly and adverse, the momentous occasion at last arrived, and before the hour designated for opening the doors, the sidewalks in front of the Opera House began to be dotted with ticket-holders and others desiring to invest in the magic pasteboard.

A little after seven o'clock the crowd began to swarm over the entrances and into the body of the Opera House. The more anxious few made a dash for seats, secured them, and then occurred a brief lull in the advance. The first sprinkling of spectators afforded food for reflection. The very picket line was in the shape of several beardless young men, closely followed by a few members of the Legislature and matured and curious citizens. Some of them manifested nervousness at the door, then screwed up courage and plunged ahead recklessly. After the brief lull alluded to, masculine humanity swarmed again, and the dress circle became packed in a short time afterward. Ex-Governors and grave-looking Senators stalked in, mixed with a positive infusion of the *demi-monde*, and church dignitaries elbowed their way past the habitués of Eighth and Nash-street brothels.

It was an irruption of all classes and conditions of people, from banker to apple peddler, from military hero to night scavenger—all mixed in democratic confusion. The parquette showed a remarkable display of gray and bare-pated veterans—who could not be kept away by domestic appeals or the power of forty horses combined. In the jam, some compressed individual would call out to a friend, "Say, how are you fixed?" or some man who had left home on the strength of a flimsy falsehood would exclaim: "Don't you tell my wife you saw me here."

At eight o'clock Mrs. Woodhull stepped to the front, clothed in black from head to foot, with the exception of a neat standing collar, closed with a modest bit of ribbon. Dark brown hair, gray eyes and pleasing features—an amiable-looking and rather graceful woman is this dangerous enthusiast or priestess of a doctrine auguring social chaos and unrestrained license, according to the general belief. As a political tirade from feminine lips, the lecture could not be surpassed; and if designed as a feature in a well-concocted scheme to put money in Mrs. Woodhull's purse, it must be regarded as a decided success by all those present last night—and they were not a few!

[From the *Pioneer*, St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 12.]

The well known Victoria C. Woodhull lectured last evening at the Opera House, and to an audience that crowded the building from the foot lights to the upper tier. The lecture was listened to with very marked attention, and several parts of it were applauded with a good deal of earnestness. Of course there was much in it that did not meet the approbation of those present, and at the same time there was a good deal that was evidently acceptable. It was throughout bold, defiant, and all of it was delivered with glibness and confidence. It was not without its bitterness, especially when she was dealing with the shams of society, which she handled with a freedom that was never before indulged in by any speaker in this city.

Mrs. Woodhull is of medium height, good sized, rather square face, and light complexion, with black eyes. Her face indicates great vigor of thought. She has a broad, high forehead, from which she occasionally brushes back her heavy brown short hair. In some portions of her remarks she speaks with considerable fierceness, and with a degree of elocution that indicates no small amount of study and labor. As a speaker she irresistibly attracts attention, both on account of the matter and the manner, and one listens continually, wondering what will come next.

[From the *St. Paul, Minn., Pioneer*, February 13.]

The second lecture at the Opera House, by Mrs. Woodhull, was attended by another large audience, that filled the house both up stairs and down. It was listened to with the closest attention, and several portions of it were applauded with a good deal of vehemence. The lecture was a terrible invective throughout against what she considered to be the shams of society. The following is a brief synopsis, and a very brief one too. Mrs. Woodhull is full of the subject and speaks with great rapidity and vehemence, and it is difficult at all times to catch with accuracy what she says.

At the beginning of her lecture, Mrs. Woodhull spent

some time expatiating on the peculiar and lack-a-daisical humors of fashionable society on the subject of social reform, and said: When I first started out I had no idea of the magnitude of the fight I was enlisting in. I was mute with surprise at the blind folly of society women, and their wanton caprice, indolence and carelessness on a subject of most vital importance to their happiness. I was surprised at the false delicacy of women. I propose to throw off the mask and discuss the subject openly and sincerely to a good purpose. When I find that the homes of a great proportion of our richest and most influential, as well as the homes of the commoners, are homes of perfect hell, and when I find that the finest men in the land are keeping from one to twenty mistresses, I cry out in misery of mind that there is a terrible evil somewhere. I strive to be honest—that is my mission, you know—therefore I strove to find the cause of the wrong, and I found it. I told it to the world. When I started out in this work I was asked, "If you want to expose this evil why do you not select some one to hold up to the public eye and to public scorn whom it will not hurt?" I replied, I began where I thought the example would be the greatest and most felt, so I exposed Henry Ward Beecher.

Sure enough there was a universal holding up of orthodox hands in holy horror and a general inquiry how I dared do such a thing. I began to look around everywhere. I looked at the press of the country and I found it full of prostitution, and also that the editors of some of the papers who were abusing me were keeping from one to five mistresses. There are several such in New York city.

I came to another class and found them the same. I went to houses of prostitution and found them supported by deacons and ministers of the gospel. I know a prominent member of a church in New York who boasted of seducing and debauching a number of women. As long as church members do these things, I will talk plainly, as I do now. The reason your wives are not here is because you were cowardly enough to tell them it was not a proper place for them to come to.

At this point she referred to the communication in the *Pioneer* of yesterday morning in regard to the treatment of that which is called the "social evil," and approved of it. She was glad that there was one paper in the West that had sufficient courage and intellectual standing to publish such a scientific communication. She read from it the following passage:

"All who have examined into this question of the social evil admit that it is a mere absurdity to assert that prostitution can be eradicated; and in this connection a most important question arises as to whether the extinction of prostitution is really an object to be desired. It has been already shown that by turning the stream of men's passions from the channels in which they now run will compel them to overflow into the domestic circles of society. Under the requirements of men's nature, there has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of moralists can dwell. That unhappy being whose name it is a shame to speak; who counterfeits with a cold heart the transports of affection, and submits herself as a passive instrument of lust; who is scorned and insulted as the vilest of her sex, and doomed, for the most part, to disease and wretchedness and an early death, appears in every age as the perpetual symbol of the degradation and sinfulness of man."

Pass your Social Evil bill. Let us have an examination; but let us know about the men as well.

If the purposes of your bill to regulate "the social evil" are to stop the spread of the terrible diseases that accompany prostitution, why not frame them so as to utterly prevent them? Why not provide that every man visiting a "prostitute" shall be examined before being permitted to debauch her? The women cannot become diseased unless the men who visit them are first diseased. So, if those who legislate upon this are really honest, let them have a physician stationed at every house to examine every male visitor.

Your sons are being destroyed by debauchery, by shamefully abusing themselves. I am not afraid of going on to the platform and talking of sexual matters. All the medical and scientific books tell you that your American women have got to stop killing their children or the American people will be extinct.

You may say that all this is vulgarity. If it is, it is not the less fact. You cannot put me down with vulgarity and blackguardism. If you want to put me down you must prove that I have not told the truth, otherwise you will only fill my houses.

What an idea this is of your women going around and praying at saloons, and singing Jesus to the keepers. If the mothers would make no more drunkards there would be no more trouble. When I was at Clinton Junction on my way here, I was stopped by a man who said he desired to say something to me, and hoped I would not be offended. He threw open his vest and exposed his breast. It was covered all over with bottles that were marked there by his mother. She went into a saloon when she was carrying him and seeing the bottles she was seized with an unconquerable desire to drink. She brought forth a drunkard. Let the mothers agree to breed no more drunkards and there will be no use for saloons. It is the women who make these drunkards.

HYPOCRISY ABOUT THE SEXUAL RELATION.

Says one finely sensitive lady, "I never had any sexual desire in my life; I don't know what it is." My God, no sexual desires! A sexual idiot then. What a condition of society is this. Some stating that they are beasts in that way, and others that they are idiots. To have sexual desires and to be harmonious in all our parts, is a God given right.

I have been asked what in God's name I meant by saying this. I mean that the day must come when the study of the laws and relations of the sexual science shall be made a holy and a pure thing if we would have better men and women. If a man stocking a farm should act with so little foresight and discretion as men and women do in making children he would be called a fool.

HOW TO BREAK UP HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION.

I can tell you how to break up houses of prostitution. If I had a son who went there, I would go there and bring the girl home, and I think between us two we could keep him at home. If a woman respects herself others will respect her. Any man who speaks disrespectfully of women has a scolding, complaining woman for a wife. The Christianity of the day has filled the world with prostitution.

It is your women who support your churches and support the ministers, and these ministers play upon the feelings and sympathies of these women and get the control of them. They, in many instances, as we all know, give them spiritual comfort and physical comfort as well. [Applause.]

These questions cannot be dealt with without hard things being said. You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. I have broken a good many and they have not been very savory. I am not through breaking them yet.

I complain that mothers do not explain to their children these matters. If they would have their children act right, and be right, mothers should explain to them all about these sexual matters.

Not long ago the papers contained lengthy accounts of a minister that had debauched ten or fifteen little virgin girls. Mothers ought to teach their little girls and boys all about their precious bodies, and how they can be abused by secluded indulgence. This they do not do. On the contrary, mothers do not want children, and when they find they are likely to have one, they try their best to kill it in the womb. They are murdering their children before they are born.

ABOUT FOUNDLINGS.

In New York they have a foundling hospital. What does that fact suggest to you? Why it suggests just this. If a young lady becomes pregnant, she can go to this hospital, leave her child and then go back to society again as respectable as ever. What a commentary on civilization and your religion!

In the olden time we are told how they caught a young woman in the act of adultery. Now what did they do with that young lady? Well, they took her to Jesus. He told her to go and sin no more. This is what they did with that young lady. But what did they do with the man? They did not bring him around. But if the stoning had commenced and he had been there, she had no doubt this man would have been the first to throw stones.

She concluded by saying that when the women of the country are pure enough to talk of these matters freely, you will find that this debauchery will cease, and women will be purer and better. If mothers want healthy children they must see to it that the children are started right. She published an account of a debauchery and was indicted for it and was going back to New York to be tried. She would be convicted, for the church was combined against her, but when she was in prison she would speak louder than she could last night.

[From the Monroe Co., Republican, Sparta, Wis.]

On Sunday evening last we listened to Victoria C. Woodhull, at Opera Hall, La Crosse, upon the "social question." In common with many others, we had expected to see a woman coarse in speech and rude in manners, and though gifted with an extraordinary fertility of resource, yet lacking in that womanly grace and dignity of appearance which is best calculated to give power and effect to a forensic effort. But having heard and read so much of this distinguished woman, we improved the opportunity to hear her speak. Her audience, as on the preceding evening, was a large and intelligent one. Mrs. Woodhull appeared upon the stage promptly at eight o'clock, not the coarse and unprepossessing woman we had expected, but emphatically the reverse. Instead of what we had expected came a small, well-formed and modest appearing woman, with brown hair, fair complexion and hazel eye, possessing an earnest and thoughtful look, but with little or none of the indications of eloquence and power she soon exhibited. She opened her subject with a quiet announcement, and then proceeded to a terrible arraignment of the crimes of men in high places, and launched with the force of a Hercules hot thunderbolts at the hypocrisies of priests, churches and law-makers.

That she tells much truth is not to be denied, but that she is telling it far in advance of the readiness of the people to receive and to act upon it, is painfully evident to a majority of her audience. We cannot subscribe to her doctrine, but we can cheerfully accord to her the praise of earnestly and eloquently advocating it. As an eloquent speaker, she is peerless among the women of the world. We have heard Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, Miss Anthony and Miss Anna Dickinson, but none of these can approach Mrs. Woodhull in the eloquence and the power of her oratory. When warmed up with the harrowing recital of the wrongs of women, she seems to speak in the very glow of inspiration, and impresses her hearers with the unquestioned conviction that she can borrow at pleasure the thunderbolts of the gods and hurl them with unerring precision into the very citadel of our time-honored and most sacred traditions. While we cannot commend her theory, we can most unhesitatingly applaud her courage, her eloquence and her zeal.

MRS. WOODHULL.

[The Freeman, Leavenworth, Kansas.]

In accordance with the policy of the *Freeman* to give all sides a fair and impartial hearing we publish elsewhere in this issue a full report of Mrs. Woodhull's celebrated social lecture, delivered in Leavenworth on Sunday evening, January 11th, 1874. This is the lecture that has attracted so much criticism, and has been so generally talked about; in order, therefore, to let our readers see it and judge for themselves, we present it to them in full. It is very radical, employs strong and plain language, and while some portions will be regarded by the average reader as "visionary," it deals in the main with stubborn facts; the propriety of a lady discussing such topics in public will undoubtedly be questioned by some, but the positions taken by the speaker are sound, and the arguments used seem to be incontrovertible.

After seeing and hearing this noted woman, we are satisfied that the popular estimate of her does her much injustice. We expected to find a bawling bawd—newspaper accounts had led us to picture her as such—but we found instead an accomplished and lady-like woman; she may be mistaken, but she is undoubtedly honest in her convictions, and terribly in earnest. Every one who undertakes to do anything in conflict with the established notions of the public must expect to be abused, but we believe Mrs. Woodhull to be the best abused woman in the world. However, she is able to hoe her own row, and in her war upon the sins and shams of modern society is doing a vast amount of good. Her way of telling the truth may shock some good people, but she tells the truth nevertheless.

We publish the following from the St. Paul *Press* of February 13, to show how fearfully sore are the religious "corns" of the latter-day Christians. We court such language from such sources:

WOODHULLISM—ATTACK ON CHRISTIANITY AND THE MARRIAGE RITE—SHAMEFUL UTTERANCES OF A SHAMELESS WOMAN.

The Opera House was packed last evening to hear the final lecture of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. The stage boxes were full, and the space in front of the forum, which is usually devoted to the musicians, was crammed with expectant listeners. It may be reasonably doubted whether there has been so large an assemblage in the Opera House before. A glance at the audience disclosed a mixture of all known classes—legislators, aldermen, members of the Board of Public Works, lawyers, merchants and doctors, with numberless clerks and apprentices, with an occasional laboring-man scattered at intervals. Of Germans and Irish there were a few, but the interesting fact remained that the great bulk of the audience was composed of Americans.

At the appointed hour Col. Blood appeared on the stage and notified the audience that arrangements had been made whereby it would be possible for the St. Paulites to obtain the WEEKLY at any time in this city. He then introduced the little daughter of Mrs. Woodhull, a very pretty girl of some fourteen years, who recited in a commendable way one of James Russell Lowell's best poems, and received in return a generous encore from the audience.

Mrs. Woodhull then came upon the stage dressed in a plain suit of black. After the least perceptible bow, she commenced to explain the motives which she claimed had impelled her to lead off in the great "social reform." Society, she said, was rotten, and in many churches there was a worse kind of polygamy than ever existed in Utah. Mrs. Woodhull then commenced a tirade upon the clergy of the country, whom she denounced in the most virulent and shameful terms. She then commenced an article published in the *Pioneer* of yesterday, which took the ground that prostitution ought not to be abolished; and plunged into an attack on the custom called marriage. Were it not for the ignorance of the country, said Mrs. Woodhull, the churches could not stand. She had not, she said, the power of words to express her bitterness toward modern Christianity—why, it is rotten to the core!

The *Press* declines to report the tirade of this woman against the churches of the country, which she designated as assignation houses. "I say damn such Christian religion," is one phrase which will sufficiently indicate its blasphemous tone throughout. She held Christianity responsible for the social evil in all its forms, and, from beginning to end, indulged in a strain of indecency on the subject of the relations of the sexes which was too vile even to hint at.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SCIENTIFIC SERMON, BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, DELIVERED AT DE GARMO HALL, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FOURTEENTH STREET.

Reported by *Ghirardini*.

FEBRUARY 15, 1874.

MR. ANDREWS commenced by again calling attention to the first of our charts, "The Universologic Map of the World." I would again remind you, he said, that the vowels occupying the one side of our chart, by their continuity represent the Infinite, that which is boundless and without limit, the consonants on its other side by their limitation representing the Finite; and, intermediate to these two, we have the divine pathway leading out from yau-io, the grand centralization of divinity, to the hau-io, which embraces the highest manifestation of the spiritual, symbolized in the aspirated breath. The second chart presents Bau-ski, the science of Inorganismology, which treats of all things destitute of life. The third chart, in a similar manner, presents the science of Organismology, which includes all things having life. Both these are on the side of Positive Science, as contrasted with Philosophy or Metaphysics. To-day I propose to spend a part of the time at least in developing and illustrating the formation of words in Alwato. Thus in i-io (ee-eeo) and e-io (a-eeo) the i signifies *thing*, the e the *relations of things*; i-io, therefore, The Absolute, and e-io The Relative. The word absolute is from the Latin *ab, from, and solutus, free* (free from conditions), and the best type of the absolute is the mere point. The e-io deals with relations with *that*, which establishes the *how of things* as contrasted with the *what*. Its type is a line which connects two instances of the absolute (two points). The word relation is from the Latin—means counter-siding, and implies turning back toward or the turning from one thing to another.

The great first question of the ancient Philosophers was, "What is being?" The Scientists of the present day concern themselves only with things in their *relations*. The Philosopher idealizes while the Scientist would materialize all things, and while the one claims to deal with pure abstractions, the other would consider only things in their actual relations and the laws governing those relations. In

point of fact neither deals with the one to the exclusion of the other; it is only that the one or other idea or standing-point is given the pre-eminence. I know I am here on ticklish ground, the Scientist of to-day, being determined to know only the phenomena of Nature and the laws governing such phenomena or their relations, discards the Absolute. They define themselves as Monists, that is to say, they hold that all things are derived from some one substance, and this substance they call matter. The Idealists, on the contrary, say that mind is the source of all things. Both are Monists, the one basing their monism on *matter*, the other on *mind*. I will go a step farther and assert that the extremest position of Monism is that which assumes that we can only know relations. These two elements, things and relations exist in all being and unite to make one. To assume and affirm either one of them, as the whole, to the exclusion of the other, is to be a Monist, whether the one affirmed be the things (onta) or the relations; and to be a Monist is to be an absolutist. Hence arises this curious TERMINAL CONVERSION WITH OPPOSITES, that our modern scientists affirming only the Relation, or the Relative only, are themselves Absolutists of the extreme type, and wholly unintentionally, and unknown to themselves. The reason the relationist does not recognize himself as an absolutist is because he does not see the ground on which he stands, as we can none of us see the soil directly under our feet.

The terms absolute and relative, as used by the Philosopher and Scientist, are only adapted to the broadest generalization, but in the sense in which I use them, they become equally applicable to all things in Nature, and in every domain of Science, down to the detail. Scientists affirm, rightly enough, that what a thing is in its ultimate entity we have no means of knowing. But we do know things as we see them, and we know their relations in like manner, as something different from the things between which they occur. As an analogue let us take Grammar. The substantives are the things; the adjectives express the qualities of things; and finally there are the prepositions, which express simply relation. We might as well affirm that at the tip end of Grammar there is nothing but preposition, as that in science there is naught to consider save relations. Science, while professing to consider only relations, has its abstract branch, which deals especially with relations, what remains is the domain of things, and is ontological, and we are constantly compelled to recognize this duality, ever a oneness in twoness pervading all things, and it is in the union of these differences, which union I have called trinitism, that we arrive at the full or right understanding of things.

We last Sunday considered of the domains of Vau-io (vow-eeo), Life, and Wau-io (wow-eeo), Intercommunication, and Hau-io (how-eeo), Spiritism, which latter includes all forms of aspiration and inspiration, and extends to and includes man himself, as a spirit in the form (ho-io). That we may the better understand how words are built up in Alwato, let us turn our attention for a little while more especially to the terminations, to, toz, io, ia, po, poz, zyma, etc. The ending, to, signifies *thing*, with the root zo we have zo-to, an animal; zho-to is a vegetable; vo-to a living object, whether animal or vegetable. The ending i-o signifies a domain; zo-io then means the animal domain or animal world. Zho-io is the vegetable world, and vo-io is the organic world, the domain of living things, whether animal or vegetable. Zo-io is *animism*, the principle which lifts matter from the zho-io or vegetable domain into the animal, zho-io is the principle which raises matter from the inorganic to the organic, from the domain of Bau-io to that of vau-io. The plural is formed by appending z, thus -toz being *things*, zo toz means *animals*, and -po signifies person; by the addition of z it becomes -poz, the word ending which means *persons*. You are already familiar with the use of -ski for science instead of -ology, hence Bau-ski-po is a scientist of inorganic science and Vau-ski-po a scientist of organic science, while hau-ski-po is a scientist in the domain of spiritual things.

Ho-ski is the science of man, Anthropology. Ho-io signifies humanity as a sphere of being, community, society. Ho-io-ski is the science of humanity, hence Sociology. Ho-po-ski or ho-io-po-ski the science of the individual, or Nonanthropology. Ho-ia humanity or humanism, the principle which lifts man from the mere animal into a spiritual life.

I have now to say a few words in relation to the right hand side of our chart, and about the domains of Pau-io and Fau-io which we have not as yet considered. They hold a repertory relation to the Bau-ski and Vau-ski, and are the simple and complex abstract sciences of limitation respectively. A limit is a line; a line is defined in science as the shortest distance between two given points. This definition may answer for Geometry, but will not suffice for Universology. In Pau-ski we consider simple abstract science, not what the line limits but the line itself, *simple abstract Finitology*. Pau-ski is divided into tau-ski (tow-skey) and kau sk i (how-skee).

The t and k (back in the mouth) holding the same subordinate relation to p (at the lips) which d and g (back in the mouth) hold to b (at the lips.) A line (or limit) has two, a lengthwiseness and a sidewiseness. The t or tau-io relates to its lengthwiseness, and as the mind runs along the line, as the eye sights a gun it seeks the end of the line as its objective point, and so the idea culminates in that of a point or end, and as the point in turn represents a thing or object, something pointed out, so tau-toz means *ends, termini, terms, words* (as naming things) and *things*. *Terminus* is the Latin word which means, *end*. The God *Terminus* was the god who presided over boundaries. Tau-ski, is, therefore, the Science of Terms, a branch of Logic.

The k or kau-io relates to the breadthwiseness of the line; to the line as such, therefore; not to its end or point; hence to limit, more exclusively. *Finitis*, which you see put at the end of books, is another Latin word which means limit (and sometimes also end). From it come our words finite and infinite, meaning limited and unlimited. Hence what we term technical, or a fitting tool for the given purpose, is still a distinct branch of Logic, and is Pau, ski. Pautoz are then technical terms, or exactly defined terms, so as to exclude

ambiguity, and to render the use of language certain. This is nowhere so much needed as in Logic itself and in its related Studies, Ethics and Metaphysics. These Sciences are the machine shops to manufacture the tools for the other sciences; but good tools cannot be manufactured without other tools exactly adapted to the work of manufacturing them. Thousands of works have been written on these sciences with hardly an effort at settling the science of exact definition, which is inherently essential to any final success in the objects proposed. At length we have, however, a genuine devotee to this branch of science, Dr. CHARLES DE MEDICI, a very abstruse and subtle thinker, who is a member of this congregation, and now in the audience, has been for many years engaged on this very work of the exact scientific definition of logical, ethical, and metaphysical terms. He has just published a little book called the Pantograph, a manual for tutors and students; and I have the hope that he may become our first distinguished pauskipto.

What we are now discussing, the science of the line, is properly Finitology. As having a breadthwise effect, the line first divides, then unites, then hinges. When two farms are divided by a line, these they also join or unite, and this uniting and dividing make a hingewisness of the line, which is at the same time both a uniting (unism) and a dividing into two (duism), and neither, wholly, a uniting nor a dividing, but an incomprehensible totality from the combining and reconciling of these opposite ideas (uniting and dividing) which is what is meant by hingewisness or cardination (trinism), and which is the type of the inscrutable constitution of all things, from opposites in reconciliation with each other. *De* is a Latin word which means *from*, and *finis* meaning *limit*, to *de-fine* is to go from a limit, which, is, therefore, to render certain or exact. *Kau, ski* is, therefore, the Science of Definitions, which applied to Terms makes them certain. This is another branch of Logic. But the hinging of the definition on the term and of the term on the definition, to exclude all ambiguities, and so to make the word.

HANDS OFF THE NAZARENE.

Although we fear our readers may object to any further consideration of the question, whether Jesus of Nazareth was or was not a reformer, we have concluded to try their patience with another epistle from Mr. Jamieson on the subject, with a few short rejoinders by the WEEKLY. Mr. Jamieson's letter is in the larger, our rejoinders in the smaller type.

THE "WEEKLY," JESUS & CO.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The mania which I perceive among some Spiritualists to "stand up for Jesus" is to me rather amusing than otherwise. I am pleased with the candor of the WEEKLY. It now gives up that the command, to lay not up treasure, applied to the poor only.

The words used by the WEEKLY were—"True, it (the Sermon on the Mount) forbids the laying up of treasure, but then it was not 'spoken' to a rich congregation, but to the poor of Judea; that it 'applied' to the poor only has never been asserted by us, but the contrary, viz.: "that the command was general."

By the truth we all love, I hope, for the WEEKLY's sake, to drive it, by facts, from the false position it has taken on the Jesus question; although it is not my intention, in this article, to reply at length.

The WEEKLY says Jesus was a great legislator. Would like the proof. Where can we get the evidence that he was?

In answer to this, Mr. Jamieson is referred to his own statement in the last paragraph of this letter, viz.: "there is no man's teachings more popular and more revered in American and European society than this same Nazarene." The WEEKLY believes this statement of the effects of his "legislative power" to be both sufficient and correct.

The WEEKLY says Communism is Christianity. Where, among the doctrines of Jesus, can that be found? I have studied the matter closely for more than twenty-five years. Cannot find it. Please give us the chapters and verses. The question is not what Peter taught. It is the "Nazarene" now. No; Jesus Christ was not a Communist in the modern sense. He was a mendicant. He said, "Give to him that asketh thee." That principle is the corner-stone of mendicancy. Communists believe in labor; Jesus believed in laziness.

The highest form of Communism is Social Communism; that is asserted in Matthew xii: 50. "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother," Matthew xx: 27. "And whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant." But that he taught Communism is best shown by the fact, that his most trusted scholar, Peter, immediately after his teacher's death, established it. For proof—see Acts of the Apostles, Chapters 4th and 5th.

The WEEKLY says possibly the "only" sect who carried out the views of Jesus were the Essenes. It so happened that the Essenes took their rise two hundred years before his time; so that, if their views and his were alike (though they were not) he must have carried out theirs. But there were many other sects similar to the Essenes. There were Pythagorean communities; there were Hindoo associations; there were Gymnosophists, or naked philosophers (who lived in communities on the banks of the Nile.) I could give a long list if it were necessary.

"Possibly" is not "positively." It is of no consequence whether the Essenes, as a sect, existed previous to Christ, or whether communities have existed on a similar foundation. Josephus, the best authority, terms them Essenes or Christians, and says that, they lived in villages, eschewed wealth, and had all things in common.

The WEEKLY begs me to allow a little hyperbole for an eastern teacher. That is just what Beecher wanted. This is an admission that Jesus was given to exaggeration. The WEEKLY took the position, in its first article, in favor of a literal construction of the teachings of the Nazarene. Why forsake that position now? If the command to sell garments and buy swords was not a military command, but hyperbole, how can it be shown that "put up thy sword" was a military command? Was it not hyperbole, too?

The WEEKLY has never bound itself to a literal construction. Jesus

called himself "a door" and "a vine." The WEEKLY does not believe he was either a door or a vine. As to whether the order to Peter to "put up his sword" is not a military command, Mr. Jamieson is respectfully referred to any cavalry soldier who uses that instrument.

Every nation depends upon the sword as a finality as much as Rome ever did. The WEEKLY says that is why Rome perished. Is every nation perished? But why change the words so as to apply to nations? Jesus Christ, as I quoted, applied them to individuals.

The first sentence is disputed. The words used are: "For all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It is submitted that "for all they" may apply to nations as well as individuals. It is certain that they are not true in all cases; they obviously mean that warlike individuals as well as warlike nations are likely to have their term of life shortened in consequence of their fighting propensities.

If churchianity has no right to claim Christianity, because it does not teach the doctrines of Jesus Christ, where is Christianity to be found? In the New Testament, may I be told? We will see. Bad as is the Church, it is a thousand times better than it would be if it reduced the teachings of Jesus Christ to practice.

The clergy of the present time, like the Pharisees of old, have done their best to make the simple words of the Great Nazarene, of none effect through their traditions. Unquestionably there is now more Christianity outside the churches than in them. The Publican did not go into the inner court of the temple, but stood afar off, saying: "God be merciful to me a sinner." The world has reason to fear those men, and more especially those women who claim to be holier than their neighbors.

The WEEKLY tells us if we "rub out the parables of the Nazarene" a gap will be left in literature that cannot be filled. "Their glory is their simplicity," says the WEEKLY. Yes, they are so simple that the immediate disciples of Jesus Christ required frequent explanations of them; he gave up telling parables to them. So simple, that the learned men have ever since disputed as to what they do mean. They might be dropped out and literature would no more miss them than "Sing-a-song-a-sixpence." There is contained in one of Aesop's Fables more moral instruction, more downright common sense, than in all the Parables of the Nazarene put together.

The WEEKLY does not deem either of the writings quoted by Mr. Jamieson to be equal in value to the parables of the Great Nazarene. As to whether Mr. Jamieson or the WEEKLY is right, that is a mere matter of opinion, but the WEEKLY would willingly refer that question to the decision of the grand jury of the peoples of America and Europe.

The WEEKLY says that popular parsons, like Beecher, are obliged to condemn the teachings of the Nazarene in order to please "Society." Well now! there is no man's teachings more popular and more revered in American and European society than this same Nazarene's, especially when interlarded with plenty of "hyperbole," poetry, tropes, figures and panegyrics.

The WEEKLY admits the correctness of Mr. Jamieson's admission in the last sentence, and trusts it will terminate this discussion.

THE BRITISH MINER.

History does not record a braver exploit than that of the hero of the following ballad. The circumstances it narrates are not fictitious, but strictly correct. The explosions mentioned occurred in England, at the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley. Over three hundred miners perished, and the London *Morning Star*, narrating the event, terminates its description thus: "At length one Dawson again descended, but there was a third outburst of the deadly destruction. Then all efforts were, for the time, given up."

ONE DAWSON.

BY R. W. HUME.

Deep beneath the solid earth,
Where volcanoes have their birth;

Where, engraved on leaves of stone,
Are pictured ages—past and gone;

Far from Heav'n's own blessed light,
There the miner toils in night!

Tenant of the depths below—
Working with his pick and crow.

From life's early morn a slave,
Earth, to him, a living grave.

First, on father tending well,
Then a baby sentinel;

Careful, watching day by day,
Close to keep the guarded way;

Where the dying, fitful blaze,
Tells of choke-damp in the ways;

Or where the flick'ring lamp proclaims
Gas is oozing from the veins;

Lest the fiend, in his ire,
Forth should burst in wrathful fire;

Tracer next—a human soul
Harnessed to a car of coal.

Last a miner, bold and brave.
Man in form, but mammon's slave.

Dwarfed in intellect and soul,
A human being swapped for coal.

By him steps the Pharisee,
The Levite shuns his company;

Yet in Him, 'mid scenes of woe,
Glimmers oft a holy glow;

Gilding depths of sorrow dire,
With a true celestial fire.

Proving well, in nature's plan
He can write himself a man.

* * * * *

'Twas at Barnsley, Wednesday morn;
Fated never to return,

Never more to see the sky,
Hundreds left their home to die,

Down into the pit they went,
On their daily labors bent;

But, ere few short hours had passed,
Flashed the fatal lightning blast.

Then deep beneath the groaning ground
Was heard the rushing thunder sound,

And, rolling from the blasted pit,
A murky flag waved over it.

Ah! then were heard fell shrieks of woe,
For those brave hearts entombed below;

And mothers, wives and fathers strain
The entrance of the pit to gain.

But the black and pitchy stith
Forbids them e'en to gaze beneath;

And in that hot and fetid air
None yet to face the danger dare;

Though soon a volunteering band
Round the pit's mouth sadly stand.

Down they go—away! away!
From the sight of man and day.

Twice they strive, but twice in vain;
The fire-damp drives them back again.

Nought of pity do they move,
Jeered with taunts by those above;

Bitter misery and woe,
E'en to friends no mercy show.

Now seven more of note and mark
Dive beneath the treacherous dark.

Hark! again the shafts resound,
And thunder shakes the trembling ground;

The smoky flag again doth wave
In triumph o'er those heroes brave.

Behold their friends with horror dumb
(There's not a cry to cheer the gloom).

Still hanging round the seething pit;
But none so bold to enter it;

Until one Dawson treads alone.
The fearful path the rest have gone.

None to cheer him in his deed,
None to help him in his need;

Dove of hope to those beneath,
Pilot in the Gulf of Death!

Mercy's last and only stay,
Aid him, angels, on his way!

In vain. Again the fearful roar
Proclaims the miner's toils are o'er.

Then far resounds the fearful cry
Of deep and hopeless agony.

And one by one, the young, or gray,
By danger daunted, turn away.

With downcast eyes and brows of gloom
None dare descend to Dawson's tomb.

For that black pit henceforth is meant
To stand for Dawson's monument.

But far its most enduring part,
Its inscript on each miner's heart.

And long, beside the cottage fire,
To prattling child the aged sire

Shall oft, with awe and wonder tell,
How Dawson dared, and where he fell.

Farewell, brave heart! You cannot die!
Fate could not kill such bravery.

Your dauntless courage, and your faith
And constancy have conquered death.

And your bold deed with praise will rise,
Till virtue fades and valor dies!

THE TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.

THAT the efforts of the Temperance Alliance will permanently affect the liquor traffic, or establish sobriety throughout the land, no sensible person can suppose. Sudden conversions are not to be depended upon, and even the societies organized to deal with this question expend their labor upon the results of intemperance, while the cause remains unreached. This riot, this tempest of prayer and declamation, this invasion of the rights of citizens, conducted in defiance of law, will soon be classed among the evanescent sensations of this sensational era, and the press and the pulpit will, in time, wonder that they gave this feminine escapade their countenance.

But Providence moves in a mysterious way, and we predict that the woman's raid will achieve a result quite unlooked-for by those who originated it, and that the sober second thought of the people, who have shouted their applause or quietly wished them godspeed, and of the newspapers, who have accorded to their noisy demonstration the respectful consideration and encouragement, systematically, with a few honorable exceptions, withheld from their sisters who more quietly, yet quite as earnestly, strove to obtain, through legislation, the right to introduce into the "science of government" the elements, the fruits of which are temperance, morality, exact justice, and to effect by natural, and therefore gradual processes, the results sought amid this clamor and display, will lead them to realize the inconsistency of the attitude they have assumed.

The principal objection to woman suffrage urged by the press and the pulpit has been, that if women were permitted to go to the polls and deposit an expression of opinion upon each recurring election day, the delicacy and purity, which constitute the chief charm of womanhood, would be endangered through coming in contact with not only their own fathers and brothers, but, shocking to relate, the fathers and brothers with whom others of their sex live—on terms of closest intimacy. Now, however, the powers that be indorse a movement that exposes these frail and exquisite beings to volleys of obscenity and blasphemy, interspersed with occa-

sional shower-baths of lager beer, and we have not heard or read the expression of an opinion implying that these ladies were compromising their womanhood. Stranger still, not a single wail of sympathy has been uttered in behalf of the poor husband and neglected babies, who suffer such excruciating pangs of bereavement when their wives and mothers attend a three-days' convention or deliver a few lectures during the season, but are supposed to regard with perfect complacency their absorption in the interest of the Temperance Alliance. Again, the women engaged in the suffrage movement have heard themselves styled variously, "female shriekers," "crowing hens," and other offensive epithets too numerous to recall, while those engaged in the present riot are invariably alluded to as "ladies of standing and reputation belonging to our best society." Such is the consistency of those who manufacture public opinion."—*Detroit Daily Union*.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection; some one place where (as we may fancy) the veil is thin which hides the divinity behind it.—*Confucian Classics*.

The king from the council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!"

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good;
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That, thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in ever limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchment's early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place.
But the smiles which her curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, in every form of the human,
Some hint of the Highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the god within."

EDITOR OF WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Opening upon its receipt the WEEKLY of the 7th inst., and, as is my custom, turning first to the usual editorial columns, my attention was attracted by an article entitled, "Hands off the Nazarene," which, upon reading, I found to be an extract from a then late (Jan. 25) sermon in and by the god of Plymouth Church, accompanied by able and suitable editorial comments.

Impressed with the thought, however, that more might and ought perhaps to be said upon some of the several points attempted to be made by the speaker by way of criticism or condemnation of the sentiment, teaching and practice of the great Nazarene, as announced specially in the famous so-called Sermon on the Mount, I at once proposed to myself the perilous task of a little further unmasking of that egregious attack upon sentiments which constitute the basic structure of genuine Christianity, or the faith or doctrine of Jesus.

In view of the vast popularity and eminently exalted position of the great preacher and "revered citizen," backed as he evidently is by the millions of *earthly treasure* and consequent influence of the immortal "fifty" of his band of proselytes and followers—fool-hardiness will probably be the epithet with which the effort will be assailed, nevertheless it shall be made, and, in the interest of our common human brotherhood, I trust successfully.

Henry Ward Beecher thinks that there never was a teacher who needed to be construed more than the author of the great sermon, and that however seemingly simple and literal his utterances, they are nevertheless difficult of understanding, and, *impliedly*, that they need just such an explicator as himself. That the sentiments of the mooted sermon are *universally disregarded*, is testimony that cannot be controverted, and is therefore admitted; but who, with three ideas above a brick, can fail to see that the substantial reason may readily be found in the inverted teaching instead of explication, and daringly incongruous instead of harmonizing effort, as presented in the extract referred to.

Virtually, Beecher affirms of the *doctrine* of Jesus just what the Pharisees and Scribes of Jesus' day charged against it—viz., that such teaching would turn the world upside down and "bring society to a summary end," and of course that it would be a God-approved act to rid the world of him-

self, his doctrine and influence. The Pharisees saw too that all of the gorgeously grand and costly edifices, which thieves and robbers of all such sanctuaries despoil the labor of the country and world of the means to erect, would be thrown down, to the extent that not one stone should be left upon another, unless the base doctrine could be suppressed, and that all of the *charitable* institutions, etc. (for which there ought not to be, and would not be, any need if the real spirit of which Jesus was inspired dwelt in his pretended followers), through which thieves dispense their contemptibly insignificant *charities*, would only be left, if at all, for better uses and as remnants of a great imposture. Mark well the assertion: "If the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from among the dead dwelt in the body" that has falsely assumed and hypocritically bears his name, there would be no need for laying up *earthly* treasure, because *that* should and would be as promptly and freely given as acquired, and thus the command (upon which hangs all the law and prophecies, and which would at the same time evidence the fulfillment of such law and prophecies), "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," be fulfilled in an important, though not in its highest sense. And here let me ask of those who ought, if qualified teachers, to understand: Why look to the future for the fulfillment of a law as easy of fulfillment now as then? Why postpone for the morrow the work of to-day? Surely the time for the performance of a duty is when one understands what that duty is. Will the wrong-doers never restore the rights of the wronged until the application of force?

That the world needs the very kind of demoralization of which Beecher speaks, and which he seems to deplore in anticipation of its speedy realization, is as true as the doctrine of Jesus, and as obvious as the present oppugnant condition of society.

Jesus was a seditionist and free lover in the full and true sense of these terms, and of like sentiment were his immediate followers, and this is evidenced by his association with common people, including harlots and publicans, who, with the Pharisees of his day, were in no important sense different from the same classes of our day; and further evidence, if needed, may be found in his adroit and divinely manly defense of the woman charged with and taken in the very act of adultery—obfuscate his words and act on the occasion as you may.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I do but call Beecher's avowed sentiments in question and not his deeds; but if the truth has been told of him (and as Paul would say, I partly believe it), he is not to be specially commended for the observance of his own precepts. Again, if the utterances of Jesus, in whole or in part, are not to be understood in a literal sense, as intimated by Beecher, is it ignorance on the part of the latter, or his superinduced, bloated self-importance, that blinds him to the fact that it was "the truth" that he personified to which he demanded their allegiance and devotion? (the misconception of which fact is the basis of the idolatry of his personality), and of which he said "he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," and that this very sword would set at variance all of the families and tribes and nations of the earth; because truth then was, and now is as then, an intolerably obnoxious innovation, and would inevitably produce just such results. Cannot the learned theologian understand that the recognition of the paternity of God and the universally recognized brotherhood—aye, and sisterhood, of all of human kind, necessitates the accomplishment of the declaration "The last shall be first and the first last," in the subjugation of the natural to the spiritual, of the natural human to the divine human, through the abrogation of all the ties of consanguinity and of the individual household based thereon, so supremely "precious" in the estimation of Beecher (notwithstanding his repeated attempted desecrations of its sanctity and though it be the offspring of and cherished by the profoundest sentiments and feelings of self-regard, or selfishness, that perverted human nature is susceptible of?

As no man's wife (legal or other) or children, are held in higher estimation of God than those of any other, just so it is with the Godlike, and it should be seen and appreciated that these sentiments do not ignore the claims of and for parents and children interchangeably, but rather insures for each a surer and larger and more reliable recognition and patronage.

Beecher not only opposes the sentiments of Jesus (understandingly or otherwise, as he may choose to avow), and charges him "with perfect (?) carelessness," etc., of expression; but after declaring that he needs more than any other to be interpreted, points exultingly to the obnoxious sentiments of the text, "I came not to send peace," etc., as if it were of literal import, and says, "There it stands! anybody that wants to misunderstand it, can;" and without an effort to harmonize it in favor of the claimed pretensions of the master, rather presents it for contemptuous rejection; and all of this, too, Jesus is charged with having uttered in "the most positive and violent language," instead of the quiet manner and with the meekness of spirit which he is usually credited with displaying.

Beecher's last remark, equivocally uttered no doubt, if not sneeringly, "Well, that is a precious dispensation," is certainly characteristic of the pretensions of the man. He obtrudes himself and his sentiments upon the community, through his church and "Pulpit," and virtually demands recognition, as of a fact, that a greater than Moses or Solomon or Jesus is here.

And now, dear friends of the WEEKLY, let me ask, in conclusion, can you not see that it is coming to pass that none but free-love infidels will "stand up for Jesus," their inspiring patron saint, against his hypocritical betrayers, and that the entire clergy of Brooklyn and New York and elsewhere will quail before this Goliath of their own order and dare not oppose sentiments that they cannot fail to see will sap the foundations of their most cherished institutions? Don't they coldly look on and see the master "crucified afresh" in the house of his professed friends, and without such a remonstrance as ought to awaken their dead? If so,

what is more prophetic of the impending overthrow of Church and State.

For ever faithfully yours,

S.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND A REBUBLICAN GOVERNMENT A LIE AND A CHEAT.

CORNVILLE, Me., Jan. 24, '74.

Dear Weekly—Having paid for a first-class ticket on board your well-manned craft, I feel it my right to occupy my state-room with the rest of the passengers, whose object is the pursuit of truth.

Absence from home nearly a month, among a people too prejudiced to take any progressive paper, brought me near spiritual starvation. I visited eighteen towns, and earnestly solicited the professed friends of Spiritualism to help our struggling cause by supporting our papers.

But I found that the minds of the people had not been prepared to receive the grand truths you are sending out from week to week. In most cases the excuse was want of means. But I found those same people keeping a large useless dog, and sometimes two. Tobacco was also plentifully used, and, in some cases, by both sexes. What the yearly cost of those useless and poisonous articles are, those good people can reckon for themselves; but my judgment is, in each case, enough to support all three of our spiritual papers—WEEKLY, *Age* and *Crucible*. I should have said in its proper connection that in one house I counted *seven cats*. And the good brother complained bitterly because he had not the means to take a spiritual paper.

It is a thoughtful question how deep does Spiritualism go with such people? In many places I found a bitter prejudice against Mrs. Woodhull, showing that these people had made a mistake in leaving the Christian Church.

When it was reported to two prominent Spiritualists, that a certain medium had preached a free-love discourse at a funeral, they declared, "If she had, we would have left the house." One of these men was bitter in his denunciations of Nellie L. Davis, because in her lectures last summer she boldly advocated the pure and elevating doctrine of free love, and fearlessly spoke in behalf of our brave Victoria.

On my return, I found a file of papers awaiting my famishing soul—the dear WEEKLY, *Our Age*, and *Hull's Crucible*,—all true and fearless advocates of truth that ought to be sustained, for no table is fully set with spiritual food without all three of them.

Why is it that professed reformers cannot stand shoulder to shoulder, and be united against our common foe, Christianity?

When will the people open their eyes to this most damnable of all cheats, the Christian religion. The Christian religion and a Republican government are a lie, a cheat and a gigantic fraud, to be repudiated by every one who believes in human brotherhood. These feelings are not in my mind now for the first time; but they have been awakened by reading in the WEEKLY of January 10 a letter from Eliphalet Kimball, entitled "Abolition of Capital and Labor—Natural Government."

Gladly would I send out a response that would reverberate around the world. Were I a rich man, I would print that letter and put it in a frame to hang on my wall, and send millions of them broadcast over the land.

That letter of Bro. Kimball ought to be copied into every reform paper in the country. Laboring-men and women everywhere are giving their very lives to support this pretended government of protection.

Protection with a vengeance! Where was this boasted protection when our fearless champions of the right were pining in a felon's prison for speaking truth. It is, and always was, a government of destruction to every right which the people hold dear.

When Victoria and her noble compeers were suffering in a filthy prison, how many of the three hundred pulpits of New York opened their mouths in behalf of liberty struck down? Not one that I ever heard of. We shall never get a better government till we get a better religion. Rotten and corrupt as is the government, it is purity itself in comparison to the Christian religion. Any people are what they are by the education they have received.

Christianity has had the moulding of the minds of the people for five thousand years, and the Christian religion has educated the people to all manner of meanness, lying, thieving, cheating, stealing, murder, drunkenness and prostitution. There never would have been a political "ring," had it no long ago been preceded by a villainous Christian "ring." Just as long as the Christian religion has the moulding of the people's minds, as it has had for thousands of years, and has now to a very great extent everywhere, just so long shall we have corrupt political parties.

What was the "Tammany Ring" in comparison to the "Young Men's Christian Association Ring?" The last is parent of the first. That "ring" was mostly confined to one city, while the Christian "ring" has its branches in every city, town and hamlet where the Christian religion is known. Before this reaches you forty thousand priests will be standing in as many pulpits, cowards' castles, praying to an "unknown God," and if their doctrine is true every one of them will swim in brimstone forever and ever. For "if the righteous are scarcely saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"

Those young girls in Chelsea, Mass., who "stole for the glory of God," were perfectly consistent, and were only acting according to the teachings of the priests, that "the end justifies the means." If the authorities of New York city wish to catch Genet, send a priest after him. But I say let him go; he has only robbed the people's purses, the priests rob them of their otherwise good sense.

Twenty thousand prostitutes walk the streets of the Christian City of New York every night, while above their heads three hundred church spires in blasphemous mockery look down on these suffering ones, saying, "depart from us, we know you not." If one of these priests has ever raised his voice in behalf of his suffering sisters, I have never heard of it.

I once heard an orthodox priest preach a sermon on prostitution, but all his denunciations were on the heads of these poor defenseless women, but not a word on their betrayers, men.

To destroy this "brotherhood of thieves" is the work of the reformers of the nineteenth century.

Friends, the apathy I see among professed reformers makes me sick at heart, and if it was not for some power outside of myself driving me on in this holy work, I should faint by the way and give up in discouragement. Among all of my very large acquaintance, I do not know even one who is making any exertion to circulate our fearless papers. Christians are active everywhere in circulating their dogmas, while professed Spiritualists who have the only saving religion in the world are asleep; instead of fighting their worst enemy, the Christian Church, they are fighting their best friends, the bold, leading reformers.

Yours, for the destruction of all priest-ordained churches and man-made governments on earth,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

SEX IN EDUCATION.

Dr. Clarke's book, with the above title, is still attracting much attention. It is hoped, by those who wish to prevent woman from exercising her mental faculties to the extent of her power, that this book will decide the question and so forever put the matter to rest. In addition to the able review in the WEEKLY of December 6th, permit me to offer a few remarks.

If Dr. Clarke has come to a correct conclusion in regard to intellectual and physical effort by girls in school one week out of the four, "tasked beyond her strength with lessons, compelled to stand and recite when she should sit, and walk to and from school when she ought to be in bed," what shall be said of the girl out at service in the kitchen, factory and shop, who walks, stands, lifts, reaches, scrubs and tugs fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and knows no rest except the eight or nine hours when she is in bed? Has he no advice for her, no pity, no mercy on her one week out of the four?

If the book-keeper, Miss C—, who "believed in doing her work in a man's way," and came to him a wreck for relief, caused her disease by standing, why did not our grandmothers, who used to do their own housework and spin daily five or six skeins of yarn, invariably become afflicted in the same way, instead of being models of health, strength and beauty?

If his argument proves anything, it proves altogether too much for his conclusions. Are school-girls the only females who should rest this week in the month? If he would plead that all women during this monthly period should retire from active life, avoiding much exercise, lying down a part of the time, reading, sitting, or engaging in some light work, there would be some sense in his arguments; but when he selects only school-girls, and then applies his objection more to bodily weakness once a month than to mental, actually admitting that he does "not question the intellectual equality of males and females, nor the capacity of girls to learn all that boys do," we must necessarily infer that when he gave his lecture and wrote his book that he was, notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, catering to the popular Mrs. Grundy.

E. EATON.

The estates of S. S. and Abby Kelly Foster, Sarah Wall and Marietta Flagg, who refuse to pay taxes until women can vote, were offered for sale by the tax collector to-day, to pay the taxes of 1872. The last named was bought in by a friend, but no one bid for either of the other estates. The sale has been adjourned until to-morrow. —Exchange.

THE Beecher-Stowe-Budington difficulty is presented to the public once more, this time by "Burleigh" of the Boston Journal; and while there is no prospect of the developments wished for, a serious trouble is imminent. We quote:

"It is the settled determination of Mr. Budington and his associates to press the Beecher matter to a council. The affair has already produced a very disastrous social effect. In a community remarkable for its peaceful relation of churches one with another, lines of alienation have been run that a generation will not obliterate. Life-long friends have been alienated, and angry discussions are heard in the cars, on the boats, in restaurants, and in all the social circles of the city. The three pastors are moving along by a correspondence toward a private settlement, which is not at all probable. If a council is looked for, Drs. Storrs and Budington will not have it all their own way. They will be arraigned for the violation of congregational law and usage throughout the whole of the Plymouth Church matter; for liturgical service and uncongregational usage in worship; for dropping members without trial; and for various practices that furnish social scandal just now to the city. The whole affair promises to resemble a vessel that, having weathered the gale, rolls her masts overboard in a calm." —Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

WARREN CHASE lectures March 8 in Pleasanton, Kansas, after which he will return to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb. Address accordingly.

PERSONAL.

W. F. Jamieson is engaged by the Society of Radical Spiritualists of Lynn, Mass., for the Sundays of March.

MISS NELLIE L. DAVIS, in answer to calls received from the Pacific coast will go West next autumn. Friends along the route, desiring one or more lectures, can secure her services by addressing her at North Billerica, Middlesex Co., Mass.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WEST.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their seventh quarterly meeting at Grow's Opera House, No. 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., commencing on Friday, March 13, at half-past ten o'clock, A. M., and continue over Sunday, March 15, 1874.

The platform will be free, on which every subject may be discussed germane to Spiritualism and humanity.

The Convention will be governed by strict parliamentary usages. Spiritualists of America, we invite you to participate with us in this our seventh quarterly meeting.

Speakers, editors, mediums and seers, you are cordially invited to our Convention. Come and help us in this our great work of reason and soul truth.

Speakers will not be guaranteed pay at this Convention. The Convention will make every effort to lodge and feed all who come.

By order of the Executive Board of the N. Ill. Association of Spiritualists.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

ROBERT G. ECCLES' engagements for the next two months are as follows:

Andover, Ohio, Feb. 25th to March 2; Bowerston, Ohio, 3d to 9th; New Philadelphia, O., 10th to 16th; Alliance, O., 17th to 23d; Salem, O., 24th to 29th; Wilmot, O., 30th to April 4th; Norwalk, O., 5th to 11th. After this date engagements solicited from the West. Address R. G. Eccles, Tenth street, Kansas City, Mo.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS. 12m, pp. 266.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; OR, WHY DO WE DIE? 8vo, pp. 24. An ORATION delivered before the above-named CONVENTION, at GROW'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, by VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, September 18, 1873.

The above "Report of the Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists," is an accurate and impartial account of what was said and done at the above convention. The speeches are presented to the public word for word as they came to us from the hands of the able reporter employed by the convention. The orations of the members, on both sides, discussing the question of "Free Love," or rather "Personal Sovereignty," are worthy of the serious attention not only of all Spiritualists but of the community at large.

In proof that we have not overstated the merits of the work, we respectfully submit the generous testimony of Judge Edmund S. Holbrook, who so ably defended the position of the conservative Spiritualists at the above convention:

"I have seen the report you have published of the doings and sayings of the Chicago Convention, and I take pleasure in saying that, in the publication of such a report, so full, so accurate and impartial as it is, you have done a work worthy of high commendation. Some could not be at this convention, either for want of time or means; but now, such of them as may choose to read, can almost imagine that they were there; and though they may not attain whatever there may be in personal presence, in the eye, and the ear, and in soul-communication, yet whatever of principle has been evolved they may well discover and understand; and also, as I hope, they may profit thereby."

Price of the "Proceedings" and the "Elixir of Life" 50 cents; or the "Elixir of Life" alone 25 cents. Orders for the same addressed to Woodhull & Claflin, P. O. box 3,791, will be promptly filled.

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The First Primary Council of Boston, of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, meets every Thursday evening, at Harmony Hall, 18½ Boylston street. Seats free.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Sec'y.

ADDIE L. BALLOU contemplates a trip to the Pacific Coast, and will make appointments to lecture at points on the route if early applications be made to her at Terre Haute, Ind.

Dr. Slade, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 413 Fourth avenue.

DR. L. K. COONLEY.

This active, able, zealous and practical reformer intends to return again to the open field. He will answer calls to speak anywhere in the country. No word of ours is needed with the people in regard to this worker. He has been before the Spiritualistic public for twenty years, and returns to it now refreshed and reinvigorated by two years of fruit growing in Vineland, N. J., at which place he may for the present be addressed.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

This earnest worker in the reforms of the day, has been speaking of late in Ogden, Utah, to large and appreciative audiences and proposes visiting California soon. Parties along the line of the C. P. R. R. desiring her services will address her immediately at Ogden, Utah.

Send Austin Kent one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been sixteen years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are hardly well posted on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Box 44.

MR. MADOX,

Of the Internationals, will hold himself ready to lecture before workingmen's organizations and lyceums throughout the country; subjects, "The Political Economy of the Internationals," "The Suspension of our Industries—the Cause and Remedy," "The Currency and Finance." He will also organize Sections of the Secret Order of U. O. I. Address, G. W. MADOX, Sec. U. O. I., 42 John st., N. Y. City.

MOSES HULL will lecture in Chicago before Primary Council No. 1 of Ill. of the Universal Association of Spiritualists during the month of March.

CARD.

The friends and correspondents of A. Briggs Davis, of Clinton, Mass., will address him for the present at 135 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

He will answer calls to lecture.

A LADY contemplating starting an Educational Institution for Youth would like to meet with a party with means that would be willing to invest that way for the good of rising generations. Site a short distance up the Hudson. It can be made a paying Institution. \$5,000 is needed immediately to make a beginning. Address, Anna Wilson, No. 7 Jane Street, New York.

PROSPECTUS.

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7. A new educational system, in which all children born shall have the same advantages of physical, industrial, mental and moral culture, and thus be equally prepared at maturity to enter upon active, responsible and useful lives.

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Criticism and objections specially invited.

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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, Port 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 Cars, 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, Gen'l Manager. F. W. JACKSON, Gen'l Supt.

* Daily.

P. R. and ELIZABETH LAWRENCE, of Ottumwa, Iowa, will heal the sick at home from the 1st to the 5th, and from the 15th to the 20th of every month, and answer calls away from home the remainder of the time.

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE.

SHORT LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT BY THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND Popular Route via NIAGARA FALLS SUSPENSION BRIDGE or BUFFALO AND MICHIGAN CENTRAL AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY LINE to Detroit and Chicago without change of cars, making close connection with all Railroads leading out of Chicago to all points in the great West.

THROUGH TICKETS to all important towns, and general information may be obtained at the Companies office, 349 Broadway (corner of Leonard street), New York.

Condensed Time Table.

WESTWARD FROM NEW YORK,

Via Erie & Mich. Central & Great Western R. R's

STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.
Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.	
" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "	
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.30 "	
" Susquehanna.	3.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	" Susquehanna.	2.43 A. M.	
" Binghamton.	4.40 "	9.30 "	" Binghamton.	3.35 "	
" Elmira.	6.30 "	12.16 A. M.	" Elmira.	5.35 "	
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "	
" Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo.	11.45 "	
Ar Suspension Bridge.	1.00 "	10.00 "	Ar Suspension Bridge.	12.27 P. M.	
Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "	9.50 p. m.
Ar St. Catharines.	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines.	2.00 "	10.12 "
" Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton.	2.55 "	11.30 "
" Harrisburg.	3.53 "	3.53 "	" Harrisburg.	3.53 "	
" London.	5.35 A. M.	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "	2.35 a. m.
" Chatham.	7.55 "	8.12 "	" Chatham.	8.12 "	5.00 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "	7.00 "
Lv Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	Lv Detroit.	10.10 "	8.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.25 "	11.25 P. M.	Ar Wayne.	11.25 "	8.55 "
" Ypsilanti.	10.45 "	11.43 "	" Ypsilanti.	11.25 "	9.27 "
" Ann Arbor.	11.00 "	11.43 "	" Ann Arbor.	11.43 "	9.50 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.	11.30 "
" Marshall.	1.15 "		" Marshall.		12.50 p. m.
" Battle Creek.	2.03 "	AIR LINE.	" Battle Creek.	AIR LINE.	1.25 "
" Kalamazoo.	2.55 "	4.40 A. M.	" Kalamazoo.	4.40 A. M.	2.35 "
" Niles.	4.32 P. M.		" Niles.		5.00 "
" New Buffalo.	5.25 "		" New Buffalo.		6.02 "
" Michigan City.	5.45 "	5.45 "	" Michigan City.	5.45 "	6.25 "
" Calumet.	7.15 "	7.47 "	" Calumet.	7.47 "	8.00 "
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.45 "
Ar Milwaukee.	1.30 A. M.	1.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.	5.30 a. m.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	1.55 P. M.		Ar Prairie du Chein.		8.55 p. m.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.	7.05 a. m.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.		Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.	
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.		Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.	
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.		Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.	
" Denison.	8.00 "		" Denison.	8.00 "	
" Galveston.	10.45 "		" Galveston.	10.00 "	
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.		Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.	
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.		" Columbus.	6.30 "	
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.		" Little Rock.		
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.		Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.	
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.		" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.	
" Cheyenne.			" Cheyenne.	12.50 P. M.	
" Ogden.			" Ogden.	5.30 "	
" San Francisco.			" San Francisco.	8.30 "	
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.		Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.	
" Quincy.	11.15 "		" Quincy.	9.45 "	
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "		" St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.	
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.		" Kansas City.	9.25 "	
" Atchison.	11.00 "		" Atchison.	11.17 "	
" Leavenworth.	12.10 "		" Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.	
" Denver.	7.00 A. M.		" Denver.		

Through Sleeping Car Arrangements

9.15 A. M.—Day Express from Jersey City (daily except Sunday), with Pullman's Drawing-Room Cars, and connecting at Suspension Bridge with Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, arriving at Chicago 8.00 p. m. the following day in time to take the morning trains from there.

7.20 P. M.—Night Express from Jersey City (daily), with Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, runs through to Chicago without change, arriving there at 8.00 a. m., giving passengers ample time for breakfast and take the morning trains to all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

CONNECTIONS OF ERIE RAILWAY WITH MAIN LINES AND BRANCHES OF

Michigan Central & Great Western Railways.

At St. Catharines, with Welland Railway, for Port Colborne.

At Hamilton, with branch for Toronto and intermediate stations; also with branch to Port Dover.

At Harrisburg, with branch for Galt, Guelph, Southampton and intermediate stations.

At Paris, with G. W. R. branch for Brantford and with Goderich branch Grand Trunk Railway.

At London, with branch for Petrolia and Sarnia. Also with Port Stanley Branch for Port Stanley, and daily line of steamers from there to Cleveland.

At Detroit, with Detroit & Milwaukee Railway for Port Huron, Branch Grand Trunk Railway. Also Detroit, Lansing & Lake Michigan R. R. to Howard and intermediate stations. Also Detroit & Bay City R. R. Branch Lake S. & M. S. R. R. to Toledo.

At Wayne, with Flint & Pere M. R. R. to Plymouth, Holy, etc.

At Ypsilanti, with Detroit, Hillsdale & Eel River R. Rs, for Manchester, Hillsdale, Banker's, Waterloo Columbia City, N. Manchester, Denver and Indianapolis.

At Jackson, with Grand River Valley Branch, for Eaton Rapids, Charlotte, Grand Rapids, Nunica, Pentwater, and all intermediate stations. Also, with Air Line for Homer, Nottowa, Three Rivers and Cassopolis. Also with Jack, Lansing & Saginaw Branch, for Lansing, Owosso, Saginaw, Wenona, Standish, Crawford and intermediate stations. Also with Fort Wayne, Jack & Saginaw R. R. for Jonesville, Waterloo, Fort Wayne, and Fort Wayne, Muncie & Cin. R. R. to Cincinnati.

At Battle Creek, with Peninsular R. R.

At Kalamazoo, with South Haven Branch, to G. Junction, South Haven, etc. Also with G. Rapids & Ind. R. R. for Clam Lake and intermediate stations. Also with Branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R.

At Lawton, with Paw Paw R. R. for Paw Paw.

At Niles, with South Bend Branch.

At New Buffalo, with Chicago & Mich. Lake S. R. R. for St. Joseph, Holland, Muskegon, Pentwater and all intermediate stations.

At Michigan City, with Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago R. R. Also with Louisville, New Albany & Chicago R. R.

At Lake, with Joliet Branch to Joliet.

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