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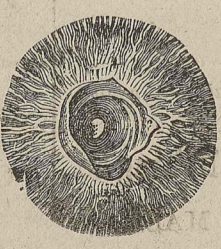
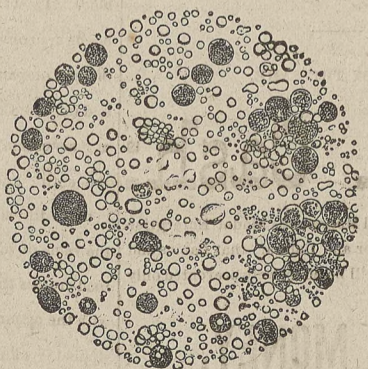
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Some centuries ago, the system of ideas known to history as Alchemy held universal sway over the minds of men; now there are none, among the cultivated at least, who dare to defend its assertions. And yet we may inquire what there was in these ideas that so commended them to men's minds, that at a time their authority was almost beyond dispute. What, we may ask, was the soul of truth, the immortal part, in the day-dreams of wealth, of power and of beauty, of magic and mystery, which formed the erroneous body of alchemistic belief?

The opinion most widely and popularly entertained at the present time ascribes to the alchemistical pursuits of the middle ages a mixed character: it holds the aim of alchemy to have mainly consisted in the transmutation of the baser metals into gold; it regards the alchemist as a man who, intensely selfish in his purpose, bore either the character of the unreasoning visionary dreamer, of the magician moving among the phantoms of superstition, or of the charlatan and cheat living upon the credulity of the avaricious, and who sought, in the application of an exceedingly limited stock of scientific knowledge, the means for the accomplishment of his ends.

But, to the thoughtful student of history—not the history of political events it is true, nor the history of science, or of any other isolated and abstract phase of human activity, but of history in its highest conception; a history which seeks and finds, in each of the phases of life, the determining influences of all the others—the face of alchemy wears a different aspect.

At the time when alchemistic views were most widely disseminated and accepted, and alchemistic pursuits most widely, frequently followed, alchemy had one chief, central object—the production of the philosopher's stone, a substance of marvelous properties and power. By those who claimed to possess it, it was generally described as a red, glass-like powder. When it was projected, that is to say inclosed in wax and thrown upon any base metal in a state of fusion, it instantly ennobled it, converting it into gold. When it was taken as a medicine, it was not only productive of perfect health, but even effaced the effects of time, bestowing all but eternal youth. And even more than this, it was held to purge its fortunate possessor of all sin and moral evil. The transcendent value of such a substance is readily understood, and it is not to be wondered at that philosophical voyages, undertaken in its search, formed at a time the favorite enterprise of the alchemistic adventurer. But these attempts at its preparation were fraught with innumerable difficulties, beset by untold obstacles. The philosopher's stone was not held to be obtainable from any and every substance, but only from the peculiar material known in those days as primeval matter. Where this material was to be found no one could clearly state; the alchemists refer to its origin in dark, mysterious, unintelligible language. Hence it was sought far and near; in all countries; in the mineral, the vegetal and the animal world; in the earth, the air and the waters. According to the statement of the alchemist, he converted this peculiar material into another—the philosophical mercury or pure spirit of metallicity. Joining this with philosophical gold—that is to say, the pure spirit of goldenness—he placed the strange mixture in a certain vessel, the philosopher's egg, heated it in the philosopher's furnace, and hatched the philosopher's stone. It is scarcely necessary to say that the substances named do not exist. The process of making the stone was expressed in dark, enigmatical language. The open communication of the secret was held to be sinful, and

liable to be punished by the instantaneous annihilation of the offender. These were the means and purposes of alchemy in the most exalted stage of its development, which it had attained toward the middle of the fourteenth century. Before the thirteenth it was immature; after the fifteenth it fell into decay.

The current of alchemistic opinions and pursuits issued from the dark ground of the Egyptian temple. Gathering the influences of Oriental Christianity, and taking in those of the Mohammedan torrent, it flowed away to the bleak shores of culture in the Christianized North. Egypt endowed it with its veil of mystery and its sacred character. The philosophy of antiquity bestowed upon it its fatal birth-gift of theoretical error. In Egypt it had been combined with astronomy and astrology, and, when that country passed under the sway of the Mohammedan conquerors, the alliance of these pursuits was further strengthened by the fatalism of the Arabian. Seeking for the philosopher's stone an ideal of material perfection, and uniting with this pursuit that of the physician, the alchemist was led to regard the imperfection of the baser metals as a disease, the supposed operation of the stone as a process of healing, and to ascribe to it the properties of a universal medicine. Transferred to northern soil at the time when mediæval Christianity attained its most exalted development, alchemy became thoroughly infused with the religious spirit of the period and its tendency to regard things material as analogous to and symbolical of things spiritual. Passing into the shadow of the cloud and mist-born Northern deities, still hovering over the thrones from which they had been hurled by the Christian angelic host, alchemistic pursuits became involved with the belief in magic and witchcraft. And then the great spiritual revolution which struck at the power of Catholic Rome also weakening the authority of ancient alchemistic views, they became the adroitly-wielded weapons of swindler and charlatan, who were only disarmed when the calm criticism of chemical science disproved the assertions of fraud.

But at the time when the belief in the reality of the philosopher's stone was general among the cultivated as well as the ignorant, alchemistic hypocrisy was not common. More frequently, then, the alchemist was either an excited enthusiast, led astray by the mirage of his hope, or the cautious commentator who lent the weight of his name merely to give currency to the reports of older authorities. Nor was covetousness always the leading motive of the alchemists. Some of the most illustrious of them apparently persevered in their search for the philosopher's stone without a single sordid thought; many sought to make their pursuit tributary to the healing art; many also regarded their labor as one of the duties of a life of religious devotion.

Alchemy is often represented as immature chemical science, but even this view is only partially correct. The essence of science consists in experimental investigation; but though many of the alchemists made discoveries, and some of them were investigators, the greater number and some of the most illustrious were rather men who, born to the habit of religious enthusiasm and led by a beacon-light from the ideal world across the threshold of reality, only now and then stumbled over a new fact. Closer by far is the relationship subsisting between the alchemy of the past and the chemical technics of to-day. Most generally the aim of the alchemist was not to discover but to create. Indeed, alchemy had a constant purpose—the production of a perfect agent of chemical change—the philosopher's stone. It was a purpose which was never accomplished, an aim which could not possibly be attained—at least not in the way and time dreamed of by the alchemist enthusiast, nor by the means at his command.

Most of the arts reward the laborer who engages in their pursuit with the attainment of his aim. But though most of the arts do so, all do not. For among that vast group of human activities to which the name of "arts" is applied, there are certain forms, the very essence of which consists in the seemingly unattainable character of their ends. And these activities, constantly striving for the absolute—for ideals of the many forms of beauty and of strength—are those known as the "Fine Arts."

But all the forms of the ideal world are a part of the religious system of a time, and for this reason all the fine arts have ever been in such close relation with religious belief. And, consequently, when we consider the essential and persistent characteristics of alchemy, such as its intimate connection with religion, and its endeavors to realize chemical ideals, we are compelled to regard alchemy as a primitive fine art, which fell into decay on account of the extreme inadequacy of its means, and the despondency of the artist. The true artist-hero, when he perceives that the absolute perfection he aims at is unattainable, save by the moral, intellectual and technical education of successive generations, undismayed persists in creating, though not the ideal, yet at least beautiful forms, adumbrations of its image. The alchemist, when he saw that the prize was not to be attained in his day, ignominiously abandoned the field of action.

These facts point to a probability of the revival of alchemy in the future. But the conception of a perfectibility of matter is closely united to that of its transmutability. And when we inquire, "Has the chemical science of our time, by the unceasing toil of the last two centuries, not already developed the means which might enable us to successfully resume the great work of alchemistic art?" we receive not a favorable answer. Chemistry has taught us to resolve compounds into elements and to unite elements to compounds, but it knows naught of transmutation; all its inductions seem to disprove the existence of any reality corresponding to the idea. Year by year the belief that definite, specific forms of matter, such as water or iron, though resolvable or combinable, are yet in themselves absolutely fixed and invariable, has become more firmly rooted. And, if we would therefore hope to see the transmutation of imperfect forms of matter into others more perfect realized, it is not on the inductions and theories of chemistry that our hopes may be founded. It is among chemical conditions, and with the aid of chemical knowledge, that the future al-

chemist must resume his pursuit; but, before he may do so with any promise of success, these conditions and that knowledge must undergo a change, and chemical science, unleavened as yet by the thought which shall work it, must receive it from without.

The source whence this thought may be derived is the current of organic science, now distributing far and wide the fertilizing influence of the theory of evolution, a view of creation which, though not new, was not victorious until, within the last decades, Charles Darwin led upon the hard-fought logic-field an array of facts glittering in their strength. Before a victory had been conquered by the Darwinistic school, the specific forms of vegetal and animal life were held to be immutable. While it was known that among the individuals of any one species certain differences, justifying their being classed as distinct varieties, might arise in the course of successive generations, all such variations were held to be bounded by certain more or less narrow limits of possibility. The facts adduced by the new schools of biologists have led to different conclusions, culminating in the assertion that all organic forms are changeable without limit—transmutable without end—capable of a physical, intellectual and moral elevation, which knows no boundaries.

According to the theory of evolution, the modifications of structure and capability which organic forms are liable to undergo, in the course of generations, may be traced back to three principal causes. The first of these is the influence of physical forces, as, when the strength of the muscles is enhanced by exercise, the mind invigorated by thought, or, inversely, their function impaired by long-continued disuse. The second cause consists in the transmission of these results of individual life to a line of descendants, the effects being compounded, as they pass, with others of the same order. The third cause is to be found in the competition of the forms so produced under circumstances not equally well adapted to their capacities nor sufficient for their co-existence, leading necessarily to the preservation of those races which are best, and the extinction of those which are least, fitted to endure adversity. To this last cause, constantly active in the organic world, the term "natural selection" has been applied, to distinguish it from the artificial selection of the stock-breeder and gardener. The changes wrought in organic forms by the influence of inorganic forces are generally spoken of as variation. But this variation is in reality merely an extension of the principle of competition. Organized beings are brought face to face with the forces of nature, with the earthquake, the flood, the lightning and the storm. Often they meet in mortal conflict. The living form sinks to the earth before the power of the thunderbolt, or the thunderbolt is conquered by the invention of genius. Death is but a victorious alliance of inorganic forces triumphing over the organic form laid low on the battle-field; life is but the victory of the organic forces over the inorganic hosts. But, do we not also behold a competition between a struggle for existence and a natural selection occurring among inorganic forms? Cast water upon fire; either the water disappears in vapor or the fire is extinguished. A mixture of salt and gravel is brought in contact with water. The salt is dissolved, the gravel remains unaltered. Heat a mixture of salt and sal-ammoniac; the salt persists, while the sal-ammoniac is vaporized.

And here we may ask: "Is the distinction between that which is living and that which is not—between the organic and the inorganic worlds around us—properly drawn?" If the changes undergone by the forms of both are due to the same causes, wherein lies their difference? Both forms are capable of assimilating material from without; the organic by nourishment, the inorganic directly, as when a crystal grows by the assimilation of material from a solution in which it is placed. Both also are capable of producing offspring—at least by division if not by sexual genesis. Are we then justified in assuming the gap of distinction between these two orders of existence to be as wide and deep as it is generally considered? Life is the gradual modification of material forms by the action of physical forces; the continuity in time of the changes thus wrought; the competition of the forms thus evolved. It is the projection of the past into the future. It is the persistence of history.

And we may well question whether it were or not better to extend our idea of life. Even if that wide gap which we imagine to open between the organic and the inorganic does exist, we may still ask: "Is the organic form the only living one, and the inorganic form so absolutely dead; or do they not rather both constitute forms of life radically and polarly opposed—vast alternate generations of existence, majestic in their mystery?" The power which fashioned this earth wrote not only upon the bark of the tree and the brow of man, but also upon the cold and passionless rock and the wide expanse of the deep, blue sea, their history. That which is seemingly so inanimate, as well as that which throbs with a warm consciousness of being, obeys the commanding influences of the past, and transmits them to the future. The biologist and the geologist have read the story; where they have not—the letters await but the riper wisdom of the yet unborn sage.

But the chemist has not yet acquired a knowledge of his historic alphabet. To him specific forms of matter are still immutable, unvarying, constant. He knows naught of differences wrought by the influences of the past, or of their transmission to the future. He is not aware of a competition or struggle for existence taking place between individual and specific forms of matter. The idea that substances, as we find them, are the result of a process of natural selection has been expressed, but it is as yet unsupported by experiment or interpretation of facts observed.

But, where a natural selection takes place, artificial selection is also possible; and, when chemistry shall develop before us the spectrum of the law of inorganic creation, the artistic spirit will seize upon the individual colors of truth and once more endeavor to paint the image of the chemical ideal. The recognition of the law of evolution compels the acceptance of the inexorable conclusion that the competition

of races must, in the course of infinite ages, inevitably lead to the absolute perfection of the enduring forms. Natural selection this hope has been called, because the hand of Nature bestows the warrant of nobility. But man is himself only a part of that great, that bountiful, that all-generous Nature, and it is wrong to speak of the selections he has made among the flowers which embower his dwelling, and the half-mute companions of his home, as artificial. In making these he is but executing the commands of Nature, as the most skilled workman in her earthly palace of labor, and the approximations to perfection which she initiates by the intellectual and moral lever of his mind distance all others known to us.

The chemistry of to-day is, in part, a science searching for forms of truth; in part, an art pursuing the objects of the useful. The scientific chemist seeks and discovers realities of fact; the technical chemist produces realities of matter; neither of them endeavors to give existence to material ideals. But though man may thus unconsciously serve the inscrutable power through which all is that is, and all is what it is, yet of nobler mood is he who, feeling his heart swell in sympathy with her purpose—the creation of ultimate universal perfection—persists in constant faith to work her ends. Of such noble mood and of such conscious purpose must be the future alchemist. His work—the reformation of the crude earth and air, and waters that surround us, in the image of his chemical ideals, the production of untold varieties of the philosopher's stone—is not to be accomplished in a lifetime or a century, but demands the continued labor of infinite generations. We shall never behold it, but—

"On the day when, drawn on paths of duty,
The last worlds—eternity—began—
Rest, embraced in ever-glorious beauty,
On the heart of the All-Central Sun,"—

shall most surely be witnessed its completion!—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE.

1. Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you.

4. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord.

Gen. Ep. James, v. 1.

INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL RELATIONS OF AUSTRIA.

CARTHAGE, Mo., April 7, 1874.

Dear Weekly—I take the liberty of sending you some extracts from a private letter from my friend C. C. Colby (now in Vienna, Austria), well known throughout the West as an American spiritualist and reformer of many years standing. Perhaps your readers will be glad to hear what he has to say about the industrial question and social relations of Austria, as compared with the same in America.

Fraternally yours,

A. WARNER ST. JOHN.

VIENNA, Austria, March 9, 1874.

Brother St. John—I wrote an article to the *People's Press* concerning the laboring classes of Austria. They are also ripe for something better than the present moneyed monopoly system of Europe, and ere long there will be vast changes all over the world. You must not think that Americans alone have arrived at that point wherein they are not willing to labor for the benefit of others who live lives of dissipation and idleness upon their productions and accumulations. Thought travels from shore to shore, from continent to continent, and thoughts uttered in America are the next moment caught upon the lips of some one in Austria, and there find expression; and thus the world goes upward and onward together.

Germany is yet to a great extent controlled by priestcraft, and that must be thrown off first; the same also applies to America. Europe is controlled more directly, while America is controlled indirectly. Only a few days ago there was an article published in one of the papers here that the emperor did not like, so the paper was suppressed, but only that issue of the paper. The editor is not put into the Tombs, but is still out at large and publishing his paper as usual; but should he publish something again that the kaiser did not like, he would have them gobbled up again, I presume. But he is a pretty good old fellow, and does not like to interfere with individual rights, especially when it does not interfere with his business. Taxes are very high here, and there are many indirect taxes upon the laboring classes. It costs millions of dollars every year to keep up the immense standing army of Austria; but everybody is talking about this unnecessary expense, and will throw it off as soon as possible. But it takes time to work great changes; but when the mind is brought to think upon subjects, facts are always arrived at.

There are many poor sufferers in the city of Vienna, while there are many who live in palaces and possess hundreds of thousands of dollars accumulated by the labors of others. The first class suffer for want of bread to sustain life in its best form; the last class suffer physical and mental ills and pains from living lives of idleness and dissipation, and it would be hard to tell which are the most to be pitied; there are always extremes.

But I have never mentioned the social condition of Vienna in any of my letters, and as that will probably be of interest to you, I will give you a few items. Marriage laws and marriage contracts are very binding in Austria, and when once married it is impossible, or nearly so, to get divorced, unless the applicant is a person of wealth. Society here may be divided into three classes—the rich, the common class, and the poor laborers. The common class are the larger portion of the people. This class includes also the most intelligent and thinking class. The custom of society is such that when a young man gets married he is supposed to be able to rent a suit of rooms and to furnish the same, keep a servant, also to be able to attend balls and theatres and operas, etc., and to be able to live in good style. If he cannot do all this he must

be classed with the common laborers. Now, there are many who would like to get married, or, in other words, to live together, but the man is not willing to incur this expense and is not able to do so—at the same time he is not willing to live alone, and the consequence is that he gets himself what is called in American words a "sweetheart," and they live together as long as they can agree and quit whenever they please, and then the gentleman gets another sweetheart, and the lady also, if they can find one that suits them. Neither is dependent upon the other for support, as the gentleman does not help to support the lady in the least, nor the lady help to support the gentleman. But should they have any children they must be supported by the father and mother together; and there are many such children in this country. This social relation exists among the wealthy as well as the middle class at present. And I have been told that one man—the owner of a large theatre here—has eighty children that he helps to support. This is merely a forced condition of society on the part of the common class, but on the part of the wealthy it is not so.

Call it free love, or whatever you please, I cannot indorse this system, as I can see many bad results from it; at the same time, I do not think it worse than our marriage laws in America—I might say I think it even better, for I see so many more evils growing out of our forced system of marriage. It is practically carrying out Mrs. Woodhull's system of free love, but without equal rights. Place woman upon an equality with man in every respect, and I could heartily indorse it, but until then the woman is the sufferer under each system. There is one feature here that I must say is better, and that is, a woman is not abused by her sweetheart, and their society must be agreeable to each other or they will not live together, for this is all that keeps them together. But again, the wealthy class take advantage of this system or condition of society, and it becomes a moneyed monopoly, like everything else. But we have to grow out of these conditions, and time only will change them.

I want to see the workings of your new order (Industrial Brotherhood), and I hope you will succeed. I see more the need of labor reform since I came here than I ever did before, and I have thought more about it.

You say the WEEKLY is the best educator in the world, and it is no doubt a good educator; it is full of thoughts and facts, and the language is good and fluent. Nothing will educate a man that does not cause him to think, and most of the publications of to-day contain no ideas or substantial thoughts, and when read there is nothing more to them. But such is not the case with the WEEKLY. It contains thoughts and logical reasonings, and conclusions drawn from such reasonings, which serve to expand and enlarge the mind of the reader, whether he embraces them or not.

Truly yours,

C. C. COLBY.

SOCIALISTIC.

REVERSED ACTION IN MARRIED LIFE.

Most men seek, obtain and marry their wives for the sexual indulgence it will afford them, and when they have secured them legally, at once put them into service as they would a horse, work them from 12 to 16 hours of the day, and then turn to them to gratify the sexual passion, and are vexed, perplexed, irritated and provoked because there is no sexual response, and nine times in ten a cold repulsion or disquiet with the way they are approached. If husbands would love, caress, and rest their wives and keep the sexual passion in subjection till called into activity by the affections in the wife, half the suffering and half the discord would be avoided, and marital happiness in hundreds of families take the place of those irritating inharmonies that often result in separation, or in the wife turning for love to some source in which she is not met with what she does not want, sexual passion, to those who would not if they desired it force upon her what her soul abhors. Abhors, not because it is unnatural, but because it is forced upon her unnaturally and at improper times. If men would reverse the action in married life and put the sexual passion in subjection to the affections, instead of holding out the former to induce the latter, they would find a wonderful change in the condition and relation of their wives, and very many would find happiness where there is none now. Can we not suggest to the husbands whose wives do not respond sexually to their desires to try this successful plan and court their wives anew, and let them control the sexual relations as if there were no legal obligation requiring submission.

We proposed this plan in a book ("Fugitive Wife") published a dozen years ago, and now out of print, after the sale of five editions, which branded us as a free lover, or rather renewed the brand which had been pressed there before by the "Life Line of the Lone One;" but if this is not sufficient our articles in the WEEKLY will secure the title, for we boldly assert that love must be free to be of any value, and when not free soon turns to lust or to disquiet and hatred. We have yet to find the first injury that has resulted from love in any person, however free. We still think no person can have too much love for any other person. We would have love free, and restrain by law the sexual passion of man that now by law murders its thousands of innocent victims in wives and courtesans annually, and it is not hard to discover that the wives are the worst abused of the two classes. Is it love that kills them? Is it love that sends or draws the man to the courtesan? Does he love her? Is he ashamed of the object he loves? Could any man be ashamed of the object he loved? Is he not ashamed of the lust he gives way to when it leads him to the courtesan, and does he not therefore get the law to give him a subject on which he can bestow his lust and not be ashamed? Would it not be an improvement to let love rule our social and sexual relations instead of lust and try the reversed action? To do this we must have social freedom, and woman must be protected both in and out of marriage against the abuse and lust of man; but it can never be done nor society improved while

our religious and social institutions remain under the control, as now, of hypocrites and libertines who claim to be the only pure conservators of public morals.

WARREN CHASE.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

GIRLS' RIGHTS.

To begin, I have not read Dr. E. H. Clarke's book about the Education of Girls. I don't think I expect to read it. I have not read the numerous replies to Dr. E. H. Clarke's book on the Education of Girls. I'm perfectly sure I don't expect to read them. But I have read the solemn dictum of the Popular Science Monthly on the woman question. The P. S. Monthly puts on its grandfatherly spectacles and issues a solemn dictum on the woman question every once in a while, and every time I carefully read that dictum, as a matter of respect, just as I would not on any account omit an atom of the sort of reverential etiquette which is the due of a grandfather who, though a giant, was old and getting the least mite unreliable in the upper story. Oh, yes! I know that P. S. Monthly woman by heart.

The P. S. Monthly wrestles with the woman question. It takes your woman up and tosses her this way and that, and up and down and cata-cornered, like a very big dog shaking a little rat in its teeth. It gets other big dogs to come and help it shake. Sometimes the big dog is Herbert Spencer, and he takes the little woman who aspires to a high education in his savage teeth and rattles the breath out of her. Sometimes it isn't Herbert Spencer, but somebody else. Whoever it is, though, it always shakes the little rat just the same way; shakes it in every direction except just letting it down on the ground, and then letting it go, and watching where it will run to if left to itself. That sort of treatment never occurred to the gigantic intellect of the P. S. Monthly Bless you, no! For the P. S. Monthly has a theory to maintain.

The P. S. Monthly proves by logic and philosophy that a woman isn't physically able to take such a thorough education as your high and mighty man may receive, although it graciously admits that by nature the intellect of woman was made equal to man's, certainly as far as the ability to take book-learning goes. I should think God Almighty would be exceedingly obliged to it! It graciously admits that God Almighty knew what he was about when he created the intellect of a woman, but that he made a great mistake, and didn't give her a body strong enough to hold it. Therefore, woman's "spear" has to be tinkered at by the P. S. Monthly till it sets it right with logic and philosophy. Now, from all people who would educate boys and girls on a theory, Lord deliver us! From children who are brought up on a theory, Lord deliver us! It is worse than bringing children up by hand. Even the P. S. Monthly may not be infallible. The giant Hercules was subject to fits of madness, in one of which he killed his own wife, Megara, and his children. Who knows but the P. S. Monthly may be temporarily a little cracked, once in a while, like the giant Hercules?

All this stew, bother and bosh about girls' education is infinitely amusing. A few years ago all the old fogies set their venerable feet down thusly: Woman couldn't learn; therefore she shouldn't. A few years of insurmountable proof to the contrary have changed that old tune, and now the fogies come down with their solemn peds to this tune: "Woman can learn, but she shan't, because it makes her sick." Shan't! It's nothing but the same old tune, after all. The fogies, among whom I regret exceedingly to class Mr. P. S. Monthly, can't possibly get it through their solemn old skulls that there is but one thing necessary to settle the whole matter, and that is liberty—perfect, entire, teetotal liberty—for men and women to have just the kind of higher education they choose, without being interfered with by anybody whatsoever. Don't, I pray you, oh P. S. Monthly, get one idea into your head and run it into the ground—although, to be sure, it is better to have one idea than none at all. If your daughter wants to learn science and mathematics, instead of piano-pounding and fiddle-faddle, don't you stop her because you think, foorsooth, that it will make her sick. What do you know about it, one way or the other? Perfect freedom is what we want in this world, girls and all the rest of us, the largest, widest, greatest liberty that can be had inside the moral laws. Particularly don't, in heaven's name, start off with a theory and then trim off girls to fit it. Don't either lop off or stretch out a woman to fit your theory. If you want to stretch anything, stretch your theory. A theory is something which will always bear stretching, you know. Let women be free to study what they please, free as air—free as men are, in short—and don't you bother your little head about 'em.

I'll venture to say that the Popular Science Monthly never was a schoolmistress. If it had been, it would know that there is not a single argument against the education of girls which cannot be turned around and used with equal force against the education of boys.

I used to be a schoolmistress in a school where we taught a little Greek, and a little Latin and geometry, and a little chemistry, too, mayhap, but not learning enough to hurt God knows. Some of the pupils, both girls and boys, were stupid enough, in all conscience; some of them, also, both boys and girls, were sickly looking; and two or three of the larger girls were always pale and sleepy looking, and appeared to be in bad health. Were the sickly looking girls the ones who studied the hardest, and had their lessons the best? They almost never had a perfect lesson. The times I did use to have, trying to make those big girls get their lessons! That's what ruined my temper. Couldn't they learn their lessons because they were sickly and overworked, and we were trying to educate their minds at a ruinous expense of their bodies? Listen. There was one large girl whom I remember in particular, who always came to school looking like a wilted tallow candle, a girl of the name of—I don't know what, now, a silly idiot who spelled her name with an *é*, Mamie, I believe. She was a girl of sixteen, or thereabouts, and often came to school with her hair in curl pa-

pers, and, first thing we knew here, young Miss was getting notes and love-letters, sent to her at the school-house by a young dry-goods clerk, without the knowledge of her friends at home. I don't know how long this interesting correspondence had been going on, when the stony-hearted schoolmistress found it out and stopped it. Miss Mamie used to go to a party and dance till four o'clock in the morning, at least once every week, that winter, sometimes twice a week. Her devoted admirer toted her to the theatre or a concert, or something of that sort, once a week, and after the theatre, or whatever it was was, over they dropped into a light-weight restaurant somewhere, and the beau fed the young lady on cake, candies and ice cream. Then most every week there was a church "mite society," as in those days they called that nondescript gathering of church members which was neither a prayer-meeting nor an old-fashioned kissing party, but something as nearly half way between those two as possible. One night out of almost every week this silly idiot had to go to a church "mite society." Sunday evenings she went to church, and after church was over, spent the evening, until 11 or 12 o'clock, with some of her many beaux. This was the sort of intellectual efforts in which this hardly-tasked school-girl squandered the midnight oil. She was the only one of my girls whose health appeared to suffer very severely from an overtasked brain. She had the overtasked brain very bad. She left school by and by because the cruel teachers worked her so hard that her health gave out. Poor thing! I'm sorry for her to this day.

We had other girls in the school who were pale and sick-looking, but none whose health suffered so much from their severe intellectual exertions as Miss f—a. What made these girls pale and sick-looking? They were good girls mostly, and nearly all went to bed at a decent school-girl hour, and didn't yawn over their books and dream of their masculine admirers while they were yet in short dresses. They studied well in school, though in a rather languid way. But we could hardly drive them out doors at recess; although the boys who were their classmates used to run out for a lively play and come in when the bell rang flushed and eager, with bright, boyish cheeks. After school these sick-looking girls paced slowly home like a funeral. From the time school was out until bed-time or study hour for the older ones, except just when they came in to eat their supper, the boys used to race around in the open air until their bodies would glow with health and their eyes shine like stars. What did the girls do? The girls staid in the house cooped up by the fire. From an hour to two hours after they came from school most of them pounded a piano. Piano pounding is the abomination of the nineteenth century. It's an invention of the devil. It has ruined the health of more girls than conic sections ever did.

The sickly girls in our school who didn't run out nights and go to parties before their time, were victims to lady-like propriety and piano banging. I place my hand upon my heart and bow down to propriety, but I'm infinitely disgusted with that nonsense which women call lady-like propriety. Since the world began, every woman who was ever famous for spirit or wit continually outraged other women's narrow, formal, dried-up, little wooden notions of propriety. Emily Faithfull, one of the clearest, solidest intellects among the women of our time, in her childhood was a steady blotch on the little wizen face of lady-like propriety. I always like to think that the gifted and illustrious Harriet Hosmer was a tomboy, and that her father encouraged her in it. She studied like a boy, too, with her father, learned hard and severe lessons in anatomy, mathematics, and those things. She didn't dose away her afternoons on a sofa, with a dirty little wad of contemptible tatting-work in one hand and a novel hidden out of her father's sight under the sofa cushions. Not she! And I never heard anybody say that Harriet Hosmer was any the less a gentle, sweet-mannered lady from being a tomboy.

Release girls from the iron yoke of the slavery of piano-poundings, don't encourage them to do tatting work and fiddle-faddle, but clothe them in a healthy way, make them go to bed early nights; make them spend several hours of each day, or as much time as possible in the open air, running and exercising as boys do; then come on with your mathematics, sciences and languages, and I don't know, but I think you won't say that learning makes girls sick. Learning make women sick! Look at Mary Somerville, one of the very few great mathematicians of the age, living a peaceful, vigorous, working life till she was nearly ninety years old.

As a rule, students are a melancholy gang—both boys and girls. The sorrowfullest days of my life, except when I was a schoolmistress, were when I was a school-girl. I don't know whether it's natural to students to think it's romantic to be in green and yellow melancholy or not, but I know that, take them through and through, they are anything but jolly, or merry, or sunny. They are noisy, but they are not jolly. I remember some of our boys and girls used to take the queerest kinks sometimes. I knew one chap had to be set up with all night several times because he thought he had been disappointed in love, and the boys really feared he would kill himself somehow. Another young fellow read Byron's poetry, and wore a limpsey collar, and at last took to eating opium for nothing in the world but because he thought it was romantic; and now the poor boy is a hopeless wreck, and will never be good for anything in this world. Another, the most gifted student in the school, I think, became insane finally, and his life also is a hopeless wreck. With the girls the melancholy ebullitions took no more serious a form than that of exceedingly annoying fits of hysterics occasionally, though they, too, took a dolefully serious view of life, and thought that this world was all a fleeting show, and life had no charms for them. And, as near as I can remember, I was as ridiculously melancholy as the rest of them. It was the penalty we paid for living the old-fashioned student life. But, upon the word of an honest woman, the girls at this school were not a bit more forlorn and mooney than the boys were.

The question whether studying ruins a woman's health is

one which can be very easily settled. Take the few women you know who may be called liberally educated, and stand them up in a row with the mighty and overwhelming array of women who don't know anything worth speaking of, then compare the two and see whether the mighty army of women who don't know anything are more robust and vigorous and tough and enduring than the educated women. In a word, are educated girls more feeble and sickly than ignorant ones? I don't mean fashionably educated girls, mind you, the girls who learn fiddle-faddle, but girls who have studied hard and know something worth while—public school graduates, for instance. If the fiddle-faddle girls are healthier than the public school girls, then I give it up.

Oh, there is a glorious joy in study and in learning, which nothing else can give. A golden eternity of knowledge is before the enthusiastic student, and the higher up the rugged hill of learning he climbs, evermore broader and grander grows the rare vista before his yearning vision. Shall a gang of old fogies set up all the girls in the human race in a row before their dim-sighted old eyes and say to them: "You are half the human race here at the foot of the great hill. Part of you are too lazy to climb it; some of you haven't the pluck to climb it; others haven't the strength, and more of you haven't the inclination. But we think it is for the good of the human race that you shouldn't any of you attempt to go up, therefore stay down here all of you." Old fogies say that girls are all very much alike. In the constellation of Orion there is a beautiful double star, which, to the naked eye, appears but one star. Viewed through a telescope, this one star is found to be a cluster of sixteen stars. Old fogies won't look at girls through the improved telescope of modern enlightenment. They look only through the steel-bowed spectacles of old fogyism, and say one to another: "This is a girl; through our spectacles we see but one path in life before her—to marry some man and keep a house. We think if she learns too much it will unfit her for walking in the path which we can see through our spectacles. Therefore we'll recommend, on scientific principles, that girls be not encouraged to compete with boys in learning. Finally, we won't let 'em do it. Nature gave 'em an intellect, but it'll make 'em sick to use it. Please God the old fogies shan't have their way!"

You can't lay down one inflexible rule of education for everybody, either boys or girls. The infinite varieties of human character call for infinite varieties of treatment and education. If we can't have an infinite variety of education, for heaven's sake let us all have our choice of such education as there is. Because one girl is too puny or too silly to take a college training, don't you take it upon yourself to say that another girl shan't take a college training. After girls, and boys too, have got all the learning they can cram into their heads, there is no possible danger of their learning enough to hurt 'em. Learning, whether little or much, isn't dangerous, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding. Girls haven't known much in the ages of the world that are gone by, and now when at length they are rubbing their eyes open and trying to know something, do let them have perfect liberty to learn as much as they can. That's what I am hammering at.

So mind your little business.

Lately I read a sad story, which I can't help thinking of every time I see a girl. A missionary in Persia heard two small native girls talking outside of his window. They were talking of some small object. The missionary could not tell what.

"It was very little," said one of them.

"How little?" asked the other.

"Why a wee little thing," answered the first.

"But how little?" still persisted the questioner.

"As little as the joy of my father on the day I was born," the child answered.

That was in the land of the Orient, and no sadder speech was ever put into words, so pathetic, so patiently sorrowful it was. That was in Persia; but there is still a clinging taint of the gloomy and savage Oriental contempt for women lingering in the thoughts and feelings of two-thirds of the men in the civilized Western world. When it doesn't crop out in one way it crops out in another. Now it shows itself in opposition to lady physicians, now in refusing to let women enter the colleges with men, and now, again, when some grim, jealous, hide-bound old fog of a Presbyterian preacher refuses to let the gifted Miss Smiley honor his little pulpit with her sweet and beautiful presence. It's all of a piece, and all a piece of Oriental heathenism, whether the heathenism be displayed by a Presbyterian preacher or an un-Presbyterian sinner.

I live in hope that the heathenism will be eradicated from the heart of civilization, if not in my day, then afterward. I live in hope that the day will come when girls will be as free as boys. Once I knew a little old fellow, who made a speech to some Sunday-school children. He was a shabby little old fellow, and hadn't much sense, and talked with a squeak through his nose. In his remarkable Sunday-school speech occurred this remarkable utterance:

"My dear children, General Washington was once a little boy, President Lincoln was once a little boy, and these dear little boys and girls can all be Presidents if they try!"

How we did use to laugh at that old fellow's speech, in my young and sinful days. Well, that's just how free girls ought to be—free to choose for themselves what they will do and be, free to know that nothing is too high or too great for them to aspire to. I do glory in ambitious girls—girls who strive with might and main to escape out of the narrow, ignorant, petty, priest-ridden round which has been the walk of most women heretofore. I do glory in girls who rise in their brave, bright girlhood and claim for themselves the liberal education which was denied their mothers. I rejoice beyond expression when girls strive for, and ever and anon obtain, too, the prize of patience and hard work; when a woman resolves to do something for herself, and not cling helplessly to the skirts of some man through all eternity. There is an unspeakable joy and glory in knowledge and work, and the reward of work. So, my girls, dear girls, climb, don't cling.

E. A.

ODE FOR THE TIMES.

(BY JOSEPHINE CHASE.)

The social world is blind to-day,
It cannot see the subtle power
That custom has o'er mortal man,
Which rules his life each day and hour.

This world is full of pain and woe;
It follows not in Nature's path,
But by false teachers still is led,
Who tell us we must fear God's wrath!

Away with creeds and dogmas all,
And leave the people free to think;
Then every nation soon will learn
What bread to eat, what waters drink!

Away with priests of every type!
They basely lead their flocks astray,
Teaching them wrongs they must unlearn
Before they find the better way.

Away with falsity and pride!
Let love and reason firmly stand
Within each honest, manly soul,
Then truth will spread in every land.

Falsehood and pride go hand in hand,
With stealthy, quick'ning pace they move;
While deeds of mercy scattered are,
And many a household's void of love.

Who are the good, the brave, the free?
Not those who love their ease and gold,
But those who work for Freedom's cause,
These men and women, firm and bold!

Methinks the time's not far away
When wars and rumors all will cease;
Peasant and king walk hand in hand,
And Freedom reign, good-will and peace!

[From Chicago Times, Sunday, April 5, 1874]

PUBLIC OPINION—MINISTERS' WIVES.

To the Editor—Had your reporter, when taking his memorable "Walks Among the Churches," turned aside into some of the parsonages of this city, he would have discovered in more than one ministerial household, a skeleton worse, if possible, than any which he beheld in the homes of the laity. This is no sensational statement, but a bold and fearless declaration, whose truth can be amply and satisfactorily ascertained and established by any one who will take the pains to honestly investigate the matter for himself. And were not the *Sunday Times* such an independent and fearless journal in its utterances of truth and denunciation of error and crime, it were impossible to reach the public ear in our exposure of a class of people who, by reason of their high positions, ought to be grand moral leaders and exemplars, instead of moral lepers and criminals. But to the facts. There are in Chicago, at the present time, no less than three so-called divines of different denominations—men possessing considerable talent and outward respectability—whose "carnal" and beastly natures allow them to treat their wives with but a fraction of the humanity and consideration which an intelligent livery-man bestows upon a valuable horse. Some of these wives have been invalids ever since their marriage, chiefly, if not solely, because those who should have been their natural protectors and friends have given such loose reins to their animal propensities that it is impossible for the poor creatures to get well. These poor, sick women have been bed-ridden for years, and hardly know what a well day is. When questions are asked concerning Mrs. So-and-So, the minister's wife, the respondent simply calls her the "invalid." Were this matter a secret known to Deity, I would not thus speak of it, but the why and wherefore of these facts are notorious among the ladies of each congregation, who know the truth to be just as I have stated, and some of the more compassionate have even gone so far as to plan how, by raising money, etc., they could get the sufferer out of town, in hopes that absence from a brutal husband or "divine" would work a restoration to health. This, I am well aware, is a horrible subject to name, and yet not more so than the social evil, whose merits and demerits are the subject of discussion in every parlor and ladies' gathering in the city; and yet what phase of the social evil is more reprehensible than the vice which contaminates some of our churches? Were physicians always prompt and fearless in the discharge of their duty, uninfluenced by the fees or positions of their wealthy patients, many a husband would hear some bitter truths, and many a sick wife receive from that husband and that physician the sympathy and help so needful to her. But my wonder does not diminish when I hear of such facts as have been narrated, how any respectable congregation, with the positive knowledge that their pastor is guilty of such criminal conduct, can sit and listen to his preaching and his prayers, week after week and year after year, without some marked manifestation of their disapprobation.

CATO.

ILLEGITIMACY.

Mr. Lecky, the famous author of "The Natural History of Morals," has the following remarks: "There are few greater fallacies than are involved in the method of judging the sensuality of a nation by its statistics of illegitimate births. Independently of the obvious defect of this method in excluding simple prostitution from our comparison, it altogether ignores the fact that a large number of illegitimate births arise from causes totally different from the great violence of sensual passions."

It is very evidently Mr. Lecky's opinion that the absence of illegitimate births is a greater proof of sexual immorality than the frequency of them. And who can doubt that this is so? Do not the many married men who keep mistresses make it a condition that they shall not have children? Does not public opinion frighten many a poor young woman, fitted for maternity and longing for it, into acts of feticide abhorrent to her better nature? Do not our cowardly young men lend their aid to this unnatural practice through the

base dread of having a child stamped by immoral laws as illegitimate? Is not prostitution the direct result of the present system?

Who is responsible for all this wickedness but those who help to foster a debased public opinion, a pusillanimous social immorality, under which men and women are brought up in the superstition that it is a crime to have a child out side of wedlock? Do those who uphold this superstition realize the amount of actual crime, disease and immorality, the seeds of which they are sowing broadcast through the community?

JOHN HOWARD.

P. S.—I see Mr. Henry James is out against Mrs. Woodhull's movement for sexual reform. Mr. James is a Swedenborgian. Did he ever read what Swedenborg has to say on the subject of concubinage? Swedenborg admits as "justifiable causes" for separation in marriage or for concubinage, in case of no separation, the following: 1. Absence of natural affection for children; 2. Certain chronic diseases; 3. The iliac passion; 4. Malignant fevers; 5. Epilepsy; 6. Diseases which destroy sociability and from which dangerous effluvia exhale; 7. Foul eructations from the stomach; 8. Insanity; 9. Paralysis; 10. Intemperance; 11. Immodesty; 12. Gossiping about family secrets; 13. Quarrelsomeness; 14. Deceitfulness; 15. Internal dissimilitude, whence comes antipathy; 16. A froward requirement of the conjugal debt, whereby the man becomes cold as stone; 17. Extreme impiety, and like evils.

Here are doors enough opened to satisfy any man, one would think. And bear in mind that Swedenborg is a great religious teacher, and that Mr. James, who thinks Mrs. Woodhull is introducing "the morality of the Chimpanzee," is an ardent disciple of the Swedish seer.

"Concubinage," says Swedenborg, "is not repugnant to conjugal love. It is only a veil which invests it and which is dropped at death."—See *William White's Life of Swedenborg*, pages 559-562.

AH, ME! AH, ME! WHO CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN HEART?—v. c. w.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Thro' the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confess'd her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lips grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there, my heart hath bled:
For each pearl, my eyes have wept."

And I said, "The thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creak'd for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath;
I turn'd as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warm'd that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
Look'd first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groan'd, "you lie!"
He answer'd . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I return'd, "let the dead decide:
And whose soever the portrait prove,

His shall it be, when the cause is tried.
Where Death is arraign'd by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We open'd it, by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
Who confess'd her when she died."

OWEN MEREDITH.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

LOOK TO THE LITTLE ONES.

GRAFTON, Mass., April 12, 1874.

Editors Weekly—I feel a desire to cry "Hear! Hear!" to your injunction, "Look to the Little Ones." Surely if the millions of Spiritualists not only "in the Union" but in other countries, and also the millions of independent thinkers who are not classed with Spiritualists, but who equally with them are sincerely and "fully persuaded in their own minds" that most of the theological dogmas or doctrines taught in the sectarian churches and Sunday schools are only myths, having no foundation except in the distorted imagination of those who teach them, would be consistent and wish to impress the rest of mankind with the consciousness of their own sincere and profound convictions, it certainly behooves them as well for those reasons as from a sense of duty to see that this matter is attended to with all possible dispatch. No truer saying or one more important to the consideration of this subject was ever uttered than that:

"Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

And yet from the practice of a majority of Spiritualists and free thinkers, it can only consistently be inferred that they are perfectly oblivious to this truth, or to the deleterious consequences of neglecting to practice consistently with it. While on the other hand—although in view of some of their dogmas it can only be regarded as a practical paradox—the assiduity with which every favorable circumstance is seized upon by those sectarians to induce these twigs to come under their bending process, would seem to show that they are fully conscious both of its truth and importance.

If, as you say—and as no independent, logical mind can doubt—"the world's future welfare depends upon the manner in which these Spiritualists and Free Thinkers" fulfill their duty in this crisis," why is it that these sectarians manifest so much zeal in their proselyting crusades, and that Spiritualists and Free Thinkers make so little effort to counteract their influence on the minds of the young? In some cases of physical indisposition it is important to know the cause before a remedy can be efficiently applied. And in moral delinquencies it may be presumed that the same knowledge of causes may be required.

In considering this question, it has occurred to me that there is a philosophical answer, which seems to be this: These sectarians, honestly believing, are, from the prejudice of education with which their minds have been formed, expecting, without fully realizing what they expect or believe, that without these efforts on their part, many of their fellow men must be doomed to eternal misery, forming with them the most powerful motive for making an effort to save their fellows; while Spiritualists have an abiding faith that all will progress from their present low condition to one of holiness and happiness, and a majority of the Free Thinkers, perhaps, believe that this is our only conscious state of existence. With both of these classes, then, it is only a question of limited misery, mainly, it is presumed, conceived to be confined to this life. These Christians having been inclined in the 'twig' to believe that all mankind were justly doomed to endless punishment, and also that by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ a chance for escape has been provided, it is only in perfect accordance with human nature that they should be exercised with great gratitude and love for this their fancied deliverer from such an appalling fate. If it were possible for reformers to be exercised with the same degree of love and devotion to truth that these fanatics feel for their fabled Jesus, then and when, and not before it seems to me, this becomes the case, may we hope to see the same general enthusiasm manifested by them in its extension. I say general, because I am fully aware that the world has never lacked specimens of the utmost devotion to truth, among whom, of the present time, you will consider it no flattery for me to say that I regard yourselves with the foremost. It seems to me that the time has fully come when the war of ideas should be carried "into Africa," and that the liberals the world over should no longer act on the defensive, but should in some way effect an organization, assess and collect a fund for the efficient promulgation of their own consistent, rational views, and also to hold up and keep before the people, by every available means, the ridiculous absurdities of the prevailing popular systems of religion. I believe in no illegitimate effort to ridicule anything, but that if any system of faith or practice is legitimately and inherently ridiculous, that neither its age nor present popularity, or any maudlin, squeamish fear of outraging the feelings of its devotees, should shield it from the scalpel of the just ridicule it is susceptible of. Let this be done with all due consideration consistent with and that shall not involve the sacrifice of truth.

T. LEONARD.

THE ANNIVERSARY AT TERRE HAUTE.

MILWAUKEE, April 7, 1874.

Dear Weekly—Thinking a short report of the doings of the Terra Haute, Ind., Spiritualists would be of interest to your readers, I will hastily sketch the proceedings of the celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of Spiritualism held in that beautiful city, in which I had the pleasure of participating.

The celebration was held in the large commodious hall owned by Dr. Pence, whose doors are always open to the Spiritualists free of charge. There we met our co-laborer, C. W. Stewart, and a goodly number of the Spiritualists and Liberalists of the "Prairie city," and also the reporters for the three daily papers there published.

I will not speak of our lectures, only to say we spoke our most radical thoughts in the sessions of Sunday morning and evening and Monday evening. Tuesday evening we had a splendid sociable and hop, with a supper served in which every thing the most epicurean taste could ask was to be found.

Wednesday evening I was advertised for a lecture on the social question, and a goodly assembly of the best thinkers of the place were present, and if profound silence, attentive, listening, with variations of applause can testify of interest in the subject, then surely they were interested. I went from the lecture to the depot, thence home, leaving Brother Stewart to speak for the ensuing month. The meetings were well attended. The press was just in its reports and generous of its columns, reporting each session at great length and the social question in full. There was not a single slur or unjust criticism in one of the three dailies, and the only mean, unmanly item was found in the Saturday evening *Mail*, who threw some of the dirt borrowed from an obscure, filthy sheet published in Chicago.

The press is beginning to learn that the Liberals of the country are becoming a power and demand justice, and that it really pays to be truthful in reports, and those that continue to speak forth their own prejudices instead of the truth, will sooner or later learn, by bitter experience, that the people expect the press to chronicle events as they transpire, and report the speeches of any one as they are given, leaving them to judge of their merit or demerit.

Mr. Stewart did credit to himself in his several speeches. He is a man of deep thought, a radical fearless in his utterances of what he believes to be right.

The Spiritualists of Terre Haute have had some divisions in their ranks since our National Convention last Fall, but the fearful ones are recovering from the shock, and I now state, on the authority of Deacon Hook, that "at present two-thirds of them are Woodhullites."

The good people in the vicinity propose to hold a camp meeting the coming summer. If they succeed, I expect to be there and report further progress. I have, by the solicitation of friends, published my lecture on the social question in pamphlet form, and will furnish it to any one on receipt of 25 cents.

Yours for progress,

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR ON SPIRITUALISM.

The order of Nature, as we learn it from her laws and analogies, does not prove to us that there can be life after death any more than life before birth; and the illustration of the decayed tree, "and there an end," seems to be directly in point. The race of trees will continue, but that particular tree which our friend cut down on his farm and burnt up, has lost its identity, and will never be seen again—as that veritable tree. It seems to be the same with human beings. Individuals drop out of the tide of existence and disappear, are seen no more forever, but the race keeps on, and may for an eternity to come. This, in brief, is the lesson which Nature teaches to us; but to the Spiritualist she teaches a continued conscious individualized existence hereafter, or personal immortality. We fail to see the evidence of this in the operations of natural laws, but then we do not know all that they can do, they may be able to do this, and so perhaps we might as well suspend judgment for awhile and keep on inquiring, especially as the spiritual belief claims to be founded in the facts of Nature—and if it is so founded, then of course it must be true. Furthermore, if it is true there is no special objection to it that we know of, which can hardly be said of Christianity, for while the Spiritualists are willing to save all mankind, the Christians are not disposed to save but a part.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERS OF THE BLACK ART.

The Far East must ever lead the world in the practice of necromancy. All the skill and mechanical ingenuity of the most expert prestidigitateurs of Europe or America cannot produce a single exhibition which will compare with the feats of even the commonest Indian juggler. The Japanese have taught us the greater part of the sleight-of-hand illusion which is now paraded before staring audiences in this country and in Europe, but the necromancy of Japan is as boy's play compared with the mysterious jugglery of the nether and farther Indies, and especially of Siam. In the latter country there is a royal troupe of jugglers, who perform only at the funerals and coronations of the kings, and then only in the presence of the nobles of Siam or those initiated into the mysteries of the religion of the country. These necromancers do not perform for money, are of noble blood, and it is seldom that a European sees even their faces. Last year, however, an English surgeon who was in the country performed a somewhat remarkable cure upon a princess, who had been treated in vain by all the physicians of the country. Great was the gratitude of the Siamese court at the doctor's performance, and as a reward he was permitted to witness the performance of Tepada's royal troupe of jugglers. The surgeon's narrative, stripped of a large amount of description, and materially condensed, is given below:

"Woun-Tajac called me very early, and he and his father's cousin set to work to prepare me for witnessing the performances in the great pagoda. A white turban was wound around my head, my skin was stained the color of new bronze, my mustache ruthlessly trimmed down, blacked, and waxed till it had the proper Malayan dejected droop and tenuity, my eye-brows blacked and native garments furnished me, over which I wore the long white robes which I was told were peculiar to the 'initiated.' The pagoda of

Juthia is situated without the city, upon a broad and commanding terrace, elevated considerably above the level of the river plains. It is approached from the city by a long brick-paved avenue, wide, straight and imposing.

"Scondatch and Woun-Tajac, each holding me by an arm, directed me toward one of the doorways of the temple. It was guarded by two men with drawn swords and very fierce aspect, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth that concealed the interior of the temple from outside eyes. At a triple password these men admitted my companions, but crossed their swords before my breast. Scondatch whispered in the ear of the elder of the two—he started, gazed at me intently, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woun showed him a signet. He took it and reverently placed it upon his forehead, yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions, and at last the elder guardian whistled shrilly upon a bone pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk. A tall man suddenly appeared; I could not see from whence. He was middle-aged, athletic and had a most peculiar cunning, self-possessed look of person and intelligence.

"He put his hand heavily, but not unkindly upon my breast, gave me a piercing, long look, and said in excellent French, 'Are you a brave man?' 'Try me!' I said. Instantly without another word, he banded my eyes with a part of the long white robe I wore: he snapped his fingers suddenly, whispering in my ears, 'Not a word for your life!' and the next moment I found myself seized in the hands of several strong men, and borne some distance along a devious way, ascending and descending several times. At last I was put down, the bandage was quietly removed, and I found myself squatted on a stone floor in a square vault, so lofty that I could not see the ceiling, and I should say not less than a hundred paces long and wide.

"At the furthest end of the hall was a raised platform, covered with red cloth. This stage was raised between three and four feet above the floor of the vault, and was about thirty-five or forty feet deep and one hundred and fifty feet broad. Behind it a curtain of red cloth hung down from the capitals of the towering columns. In front of the stage, just about the spot where the pulpit of the orchestra in a Greek theatre would be, was a tripod-shaped altar, with a broad censer upon it, in which was burning a scented oil, mixed with gums and aromatic woods, that diffused through the whole vault a pungent, sacramental odor.

"Suddenly there was a wild and startling crash of barbaric music from under the stage, and with wonderful alertness and a really indescribable effect, a band of naked men came out from behind the curtains, bearing each a scented torch in his hand, climbed the columns with the agility of monkeys, and lighted each a hundred lamps, strung from the base of the columns sheer up to the apex of the vault, which, I could now see, rose in a lofty dome, that, doubtless, pierced far up into the interior of the pagoda proper. The illumination from these multitudinous lamps was very brilliant, too soft to be dazzling or overpowering, yet so penetrating and pervasive that one missed nothing of the perfect light of the day. The red curtain fluttered a little, there was a dull thud, and there, right before us, alongside the censer, stood a very old man but wrinkled, with long hair and beard, white as cotton fleecy. His finger-nails were several inches long, and his sunken jaws were horribly diversified with two long teeth, yellow and ogreish. He was naked, except for a breech-cloth, and his shrunken muscles shone with oil. He took the censer in his hands and blew his breath into it until the flame rose twenty feet high, red and furious; then, with a sudden, jerking motion, he tossed the burning oil toward the crowd of squatting spectators. It shot toward them a broad sheet of terrible flame; it descended upon them a shower of roses and japonicas, more than could have been gathered in a cart. Turning the censer bottom upward, he spun it for a minute upon the point of his long thumb-nail, then flung it disdainfully away toward the audience. It struck the pavement with a metallic clang, bounced and rose, with sudden expanse of wings, a shrieking eagle, frightened horribly, and seeking flight toward the summit of the dome. The old man gazed a moment upward, then seizing the tripod upon which the censer had stood, he sent its legs apart with a nervous hand, straightened them against his knee, and hurled them, dart-like, toward the eagle. They glanced upward with a gilded flash, and instantly the eagle came fluttering down to the pavement in our midst dead, and three horrible cobras coiled about him, lifting their hooded heads defiantly and flashing anger out of their glittering eyes. The music shrieked still wilder, the snakes coiled and plaited themselves together in a rhythmic dance, lifting the dead eagle upon their heads, and presto! right in our midst there stood the tripod again, with its flickering flame and its incense-savored breath. A more perfect illusion never was seen.

"That is Norodom," whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Then came Tepada and a smaller man named Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majesty of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun round with him till the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established, the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the man's white beard touched his body; there was a sudden strain, and the arm of Minhman from being horizontal became perpendicular. Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet and Tsin-ki's head on Minh-

man's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Tepada's head was on the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-ki's feet upon Norodom's head. Each had turned a summersault, and the column was unbroken!

"One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mange tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and, borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in the place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage looking buffalo; that was killed with an ax. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon its hind feet, twined its trunk about one of its great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa-constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

"A perfectly formed and most lovely Nauth girl sprang out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal exclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name, Luan-Prahana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather work. A wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft, short, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as broad gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then she knelt and laid her head on old Norodom's knee. The boy fanned her with a fan made of sweet fern leaves, Minhman brought a lotus-shaped golden goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint-looking flask a fluid of greenish hue. The old yogi-like Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath upon the contents till they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished with his breath, when Norodom held the goblet to Luan-Prahana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As if transfigured she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin around in one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepada, tried to arrest her, but no sooner touched her than she repelled them with a shock that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewilderingly rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-ki, Minhman and Tepada in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing. Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her, it broke, and as she whirled along, a spray of rose-buds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder. At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly into the air, and floated gently over our heads toward the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air; then, with a slight wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up toward the loftiest arch of the vault overhead. Suddenly old Norodom seized a bow and arrow and shot toward her. There was a wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the flags of the floor, and laid there an apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms.

"Now, from behind the red curtains came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid upon the front part of the stage. As they retired the old women came out, bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold embroidered drapery, upon which lay Luan-Prahana, decked forth in bridal garments and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was put quietly down upon the front of the stage and left there, while Norodom and Tepada went to the leaden box, and with hot irons attempted to unseal it. 'That is Stung-Tieng's coffin,' whispered Woun to me; 'the old saint has been dead more than half a millenium.'

"Quickly, eagerly, it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a teak box was discovered. This was pried open with a small crow-bar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind the wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after 100 yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shriveled mummy of a small, old man was visible—eyes closed, flesh dry and hard—dead and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with the crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Tepada tossed it up and caught it—it was stiff as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine and a censer burning with pungent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the mummy with a cold chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils and ears. Then he and Tepada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest and withdrew a space, while the drums, gongs and cymbals clashed and clattered, and the shrill crackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

"A breathless pause ensued—one, two, three minutes,

and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared, blinking and vacant, out around the vault—an old, wrinkled man, with mumbling chops, a shriveled breast and belly, and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepada approached him reverently upon his knees, bringing a salver with wine and a wafer cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank and tottered to his feet, the feeblest, decrepit old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the girl slumbering upon her couch; he scuffled feebly to her, and, mumbling, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maiden waked, clasped him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-voiced, fiery youth, who gave her kiss for kiss. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our very eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, and with strange Phallic songs and dances bore the two away a bridal pair. I never again expect to behold such a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which, I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend to whom I described it, regards as a piece of pure symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects the ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of sun-worship.

"The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayadere led it, a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a dirge, the youth faded visibly, he was again the shriveled dotard, he sighed, then breathed no more. Luan-Prahana retired sorrowfully, Norodom and Tepada wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights. I was blindfolded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple in the broad sunshine with my friends, and the mystic ceremonies of the great temple of Juthia were over, it may be for many years."

TO ZULA.

Shoot of a noble stem,
Thine be the diadem
Earned in the seeking.
Noble example,
Battle-field ample,
With child-murder reeking.

Let the front be thy station,
There strike for the Nation
And woman's clear right
Her person to govern—
In home-life the sovereign,
No discord to blight.

Bright angels attend thee!
Nor life-sorrows rend thee.
As now in the van,
Thine be the glory,
In future told story,
Of battling for man.

TRENTON, N. J., April 12, 1874.

EXCELSIOR.

FLORIN, Cal., March 4, 1874.

Dear Weekly—California has made a step forward in the passage of a bill through both Houses of the Legislature, permitting women to hold offices not denied them by the Constitution. It passed the Senate by a more than two-thirds majority, and the House by—I'm sorry to say on the final vote—a majority of only one.

Still as the Governor is "all right," the bill is safe. It was opposed very earnestly as a step toward woman suffrage and by some advocated for the same reason. Its enemies attributed its success mainly to the persistent efforts of Mrs. Knox, of San Jose; Mrs. Watkins, of Santa Clara, and Miss Ida Hart, of San Francisco, chiefly the latter, a young lady nineteen years of age. Its most influential friends in the Assembly, were Mrs. Cozzins, of Sacramento, and Mr. Cowdrey, of San Francisco. The Sacramento Union, the leader of the independent press, says: "We are glad it passed and sorry it did not pass unanimously."

Truly yours,

JAMES I. FERREE.

RAILWAY SIGNAL CODE OF THE UNITED STATES.

One whistle signifies "down brakes."
Two whistles signify "off brakes."
Three whistles signify "back up."
Continued whistles signify "danger."
Rapid short whistles, "a cattle alarm."
A sweeping parting of hands on a level of the eyes signifies "go ahead."
Downward motion of the hands with extended arms signifies "go ahead."
Beckoning motion of one hand signifies "back."
Red flag waved upon the track signifies "danger."
Red flag stuck up by the roadside signifies "danger ahead."
Red flag carried upon a locomotive signifies "an engine following."
Red flag hoisted at a station is a signal to "stop."
Lantern at night raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start."
Lantern swung at right angles across the track means "stop."
Lantern swung in a circle signifies "back the train."

THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL—"It reminds one," says an exchange, "of the Dutch Justice of the Peace, who declared, at the close of a lawsuit for slander: 'Mine verdict ish in favor of der defendant, but I shall eventually give mine shujement in favor of der blainiff.'"

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"The diseases of society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language."—JOHN STUART MILL.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.

On the eve of the going to press of this number of the WEEKLY we start out for another lecture trip. We hope to be permitted to remain in the field until hot weather shall make it impossible to speak. We have engagements for one hundred nights, and hope to be able to fill them all; but we shall at all times hold ourselves in readiness to return to New York at a few days' notice.

During this trip we shall continue to contribute to the WEEKLY, editorially, as during all previous absences, so that our readers may know that we do not lose any interest in the paper, in our eagerness to advocate its principles in the field, and thus to establish for it a firm basis in the hearts of the people, as well as to minister to its present necessities.

We earnestly urge upon all real friends of sexual freedom to work personally for the rapid spread of its principles, by helping to carry the WEEKLY into every family in the country. We have given all our time and talent and means to build up the cause to its present proportions. Now we must rely upon its friends to aid in carrying on the work to its completion—until woman shall be relieved from the fearful sexual slavery to which she has so long been an almost willing victim.

Will lecture as follows:

Jamestown, N. Y.....	Wednesday, April 22.
Orangeville, Ohio.....	Thursday, April 23.
Harvard, Ill.....	Saturday, April 25.
Ripon, Wis.....	Sunday, April 26.
Berlin, Wis.....	Monday, April 27.
Oshkosh, Wis.....	Tuesday, April 28.
Appleton, Wis.....	Wednesday, April 29.
Portage City, Wis.....	Thursday, April 30.

There may be some change in dates, but this may be learned from the local press.

PERSONALITIES.

There is a general misapprehension existing relative to the conduct of the WEEKLY about personalities. This has probably arisen out of the publication of the issue of November 2d, containing the Beecher-Tilton scandal, and been accepted as a policy of the paper; but a moment's consideration will show that, in the several years of sharp conflict that have been waged on the social question simply as retort, or as personal attack or defense, we have made almost no use of the rich material that has been in our possession.

It is not the policy of the WEEKLY, either settled or temporary, to deal in personalities. The paper referred to was not issued upon any such theory; but wholly as a method of social warfare in which the individualities of the parties involved formed, so far as we are concerned, no part whatever of the cause. We neither cared nor desired to attack Mr. Beecher as an individual for his social practices; but the facts, that circumstances had conspired to put in our

possession, were used to launch the discussion of the social question, which, if lived by Mr. Beecher, even upon the hypothetical plan, was a sufficient guarantee that the people would discuss the principles involved. Nobody will attempt to say that we were wrong in thus conjecturing.

Out of this, however, the idea has arisen that anybody who has a personal enmity to gratify can write any suppositions about its object, and, because the WEEKLY purports to be a free paper, it is bound to print them. We have something less than a wagon-load of such articles, no single one of which would ever have been written had its author had correct views of the meaning of a free paper. Some of those contributors have been so exercised over our declension to publish their particular articles that they have not hesitated to declare the WEEKLY a fraud. Notably in one instance the party was so outraged that the dignity of the law was invoked to prosecute us for obtaining money under false pretences, because we professed to publish a free paper and refused to print his article. But finding the law inadequate to reach us, it was determined by some, by any means, to crush out the WEEKLY. All the malcontents, discontents and other "contents" were drummed up, and putting their heads together they decided, since the WEEKLY would not publish this, that and the other article, and its editors would not do certain other things that they thought ought to be done, to constitute themselves into a public censorship, and to become avengers of an outraged public.

Forgetting their individual lives in this devotion to the public weal, for the last six months they have labored unremittingly, without money and without price, all for the love of mankind in general and of us in particular. Adopting as their motto, "anything to beat Grant," they have gathered every rumor ever set afloat by personal enemies and disappointed friends, and, consolidating them into a mass, have raised it to the dignity of an indictment, to show that the WEEKLY is not a paper to be read by reformers, and that its conductors are not proper people to have charge of a reform paper.

We are exceedingly obliged for this gratuitous work on behalf of the WEEKLY. For every one whom their efforts have caused to weaken their confidence in the success of social freedom as advocated by the WEEKLY, they have added a half dozen earnest supporters to the cause.

Haman forgets the logic of history when he thinks to suspend Mordecai from the gallows built for that purpose. We have already stamped this effort of these conservators of social freedom with the seal of falsehood, malice and hate, which will require only time enough to become evident to all with whom they have found fellowship. Further than this we do not propose to go. We have a course of labor laid, and we cannot waste the time to follow this "Board of Health" into the slums and sewers in which the names of all reformers are trailed by the self-righteous, to find the refutation.

When this board of public benefactors shall have expended a quarter of a million of dollars—of their own earnings—in reform movements, it will be time for them to prate of selfishness. When any of them shall have been dragged through all the jails and pest-hells of New York, they may know how to give vent to their outraged virtue with consistency. We trust they may live long enough to become wise, wiser than those whom we are glad to obey; and when they have so developed, we shall be equally glad to transfer our allegiance to them.

If we were to notice in the WEEKLY every wasp which stings us; every viper which bites us; every vulture which tears our flesh; every flea which annoys us, we should have no time or space for anything else, and the WEEKLY would be just what these classes desire to reduce it to. It is true that our personal sufferings at times have been almost too great for human strength to bear. Indeed, we could not have borne them had not the sweet whisper of angels sounded in our ears, "Be patient, my child, yet a little longer, and all will be well." We should long since have succumbed, feeling that there was too little of humanity left in the world to make it worth the treading of the thorny paths by which our way has been beset, with any hope of ameliorating its conditions. But as it is, we look hopefully forward to the time when this same ungrateful world will be blessed by the labors which the spirit world has made us the humble instruments to perform. In the meantime we shall continue to work on, as we have, regardless alike of the taunts of enemies and the treachery of friends, heralding, by pen and voice, the glad tidings of the new dispensation.

To those who have personalities to publish, we would say that to insure their publication in the WEEKLY, they must first be of such a character as clearly to be beneficial to the advancement of social reform; and, secondly, that this must be accompanied by at least two affidavits, good in law, in proof of their truth. "Hearsays" are no evidence. That alone is evidence which is seen or heard by the person giving it. We cannot afford to fill the columns of the WEEKLY with anything of less authenticity than this. He or she who repeats something of which they do not or cannot know the truth, are undoubtedly not only proper subjects for the stricture of Solomon, "He that uttereth a slander is a fool," but are really the worst enemies with whom society is infested. It is bad enough to have to make use of the truth about anybody for the advancement of a just and general cause, but to resort to falsehood, merely upon malicious grounds, where there is no cause good or bad to be promoted, but merely personal malice to be subserved, is an act which the meaneast ought to despise to commit. Such

people cannot mount into importance as they desire, or sink to infamy as they deserve, through the columns of the WEEKLY.

If any person injure another, such other has a legal method of redress. If we have committed any act outside of the limits of individual sovereignty we are liable under the law, and our "loving friends" need not constitute themselves into a committee of safety to redress such imaginary wrongs. For anything else we are responsible to our own consciences, and shall not admit the right of anybody to become our judges. Those who have done or who may hereafter do so, will, so far as we are concerned, be left to the immutable law of compensation, which eventually will strip off the assumed veil of hypocritical love, which has been purposely devised to deceive, and leave them exposed in their naked deformity.

If we have been derelict in any duty; if we have failed to conform our lives to our declared principles, then and then only have our friends, who love us so dearly and the cause so well, a right to complain. Moreover, since it was not by their appointment or support that social reform has been advocated by us, we shall not resign or desert because it is elected by them that "our work" is done. So the readers of the WEEKLY may expect regularly to receive it, and to find the same doctrines and principles advocated as heretofore, and we shall endeavor, so far as in us lies, to rise above the petty cavilings to which all reformers are necessarily subjected, and press on in the movement which is destined ultimately to rid the world of all such annoyances.

MORE EVIDENCE.

We have frequently had cause to refer to the fact that all the popular romances of the day are made to hinge upon some point in love or its relations, entirely at variance with the theory of our present laws and practices. Nearly every new book of fiction is in a greater or less degree an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the subservience of the female and the domination of the male sex; while into far the greater number of them the theories or facts of Spiritualism are interwoven. These two circumstances would seem to indicate that, in the general sense, these two reforms are one at bottom, as we have always held.

This progress of reformatory ideas has been evident during several years past; but there is another evidence of their spread, even more tangible, beginning to appear upon the surface of society. It is something like a year since we referred editorially to the production of a drama at the Grand Opera House, into which several of the prominent ideas of social reform were wrought. But this proved too fast for the public. Those who dared to patronize it, and by such patronage to really approve its sentiments, have not the courage, in sufficient numbers, to so openly indorse its radicalism as to enlist the popular heart and sympathy; hence it had a short and not a very successful run.

Its failure, however, showed the theatrical managers what it lacked to make it popular, and they at once set about rectifying its mistakes. There isn't perhaps another profession in which the public sentiment has to be so skillfully manipulated as in catering for its dramatic entertainment. It had become evident to these managers that the old "plays" were worn out, and that something new and really in advance of customs and laws had to be resorted to, to call out the public patronage. The purely sensational held sway for a time, but the people soon became sick of going to see nothing but physical exhibitions, almost wholly unaccompanied by sentimental or dramatic attractions. Thus the day of the real "leg drama" has already closed. It was not what the public could be satisfied with, and the managers had to look further.

Naturally, involuntarily we believe, they turned their vision toward the social question as the coming subject upon which to ground the plots for their entertainments. In this they have shown not only their wisdom, but also that this question is really the "coming" one. They have "sensed" the public heart, and instinctively realizing that in the social relations alone could it be awakened, have offered the required dramatic food even before the hunger that existed for it had made any formal demand. There are now being performed at no less than three of the most popular theatres, various translations, into dramatic forms, of the several phases of the social question.

It is true that at neither of these is social freedom as a principle openly advocated, but just enough of the horrors and injustices of the present system are portrayed to call out from the audiences the innate sense of justice which exists really in all people, and which, so far as the social question is now concerned, can be entrapped into expression only by the presentation of its negative arguments. Thus, to say that a woman has a right to bear a child outside of marriage would be, dramatically, to court the public condemnation; but, dramatically, to show a woman ostracized by the world because by a too trusting faith she had been forced to become a mother, and especially to show her moral courage superior to the temptation of abortion, is to enlist and call out the hearty approval of almost any audience; while to show a man just enough to stand by such a woman to defend the real purity of her character and the nobility of her soul, is to be encored. The meaning of such manifestations is not to be doubted. It points unerringly to the fact that deep-rooted in the human breast there is already existing a sense of justice and purity that is entirely above

both law and custom, and that will, in due time, make them both to conform to their demands.

At the Union Square Theatre "Led Astray" is having an unprecedented run, being now in its fifth month. Every night its auditorium is filled by an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. At the New Park Theatre "Charity" has just been put on the boards in magnificent style, while at the Fifth Avenue Theatre M. Dumas' new French play of "M. Alphonse" has appeared. Each of these plays hinges upon some important principle or fact involved in the discussion of social reform, and in its way is rapidly developing the principle of sexual freedom in the public mind. We are not surprised that some of the remarkably respectable journals of the city should declare it an unfit play to be acted. Such journals have often said that the rostrum is not the place to advocate social reform. They must maintain their consistency, and so they declare against "M. Alphonse" for the stage. We make the following quotation from the *Tribune* of the 20th inst., as illustrative of the treatment the play receives from this class of journals:

"On Tuesday, the 14th of April, M. Dumas' play of 'M. Alphonse,' translated from the French and adapted to the American stage, was brought out at the Fifth-avenue theatre, and acted to a crowd that saw it with interest and stamped it with approbation. Other crowds have seen and applauded it on subsequent evenings, and it has, apparently, entered on a prosperous career. The fact may be deplorable, but all the same it is a fact. This piece is forceful in three particulars. It speciously befools the moral sense as to an important and delicate question; it adroitly appeals to the emotions, and it contains an element of farce that deftly addresses the sense of comic humor. These, obviously, are potent attributes. When it is added that both in construction and composition the piece is singularly compact, that it combines well-drawn and well-contrasted sketches of character, that its action passes within one day and is circumscribed within one scene, that it travels lightly caparisoned, carrying through three short acts the burden of only nine persons and one plot, and that, on the stage of the Fifth-avenue theatre, it is beautifully mounted and well performed, the sum of its merits, if not fully detailed, is at least fully suggested. But there seems no room for doubt that it is such a play as ought never to be produced in a theatre claiming to be decent and respectable. M. Dumas, it is said, wrote the piece for the purpose of illustrating and satirizing certain peculiarities of French law with reference to illegitimate children. In France, accordingly, and when shown as its author made it, 'M. Alphonse' may have possessed a useful significance and a practical value. In America, on the contrary, where no such law prevails, it can have no such meaning and no such point. Its application here, if found at all, must be to the moral conviction of individuals and the practice of society. It cannot be justified on the plea of reform in local jurisprudence, for such a reform is not required.

"In the French original its heroine is a woman who has been seduced and abandoned by a villain, and who subsequently permits herself to insult, swindle, and grossly outrage a good and estimable man—ignorant of her history and of the fact that she is already a mother—by becoming his wife. In the American adaptation—said to be 'augmented by Mr. Daly'—this heroine is a woman who has borne a child in what she believes to be lawful wedlock; who cannot, therefore, be said to have committed sin or incurred disgrace; and whose later marriage, after desertion, and after discovery of the truth, involves the venial offense of unnaturally and absurdly concealing a misfortune. In both plays there is a succession of dramatic encounters, painful situations, and alternately fervid and volatile dialogue. In both, the heroine's child is, after a lapse of years, brought to her new home by its father, and in both the heroine's husband, discovering the little incident of ante-matrimonial maternity, forgives the wife, adopts the daughter, and dismisses M. Alphonse to the punishment of Heaven. There need be no hesitancy of judgment upon all this, on the score of paying respect to those nice distinctions of right and wrong which are made by the splitting of hairs as to moral significance and drift. The meaning of this play—if it means anything—is that an erring woman, guilty of the sin of unchastity, who deceives a trusting gentleman and becomes his wife, is just as fit to be his wife as if she had never erred at all; and that society, adopting this grand humanitarian view of the all-important subject, ought to recognize all the ladies as equally and entirely angelic, and to leave off its absurd practice of making a fuss about a few babies, more or less, in a woman's career.

"Mr. Daly has presented it in beautiful attire, and his players are doing their work exceedingly well. Miss Ada Dyas, indeed, who is a healthful and sensible English woman, does not take kindly to the mush sentimentalism of the Gaul; and her personation of *Raymonde* is only mechanically good. A self-respecting woman should not be expected to do anything more with such a part. The gems of acting are Mr. Fisher's gentleman, Mr. Hardenbergh's old sailor, and Miss Davenport's violent but hearty woman of the world. Matilda Heron's daughter, Miss Bijou Heron, acts the part of a little child—trained in deceit and tossed around in a sea of mendacity and intrigue—and Miss Bijou Heron wins more applause than anybody else in the piece. In some respects this little creature is a diamond edition of Miss Maggie Mitchell. In some ways she repeats the originality of her gifted and distinguished mother. Her success as a child-actress is remarkable, but there is something painful as well in her precocity as in the putting of her immature talents and her young life to this use amid these surroundings. Mr. Clarke gives a careful embodiment of *M. Alphonse*, the seducer—a personage with reference to whom, at the close of the play, there is felt a general regret that he has not been kicked down stairs and out of the front door, and for a block or two along the highway. Anything finer than Mr. Fisher's simple portrayal of a sweet nature, when shocked and bowed with grief, it would be hard to imagine; and this actor's manliness gives a constant grace to the performance—albeit the dramatist's conduct of the character, at the supreme climax, is less right and gentle and more magnanimous than just. Mr. Hardenbergh's old sailor is another of those distinctly embodied and finished dramatic personages who bear witness to his creative and versatile power as a character actor. Mr. James Lewis's funny, perky little mannerisms are once more ludicrously revealed, with just a shade of that indescribable difference by which he delicately marks one of his drolleries from another."

The chief point called in question by this criticism is the deception on the part of *Raymonde*. She being guilty of the sin of unchastity, deceives a "trusting gentleman," "insults, swindles and grossly outrages a good and estimable man, ignorant of the fact that she is already a mother." Of course this is the hinge of the play; but when it is considered that *Raymonde* is equally ignorant of the history of Capt. Montaglin, and of his chastity or unchastity, the justice of the objection will fail to appear. And the more so still when it is known that the Captain was a bachelor of fifty at the time of his marriage to *Raymonde*. To be sure there is nothing said in the play about any of the little love affairs to which he may have been a party, or of any of the scenes from which he could not have said he emerged with his chastity preserved. But it would be nonsense to imagine a man of his years, and a sailor, as chaste in the way that the world requires woman to be chaste. The bad part of this whole matter is that there is no living evidence of man's unchastity, while if woman do no more than may be done by him with impunity, she is liable to have such living evidence, and to have it is to suffer social death. While society is so unjust in its discrimination between the sexes, it must be expected that woman will resort to any necessary deception to overcome the inequality of her situation.

Undoubtedly, when Capt. Montaglin accepted the situation and became father to the illegitimate child and the protector and defender of the purity of his wife, he thought of his own life, and having a sense of justice in his soul he could not act otherwise than as he did.

As indicated by the *Tribune*, all the parts are well sustained, but the gem of the piece is little Bijou Heron, whose capacity to perform the part laid down for her is to us the greatest test of her wonderful dramatic ability, inherited, doubtless, from her talented mother, and faithfully developed by her in the daughter during the few short years of her eventful life. We hope and trust that this bud of dramatic promise may flourish and bloom out into a perfected ornament to the stage, and act many a drama to illustrate the principles so well introduced in "M. Alphonse."

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

We are both glad and sorry that this noble-hearted Socialist and Spiritualist has been obliged to give up the editorial position which she has filled for the past year so honorably to herself and so creditably to the paper, on the *Detroit Union*—sorry that her health is such as to forbid the continuation of the arduous office labor required of her, and thus to introduce the feminine element into popular journalism in Michigan; and glad that, released from such duty, she returns to the rostrum to rouse the sleeping souls, as few can do so well as she. We trust that she may receive that hearty welcome back to the lecture field to which her past labors so justly entitle her. She will receive applications to occupy free platforms, addressed New Haven, Conn.

CATHOLIC MARRIAGE.

Catholicism is the true foe of Spiritualism. It has a fixed position on all subjects connected with humanity, and it maintains its doctrines by its laws. It is not like Protestantism, which has more heads than the giant Briareus and more shapes than Proteus. Its misfortune is that it cannot readily retreat from an unsafe position, as was the difficulty with the Pope in the case of the Jew child Francisco Mortara, the detention of whom cost Pio Nino, at first, three-fourths of his dominions, and eventually—Rome. There is some satisfaction in fighting a foe who will stand his ground and do manful battle; but this inflexibility of the Papacy sometimes leads it into difficulties. The Papal Bull occasionally dashes his head against a scientific locomotive. This was the case in Galileo's time, and it is yet doubtful whether the world is permitted to move round the sun in the Vatican.

But whether the Vatican be instructed in that matter or not, it is certain that, since the Council of Trent, our Catholic brethren and sisters have held marriage to be a sacrament. But it must be a clerical union between two communicants of the ancient faith to render it complete. Outside the pale of that Church all other copulations, whether sanctioned by Protestant clergymen or magistrates, are simply, to the Catholic elect, fornications. Recognizing the Papacy as the true foe of the emancipation of woman, we are glad that its comprehensive ana-nema covers the majority of the people of this country. It is pleasanter to be damned in a crowd than solus, for when the crowd gets to be the majority they can practically reverse the judgment, as they do here. But, according to the doctrines of the Roman Church, Protestants who are monogamic, are living in a state of adultery, and those who advocate and practice promiscuity are, in the eyes of that Church, only guilty of a similar crime.

That we have not overstated matters in the above paragraph the following extract will show. It is taken from a sermon lately delivered at Elgin, Illinois, by Father Cooney, O. S. C.:

"Inside the Catholic Church alone is chastity taught. There are two states—virginity or marriage. The Apostle Paul assures us that it is 'good' to marry, but 'better' to remain single. In the Catholic Church you are not slaves. Having sanctified yourselves to God, ask Him, and He will

direct you into which state to enter. Having embraced either state it is for life. No power on earth can part you. Death alone can free you. Christ Himself cannot, while you both live, for then would He break His own command.

"I have spoken to you of the sanctity of marriage and of marriage as a sacrament, I will now speak upon the marriage of those not of your faith. In such a marriage there is nothing to bless. They cannot be married at the altar. It is simply a contract, the same as if I would sell you a yoke of oxen. Those that are in the Church and tie themselves to those that are not in the Church cannot be happy. It is almost impossible to live a Christian life and live with a disbeliever."

If Church laws could fix the most ethereal of human affections—sexual love—the position of the Catholic Church, which elevates marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, would be tenable. But they cannot. Indeed Father Cooney himself seems to admit this fact, for he calls in other aid for that purpose.

"When the man and the woman know that their union at the altar cannot be broken they will take the means to preserve it. That impression will cause them to take the pains to preserve peace and harmony."

If their union at the altar "cannot be broken" they might spare themselves the trouble of "forcing their affections" in the matter. Verily the holy father is a celibate, or he might have known the utter uselessness of such advice. Love offered for a selfish end is not love, it is prostitution, whether within or outside of Catholic wedlock. More women sell their bodies for "marriage" than for dollars. As in slavery the former receive their pay in kind, and are inclosed in the ring fence of society, having the proud privilege of stamping on their sisters who debauch their persons for money.

Under the Catholic *regime* woman has two positions. Spiritually she is an angel, temporally she is a slave. Where is the priest who holds that married women are equal in excellence to the "vestal virgins" who are the brides of Christ? There is not the same divinity about a monk that there is about a nun. Why? Because the glory of virginity is purchased by the degradation to which the married are subjected in Catholic marriage. Man is the head there, and the word "obey" is the *mot d'ordre* for wives. This double view of woman has affected and is affecting the whole sex, in Protestant as well as in Catholic countries. It has divided women into two distinct classes. Under it woman has never been treated as the equal and helpmate of man, but as either his superior or inferior. During the dark ages, while the ladies of the knights were paragons of excellence without stain or fault, the wives of the serfs were, by English laws, permitted to be sold in the markets, yoked to the plow, and their husbands were justified in chastising them with whips that were not thicker than their thumbs. As much as the one were superior to their lords the others were inferior. The same ideas, modified to suit the times, at present exist among us. But if man oppresses woman it is only through woman that he can accomplish his purpose, and the super-excellence that some women foolishly claim is dearly bought by the degradation of their sisters. Both positions are unsound, for nothing is more certain than that, as regards the virtues and the vices, the sexes are equal; for any inequality in these particulars that is yet supposed to exist the world is indebted to the double position assigned to woman by the Catholic Church, and until it is obliterated and woman is contented to demand simple equality with man she is neither worthy of nor would it be wise in man to permit her to obtain her full emancipation.

PROTECTORS OF INDUSTRY.

From time immemorial unto the present era the great army of human laborers has been divided. The soil tillers, who number more than one-half of that army, all through the ages past have been sacrificed. Until yesterday, millions—many millions—of agricultural laborers have been either serfs or slaves. Of course these conditions affected the interests of all other agricultural laborers, and the conditions of the agricultural laborers around our manufacturing centres affected also the welfare of the artisans and mechanics in our cities. By dividing the labor force of the country, by sowing seeds of dissension between mechanics and soil tillers, landlords and money lords have done pretty much as they pleased with the wealth-producers of the world. But these, whose numbers in most countries can be counted in thousands, had not in themselves force enough to effect their purposes. Alone, they could effect nothing, but by making city toilers war with country toilers they could do much; consequently their motto through the long past has been, "Divide and conquer."

But, a few years ago, changes have taken place. Serfdom and slavery have been almost annihilated, and they were the foundation stones of our present industrial system. The soil tillers have subsequently risen in their might, both in England and the United States, and instituting Granges, in which both women and men are admitted to membership, have already commenced to dictate terms to their oppressors. Trades Unions of artisans and mechanics, that is of sections of the labor army, have long been established, and of late years, in this country, a National Labor Union, comprising in it the majority of these, has held its annual meetings. A third step is now taken in order to unite in one grand body the toiling millions of the Union, whether males or females, agriculturists, miners, artisans or mechanics,

taking the name of "A Co-operative Union of Farmers and Mechanics of America, or Patrons of Industry."

We have before us the Constitution and Rules of the same, as adopted by the National Grand Council of Chicago, and find in them much to admire, but at the same time some things to condemn. Even under "Membership," which admits males and females, we think the distinction in the ages superfluous. Although we note no rule which forbids woman to hold office, we notice the omission of the pronoun *her* which ought to follow *his*, if women and men are to meet in the Order on terms of equality. We object to Section 33 of the Constitution which makes a distinction between the sexes in the monthly dues. As to rule second, it contains assumptions which appear to us ridiculous. It is, "Each officer shall be entitled to a female assistant, to be selected by himself." Under the terms of membership this ought to be amended by adding "or male" after female, and, "or herself" after himself. With these additions, admitting as we do its necessity and usefulness, we should wish the above-mentioned Order speedy success and prosperity.

DOWN WITH BABEL.

Of late, an endeavor has been made to debauch the public schools of our country by introducing the study of foreign languages therein. The attention of the WEEKLY is called to the fact by a petition presented last week to the New York City Board of Education, the reasons for which are thus stated:

"We are prompted to this humble petition by an earnest desire for the promotion of knowledge, and not because we revere the glorious traditions of our ancestors, or that we wish to resuscitate their language and records; nor is it because we are obliged to hear and speak the language of the nation that has wronged and scourged and outraged our race by its oppression, and made it, like the child of Hagar, a wanderer and stranger among men; but it is because time and scholarship are revealing the fact that the Irish language holds within it elemental qualities which recommend it as a philological study; that it was spoken before Troy or Athens or Carthage had a foundation; that it had its origin in the pre-historic times, and was possibly used in directing the labor at the Pyramids and in commanding the hosts which perished in the pursuit of the Israelites at the crossing of the Red Sea.

But our Irish fellow-citizens are not to be blamed for the step they have thus taken; for the New York *Telegram* commenting on it, says:

The communication covered eleven pages of legal cap paper, and had appended thirty-six signatures. When the reading of it by the Clerk had been about half through it was moved, seconded and adopted that the reading be dispensed with, and that the document be referred to the Committee on Course of Studies. Considerable merriment was occasioned at the assertions in regard to the grandeur of Ireland's early history; but the purport of the communication was well understood to be a burlesque of the petition of certain Commissioners to have the German language continued as a regular part of the ordinary studies in the higher schools.

If this concerned the City of New York only it would not appear in the columns of the WEEKLY. But it concerns our country. The re-establishment of Babel, or confusion of tongues, is cropping out in our public schools in many cities in the Union. Nothing is more certain than that it ought to be attended to by our people, and at once and forever forbidden.

Speech, the intellectual hand of the mind, is the characteristic which pre-eminently distinguishes man from the lower orders of the animal creation. The broken, feeble and contracted utterings of the savage are sufficient to place infinity between him and the brute creation. As he advances, improvement in speech heralds his way to a higher form of civilization. The adaptability and copiousness of the language used by a people are the best indicators of their refinement and enlightenment. Too much attention, then, can hardly be given in our schools to the cultivation of the arts of speaking and reading—the subjects, or rather subject (for reading is merely speaking from set characters), now under our consideration.

Success in intellectual instruction is best attained by forwarding the efforts of nature. Education pre-supposes willingness on the part of the pupil, and in no wise implies compulsion or force. Let us consult nature. What is generally the first purely intellectual lesson taught by mothers? speaking. "Hark, it says 'ma,' plainly." Is not this lesson daily and hourly repeated? Are mothers ever weary in adding new words to the list contained in their little living lexicons? On the other hand, what are generally the first efforts of the recipients in this connection? To second their attempts at speech by appropriate gestures and actions. The lips and the eyes are first called into play, but very soon the hands are brought into active use. It is only when children enter the doors of the school-house that the natural graces given them for the adornment and perfection of their language are repressed.

This neglect of seconding the efforts of nature, or rather this repression of them, is the reason why so few of our public speakers deliver their discourses with grace and dignity. Almost all of them, when little children, speak easily and naturally, why not in after life? The gift has been neglected—it has departed—it cannot be recalled. It may safely be asserted that speaking and reading do not receive in our schools that attention their importance demands. It is also self-evident that without close attention to these main channels of knowledge, to these real foundations of science, other intellectual attainments must necessarily be very superficial.

We are told, that in the period immediately succeeding the flood, "the human world was of one language and one speech."

Furthermore, we are informed that "confusion of tongues" was imposed upon mankind as a penalty for their impiety and arrogance. Whether this be correct or not, it is certain that of all the causes of woe and sorrow to our race, division of language has been the most prolific. It is questionable if a nation composed of peoples speaking different languages ought to be deemed worthy of being considered a true political unit. Although Great Britain, Austria and Russia may appear to have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty, the East Indian and the Irishman, the Hungarian and the Croat are constantly disputing the soundness of such solution in the two first mentioned countries; whilst in the latter the astute Russian admits the truth of our surmise by endeavoring to annihilate the language of Poland.

Unity of language is the great central bond of our Republic. It ought to be, and if we are wise will be, more potent than all parchments, more binding than all natural or artificial necessities of position, and more requisite to our national welfare than homogeneity of law or of race. Surely there can be no higher or more patriotic duty devolving upon American citizens, whether they be native or naturalized, than the strengthening of this bond by making every public school child in our Union, of whatever parentage it may be, by force of language an American, by demanding that each and every one shall be trained, not merely to a tolerable command of our native tongue, but to a perfect mastery over it. This can easily be accomplished if a right-thinking public will pleases to decree that such duties shall be, what they are not now, properly performed.

THE COMING WOMAN.

To the Leavenworth, Kansas, *Daily Commercial* we are indebted for the following admirable and timely remarks on the above subject:

"Woman seems to be passing a transition period, and the question in the heart of every man and in the hearts of some of the women, too, is, what is she coming to? But this question is asked by different persons with different feelings. With some it is asked with hope and joy; with others in fear and alarm; with some in doubt and unbelief; with others in faith and confidence. The world moves forward with vast strides, and carries with it not only art, science, literature, government and society, but even the very construction of the human mind seems to be changed at times. A great overruling power seems to be bringing all the human family slowly and surely up to one common level. It is very plain that women are not to be slaves and drudges as among uncivilized nations. Neither are they designed to be shut up in the house and valued from the sight of the world as things not to be trusted, but guarded sacredly and kept to minister to man's pleasure and passions. The periods when they were held in such positions have passed. Women who yesterday were guarded and shielded for fear the winds of heaven would blow upon them, to-day face without fear the tumult of the rabble, speak eloquently in public and pray fervently in the presence of their scornful enemy. What has caused this sudden change, and are these women less womanly since? Ask their husbands. No one will detect a waning femininity and a growing masculinity in a woman so quick as a husband. Or are they less gentle and loving? Ask their sweethearts. Or are they less tender and kind? Ask their children. No, these women, while they have grown in power, have not lost one womanly feeling or instinct.

"The coming woman, then, will be no less a woman and no more a man. She will be no less loving and no more bitter; no less lovely and no more hateful.

"The coming woman will be less trifling, more earnest, less oppressed, down-trodden and abused, more respected by the right and feared by the wrong, less circumscribed in her work and her duties, and more powerful to accomplish all the good that her heart naturally prompts her to attempt.

"The coming woman will be set free from all the unnatural legal and social restraints under which she now labors.

"The coming woman will be free under God to exercise all the power with which she is so bountifully and so beautifully clothed. This is the coming woman."

This bold sketch of the "Woman of the Future" we cheerfully indorse and republish. When woman stands on a level with man politically, legally and socially, our work will be accomplished, but not till then. It may be that so great a change as we demand can be peacefully established. We hope so; but the signs of the times around us assure us that it must and will be made, and that right speedily. Even the present attitude of the masses of women in the temperance (or rather abstinence) crusade is a step toward the inevitable revolution. It is a wild blow for political and legal liberty, which will be scotched but not killed, for the right of self-rule underlying it will soon make itself felt again in a more potent manner. In the meantime tens of thousands of women on our platforms, in our public schools, and in our granges are handling the reins of power. It is plain that the old eastern slavery over woman, pirated by the Egyptians from the Hindoos, and stolen from the former by the great Jewish legislator, Moses, is damned and doomed.

Woman is going forth conquering and to conquer. The pent-up agonies of thousands of years are pouring over the civilized world through a thousand crevasses, and will overwhelm the corrupt systems which have debauched and are debauching all the peoples on the globe. Foremost of these is the Mosaic social and sexual system, which degrades woman by depriving her of her sovereignty in the domain of the affections. Before the human race can be improved, and the bestial social condition which has commenced to depopulate the world be abrogated, the personal rights of woman must be established. Man is equally interested with woman in this momentous change. The sexes rise or fall together. If, for four thousand or more years man has fastened a chain round the wrists of woman, the other end of it is tightly clasped round his own neck. He has therefore been probably the greater sufferer in this long battle of the sexes.

But it is the belief of the WEEKLY that the dark night of misery is nearly over, and the sun of personal freedom is already rising in the West. It is fitting that the order of

nature should be reversed, and that the moral luminary should first make its appearance in that quarter. Let us hail its advent there with a devotion greater than was ever known to the Magi of Persia, for it portends, and must effect, the revivification of the human race.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

It is both instructive and encouraging to note how social reform and Spiritualism are continually cropping out in the literature of the time. In the presence of the first, old, staid, orthodox marriage seems to be already becoming a myth of the past; while Christianity appears ready and willing to take a back seat, and occasionally makes a low bow in honor of the second. Our readers may think us rather sanguine in making the above assertions, but they are not stronger than the presses of the times warrant. Of course it is excusable in an established, free-thinking press, like the Boston *Investigator*, to crowd its columns with dissertations on Spiritualism, as it did last week; but we do not allude to live papers, like that assuredly is, in making the above remarks. It is the old fossils that we have alluded to. Like the dry bones in Ezekiel's Valley of Vision, old orthodox skeletons are rattling together, and are again, as it were, being clothed with living flesh, ramified and invigorated with circling blood. As a proof that our remarks are just, we extract a poem lately published in *Harper's Weekly*, which we take the liberty of baptizing

PROSPECTIVE SOCIAL REFORM.

Grandmother Grey by the window sat
And looked at the setting sun;
And watched the cows as they slowly came
From the pasture, one by one.
And back again to the 'long ago'
Her memory traveled fast,
While the dim eyes closed as she lived again
Through the scenes of the happy past.

"Let me see," she murmured; "Ah, yes, I know;
It was there by the pasture gate
That Robin, with milking pail and stool,
For my coming used to wait.
It was just a week of our wedding day
That he fell so sick—and died;
And I laid my heart in the grave with him,
And loved none other beside."

"But ah! it was for my father's sake
That I wedded Farmer Grey,
And we've both been tender and true and kind,
As the years have slipped away.
But I wonder much when the time shall come
And my soul be called above,
Shall I, as the wife of Farmer Grey,
Seek Robin, my only love?"

And the sun went down in the golden west,
And the cows came safely home,
As Grandmother Grey by the window sat,
While her thoughts seemed yet to roam.
But the angels came for her waiting soul
While the twilight shadows fell;
And Grandmother Grey, the farmer's wife,
With Robin has gone to dwell!

We are glad to find that our respected contemporary is willing to make room in the Christian's heaven for our little friend Cupid. This is better than the cold dictum on the subject found in the answer made by the great Nazarene to the Pharisees on the same important subject, although, believing as we do, that he meant by it to eliminate the idea of legalization—not of affection—we deem it to be correct. It is with diffidence we quote it for the instruction of our orthodox neighbor:

"For, when they rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven."

The grave question here is, "What is the affectional condition of disembodied spirits?" We answer, "One of perfect freedom!" The great Nazarene tells us himself that they are not bound in marriage, nor are the female angels given away as many women on earth are in Christian countries at present, more's the pity. But we perceive in the above statement no reason to assume that the affectional emotions of the sexes are to be annihilated. The doctrine which we hold is, that neither men or women, nor, as far as we know, spirits, are in power over the duration of their sexual affinities, and solemnly believe that the majority of human beings who have tried the experiment of chaining love by law in one sphere will be unwilling, with their sad experiences, to repeat the same operation in another. We affirm that the many will be of Grandmother Grey's opinion and prefer a change, and are glad to find our view of the subject is indorsed both in the sentiment and by the publication of the above poem in *Harper's Weekly*.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Having now passed safely through the ordeal of a trial in which our personal liberties were at issue, may we not ask all who are in any manner whatever interested either in us personally or in the doctrines advocated in the WEEKLY to come forward to its support. All the hard-earned money of our recent lecture tours of one hundred or more nights has been exhausted in securing a successful defense. Therefore we ask, with a certainty of ready response, that our friends and readers will at once see the necessity of standing by us in the present exigency. To renew your subscriptions and send in new subscribers should be your pleasure not less than it is your duty, since it is your battle which we have fought and won.

LIVINGSTONE'S LEGACY TO WOMEN.

Shakespeare says, in the play of Twelfth Night, that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." If there has been one man who has "achieved greatness" in this century, that man, by the voice of the civilized (and we might almost add the uncivilized) world, is Dr. Livingstone. In his unfinished letter to Mr. Henry Stanley, probably the last he ever wrote, we find the following language:

"You make the ladies think that your ranting at elections is perfect bliss, while if you caught them and forced them to vote only once you would hear no more of woman's rights. They, bless their dear hearts! would take to feeding the hungry instead of palavering at public omnium gatherums."

There it is in a nutshell. Under our present system our legislators are not unfrequently spawned in pot-houses and elected by ruffians. In our legislative halls nothing is to be heard but cries of Money, Money! Stocks, Stocks! Property, Property! To these cries virtue, honesty, dignity and human rights are hourly sacrificed. Instead of being centres of order and decorum they have become sinks of corruption and pollution, generating moral miasmas which fill our country with misery and crime. The cause why they have become so may be found in another article of the New York Herald of April 20, from which the above given extract was copied. In a leader on the "Social Aspects of Boating" we read:

"The exclusion of every social element from our boat clubs, and the evident disposition of some amateurs to become professionals will make the same sort of people out of the men who compose them. Nothing could be more undesirable, and yet if our boat clubs go on as they have been going for the last year or two such is certain to be the result. Except in a few admirable instances, ladies are never seen about the Harlem river boat-houses, which is in itself an unhealthy sign."

Here we stop. One-sex boat clubs are worse than one-legged railroads, and the condemnation which applies to them applies with far greater force to legislatures. As with legislatures so with courts of law. People calling themselves Christians should remember that in the sanctum sanctorum of the Temple, Justice was represented in the Ark, but there was something above even justice, it was the mercy-seat; that is banished from our law courts, which woman alone is qualified to fill. The doctrine of the WEEKLY is that in institutions where only one half of humanity is represented, whether they be halls of legislature, monasteries, or Young Men's Christian Associations, the results from them will be monstrosities and abortions. Therefore the WEEKLY agrees with the New York Herald that the want of the presence of women in the boat-houses of Harlem "is an unhealthy sign," and with the lamented African explorer when he says in effect that, if woman had her rightful numerical representation in our halls of legislature, the days of balderdash and buncombe would soon be over, and those of work would be begun.

MRS. AMELIA H. COLBY.

We hear most encouraging reports of this eloquent and able orator from the broad field of reform upon which she has entered in the great North-West. Among the many advocates of the practical and useful in Spiritualism, none, perhaps, are more earnest or faithful than she. Trained in the school of the rebellion to face the copperhead spirit in the south of Indiana, she now, with equal courage, faces the copperheads of social reform. Not an armed mob could prevent her from upholding the banner which had for a century been the emblem of freedom, while the war waged hotly in the border States; and she now as steadfastly advocates the principles which it typifies. The people of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the adjoining States are blessed by her ministrations. Those who have not yet been able to secure her services should lose no time in applying. Her address is Winona, Minn.

PERSONAL FREEDOM AMONG THE JEWS.

The Independent Order B'nai B'rith, is an organization which according to the preamble to its constitution has "taken upon itself the mission of uniting the sons of Israel, in the sacred work of promoting the highest interests of humanity, especially to elevate the wants of the poor and needy, to visit and attend the sick. * * * Furthermore, to develop and alleviate the mental and moral character of our race by a liberal support of science and art, and the inculcation of the holiest and purest principles of philanthropy, honor and patriotism."

Among the "cardinal principles" of the order are these: "1. All men are brothers, sons of one God, vested with the same inalienable rights. 2. While nations and associations must be governed by law, the incarnation of absolute justice, the social relations among individuals should be regulated by the details of love."

Exactly! But the doctrine when advocated by those not of the B'nai B'rith is designated by exceedingly opprobrious terms. Yet it does and will "elevate the mental and moral character of our race" and "alleviate the wants of the poor and needy," for even the rich in this world's goods are poor by reason of the lack of that love which is life, for "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die," a loveless life is a living death.

A. CRIDGE, Washington, D. C.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Boston, on Tuesday, April 14th, aged seventy-five, one of the great men of the world—JOSIAH WARREN—with whom my past relations, public and private, have been such as to make it seemingly as well as really appropriate, that I should utter my personal words of eulogy for the departed and of condolence with those who mourn. The public tributes of appreciation which are scattered through the press mock the sensibilities of those few who were ever penetrated with right views of the intrinsic and almost unapproachable values of the man, in the place he has filled in life, and in the history of mental evolution on the planet. It is the opprobrium of our age and the badge of the low grade of civilization out of which we have not yet graduated, that such a man was left to linger unrecognized and poor in our midst, while in the future, marble will not be found white enough to constitute his monument.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the trivial and scanty details of the life of JOSIAH WARREN, nor even to enumerate his literary and reformatory labors. I shall content myself with giving some little idea of the man and of the estimate in which I personally held him. MR. WARREN, gave one the first impression of a rather short and thick-set, homely-featured, plain, sombre and otherwise common-place individual; simply one of the people, with nothing to arouse the expectation of the true greatness which shone out of his animated eyes and fell in cyclopean blows of unanswerable logic when excited in discussion, or rather in defense or promulgation of his narrow circle of great ideas. He was the discoverer, formulator and propounder of *individuality, the sovereignty of the individual and the principle of cost, the limit of price*, as his contribution to the requisite solutions of social science; and in his radical understanding and matchless mastery of these and two or three allied doctrines lay concentrated, as it were in a nut-shell, the life and the wonderful power of the man. Precisely upon this seemingly restricted base of truths, new in kind and occult in meaning, he could fight and slay, and conquer the whole world over the heads of their most cherished pre judices, and plant in every soul intelligent enough to comprehend a few grains of giant powder, which would be sure to explode and topple over the loftiest fortresses or towers of adverse opinion. As well might an ignorant savage argue against the multiplication table, as for the greatest intellect to assail any one of his simple positions; and yet to grant them was to authorize and to demand the most far-reaching and radical social revolution. He usually stayed behind, however, himself, and at a safe distance, from the final explosion of the trains that he laid, leaving it to bolder men and women to plant the fuse and look after the fragments.

MR. WARREN was in fact a cautious, and I may even say a timid, man; and off the narrow base of principles which had come to his individual mind as a revelation, he was not intellectually powerful. Upon these principles and upon all their necessary defenses, he was simply omnipotent; because he had the truth and the higher truth than that of other men, and had also just the genius for its persistent and laborious and devoted defense. He knew every inch of the ground, every possible mode of attack, and every necessary guard and retort. For forty years or more he went over the argument to every old objector or new comer, with the fidelity of a nun telling her beads, never missing an idea and hardly varying the statement. He was an offense to those who knew much of him and did not appreciate his truth, and fairly a trial of the patience of those who did. He was sometimes playful, however, sometimes terribly sarcastic, and always convincing, or at all events endowed with the power of silencing his opponent, often by an unexpected *reductio ad absurdum* which would be overwhelming. As an instance of the shrewd cunning and treacherous simplicity of this great discussionist, I recall the following incident in one of his public meetings in Boston, many years ago. He had been stating the small amount of industry it would require of every individual to supply his own wants, in a well regulated society. Many objections had been raised and hit on the head, one after the other as fast as they came up, by his expert answers, when a dignified person arose in the midst of the audience, evidently heavily freighted with the conscious importance of his new objection, which proved to be this. He said he was entirely and decidedly opposed to any such state of society as MR. WARREN had sketched, because in such a state of things people would leave off work and spend their time in all sorts of idleness. MR. WARREN quietly inquired of the speaker, and with some seeming surprise: Why would the people leave off working? Because, said the other, with an air of triumph, in such a society there would be no use in working. Well, said MR. WARREN, with an inimitable simplicity of manner, which would have added laurels to the fame of ARTEMUS WARD, if there would be no use in working what would be use of it? The look of blank confusion on the objector's face for a moment, the sudden plumping down into his seat, the instant of silent waiting in the audience to appreciate the fun, where everything had seemed so innocent, and the storm of laughter and applause which burst out, the moment after, made such a scene as only occurs rarely, in the presence of our best humorists.

It was, however, as I have said, only on his own ground that MR. WARREN was great in dealing with ideas. He seemed to be himself confused by the slightest complexity, and to be organically opposed to everything of life but its simplest forms, and even to all the higher refinements of society. He could hardly tolerate the logical results of his own doctrines so soon as they surpassed the primitive stage of their development. His moral character was the same admixture of greatness and of a certain child-like pettyness in his attractions and repulsions which amounted to discomfort for himself and his friends, and marked his course with fickleness and disharmony. Few had enough steadiness of appreciation for the admirable qualities of the man, to remain always in close personal amity with him as a companion. I think always of him as our American SOCRATES,

and I always had a pungent sense of pity for the, perhaps—if all the facts were known—still more heroic Xantippe. It is oftentimes no joke to be the wife or the near friend of a great philosopher.

But under the rough husk MR. WARREN was still tender as a woman, and simple and loving as a child. He was a great lover of music, but fairly hated the great operatic performances, while his eyes would brim and overflow with tears at the effect of the simplest strain.

In respect to the character and value of MR. WARREN'S ideas, I have never trusted myself to say what I thought during the more than twenty years since I knew him, without incurring general censure for extravagance—the exception being only with the few radical converts to his doctrines, of whom I am one. When such eminent men as JOHN STUART MILL and JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, of totally opposite schools, unite in discarding the doctrine of human rights from any place in social science, resolving everything into mere expediency, it may seem to require some boldness to affirm that I adhere staunchly to the doctrine of human rights, as it animated the first French Revolution, and as it is embodied in the American Declaration of Independence. MR. WARREN'S specific work was the introduction of exact analysis, exact definition and definite form into this doctrine of fundamental human rights; and therein he laid, in my judgment, the only sound foundation for a true social science. There is no word that I uttered twenty years ago, of high estimate for his discovered principles, which I would wish now to deduct from or unsay; but then, and now, I had and have many views, held harmoniously in conjunction with his principles, and often growing out of them, which sometimes placed some social difference between us.

The papers mention, as if it conferred honor on MR. WARREN, the fact that J. STUART MILL recognized his eminent ability. Certainly no doubt the honor may have been reciprocal; but I should have been better pleased with MR. MILL had he more directly and publicly, and in the preface especially to his work on *Liberty*, acknowledged his very great indebtedness both to MR. WARREN and myself for the staple of that work; and still better pleased if he had so fully mastered and so guardedly stated MR. WARREN'S ideas, as to have hedged himself securely against such damaging criticisms as MR. STEPHEN has dealt him *apropos* of that work. In my judgment, MR. WARREN'S name will be rising to one of the highest niches in the temple of fame, when MR. MILL will be classified only as one of a group of merely superior thinkers. Were I to name an octave of the great writers of the past to whom I am most consciously indebted for my own intellectual culture, I should say Pythagoras, Aristotle, Kant, Swedenborg, Charles Fourier, Josiah Warren, Auguste Comte and Joseph R. Buchanan; and if I were to select three from among this number to whom to acknowledge the weightier debts of gratitude, the name of JOSIAH WARREN would certainly be included among this smaller number. I must, therefore, claim my right to mourn among the mourners at the new shrine of the departed.

In his latter years MR. WARREN, from having been a purely negative materialist, infidel and atheist, became a full and rejoicing believer in the realities of the spirit life. I had the pleasure of introducing him to the means of his conversion, and I have never known in the old church a more genuine change of heart or more marked moral results derived from it than in his case from his belief in Spiritualism. The prospect of death was a source of intense pleasure to him as he neared the event, and to those of his friends who partake of the same faith, he seems now to be hardly in any sense separated from us.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTION: CAN A FREE-THINKING COMMUNIST
"STAND UP FOR JESUS?"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY:

I felt rather regretful when I read your abrupt withdrawal from the discussion with our friend Jamieson, of the question whether or not Jesus Christ taught communism; and, incidentally, the true meaning and tendency of his remarkable doctrines and precepts; also, whether his teachings construed in a plain, literal and common-sense way, are superior or inferior to the ways of the world—that is to say, the universal competitive system of society, which always results in extremes of riches and poverty, of power and oppression on the one side, and of slavery and wretchedness on the other, as exhibited in what is called Christian civilization.

The themes of Christ and Christianity are generally handled in such an impracticable, intangible, transcendental and purely speculative manner, as to be irksome, maudlin, mystical and repulsive to the free-thinking mind; but that is, as I think, either to be regarded as a "trick of the trade" (clerical), designed to mystify matters which in a literal acceptance would revolutionize society and ruin their trade, or else it is owing to their unpardonable ignorance or moral cowardice. Mr. Jamieson boldly avers that, "By the truth we all love, he hopes, for your sake, to drive you by facts from the false position you have taken on the Jesus question." Whew! stand from under!

As friend Jamieson is evidently "spoiling for a fight" on the question of gospel communism and the sociology of Jesus, and fearing lest nobody should accommodate him, and the opportunity of ventilating the points in issue be lost, I may be excused for obtruding myself in the hiatus, *ad interim*, and collating a few facts and arguments relative to the question as viewed from my own standpoint, even at the risk of being annihilated in argument by the first broadside from our redoubtable adversary.

In the outset I wish to remark that with the *theology* of Jesus I have scarcely anything to do. The issue at present is regarding the *sociology*, the moral system, propounded by him; and this is therefore simply a sociological inquiry, and must be looked at, not as to how certain doctrines may apply to God, but as to how they will apply to mankind. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher repudiates the gospel of Jesus Christ as embodied in the "Sermon on the Mount." The reverend gentleman declares it to be incompatible with "our civilization," which I admit that it is; but "our civilization" is not now on the stand for trial, but Jesus and his social polity and morals. The Rev. Beecher sneeringly and ironically stigmatizes Christ's gospel as revealed in the "Sermon on the Mount" as a "precious dispensation," meaning that it is a monstrous fallacy, an outrageous delusion, or a huge human bug. Mr. Jamieson says, "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." Which of these two investigators is the greatest unbeliever the reader must judge for himself. The WEEKLY thinks they are both wrong; so do I. Beecher is a so-called orthodox Christian; Jamieson is a so-called infidel. Beecher refuses to acknowledge allegiance to the literal gospel of Christ, and Jamieson thinks the reverend gentleman is right in taking this attitude. Well, it is strange how extremes meet! These men both reject the gospel—an orthodox and an infidel; 'tis funny

"What mighty difference there can be
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

But, to the argument. Mr. Jamieson asks for chapters and verses where Christ taught communism? I respond that the gospels are full of it. Although it is true that Jesus did not use the word "communism," nor the word equity or equality, nor such phrases as "unity of interests," common property, "each for all and all for each," etc., as do Communists of the present day, yet if the doctrines and precepts which he uttered and promulgated lead directly and inevitably to such a state of society as these words and phrases imply, to communism, then his system is tantamount to, and his words fully equivalent to, the explicit proposition of communism.

The next point will be to show that Christ's precepts (or perhaps I should say principles of social polity), do lead directly to communism. Mr. Jamieson will not deny that Jesus enjoined poverty on his followers and that he was poor himself. "Foxes have holes," said he, "and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." (Luke ix., 58.) "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke xiv., 33.) It is disingenuous in the extreme in Mr. Jamieson to characterize Jesus as a *lazy beggar*; he did not go or send his disciples into the world as beggars, but as teachers of righteousness. He was poor on principle, and not in the sense of mendacity. (I readily admit the fact, however, that the bogus Christianity of the present age is a grand system of begging and of robbery and iniquity.) Had Jesus and his disciples yielded to the promptings of acquisitiveness, it would have demoralized the heroic spirit of His gospel; the gospel is to the poor and to the poor only—that is, in the literal sense of the word gospel; "gospel" signifies joyful message, good or glad tidings. How can it be supposed that the command to rich people to disgorge their gains and to distribute their riches among the needy, and to put themselves on a par with the common herd of humanity, could be received as glad tidings or as a joyful message? "To the poor the gospel is preached." Jesus never said to the rich the gospel is preached. It would be foolishness and inaccurate for him to have said so, for the gospel is glad news to the poor but sorrowful news to the rich. "Yet lackest thou one thing, sell all that thou hast and distribute to the poor." "And when he heard this he was very sorrowful, for he was very rich." (Luke xviii., 22-23.) Those whose perceptions are sufficiently opened to see the equity and righteousness of the principle of "distribution" (which is the principle of communism), and have faith in that principle, will, if they be rich, distribute their riches to the needy; to such the gospel is a

power unto salvation." There is authority for saying that the distribution of half of one's estate augurs the ultimate distribution of the whole, so that one who goes thus far may reasonably be pronounced as "saved." "And Zacheus said, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold. And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house." (Luke xix., 8-9.) "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." (Luke iv., 18.) "Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again." (Luke vi., 30.) "Sell that ye have and give alms." (Luke xii., 33.) "And Peter said, Lo, we have left all and followed thee." (Luke xviii., 28.) "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." (Luke ix., 23.) "Blessed be ye poor, blessed are ye that hunger now, blessed are ye that weep now." (Luke vi., 20.) How can Mr. Jamieson read such passages as these and say that Jesus or his followers were beggars or mendicants? Is it mendacity to forsake what one has? to renounce mammon and deny one's-self that our fellow-beings may be relieved?

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God." (Luke xviii., 24.) "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." (Luke xii., 15.) "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" (Luke xii., 20.) "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." (Matt. vi., 19.) "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. vii., 12.) "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind." (Luke xiv., 13.) "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." (Luke xvi., 13.) "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." (Ib. 15.) "The rich man also died, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and Abraham said: 'Son, remember that thou in thy life received thy good things, and likewise, Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.'" (Luke xvi., 22, 25.) "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Luke xviii., 25.) "But woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation." (Luke vi., 24.) "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." (Ib. 26.)

All this and much more of the same tenor contained in the "Gospels," indicates, in an unmistakable manner, that Jesus taught, yea, vehemently urged the communistic doctrine of distribution of property and money. To the most casual reader, this must be so evident that I deem it unnecessary to further illustrate this point. I maintain that these precepts were for general application, and were not required nor meant for any merely exceptional cases. The argument I deduce from these general and uniform injunctions to abandon individual property, is that whatever property or riches exists in any Christian community (I mean any Christian public), must of necessity be common property or wealth, which is communism. How will Mr. Jamieson escape this conclusion? Suppose, for illustration, that all the people in New York should accept the gospel of Jesus, and sincerely desire to carry out his commandments regarding their possessions, what would or could be the consequence unless it be communism? Therefore I say that the gospel, when conscientiously and sincerely received, must lead inevitably to communism. Of course this view of the gospel sweeps away the whole Christian world almost, as spurious in faith and practice, but that is not my concern. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Behold the fruits of "Christianity" (of the bogus stripe) in the city of New York at this moment! See the tens of thousands hungry, naked and cold; many actually dying, and thousands on the verge of starvation; this is a striking and an awful and impressive exhibition of the capabilities of the competitive principle in society. The few are rich and unfeeling, while the many are straitened and miserable. Is any one so bereft of reason as to suppose the gospel of Jesus can justify any such a condition of society as this? Communists contemplate the scene with mournful forebodings and compassion, and if Jesus was now on earth, I fancy he would be forced to exclaim: "O Christendom, Christendom; thou that killeth the prophets (Communists, liberators, philanthropists), and stonest (or imprisons and persecutes) them which are sent unto thee. How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" what more simple and beautiful symbol of communism; of a fostering care and heartfelt interest in every single member of the great household of humankind could be presented? "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" (Luke xvi., 6.)

Another fact, showing that the rule of common ownership was observed by Jesus and his immediate followers is that they had a common treasury, "the bag" which Judas had charge of, if I remember rightly. A debt or liability against one was also regarded as falling upon all, as when tribute was demanded Jesus, so the story goes, sent one of the twelve to find some money in a fish's mouth, and that money was to be paid as tribute "for me and for thee." To know what amount of available capital the community had on hand it was only necessary to examine the contents of "the bag." Wasn't that Communism?

Jesus preached "repentance." Repent of what? Of sin, of iniquity. What is "iniquity?" It is want of equity or equality. Equity is distribution in society—in other words, Communism. Iniquity is competition, opposition of interests, inequality, hoarding treasure, monopoly, spoliation, slavery, war, cruelty, tyranny. Distribution or equity follows repentance as naturally as oppression and monopoly follow individual riches and opposing interests. True "repentance" and communism go hand in hand. Communism is simply making restitution of ill-gotten wealth; I mean in the sense of distribution. All "wealth" is to be regarded as ill-gotten and iniquitous; it is sinful and wicked to hold

riches against the multiplied necessities of the poor. Therefore to be "rich" is indeed a misfortune. "Blessed be ye poor. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

A Gordian knot of theology, ecclesiasticism, priestcraft and tomfoolery has been gathering around the simple and beautiful gospel of Jesus these eighteen hundred years, till, at this day, it is entirely obscured, hidden out of sight by the hollow mockeries which pass under the name of "Christianity," yet possess not the spirit of Jesus Christ. The upholders of these stupendous frauds are the "false prophets" which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. "Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Let me not be misunderstood. I am no believer in infallibility. I accept no gospel on trust, even from Jesus, nor even the gospel of equity, justice distribution, Communism, except as it is unfolded to my spiritual or moral perceptions, but I joyfully

Seize upon truth, wherever 'tis found,
On Christian or on heathen ground;
Among my friends, among my foes
The flower's divine where'er it grows.

I would even "give the devil his due" if he stood by the truth, and in such a spirit I am not ashamed nor afraid to "stand up for Jesus," wherein I think him right.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

E. F. BOYD.

THE AMERICAN FREE DRESS LEAGUE.

PREAMBLE.

Believing the present style of woman's dress to be destructive to the physical, mental and moral welfare of the race; that it is at once a cause, a badge and a perpetuator of woman's subjected condition, standing directly in the way of her enfranchisement; compelling her to unfair disadvantage and unequal rank with man as laborer, scholar, citizen and parent; and believing that by associative effort we may do much to encourage all in the use of such apparel as may seem to best befit the various activities of life, and also to create a public sentiment which shall sustain rather than ostracize those who choose fidelity to principle, rather than obedience to fashion, we organize under the following

CONSTITUTION.

- ART. 1. This Association shall be known as THE AMERICAN FREE DRESS LEAGUE.
- ART. 2. Its object shall be to teach woman the need, and encourage her in the use of a system of dress conducive to the highest physical, mental and moral development; and to induce both men and women to consult individual taste and comfort, rather than fashion, in the matter of dress.
- ART. 3. Its officers shall be elected annually, and consist of President, Vice-Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries and Treasurer, who shall perform the customary duties of their respective offices; and of an Executive Committee of ten, who shall be appointed by the other officers. Each office of the League shall (as far as practicable) be represented by one person of each sex.
- ART. 4. Vice-Presidents shall be elected in each State and Territory (so far as practicable), and shall be empowered to call and hold meetings in their respective States under the auspices of the League, the League not to be responsible for expenses thereby incurred, said officers to forward notice of such meetings to Recording Secretary of the League.
- ART. 5. The Executive Committee shall have general oversight of the interests of the League, arrange for conventions and annual and special meetings, and do all in their power to promote its objects.
- ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to hold all funds of the League subject to the order of the Executive Committee, presenting a detailed report of the receipts and expenditures of the society at each annual meeting, and at such other times as requested by said Committee.
- ART. 7. That no one may be compromised by any vote of the majority, the reports, resolutions and votes of the minority shall be put upon record, when said minority so requests.
- ART. 8. Any person may become a member of the League by signing the Constitution and contributing to its funds. Any member may withdraw from membership by sending a written request to that effect to the Recording Secretary.
- ART. 9. This Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the Society by a majority of the members present, the proposed amendment having been submitted in writing at a previous meeting.
- Presidents—D. M. Allen, S. L. O. Allen, So. Newbury, Ohio.
- Treasurers—Dr. R. T. Trall, Dr. Mary B. Lucas, N. J.
- Recording Secretaries—O. F. Shepard, N. J.; Benj. R. Tucker, Boston, Mass.
- Corresponding Secretary—Mary E. Tillotson, N. J.
- Vice-Presidents for Ohio—Dr. Thos. W. Organ, M. S. Severance.
- Vice-Presidents for Vermont—Dr. Martha Williams, W. V. Hardy.
- Vice-Presidents for Maine—Seward Mitchell, Emeline A. Prescott.
- Vice-Presidents for District Columbia—Dr. Mary E. Walker, J. W. Bell.
- Vice-Presidents for Pennsylvania—Dr. R. Garter, Mrs. Carrie Taylor.
- Vice-Presidents for Delaware—Dr. Mary B. Heald, Dr. Pusey Heald.
- Vice-Presidents for Virginia—Sarah L. Tibballs, J. Q. Henck.
- Vice-President for New York—Dr. L. A. Strobidge.
- Vice-President for Massachusetts—Dr. J. A. Vibbert.
- Vice-Presidents for Michigan—Lamilla F. Stegeman, Albert Stegeman.
- Vice-Presidents for Illinois—Sada Bailey, W. C. Elliott.
- Vice-Presidents for Iowa—Werner Boecklin, Cornelia Boecklin.

Vice-Presidents for Missouri—A. W. St. John, Mrs. St. John.

Vice-Presidents for Kansas—J. H. Cook, Dr. Frank Cook.

Vice-Presidents for California—Sarah Michener, James Michener.

The following extracts from Mr. Allen's letter of acceptance will both serve as an introduction to his co-workers, and very fairly represent the spirit of earnest devotion which all bring to their work:

"Deeply impressed with the vast and increasing importance of the reform you propose to inaugurate, one may well hesitate and deliberate before attempting to launch an enterprise of such vast proportions upon the tidal waves of our progressive development.

"For twenty years I have been a radical out-spoken dress reformer, but my activities have been limited to a very narrow sphere, and hence I felt wholly unprepared and unqualified to stand as the representative of the most radical and aggressive wing of Fashion's iconoclasts in the nation. But after the best and most serious thought I have been able to give the subject, and consulting with some of the truest friends of the cause, I have come to the conclusion that I may not with impunity decline the place your partiality has assigned me, and I hereby dedicate myself anew to the work, and surely no holier cause ever engaged the attention of mortals. Cramped and fettered in every organ of her body, dwarfed in every faculty of her mind, circumscribed in every aspiration of her soul by the baleful and demoralizing influence of fashion, I implore every lover of our common humanity to come up to the help of all womankind against the mighty power of the demon.

"Woman's enslavement in any department of her being means man's degradation. Woman's absolute freedom means virtue, purity, physical development, mental culture, moral rectitude, spiritual unfoldment to the race. Why then should we hesitate to offer all we have and are, or hope to become upon the altar of Freedom, through which alone we can hope for salvation from the burdens and woes that now afflict an overburdened and sin-sick world?

"It is a fearful warfare upon which we are about to enter, and I cannot encourage you with the promise of an easy or a speedy victory.

"The pomp of fashion, the *prestige* of wealth and high social position, the aristocracy of rank, the power of numbers, the arrogance of reckless thoughtlessness, the intolerance of bigotry, the mawkish babblings of ignorance and superstition are all against us.

"If, therefore, any timid ones tremble before this array of marshaled valor (?) let him 'throw up the sponge' and 'surrender at discretion.' But to those who feel that the battle is not to the strong in numbers, but to the mighty in the power of eternal truth, we would extend the hand of fellowship and pledge to each other, in mutual faith, a helping hand in every word and deed that shall have for its object the growth of a more perfect humanity.

"In entering upon the public work before us I bespeak your forbearance, your kindly criticisms, your timely suggestions and your earnest and efficient support. And may we one and all enter upon the duties which may devolve upon us with an eye single to the advancement of the end we have in view—to wit, the complete freedom of woman in every department of her nature, and through her the emancipation of our common humanity. If we keep this thought uppermost in the mind, we shall find no place for petty bickerings, narrow jealousies and selfish animosities, but as one brotherhood we shall labor and toil without haste and without rest, until, redeemed from fashion's tyrannous sway the kingdom of love and good-will shall be established in all our hearts, and peace and purity shall reign where vice and misery now dwell.

"Yours, for faithful work,

"D. M. ALLEN."

Editors Weekly—Permit me to say, in this connection, that our list of officers for the League was necessarily largely made up from the valuable correspondence with the late Anti-Fashion Convention. The very general interest in the free dress movement manifested throughout the country, as indicated by letters received since it was inaugurated, is indeed a most hopeful indication of the rapid progress true freedom is making in the minds of many, and the readiness with which they will use personal influence in defense of those who are prepared to practicalize it. I hope soon to be able to announce time and place of first annual convention of the League. I think no candid mind can fail to see how much the recent demands for sexual freedom for woman have done to prepare the way for the demand that she be encouraged to wear such clothing as shall best enable her to maintain that freedom, as on the other hand it is evident that the heroic devotion of a few women for the past twenty years to the personal recognition of the inseparable connection of sexual freedom and dress reform paved the way for the renewed agitation of both these beneficent reforms. Hoping all the friends of sexual purity will consider themselves personally interested in the Free Dress League; that they will solicit members and donations, and advise us in its management, I remain,

Hopefully yours,

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

VINELAND, March 18, 1874.

WAKING UP.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1874.

TO EDITORS WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

When I arrived here a week ago from my temporary home in Ohio I had fully counted on being able to go on to New York and have the pleasure of a personal interview with those who can speak so much truth to the truth-seeking, yet ignorant, masses as is contained in your weekly paper. Money and time, however, presses me, like all other poor men and poorer women, and I have to take my leave, westward instead of eastward. Let me say a word to you, however, in aid of your work toward true enlightenment and true liberty among women. You are doing grand work all over the West, wherever your paper is seen and read. The irreligious bigot, the fool and the hypocrite are the only ele-

ments of opposition; all sensible religionists, of whatever denomination, read and ponder what you say, with decent regard to truth and fair dealing. You have in the last issue spoken so wonderfully to the point on the present insane women's prayer gatherings in drinking saloons, in their effort to put down the sale of liquors, that even the most enthusiastic among them begin to cool down and are returning to their home duties. They begin to feel most keenly the rebuke you offer to the misdirection of their efforts. Many already see, who did not before, that most of what they desire would naturally flow from their own powerful exercise of the ballot, and that they should first seek that and afterward other reforms through it. The truth is, the utter ignorance and incapacity of the masses of women the world over only begin to attract our attention deeply now because we have been turned squarely to its full contemplation. I heard a farmer say a few weeks since that he really never dreamed there was so small a difference between the physical and mental capacities of boys and girls until last Fall when his two boys and two girls all came home from college. The girls graduated at seventeen and nineteen years old; the boys at twenty-two and twenty-three years old. They all went to school from twelve years of age, and here the boys had from four to six years the advantage of the girls in the period of education; yet the girls are well nigh up to the boys in all studies that were common to the four children, and he is sure that if the girls would just go on four years more they would excel the sons in a complete education! This old farmer is not alone, having an eye on this equal and exact chance to all, and let me tell you that when the laboring masses begin to have their attention turned to this matter, and when they begin to give Sarah and John equal time and like text-books at school, and Jane and Willie equal course at law and medicine, then you may look out for a revolution that will lead on to the grand ends you and a few only have so long striven for.

Then in the higher and fashionable walks of life, even reaching up, or down, into that sweet, velvety circle where the women, the girls of the period, so love to be nothing but "somebody's pet," no matter whose, a lively attention has been woke up latterly by a general reading of that very gallant and would-be female guardian, Edward H. Clark, M. D., followed up by a reading of "No Sex in Education," by Mrs. E. B. Duffey, and "Sex and Education," by Julia Ward Howe. I tell you that the few sparks of real spunk left yet in the pedizened brain of even the indolent fashionable female or the poor medium class—slaves to fashion and to a certain public opinion, or rather an uncertain private opinion publicly expressed—begins to hum with just indignation at much of Dr. Clark's assumption, false reasoning and misplaced sympathy. So mote it be. Let the work go on. Truth is all we want, all we seek for. Let that have a fair chance and we are content. I have something to say on the subject, just now extensively being discussed West and South, of reformatory institutions, such as caring for the young children of indigent parents, the diseased and sick, and then the everlasting social evil. But I cannot now touch on these matters, but will beg to do so at no distant day. I hope to get settled somewhere ere long, and will feel happy to give you and your paper all the aid and encouragement in my power.

Yours truly,

AMELIA.

QUIEN SABE?

A baby into existence grows
Out of the dark; *coulour de rose*
Its future seems as it lies in dreams;
For life can bring no cruel thing
To the bud that into a blossom blows;
Ah, well-a-day! who knows? who knows?

A man with a maid to the altar goes;
Care has come, but *coulour de rose*
The future seems to the lover's schemes,
For care must fly when love is nigh.
And his heart is happy—there are no woes;
Ah, well-a-day! who knows? who knows?

An old man out of existence goes;
Life was woe, but *coulour de rose*
The future seems, for the vision gleams
Of peaceful rest for aye possessed,
By a soul that back to the darkness goes;
Ah, well-a-day! who knows? who knows?

—Burlington Daily.

WHILE poor old Mrs. Fury was crawling through the corridors of the City Hall, unnoticed and unpitied, another female figure might have been seen in the same place. It was Tennie C. Claflin, the well-known editor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, of New York. Young, handsome, dashing in dress and action, she was the very antithesis of the poor appleman's wife. She was there soliciting subscriptions for her paper, and she made a most successful canvass. Every official heart melted before the irresistible charms of her voice and eye, and every official hand went down into every official pocket and brought up \$3 for Woodhull and Free Love. She dashed at every official bulwark with the impetuosity and *elan* of a brigade of dragoons, and carried them by storm. Every—no, there was one solitary old veteran who repulsed each successive charge with the stolid calmness of an old guard. Mayor Moffat, who never turns off applicants like Mrs. Fury, bowed Miss Claflin out of his office as poor as she entered. But all the others she carried by storm, and indeed it required all the strength of the man who resisted the park and water schemes to withstand the bewitching sorcery of the charming Claflin.—*Evening News, Detroit, Mich., April 13.*

"NOT GUILTY."

The criminal suit for libel against the publishers of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, of New York, has been terminated in a verdict of not guilty. This result is a matter of great interest to all, by way of encouragement to the press

in using its power on the side of the weak against the strong—for virtue against vice. Whatever may be thought of the peculiar and extreme views of Mrs. Woodhull, Miss Claflin and Col. Blood, as to the remedies for certain evils in society, there can be no question that they are doing a much-needed work, not alone in combatting corruption in general, but wickedness in particular, by exposing individuals who occupy high positions—who riot in vice and use their opportunities to debauch the unlucky ones who fall in their clutches. It is not necessary to subscribe to her peculiar and extreme views, or to her modes of correcting social evils, in acknowledging the substantial value of a considerable portion of the work that Victoria C. Woodhull is doing.—*Western Rural.*

CONDUCTING SCHOOLS.—An essay by Miss Barton on the "Best Method of Conducting a School," which was read at the recent meeting of the Enfield, Conn., Teachers' Association at Thompsonville, has given rise to considerable discussion by its striking and novel views. It was recommended that no exercise should be longer than fifteen minutes, and that singing should be one of the school exercises. It was suggested that a pupil of each sex be placed at each desk and allowed to assist each other in their lessons, and at the end of each month permitted to select new partners if they wished. It was claimed that there would be less trouble in conducting a school, more tidiness in the pupils' appearance, and greater ease in their conversation and intercourse, which would be of much advantage when they became men and women. It was claimed that, where the experiment had been tried, it had been attended with success.—*Globe, Rutland, Vt.*

WESTFORD, Mass., April 12, 1874.

Mrs. Woodhull—Although unknown to you individually—if those who are one in purpose can be really unknown to each other—I cannot resist sending a word of approval and encouragement to you, and sympathy for the movement in which you are engaged. For your fidelity to truth and justice, though such a course may conflict with custom and the preconceived notions of the multitude, you deserve the thanks of all of humanity's true friends. Rest assured that whatever may hereafter befall you, the impulse you have given to the cause of freedom will go on; it has taken a deep hold on many minds and it will never be permitted to die. Many are they whose sympathetic minds have felt the vibrations of your heroism and are strengthening the positions you have taken. Your name, like that of all who have been true to themselves, will be embalmed and held in grateful remembrance by the coming ages.

I am glad to see that the WEEKLY is confined to no one idea, that it relies upon no one pet remedy for the salvation of the world that while reformation in the social department is made a prominent feature, corresponding reforms in the political and industrial departments are kept constantly in view; and that it labors for the dethronement of the money kings and the substitution of worth in their places. This is the right method; equal rights, freedom from all tyranny is the position that the spirit of liberty must assume ere the race emancipates itself from all despotism. Spiritualism having removed the foundations of the old religious system, the old social and political system which are vitally related thereto like so many Siamese twins, must of necessity fall with it.

Some do not seem to have arisen to a comprehension of this truth, and herein consists the difference between radical and conservative Spiritualists.

I believe there is already a sufficient number in whose souls "this living inspiration has had birth," to eventually lift humanity to their standard, and who by firmly standing together will see the actualization of their ideals and show that freedom, equality and justice are no longer exiles from this earth.

A. D. WHEELER.

REFORMERS.

It is the fashion of the press and the public to sneer at reformers. If a meeting is called for the purpose of starting some needed reform, the reporters of the press describe those present as long-haired, ill-dressed, lean, discontented people. These are just the people we expect to find at a reform meeting. Reforms originate with the discontented. Those who have all the comforts of life are very well satisfied with the world as it is, and do not wish to reform it. A scrubby lot of long-haired fanatics were the twelve apostles, a queer set of women were those who followed Jesus. All the respectable people of the day laughed and sneered at them. Nicodemus, afraid of shocking his respectable neighbors with whom he had business relations, went to Jesus by night. He would have been ashamed to be seen speaking to such a man in the day time. Go on, gentlemen reporters of the press, chaff and sneer and hoot at the ill-dressed, long-haired reformers of the day; but you may depend upon it they are doing their work, and they are doing work which if not done by them would remain undone.—*Figaro, San Francisco.*

PROPHETSTOWN, Illinois, March 23, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—We congratulate you on your escape from the American Bastille, and from the long train of evil that has been so wickedly and persistently worked up against you by the clergy and courts of this country. Especially do we congratulate you up in your escape from the clutches of the most wicked, designing and damnable society in this country, the worse than Jesuitical Young Men's Christian Association. We believe that the next martyr whose blood is shed in behalf of freedom and liberty in this country will be at the instigation of the churches and a debauched priesthood. Your friends,

A. J. Mattson,
Lucy B. Mattson,
A. M. Hetfield,

Sarah G. Hetfield,
Sarah J. Thompson,
Mary L. Spencer.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

THE CENTRAL N. Y. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting, in Devereux Hall, Oneida, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, April 25 and 26.

Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, of Wallston Heights, Mass., and Warren Woolson and J. W. Seaver, of N. Y., are engaged to speak.

Respectfully yours,

DR. E. F. BEALS.

THE GREAT SENSATION:

A Full and Reliable History of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal. Including Comprehensive and Interesting Biographical Sketches of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Tilton, Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Colonel Blood; giving Facts and Incidents in the Lives of each never before published. By Leon Oliver. The Book is illustrated with Portraits of all the Characters.

The prominent position occupied by the parties involved in this greatest scandal of the nineteenth century, has given to it an almost world-wide notoriety, and the partial and fragmentary reports of it which have been published have doubtless done injustice to some, if not all the parties involved in it, and have only served to whet the appetite of the reading public with a desire to have the whole story truthfully and impartially told. This the author has done, and in such a manner as not to shock or be offensive to the most fastidious reader, nor to do injustice to any of the *dramatis personae*. We wish it to be distinctly understood that this work is not compiled from unreliable sources, nor has it been hastily gotten up, but it is written by one who has for years been personally acquainted with the interested parties, who has been "behind the scenes" and knows whereof he writes, and who has had better facilities for the work undertaken than any man living, and he is also one well and popularly known to the public by his writings over a *nom de plume*. In this work he gives facts, and lets light in where hitherto there has been darkness and confusion. The whole story is not only graphically but truthfully told, and the book is one of the most interesting ever offered to the American public.

The sketch of Henry Ward Beecher has been submitted to several of the ablest journalists and authors in the West, and is unanimously declared by them to be the best and most entertaining ever written of this foremost clergyman of the age. He has been the subject for several biographical writers, but the author in this portrays him in an entirely new, novel and unhackneyed style.

In addition to the biographies mentioned, there is a very entertaining sketch of Henry C. Bowen, who was the first to circulate the story of Mr. Beecher's moral delinquencies.

There is also included in the work copious extracts from the writings and speeches of Woodhull and Claflin, giving an epitome of their views and theories upon their favorite topics—free love, social freedom, etc.—and a description of the Social Utopia, to the establishment of which they have pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

Also what Mr. Beecher has to say about the scandal, and the opinions of Theodore Tilton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Susan B. Anthony and other noted characters respecting it, and the comments of many of the leading men and journals of the country upon this engrossing topic.

The biographical sketches are concise, yet comprehensive; written in a free, chatty and racy style, and are enlivened by characteristic and entertaining incidents and anecdotes never before published, and are of themselves worth more than the price of the entire work.

The book is printed from beautiful new type and upon superior paper, in one large octavo volume of about 400 pages. No expense or pains have been spared to make this book one of real merit and value, creditable alike to the author, artist and publishers. It is bound in fine English muslin, library style, with gilt back and sides.

Price \$2.50, in best English cloth. Gilt back and sides, \$3.

All cash orders for this book, addressed to the WEEKLY, P. O. Box 3791, will be promptly filled.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE

Will speak during the Sundays of April in Portsmouth, N. H.; the Sundays of May in Springfield, Mass. Address 896 Main street, Cambridge, Mass.

W. F. JAMIESON

Will speak in Boston for the First Primary Council, Harmony Hall, 18½ Boylston street, the three last Sundays in April; at Lynn, Mass., the Sundays of May; at Salem, Mass., Friday evenings of May. Will receive a few more week-evening engagements for April and May. Address, care of *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD

Will speak in Springfield, Mass., during the month of April. He would like to make other engagements. Address, Box 972, Springfield, Mass.

WARREN CHASE

Will lecture in Chester, Ill., Sunday, May 3; in Cairo, Ill., May 10; in Centralia, Ill., May 17, and will return to Des Moines, Iowa, the 1st of June. He will receive subscriptions for the WEEKLY and for our pamphlets.

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.

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

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 3791, will be promptly filled.

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.

THE WORD,

A Monthly Journal of Reform—Regarding the subjection of Labor, of Woman, and the Prevalence of War as unnatural evils, induced by false claims to obedience and service; favors the Abolition of the State, of Property in Land and its kindred resources, of speculative income and all other means whereby Intrusion acquires wealth and power at the expense of Useful People. Since labor is the source of wealth, and creates all values equitably vendible, the *Word* (not by restrictive methods, but through Liberation and Reciprocity) seeks the extinction of interest, rent, dividends and profit, except as they represent work done; the abolition of railway, telegraphic, banking, trades union and other corporations charging more than actual cost for values furnished, and the repudiation of all so-called debts, the principal whereof has been paid in the form of interest.

E. H. HEYWOOD, Editor.

Terms—75c. annually in advance.

Address *The Word*, Princeton, Mass.

D. W. Hull will be glad to make engagements every Sunday in the vicinity of Chicago. Will also attend funerals when desired. Keeps all kinds of reform books for sale.

Office, Western Department of Hull's *Crucible*, 148 West Washington St., Chicago.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.

This truly gifted healer, who has gained such a wide popularity in the last few years, is now permanently located at Vineland, N. J. After years of successful practice and close application in the art of healing, he has earned a reputation as a public benefactor, curing many cases instantaneously that were regarded hopeless. We coincide with the *Banner of Light* in saying: "The afflicted should avail themselves of his valuable services." We would say to those who are unable to visit the Doctor in person to send \$1 for his Magnetized Pellets. The sick are being healed by these Pellets who have heretofore been in perfect despair.

A GOOD TOILET SOAP.

A good article for the toilet is a very desirable thing, especially when so much that is sold as such is unfit to use. We have used X. Basin's Poncine Soap for the last ten years, and find it immeasurably superior to any other we have ever tried. There is no foreign article that, in our estimation, can compare with this home manufacture. It is evidently composed of the very best materials, and contains a peculiarly pleasant detergent quality and perfume, which are present in no other sand soap sold. Nor is it, like foreign soaps, so high in price as to put it beyond common use, but in every particular it is indicated to meet the popular demand. Those who once use it will never consent to do without it.

THE "NEW NORTHWEST," PORTLAND, OREGON.

A journal for the people. Devoted to the interests of humanity. Independent in politics and religion. Alive to all live issues, and thoroughly radical in opposing and exposing the wrongs of the masses. Mrs. A. J. Duniway, editor and proprietor. Office, cor. Front and Stark streets. Terms, in advance: One year, \$3; six months, \$1.75; three months, \$1.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the American Labor Reform League will be held in Masonic Hall, Thirteenth street, New York city, Sunday and Monday, May 10 and 11, day and evening, commencing at 10:30 A. M. Sunday. Chas. T. Fowler, S. P. Andrews, John Orvis, J. K. Ingalls, Mrs. M. E. B. Albertson, Edward Palmer, L. K. Joslin, R. W. Hume, Wm. Hanson, E. H. Heywood and other speakers are expected.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their second quarterly convention for the year 1874, in Washington, N. H., on the 1st, 2d and 3d of May next, commencing Friday, at 1 P. M. Good speakers will be present; a full attendance is hoped for. The friends in Washington will do all they can to entertain visitors. Those who cannot be accommodated in private families will find good accommodations in a hotel.

Per order of Committee. G. S. MORGAN, Pres.,
RACHAEL CAMPBELL, Sec.,
Manchester, N. H. Bradford, N. H.

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. P. S.—I will now mail "Free Love," in paper cover, "Mrs. Woodhull and Social Freedom," and "True and False Love" for 75cts. I will add two more of the "Woodhull" Pamphlets for \$1.00, or I will mail ten of the pamphlets for \$1.00. In buying these you greatly aid a physically helpless man.

AUSTIN KENT.

The legal rate of postage on the WEEKLY, addressed to regular subscribers, is twenty cents per annum, or five cents per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local Postmaster. The postage on copies directed to subscribers in New York city has been prepaid by the publishers.

E. M. Flagg, dentist, 79 West Eleventh street, New York city. Specialty, artificial dentures.

SARAH E. SOMERBY, Trance Medium and Magnetic Healer, 23 Irving Place, N. Y.

MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' CONVENTION AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

A quarterly Convention of speakers, mediums and friends of progress will convene at Good Templars Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the first Saturday and Sunday in May. Spiritualists of Lockport will do all they can to entertain their friends from abroad, so come one and all. Platform and seats free. For further particulars address J. W. Seaver, Byron, N. Y.; or Ira Bronson, Lockport, N. Y.

WANTED.—A first-class clairvoyant physician as a partner in a medical institution doing a good business. Open summer and winter. Must have from \$5,000 to \$8,000 for investment.

Address, for particulars, P. O. Box 395, Ithaca, N. Y.

PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

[The only paper in the World conducted, absolutely, upon the Principles of a Free Press.]

It advocates a new government in which the people will be their own legislators, and the officials the executors of their will.

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate.

2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land.

3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.

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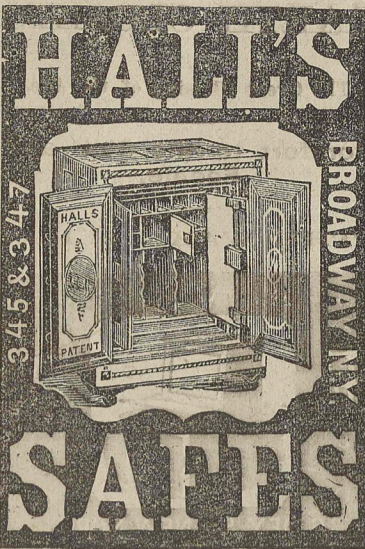
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STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.
" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.30 "
" Susquehanna.	3.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	" Susquehanna.	2.43 A. M.
" Binghamton.	4.40 "	9.20 "	" 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 "
Ar St. Catharines.	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines.	2.00 "
" Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton.	2.55 "
" Harrisburg.	3.55 "	3.53 "	" Harrisburg.	3.53 "
" London.	5.35 A. M.	5.35 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Chatham.	7.55 "	8.12 "	" Chatham.	8.12 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
Lv Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	Lv Detroit.	10.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.21 "	10.21 "	Ar Wayne.	10.21 "
" Ypsilanti.	10.45 "	11.25 P. M.	" Ypsilanti.	11.25 "
" Ann Arbor.	11.00 "	11.43 "	" Ann Arbor.	11.43 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Marshall.	1.15 "	1.15 "	" Marshall.	1.15 "
" Battle Creek.	2.03 "	AIR LINE.	" Battle Creek.	AIR LINE.
" Niles.	2.55 "	4.40 A. M.	" Niles.	4.40 A. M.
" New Buffalo.	5.25 "	5.45 "	" New Buffalo.	5.45 "
" Michigan City.	5.45 "	7.47 "	" Michigan City.	7.47 "
" Calumet.	7.18 "	8.00 "	" Calumet.	8.00 "
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	7.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.	8.55 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.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	6.15 P. M.	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	8.15 A. M.	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	5.40 P. M.	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Denison.	8.00 "
" Galveston.	10.45 "	10.45 "	" Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	11.00 P. M.	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	5.00 A. M.	" Columbus.	6.30 "
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	7.30 P. M.	" Little Rock.	7.30 "
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	8.50 A. M.	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	11.00 P. M.	" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.	11.00 "	11.00 "	" Cheyenne.	12.50 P. M.
" Ogden.	11.00 "	11.00 "	" Ogden.	5.30 "
" San Francisco.	11.00 "	11.00 "	" San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	6.40 A. M.	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
" Quincy.	11.15 "	11.15 "	" Quincy.	9.45 "
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "	10.00 "	" St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	10.40 P. M.	" Kansas City.	9.25 "
" Atchison.	11.00 "	11.00 "	" Atchison.	11.17 "
" Leavenworth.	12.10 "	12.10 "	" Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.
" Denver.	7.00 A. M.	7.00 A. M.	" Denver.	7.00 A. M.

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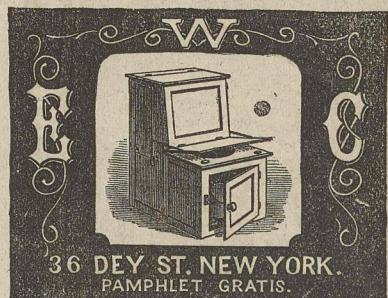
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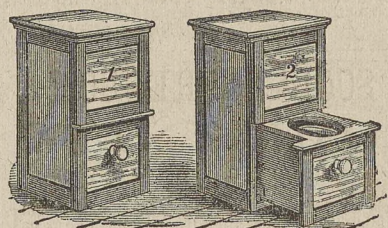
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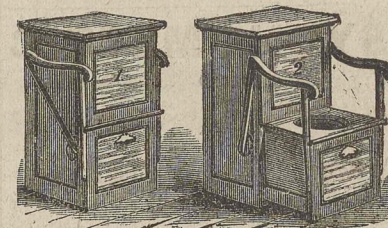


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