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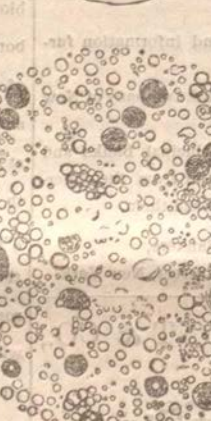


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The Physiology of Reproduction.
Pregnancy.
Parturition.
Lactation.
The Law of Sex.
The Theory of Population.
Hereditary Transmission.
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2. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your 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.

SOCIAL COMMUNITIES.

TO THE FRIENDS OF SOCIALISM.

CENTRALIA, Ill., Nov. 28, 1873.

I am continually receiving letters from all sources calling for explanation of my plans of a community, which preclude the possibility of answering in detail. I therefore will briefly set forth the main principles in this letter.

As cities, states and empires are built up of prior accumulated means—the rock, the loam, the coal, the wood, the intellect and the muscle of the planet, so would I segregate the existing products of labor, in the form of the product itself or its representation in money, to base a supply of our human wants, let them be what they may, food, clothing, shelter, love, learning, friends and happiness as the great end of being.

The law of the material planet says: "Add all the surplus to capital;" and all over and above the glory of life has been added to capital on this planet, and its deposits lie in the base of material power for the use of spiritual growth—in lime-quarries, in coal-fields, in lead, iron, gold, clay, loam and alluvium for ours and future use. Nature demands from all its builders more than the glory of living. It demands from man, as well as the coral insect, a deposit of the products of labor for the use of higher unfolded builders.

It is upon this principle in nature that I ground my plan of co-operative association, striking a dividend between labor and capital, so that capital will not only remain intact, but be continually augmented. One dollar of capital is worth one dollar of labor; therefore, the joint net earning of labor and capital should be equally divided, and then both the dividends of capital and labor remain as augmented capital, each only controlling its legitimate deposits.

Luity is only half, diversity the other half, in nature's ways, and different forms demand different measurement, and each form is endowed with powers proportionate to its wants; and as in plants and animals, so in man, nature allows a diversity of costs to feed and clothe its creations; therefore the fullness of the productions of each one's labor should not be alienated from the fullness of each one's control.

"Thou shalt not trespass" are the most emphatic words in nature's dialect, and all forms are provided with weapons of protection; the snake with poison, beasts with claws and teeth and hoofs and horns, and man with tools. Sooner or later, all trespass comes to punishment. It is not permitted by the Supreme Judge, and it behooves us to straightway follow the light of law; and about the only law of morals is that against trespass—to stop rape, theft, robbery, arson and murder.

Babes are new incarnations of God, the primordial mind and matter. Our relations are to help fulfill the law in them, not ownership. Their unfoldment is inspirational, be it intellectual or scientific; and the unfoldment takes shape from surrounding inspirers, and a balance of mind depends upon the wisdom of its educators, not its parents. If a people have a right to guard against trespass, it may also have a right to check its unfoldment in its new members; therefore the babe is more the concern of the people than that of its progenitors, and it is the people's right to dictate the measures of its growth; and more, the conditions of its conception. Human stirpiculture must go back to the scientific selection seed, if it can meet with any degree of success in a given direction.

The male sex have ruled this world in a trespassing, sharkish way for a long time, and is still running riot in its trespasses, and a social millennium is periodically postponed, through the ill-directed sovereignty of the male sex and the continued subjection of woman to social and sexual trespass.

J. W. EVANS.

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

At a meeting of the Federal Council held December 14th, the Platform of the Cooper Institute meeting of unemployed workingmen was referred to a committee, who have made the following report:

Said Platform differs from our own in at least three important particulars, involving principles and methods of procedure.

While its authors recommend government employment for all involuntarily idle people, they fail to suggest to the government any practicable, equitable, or even ordinarily safe means of procuring the materials and implements required for the establishment of the several industries necessary to the due performance of this function.

While they advise the reference of all laws to the people for their approval or rejection, they fail to indicate any practicable means of submitting the same to the people for their approval or rejection, or of ascertaining, proclaiming and executing their will.

While they advocate the immediate organization of the working classes, they neglect to furnish any plan of organization adapted to the attainment of the above objects.

It is true, indeed, that what is called "graduated taxation" is strongly urged. But privilege and taxation (of any kind) are so nearly related as to be mutual co-operators. Given the privileges, and the favored classes are utterly indifferent to the character or amount of the taxes. High or low, direct or indirect, it is all the same. The greater the privilege the greater the tax; the greater the tax the greater the privilege. So that it has become impossible to assess a tax which the laborer is not finally compelled to pay. Is he a tenant? He must pay a rental increasing in proportion to the unfitness of the tenement for human habitation. Is he a consumer? He must pay a price augmenting in proportion to his inability to purchase in large quantities. But the authors of this platform do not mean taxation, although they say they do. They propose to limit by law the "accumulations of avarice," that is to say, the accumulations of the products of labor to three hundred thousand dollars—a very generous allowance, certainly. But this is confiscation, not taxation, and a trial of it, while it would strengthen the employing classes in their class opposition, would divide the working classes, by arming one-half of them against the other half.

Admit that there is force in one of the arguments urged in favor of progressive taxation. Grant that the effect of the law might be to compel the sale of large landed estates in divisions and subdivisions within the valuations exempted from the tax. Certainly nothing could then be collected from the rental. But what labor would gain in rent it would lose in diminished wages and increased prices of merchandise. The mere enactment of the law would not change the relative status of the property holders and wages slaves. Still the largest employers would virtually determine the rate of wages, and the largest dealers the price of commodities. Still large capitalists would swallow—that is, undersell and underwork, or overwork and buy out—smaller ones; and the large capitalists then would be the former proprietors of the divided estates. But it may be said that the law would reach personal as well as real estate. Perhaps it would—that is, so much of it as is not moveable or perishable, or cannot be hidden. But it would cost more to collect the tax, in searchers, assessors, collectors, administrators, surrogates, suits at law and costs of court, sheriff's fees or salaries, and perhaps appeals to police and military authorities, than it would all be worth. Certainly the enforcement of the proposed law invites to the commission of perjury. If now property is assessed at scarcely one-half its valuation, then the assessment would not reasonably be expected to reach more than one-quarter, or even one-eighth.

We would not, however, be understood as condemning the principle of limitation. A law that would limit the quantity of land that any person might acquire hereafter would be a good one, provided that it took effect only on the decease of present holders. Another law, which would limit the inheritance of personal property, would also be unobjectionable. Somebody is dying all the time; the State would then inherit something every day. But confiscation *per se* would be as wicked as it would be useless. Proper, equitable limitation can best be effected by a faithful application of the law of liberty. Let the State enter the lists of industry and trade as a competitor, and private enterprise win the field if it can. If, however, the private capitalist should fail in his efforts, and apply to be taken into partnership with the State, this result could only be attributed to principles—business principles—which he, in common with the State, has recognized.

It is true, also, that the authors of this platform nominated and caused to be appointed, what they called a "Committee of Public Safety," with power to add to their numbers and create vacancies therein. And this committee were clothed with power to procure the enactment of the *Referendum* and generally to organize the working classes in whatever way they may think proper. But such committees without constituents, in whose hands power is centralized, are too apt to substitute their own selfish schemes in place of the will of those they profess to serve, thus assuring defeat instead of achieving success. The normal growth of the labor movement should not be allowed to be retarded or disgraced by the blunders or crimes that always wait upon centralization.

On the other hand, the platform of the International Workingmen's Association, is precisely the opposite of that proceeding from the Cooper Institute. We propose that the several governments shall issue certificates of labor redeemable in the products of the industries that may be established. The certainty of redemption will render the certificates a legal tender without any law to that effect; capitalists will not refuse to furnish materials and implements, and idle laborers will only be too glad to place their services at the disposal of the governments. Instead of "graduated tax," we propose to reduce the taxes by appropriating the profits of the industries which may be instituted for that object, until the revenue derived therefrom shall so far exceed the expenses that no taxation will be necessary. Instead of leaving the methods of submitting the laws to the people an open question, we propose that the several governments shall cause the same to be printed and furnished to each

voter, a reasonable time prior to the day appointed for polling his votes. And in lieu of "Committees of Public Safety" endowed with extraordinary powers to dictate modes of organization in conformity to their own wishes, we propose that the work of organization shall proceed from the base upward in order to secure an honest representation of the people's will. As the end in view can only be attained by means that are consistent therewith therefore, we propose that sections shall be organized by primary election districts. As many sections as may be included within a municipal district may elect a delegate to a municipal council. As many sections as may be included within an Assembly district may elect a delegate to a State council. As many sections as may be included within a Congressional district may elect a delegate to a national or federal council. And the municipal, State and national councils, when thus formed, shall exclusively manage the affairs of the International Workingmen's Association within their several localities, subject to the direction of their constituents.

Your committee accordingly recommend that the platform of the Cooper Institute unemployed workingmen (so called) be rejected by this council, and that the action of professed members of the I. W. A., if any such there were present co-operating with said workingmen, be, and the same is hereby condemned.

WM. A. A. CARSEY,
WM. WEST,
G. W. MADOX. } Committee.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1873.

NOTICE.—At a regular meeting of the Federal Council the I. W. A., held Dec. 21, at 242 Spring street; the report of the Committee on the Platform of the Cooper Institute meeting, was unanimously adopted. Wm. West, was appointed Recording Secretary, in place of Hugh McGregor, withdrawn; Mrs. Helen M. Walton, General Corresponding Secretary, in place of T. R. Kinget, withdrawn. The Secretaries of the several sections will therefore place themselves in communication with the new Corresponding Secretary. Direct to 222 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WM. A. A. CARSEY,
Secretary, *pro tem*.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?

BY OLIVER C. HARTFORD.

Where are we drifting? this shall be my theme,
And this the subject of my muse's dream.
Yet not alone a dream; waking I see
This land of ours, this Nation of the free,
Ruled proudly by a Presidential King,
Himself the tool of a nefarious "ring."
How long shall Grant and his despotic band
Rule the Republic with an iron hand?
One fact, gigantic, all the Nation grieves.
We're represented by a race of thieves.
Declare, Celestial Nine, before too late,
What billows roll round the Ship of State,
Before she's swamped by felony's dark wave,
Before she founders in a watery grave?
Our Statesmen once worked for the people's weal,
Ere Grant usurped, or Congress learned to steal;
But now, alas, those brighter days are o'er,
And vile corruption stalks from shore to shore.
Our good fore-fathers acted on the plan,
"Cheat when you must, be honest when you can;"
But Congress holds the theory august:
Steal when you can, be honest when you must;
While each and every member of the "ring,"
Cries out, "God save our Presidential King."
God save Ulysses, he's the party tool.
The instrument of radical misrule.
Long live the King, and prosperous be his reign,
From the great centre to the raging main;
While he, the people binds in iron clamps,
We dive into their pockets for their "stamps."
A Presidential or Imperial throne,
In temperate or e'en in Torrid Zone,
Would be acceptable, at least to Grant—
He'll take the former, for the last he can't.
Gaze on the "Sunny South," and there behold
His power maintained by bayonets and gold;
While if some greenbacks mingle with the charm,
His friends declare that it can do no harm.
He reigns dictator 'neath the people's frown;
What needs he but a sceptre and a crown.
My Muse, desist, nor longer spend your time
On wrangling politics and jingling rhyme;
Nor longer hurl your wrath, though just and free,
Against the patrons of the powers that be.

ST. JOHN, December, 1873.

MRS. POMEROY'S PIN-MONEY.

Nellie Winthrop was one of those fortunate individuals whom God endows with active brain, healthy body, and that peculiar trait which is best characterized "spirit." I say *fortunate*, because she was left, when a mere child, to the charity of the world, which, as every one knows, somewhat resembles that of certain Indian tribes—letting the weakly children die off lest they become troublesome. But the world honors spirit, and when it saw that the little maiden was determined to beat down all opposition with her own tiny fists, it straightway smiled upon her; so Nellie found work here and there, and friends to counsel her, until she accumulated a little money. Then she went to school, and in course of time became competent to teach in the common schools; and proud enough she felt when she found herself sole mistress of a dozen backward urchins. Thus, teaching and studying alternately, she struggled on, until she found herself one of the most acceptable lady teachers of her native state. Districts that mourned over peculiarly intractable pupils were hers to subjugate; and many a willful dunce did she lead with firm but gentle hand up the hill of science.

And how she loved her work; and how she rejoiced in her freedom and her well-earned independence; and how her black eyes would sparkle as she affirmed that she would always be "her own mistress."

But alas! she went to the rural village of Colebrook to

teach during the fall and winter, and there she met Chester Pomeroy, a fine young farmer, who lived a mile from town. He loved her from the moment he saw her winsome face looking up from Esquire Gilman's pew in church; and she confessed to herself, as he stood up so straight in the gallery leading the choir, and swelling out grandly on the tenor, that he was "well enough," which was considerable for Nellie Winthrop to admit of any young man.

Esquire Gilman's wife was Chester's aunt, and with her consent and womanly assistance a match was made, and before spring Nellie yielded her boasted independence. There were some who said it was a shame for her to marry a farmer—a college professor would not be half good enough. But the trouble was Nellie loved the farmer better than any professor; so, when her school finished, she sat down to Mrs. Gilman's sewing machine and meekly stitched away at her outfit.

Mrs. Gilman made an old-fashioned quilting, too, so that each enthusiastic lady friend could "set a stitch for Nellie; and her parlors were filled with those who had learned to love the energetic young teacher.

"Ah, Nellie," said Miss Eunice Perkins, who was just a little past thirty, "you'll have to give up your independent ways when you are married. How do you think you'll relish going to your husband for all you want?" looking up keenly as she threaded her needle.

Nellie tossed her head in a very unsubdued style as she answered: "I'd like to see the man that could make a beggar of me, Miss Perkins. I expect to help do the work, and then share in the profits. I would like to know what right a man has to call everything his? But then, I do not anticipate any difficulty," and a quick blush rose to Nellie's cheek as she thought, "Chester is too generous to be like other men—bless him."

Miss Perkins arched her eyebrows, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Middleton exchanged glances, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Poor child! you don't know anything about it. We thought just so once."

Time passed on, and Nellie Winthrop became Mrs. Pomeroy, and took her place among the matrons of the land. Her husband had been able to pay but little, as yet, toward his farm, which he had purchased of wealthy and miserly old Mr. Goldthwait. So, to lessen his burden, Nellie spent all her precious earnings in furnishings for the cosy farmhouse, of which she was installed mistress.

The manifold duties of housekeeping were new to her; but she assumed them with the same courage and energy that had characterized her whole life, and soon conquered even the mysteries of butter-making and poultry-raising. She blistered her hands almost daily, and grew as brown as a gypsy in making excursions over the farm to assist and encourage Chester's numerous enterprises. But she was happy and cheerful over her unaccustomed labors, for wasn't everything to be ours by-and-by.

Thus brightly the summer months passed and the early autumn. The butter was sold, and Chester announced, with pardonable pride, that it brought the very highest price. The apples went next, and then the plump chickens that Nellie had so assiduously watched; then the wheat and oats, and everything that could well be spared, went to swell the income.

Chester was jubilant over the result.

"I tell you, Nellie," said he, "it's worth everything to have a good wife. We have been wonderfully prosperous. Mr. Goldthwait wants to get the farm back into his hands, but he can't do it, for the second payment is ready for him, and I have considerable money besides."

Nellie heard all this and rejoiced with him; but she began to wonder vaguely when she was to receive her share of the wonderful income.

Not a cent had she in the once well-filled purse; and as she ruefully surveyed her boots, she fully realized that even the strong ties supposed to exist between sole and upper leather, must yield to the footsteps of time. She was so hard on boots! "And who wouldn't be?" she said to herself grimly, "trotting all over the house, and out into the yard every half hour to see if a stray hawk is after my chickens?"

When the cold November winds began to blow, Mrs. Nellie said to herself: "It is no use, my lace bonnet and white gloves look ridiculous at this season, and my boots grow worse and worse. I must stay at home from church."

But no, her husband would not listen to that; he felt lost without her company and her alto in the choir. So, without telling him the cause of the proposition, she retrimmed her old hat, mended her second-best kids, and patched her boot, with the aid of an awl to pierce the sole. Not being a cobbler by profession, her fingers received some wounds which made her feel almost exasperated, and she concluded that if men were not as blind as bats by nature, Chester would see that she needed some new ones. He, innocent heart, thought she looked uncommonly well, as she appeared on Sunday morning, arrayed in her "old things," and, although she took pains to put the worst foot forward as she stepped into the carriage, Chester only thought, "What a pretty little foot my wife has got."

His new broadcloth suit, so stout and firmly made, was warranted to last a year at least, and what should he know of a woman's wants?

Monday morning Nellie scrubbed out her clothes with more than usual celerity, for torturing thoughts make one's hands move quickly; and the day before, while in Sabbath school, she had been horrified to see that her impromptu cobbling was proving treacherous, and her boot gaping in derision. "I wonder if Chester expects my clothes will last forever?" said she to herself. "Maybe he expects I'll ask him for money, but I cannot! Oh, dear, I cannot! Haven't I earned anything, I'd like to know? And isn't it right for him to give me a part of the gain? I guess I could take care of myself better than he does it," and if a few tears ran down her cheeks, think it not strange, oh ye lovers of independence!

That night, on his return from the village, Chester tossed a bundle into her lap, saying: "I've got some splendid cloth

there for a vest, Nellie; I have always bought my clothing ready-made, but I knew you could make it so nicely—and it will save two dollars."

Nellie told him she would try to do it, and then, as if the thought had just occurred to her, she added: "By the way, Chester, I think I must have some new boots some time this week."

"Well, I'd go to Stearns' and get some there, if I were you. He's just got his new goods," and Chester unfolded his paper and began to read. Poor Nellie bit her lip, and wondered if other husbands were as slow to take a hint as hers was proving himself to be. She said not another word, however, and the next afternoon got ready for her shopping expedition—and waited for her liege lord to provide her with the necessary funds.

But he sat writing at his desk, oblivious of all domestic cares, and at length she said, with an assumed nonchalance: "Can you let me have some money, Chester?"

"Oh! yes, you haven't any, have you?" and he drew out his wallet and began to count the bills therein.

"There's five—that must go to Mr. Jackson for the use of his team; and three—my minister's tax exactly; and ten—that goes for a new sleigh-robe; and two—you can have that, I guess," separating it from the rest; "will that do?"

Nellie's face grew white and then red, and her heart beat so that she could hardly answer: "I will try to make it."

Chester looked up, thinking her voice did not sound just natural; but she had turned toward the window.

"There's some change you can have too," said he, adding several pieces of scrip to the bill. She took the money, thrust it into her purse and walked rapidly away; but her thoughts ran somewhat after this fashion: "And so my claim is last and least in his estimation. I suppose that is the reason why so many women grow so sort of antiquated; they hate to beg." Her husband's ears would have tingled could he have known these reflections, but as it was, he only looked after her and thought what a fortunate fellow he was to get such a wife.

After purchasing an inferior pair of boots, Mrs. Nellie found that she had thirty cents remaining, which was speedily invested in pins, needles and thread, and she returned home resolved "to labor and to wait" a little while longer.

A few days after this, as she was bending over the table, trying to cut Chester's vest, Miss Eunice Perkins called, and after a few minutes' desultory chat, the worthy spinster drew from her pocket a paper, which she handed to Nellie, saying as she did so: "We are trying to get money to purchase a silk dress for a Christmas present to our pastor's wife. As the gentlemen are trying to do something for the pastor, we ladies intend to get her dress among ourselves. Some one reminded me to come to you; you used to be so liberal in your subscriptions."

Nellie tried to read the well-known names already on the paper, but a film seemed to come before her eyes, and she felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She tried to smile, however, as she said:

"I really haven't any money by me to-day. Miss Perkins—and I can't tell you—I think you need not rely on me for anything."

Miss Perkins gave a little feminine shriek. "There! there! now confess, Mrs. Pomeroy, isn't it just as I told you? Can you married ladies have half the independence that we single ones have?" and she tried to look very knowing.

"Have I ever said but that I have enough of everything?" asked Nellie, with a little of the dignity that used to subdue troublesome boys.

"Oh, no, of course not. Everybody says you've got an excellent husband; and I'm sure I didn't mean anything. You know it is my way to joke a little occasionally, and you remember our little talk about pin-money," and with continued protestations, Miss Perkins slid the paper into her pocket again and took her departure. Then Nellie put her head down on the table and had a good cry. When Christmas came, she thought of the pretty dressing-gown she had made for Chester the year before, when she was only "engaged," and wished she could do as much again. "but what would a present be worth begged from his own pocket?" said she.

Chester's gift to her was a wringing-machine. The year before it was a book of poems; but then, the machine was vastly more useful, and given with an undiminished affection she knew, only it was "so practical."

Nellie did not ask for any more money during the winter, although once she made a purchase while Chester leaned over the counter to offer well-meant advice, and then afterward paid for it from his own pocket.

Not but that he was willing to do this, but she thought how much better it would have seemed to count the money from her own little purse as she used to do. It was very natural, under the circumstances, for Nellie to wish that she could do something in addition to her daily duties that should bring the longed-for "pin-money," but not until the following May was there an opportunity. Then, as she was passing his house one afternoon, old Mr. Stanley accosted her. "Mrs. Pomeroy," said he, "if you was not a married woman, I should be after you to teach our district school this summer. We have got some good-sized girls that would go, if I could find the right kind of a teacher."

"How much will you give me if I will take the school," said Nellie, trying to conceal her delight at the proposition. "Wouldn't take it, would you now?" said the old man. "I'd give you—well. I'd give you fifty dollars. You'd board to home, of course."

"I will let you know my decision to-morrow morning, Mr. Stanley, but please don't mention that I think of teaching."

That night Chester was informed of her "splendid plan." "You see the schoolhouse is so near us, and a nice long time before and after each session to do my work; and I am so strong. Please say yes, Chester," she pleaded, and so he at last consented, and the school was engaged.

With unfaltering courage and a feeling of her old independence, Nellie commenced her work; busy from morning until night, and happier than ever, until at the end of the fourth week, Chester fell from the beams of the barn and

broke his leg. Then she wanted to give it up, but after a few days' interruption he insisted upon her resuming it. Then, poor fellow! he had nothing to do but lie on the parlor sofa and watch the road to the schoolhouse door, and the hands of the clock creeping around at a snail's pace, measuring off the time for her return. Yes, he had his farm to worry about also, and the "help," and Mr. Goldthwait's next payment. He knew that everything was being neglected, and oh, how he longed for the use of his helpless limb once more! But one day as he was trying to plan and calculate for the payment, he happened to think of Nellie's fifty dollars; and then his mind was at rest, for he felt sure it would be sufficient to make up all deficiencies. The school was finished at last, and Mr. Stanley promptly gave Nellie the promised wages, saying, as he did so, that she had earned double the sum, which was sweet music in her ears. Tears of gratitude filled her eyes, and as she hurried home, she felt at least an inch taller than usual. Chester began to hobble about on crutches during the harvest season, only to find, as he had feared, that the farm had been neglected, and was not going to meet his expectations of the spring. He could not complain of Nellie's work, however, for she had not let the dairy suffer; so that from that and the other sources he could nearly meet the five hundred dollar payment. "Nellie's money would just make it out, I think," said he to himself, but although he hinted again and again of the lack, and her ability to meet it, she was strangely slow to understand, and would innocently inquire, "What can you do, Chester?"

He was too proud to ask her outright for her hard-earned money, but he thought, half angrily, "Why doesn't she offer it? she ought to know I need it." But he did not know how often she had longed to do it, only being restrained by her determination that he should ask and find out how good it seemed.

One day a peremptory note from Mr. Goldthwait, saying that the payment was due, and must be made before night, brought matters to a crisis.

Nellie saw the messenger who brought the unwelcome note, and saw her husband as he leaned against the garden fence to read it, and pitied him so much that she wanted to rush out with her offering at once; but he turned toward the house, and she sat down quietly to her sewing, not looking up even when she heard his crutch coming thump, thump, across the floor.

"Nellie, it's just as I feared. Hear this," and then he read the missive with its cruel threat, that unless the money was brought that night, Mr. Goldthwait would take the place.

"Isn't that too bad? What will you do?" asked Nellie sympathizingly.

"I can't make up the five hundred unless you let me have your money, now that is a fact," was the desperate answer.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," said Nellie, coolly, as she brought forth her treasure.

"There is ten, that will buy a new dress; and ten, a cloak; and five, a hat or bonnet; and ten—I shall need that for boots, gloves and other little things. I think I can let you have fifteen dollars," looking up innocently. A grieved look spread all over Chester's face; the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and if he had not been a man, and six feet high, he would have cried.

"Nellie!" that was all he could say.

"What?" and then Nellie had both arms around his neck, and the bills were all thrust into his hand. "I meant you should have them all," she sobbed.

"What made you act so, then? how could you be so—so provoking?" said Chester.

Then Mrs. Nellie sat up very straight, and said she, "Did you hate to ask me for that money, Chester?"

"You know I did," was the answer.

"Well, why haven't you asked for it before?"

"Because you knew I wanted it days and days ago, and I thought you ought to offer it. Of course, I didn't want to come to you like some old beggar," said Chester.

Nellie clasped her hands. "I want to tell you a little story now," said she. "There was once a girl who had always earned her money, and fought her way in the world alone, and succeeded well, too."

"But she was foolish enough to get married; and then she had to work twice as hard as ever before, and have double the care; but for all that, she never received a single penny without asking her husband for it; nor did she spend one without his knowing what she received in return."

"Now, this was very humiliating, and sometimes she would think she never could ask again; and then she would cry and cry, and oh, Chester, you don't know how I have cried, it seemed so—so," and Nellie's head went down again.

"Why, Nellie! why, darling! I never thought—why, did you feel like that? But it's different, you know, with you. Women never—why they expect to ask their husbands—"

"It isn't one bit different, either!" cried Nellie, dashing the tears away. "I am as sensitive as you are; and there is nothing I dread worse than asking for money. Hundreds of women feel just so, too, only it's the custom for them to be domestic beggars, and they dislike to make a fuss; but I'd like to hear one say she admires the custom."

"Why, haven't we a right to use a part of our earnings after, as well as before we are married?"

"Well, you have. But I supposed you would ask for what you wanted. My mother always—"

"But you see how hard it is to ask for what you feel ought to be freely given," interrupted his wife. "Of course, I feel as anxious to pay off our debt as you do, so I would not be extravagant; but if I could have ever so little, and feel that it was mine—freely and rightfully mine—don't you see how much more pleasant it would be? Then, if I wanted to give a dollar to the Missionary cause, I could calculate my expenses just as I used to, and practice a little self-denial, and do it. Don't you see, that as it is, women can't know much about the luxury of giving? Just put yourself in my place, and think how ridiculous it would make you feel, to be obliged to come to my pocket every time you wanted to be charitable."

"Oh, my! I can't imagine such a thing! I wouldn't do it, you see," laughed Chester.

"Nor would any man. Now do you think I ought?" asked Nellie.

"No, I do not, and you shan't be obliged to suffer so again, I promise you; but really, I never thought but it was natural and all right for you to."

"You will know better after this," said Nellie; "but I suppose you are anxious to go to Mr. Goldthwait's, so I will not detain you." She stood at the window and watched him as he rode away, with a light heart; for she felt that what had so threatened to mar her domestic happiness was banished forever.

Nellie never taught again, save when she established an infant school in her own kitchen; but no subscription paper ever gave her sinking feelings, nor did she ever resume the trade of cobbler; for in her own little purse was punctually deposited what Chester laughingly called her "monthly dividends."—*Wood's Magazine.*

SPIRITUALISTIC.

VINELAND, N. J., December 2, 1873.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull—Will you accept the tribute of an inspiration given under the influence of truth? Think not that I am so presumptuous as to attempt the elucidation of truth, but to drive within the souls that are reaching after it or grasping its secrets, to know your truth; and mine is not the world's truth, for no two can receive the same substance or amount of truth. This fact leads me to contemplate the utility of thought, and to throw upon the waters of life this morsel of bread.

The hungering ones of earth are seeking food, and as many are fed through the columns of the WEEKLY, it is proper or fitting that those thus fed should contribute again to the wants of others. There needs to be a replenishing of the spiritual forces, and this is only accomplished through the medium of thought. It would be superfluous for an uneducated person like myself to attempt the solution of any question for another or others who have the same powers of demonstrating truth. But it seems to be a lamentable fact that some will not think for themselves, but require others to think and act for them. Now, to this class would I appeal, and say, Search the records of truth within your own souls; compare the notes upon the tablets of your memories, and see wherein they differ from the records of others. These social questions might readily be disposed of for the glory of truth, if the world would only attempt their solution through the medium of rational thought. Compel the world to think, as you have been doing, and there is not a particle of doubt that it will awaken to a sense of its imbecility. None but imbeciles will bow to the wrongs which false customs impose upon the world. Yea, those who will think need not longer sit in darkness or the valley and shadow of death, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and all who choose to enter in may sit down with Moses and Elias upon the Mount of Transfiguration. I thought not to enter thus far into the realms of thought, but it is so fascinating to look upon the face of truth that I cannot well resist the temptation to go beyond the limits allotted by mortals. To give one's life to the world is not so difficult a thing after all. We all stand upon the brink of life and look over in the promised land of truth and happiness, and whosoever chooses to partake of the joys thereof must give their life in return.

Wishing you success in your attempts to liberate humanity and exalt it to heaven, I now bid you an affectionate farewell as a pilgrim and co-laborer in the cause of truth.

E. R. HARRIS.

[A CARD.]

TO SPIRITUALISTS EVERYWHERE.

Primary Council No. 1, of Illinois, is glad to report good progress and active working. Returns thanks for kindly letters already received, and solicits correspondence from all who are interested in the great cause of humanity.

Would respectfully request correspondents to write only upon one side of a sheet, as the Council wishes to preserve in a book all letters it may receive.

H. AUGUSTA WHITE, Cor. Sec.,
1,633 Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

A SHORT SERMON.—No. II.

BY DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."—Numbers, 10-20. These words are full of inspiration, and attractive in their social nature, and may with much propriety be addressed to those who are so violently opposed to the doctrine of social reform, and who are groping in the midnight and darkness of lust and sense.

I would most affectionately address you in the language of Moses: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." You say that social reform is no part of Spiritualism. Then our limbs are no parts of our body, and they might as well be removed at once from our body as the all-important question of social reform from Spiritualism. How could the tree bring forth fruit if you should cut off its limbs just as it got ready to bud and blossom. Exclude social reform from Spiritualism, and you have nothing left but the cold and lifeless form which cannot move even though an angel comes to stir its deathlike nature. The social system is terribly deranged. It is sick and dying for the want of the reforming influence of love and wisdom, with courage to apply it. That there is mournful, depressing and degenerating evil connected with the matrimonial tie every observing mind will admit. Then why not seek to remove it, as well as to reform the moral world? I believe the social nature manifests itself long before the moral.

First the physical nature, then the social; after which comes the moral and spiritual, and then the intellectual development, and its manifestations of wisdom to correct, educate and perfect the relations of man and woman in love and

freedom. I have heard the wails and sighs which come from the disturbed minds and broken hearts. I have looked with sympathy and sorrow on the unnatural and sickening relations which are too frequently sanctioned and forced by law and religion. Therefore I am determined to open the prison doors and break the bonds and let the sufferers go free. Go, unmask the hypocrite; lower the stations of the selfish, proud and haughty. Go publish, even on the housetops, if necessary, the wickedness and atrocities of those who imprison women, and rob them of their virtue and freedom to satisfy their lustful passions.

Come ye who feel the weight of the social evil, and let us apply the remedy which will cure the disease and give health, happiness and freedom in all the relations of life.

It is an express doctrine of revelation that God is love; that he is all and in all, and is no respecter of persons. But it is nowhere said in the scripture that he is lustful and promiscuous. If there is any one thing needed among Spiritualists and reformers more than another, it is human courtesy.

Some of our Spiritualists manifest a lamentable want of respect for each other's feelings. They will denounce those who may honestly differ from them in sentiment, as bad persons, and brand them with the most opprobrious epithets. He who dares not manifest an independent spirit, who fears an open avowal of that which his soul approves, who sacrifices principles upon the altar of policy; such a person is emphatically a slave; to the character of a freeman he can have but little claim, and yet how many such there are among us. Men and women who are complete slaves to popular opinion. With them it is not "What is truth," but what is the most popular? Which side must I take to render myself the most agreeable service? These people you never know where to find; why they are one thing to-day in Boston, and nothing to-morrow in Chicago. They can change their minds upon the most important subjects as often as the chameleon does its color. There is no more confidence to be placed in them than in that traitor who betrayed his master with a kiss. If there is a class of people on earth who should possess independence, genuine freedom of mind, it is the Spiritualists.

Once more then let me invite you, in the language of Moses, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." The cause in which we are engaged is of all others the most ennobling and sublime; it promises results over which humanity will forever rejoice. It will remove the cause of sorrow, sickness and death; it will light up the world with smiles of hope and joy; it will comfort the mourner and bring the wandering prodigals home to the social family circle of love and good will. Thus Spiritualism will benefit society and make the world better; it will be a living, abiding, operative principle; it will not be a profitless, indifferent and barren one; but a plant which yields an abundance of love fruit, whose life-giving qualities shall be for "the healing of the nations."

EFFCHBURG, Mass, December 12, 1873.

At a regular meeting of Primary Council No. 1, of Boston, Mass., of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, the following resolutions were discussed and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, deeply regretting that the time should ever arrive that, in order to give any important question its fair and proper consideration, it would become necessary to step outside of any organization of Spiritualists; and

Whereas, the discussion of the social question is either wholly or partially forbidden in many such organizations, thus rendering it necessary for the friends of such discipline, in order to give that question the prominence it deserves, to organize outside of societies of which we are members; and

Whereas, most of such societies are defining their positions on the subject; we, the First Primary Council of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, of Boston, in order to place ourselves squarely on the record, define our position.

Resolved, That Spiritualism having already demonstrated to us the fact of a continued and progressive existence after this life, our true mission is the salvation of humanity from ignorance, superstition, bigotry and oppression, from whatever cause.

Resolved, That as Spiritualists we should be recreant to the great trust imposed upon us as recipients from the higher life, aided by the divine promptings in our own souls, did we not make common cause with the downtrodden, whether by political, religious or social oppression.

Resolved, That true Spiritualists are pre-eminently the people to grapple with those questions, and their platform the very place on which they should be discussed.

Resolved, That any organization of Spiritualists who are so "purse," so "respectable," or so "rational," that they can be injured by the discussion of the social or any other live question of the day, its speedy dissolution will be a blessing to the oppressed—epitaph.

"Died of the dry-rot."

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to the spiritual and liberal journals, requesting publication.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Sec'y.

NO. 1. MORLAND VILLA,
Highbury Hill Park,
LONDON, Nov. 10, 1873.

Mrs. Woodhull—Perhaps you have heard of my wife, if so, it may not be disagreeable to you that I send you her portrait.

Mr. Henderson, the artist, whose name you see on the portrait, was carried from one house to another house one mile and a half off, on Sunday the 2d inst. Nine witnesses at each house. The *proces verbal* details, signed by all witnesses, will be published shortly with details. It is the best authenticated fact of the sort that ever occurred, but some of the leading papers have declined publishing, and perhaps all will; in that case it will be published in the spiritual papers.

Probably I will send you details, although your views are so extended that perhaps such a matter is beneath your notice.

SAMUEL GUPPY.

THE ELGIN (ILL.) CONVENTION.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Learning that there would be a contest between the self-styled "pure Spiritualists" and the "sinners," I concluded to go down to Elgin and participate. For weeks that paragon of purity, the Rancid Pharisee Journal, had published lengthy warnings against any Woodhull sympathizers venturing within reach of the platform. It was rumored that S. S. Jones would be present. He did not come. He seldom does attend Spiritualist gatherings; in fact, he does not take a deep interest in Spiritualism outside of his paper and Mrs. Robinson's antidotes.

The R. P. Journal undertook to dictate what subjects the Convention must not discuss. Hon. George Gage, Mrs. Severance, C. W. Stewart and others appropriately ridiculed its pretensions.

On Friday evening the redoubtable W. J. Shaw for half an hour orated on "Social Freedom"—the subject above all subjects that the saintly Spiritualists never can let alone, and upon which they continually suffer defeat. So much progress had been made in the two preceding sessions that conservatism looked unlovely. But we were unprepared for such a complete somersault as W. J. Shaw exhibited in these words, which I caught phonographically: "I hurl back the charge that I am conservative; I am as radical as any here. I am to decide for myself what is right and what is wrong." Because Mrs. Woodhull has said the same, these whilom conservative Spiritualists have denounced her unmercifully. He also announced that he was in favor of free divorce, or, at least, to be made so easy that it would cost no more to get divorced than to get married. He also informed us that "What is, is right"—a very immoral doctrine.

Cephas B. Lynn followed with an exceedingly humorous speech, full of plith and argument, which effectually snuffed out Mr. Shaw.

E. V. Wilson gave Shaw a stinging rebuke for introducing Woodhullism into the meeting. Shaw resurrected himself to explain. He thought W. F. Jamieson introduced the forbidden topic. It is just like him; he is always introducing forbidden subjects. Mr. Wilson thought Mr. Shaw was the first speaker who went into a discussion of social freedom. Turning to Shaw, he said, "You have introduced a 'side issue;' and, sir, I thank you for it. I deny the right of the Elgin Spiritualists to say what we shall or shall not discuss. We came here to discuss every principle germane to Spiritualism. We will discuss all subjects germane to the growth and development of humanity. I object to the discussion of Mrs. Woodhull's doctrines, because she is not here to defend herself."

When Brother Wilson looks that last proposition over carefully, he will perceive its unsoundness. Discussion, according to that limitation, would be an insignificant affair.

Judge Holbrook was not in favor of the introduction of foreign elements. He thought we ought to assemble to discuss Spiritualism proper, so that we could have a quiet, harmonious time, and treat of themes upon which we can agree.

W. F. Jamieson expressed his conviction that such quietness would be the harmony of a grave-yard. He thought when we could arrive at the high position of discussing all subjects which pertain to human well-being that we would not find room to complain of foreign elements, and when we could discuss in that spirit of courtesy which distinguishes the true lady or gentleman, we can accomplish what the Church never could. Do not let us compromise a principle for the sake of a useless harmony.

C. W. Stewart asked, What are side-issues? Spirits tell me that my future depends upon the character I form here. Some are afraid of liberty. Liberty does not mean license. Government has no sight to take away liberties. I recognize no foreign elements in Spiritualism. "Side-issues," as Bro. Jamieson says, are like the branches of a tree. Take away the branches, and you have nothing but an old stump left.

W. F. Jamieson invited Judge Holbrook to define Spiritualism proper. Here is the definition as taken from his lips: "The facts of spirit existence and spirit communion; and what spirits teach us of the relation of this world and the next; and put in as much science as you think proper."

To which he afterward added: "and which has a bearing upon the subject."

If that is "proper Spiritualism," what is improper Spiritualism? But why should we be confined to what spirits teach us? especially as the science we put in will sift the teachings of spirits?

Mrs. Severance delivered a deeply interesting address during the Convention on "Liberty and Equality." Its elucidation called forth frequent applause.

Mr. Woodworth gave a telling little speech on "Freedom." Cephas B. Lynn won the audience, as usual, with his happy manner and trenchant sentences.

Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry was on Saturday warmly welcomed by the Convention.

On Sunday evening E. V. Wilson gave a Spiritual seance, during which he furnished many fine tests and a few failures.

Mrs. Parry gave the closing address of the Convention. Her theme was "Marriage." She spoke out of a full heart, and carried the audience by her logic and eloquence. She is one of the most polished orators I ever heard. Again and again was she greeted with laughter and applause as she made her clear-cut statements, and then a deep hush pervaded the assembly as she, with an artist's skill, sketched the true and false in marriage. She stands by her own convictions, and follows no leader. She pronounces no Shibboleth.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1. Spiritualism demonstrates that the soul survives the death of the body.
2. Modern Spiritualism is anti-Christian.
3. We, as Spiritualists, are not laboring to add a new sect to the world.
4. We invite rigid scrutiny of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism.

5. We abide the decisions of science.
6. Spiritualism includes all reforms.
7. There is no sex in virtue.
8. We believe in political, religious and social freedom.
9. The action of the individual does not compromise the masses.
10. It is contrary to the genius of Spiritualism to indorse, in Convention assembled, the teachings of any individual.
11. We, as Spiritualists, hold our platform free on which to discuss all subjects germane to human progress, here and hereafter.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—Your devotion to truth and what you feel to be the good of humanity, with your heroic courage under the most unmerciful persecution, arouse the strongest admiration and sympathy. I know that you will not be turned aside from your high calling either by the praise or blame of mortals. Yet you are a woman, and must love sympathy; this is my excuse for writing.

You are aware, no doubt, that the present Board of Directors of the First Association of Spiritualists of this city have prohibited the sale of your WEEKLY at the Lincoln Hall, our place of meeting; while the slanderous *Religio-Philosophical* is kept conspicuously before us at the door and on the rostrum. Also, have denied the control of spirits, by requesting or demanding that their lecturers speak not on certain subjects, meaning that one that lies at the foundation of all others, the rescuing of *love* from the thralldom of *lust*, thus preparing the way for a better race of beings.

But Miss Leys was engaged for this month, before our board was stricken with moral cowardice and mock-modesty and it would not do to cancel the engagement.

I write that you may know what joy it gives to many of us to listen again to a free speaker. This gifted sister, this divinely-inspired teacher of love and justice and herald of the inevitable struggle for the life or death of soul-liberty that is fast approaching, vindicates you openly, pleads for you and denounces the world for you as only she can.

May this give you a passing, pleasant thought, that others rejoice that you have so glorious a friend and co-worker.

Yours for truth and purity, E. H. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAKING LIBERTIES.

Editors Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly—Some time since I was asked to become an editorial contributor to a new paper in Toledo, Ohio. I declined, of course, as I had done several similar proposals before. I have been connected with three newspapers, as editor, already, all of which I survive; which surely should be a warning! My wishes as to the Toledo paper were respected, and I was let alone.

Lately I was strongly urged, even *importuned*, to accept the presidency of a new Western Woman's Emancipation Society. This I also declined, in words as strong as the dictionary or the English language contains, on the ground that I have had a quarter of a century of constant and hard experience in societies and their conventions, and now choose to retire from them and from all that kind of public observation and discussion, and do my remaining work in my own chosen and less-conspicuous and less-controversial manner. It seems to me age alone justifies such a decision.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when I heard that the convention, as soon as met and officered, organized a society and elected me *President*, under leadership of the very person with whom I had corresponded, and had long personal conversation besides, and who was the only person present who had heard anything of my determination.

I had even positively refused to sign the call for the convention—as I always do, and have done for five years, or since leaving off attending conventions, although willing to aid them in every good work or word.

And now, one more. Several weeks ago I was invited—a good deal more than *invited*—to give my name and services as contributor, editorially, to a reform journal in New York, concerning which I knew nothing, nor with persons connected with it, one, only, excepted. That proposal I also respectfully but most *emphatically* declined, giving reasons enough for so doing. I know no stronger words in human language than I used in that refusal.

To-day I learn that the new paper has appeared, and, in spite of my positive protest, with my name as editorial correspondent! If this be so, it is the most shameful, inexcusable outrage I ever suffered in a life of almost five-and-sixty years. I have never seen it nor its prospectus; but if it contains anything with my name appended, it was stolen, or is a forgery. In stealing my name thus, to what length may not filching go?

I am sorry to have fallen into such company, but it was a fall for which I am in no way responsible. I will go voluntarily into slavery, when so left or abandoned, but will never consent to be thus press-ganged nor dragged into any enterprise against my own full, free consent, while I am in possession of the little sanity, wit and wisdom I still retain.

Those who have perpetrated this injustice upon one who never wronged them, have a work of reform to do which they cannot too soon commence; and nearer their own homes, too, than any tax-gatherer can ever come.

I see and hear good reports of your lectures hereabouts and further West. Your tour in Michigan was, according to accounts, an oration. Your mission seems to me not only the most important of the nineteenth century, but, in many respects, the most needed and most pressing and important of the nineteen Christian centuries. In the clearer light of liberty, since slavery at the South was abolished, we are discovering other and more subtle forms of oppression to be overthrown.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

SALEM, Ohio, December 18, 1873.

STURGIS, Mich., Dec. 12, 1873.

My dear Victoria—We cannot allow you to forget us. Your visit to this place gave us much light. Your lectures were full of instruction not entirely new to thinkers, for H. C. Wright, A. J. Davis, D. Nichols and others have proclaimed and advocated the same theories. If all could reason, if all could be philosophers, then would all accept your premises. But we are tainted with the false, compressed by narrow skulls, limited by old customs, tethered by hereditary sin, and dare not try a spring upward toward heaven's fair purity lest somebody should see us. Poor, weak humanity, clinging to dirt because familiar with it.

The next morning after your evening lecture I met the Hon. H. Kelly and asked him his opinion of the speaker. He is the father of us all in wisdom and goodness. He replied, "I had expected a noble speech, and she more than filled the bill." I can only pity the children of darkness who dared not trust themselves within the radius of so much light. The blessed work of redemption will go on though many eyes be closed against it. The truly inspired will never lift a hand to undo the angels' labors.

Whatever the results may be, whatever the coming ages may have to show for all this theorizing, all these conflicts, all these tears, I believe your work to be legitimate, your mission divinely appointed, your soul true to its high command, and I bless you with all my heart. 'Tis very easy to see how the martyr flames have purified your soul, have lifted your affections above the gross things that should perish; how truth has wedded your soul to the infinite love.

The nations of this broad earth have forgotten God. They are frenzied with self-interests; might crushes right; the strong drain the life-blood from the heart of the weak. Justice waits silently with the empty balance in her hand. In Europe the infidel pursues the Christian almost to the death. In our own America we may listen to factions that would, if they could, destroy in a day the labor of ages, and bring to this fair land the feuds of the fifteenth century.

What our country needs is a cure for Protestantism. Men say, "What can't be cured must be endured." We watch their tampering, and finding they neither cure nor kill, let proscribed woman try her hand at the latter.

Work on, brave soul! Your keen intuitions will tell you that thousands of hearts are beating in sympathy with this grand movement who are not yet assured enough to speak out. They cannot resist the Almighty God.

For the old and perishing I have little care; but the youth, the rising armies of young men and maidens proudly marching up to succeed us, have all my sympathies.

Work on for them; give them light by which to distinguish their way through the dim shadows of inexperience. For you the line of destiny runs on through iron and lead, through silver and gold to crystal brightness. I trust no earthly consideration will ever lure you aside from the severe path of self-consecration.

Trusting in the ultimate triumph of "truth, no matter where it leads," I am, very sincerely thine,

NELLIE M. SMITH.

The following is a sample of numerous letters we are receiving from various places:

RUTLAND, Vt., Dec. 12, 1873.

Victoria—A. A. Wheelock has been in Vermont lecturing most of the time since September. He is very bitter in his accusations against you and Col. Blood in families where he stops, and he is doing more to create a prejudice against you in New England than all other opposers put together. He claims to have been connected in the business of publishing the WEEKLY, and knows whereof he speaks. He charges you with being dishonest in business matters and immoral in private life. The house on Murray Hill, where you once resided, he calls the "gilded harem," etc. I don't think he makes these statements in his public lectures, but in conversation with Spiritualists where he visits. He claims to have been deceived, and to have lost largely in his business connection with you. If he is stating utter falsehoods, he should be shown up in the WEEKLY, for he has already caused many who felt very much interested to join somewhat in the distrust and prejudice that prevails. If he is only peddling sour grapes and venting a personal spite, he should be silenced by his full biography in the WEEKLY.

Very truly yours, ALEXIS.

[That Mr. Wheelock's charges may have more publicity than he can give them in the manner described, we print the above letter, and add, if Mr. W. will state of what the dishonesty to which he refers consists, how he was connected with the publication of the WEEKLY, and how much he lost by such connection, together with his reasons for designating the Murray Hill house a "gilded harem," we will also give them the benefit of these columns.

If we had the time and felt so disposed, we might hurl many good sized mud-balls not only at Mr. W., but at others who, like him, appear to make mud-throwing their principal business; but our duties call us in entirely different directions. Besides, we do not like the business, and prefer to let those who do like it have a monopoly of it. So go ahead, brothers and sisters, and get all the vile stuff out of you as soon as possible, so that you may be prepared for better work.]

BOSTON, December 15, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—There was an immense gathering in old Faneuil Hall to-day and this evening in commemoration of the famous throwing of tea into the Boston harbor one hundred years ago. The New England branch of woman suffragists conducted the enterprise, and viewed as they view the matter, it was a great success. The old "Cradle of Liberty" rocked under the weight of inconsistent radicalism. Thousands crowding thousands assembled to listen to the eloquence of Phillips and Garrison, together with the long arguments of sister Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe and

the rest, in appeal for the power of voting over and levying taxes on others. To all who believe in government—that it is a good and honest thing to rule by the majority, leaving the minority without rights and burdened with duties, that war is a matter of expediency and right—the arguments thundered out to-night are valid. It is with pleasure that I can recall to mind ten radicals who have outgrown the idea of freedom which even Sam Adams taught a hundred years ago. These friends, with their protests against "taxation without representation," honest and sincere as they doubtless are, have not yet learned what liberty is. They would be surprised, perhaps, to know that they are doing the great evil of planting false opinions, the influence of which, Douglass Stuart says (to quote from Wendell Phillips' speech) is much more pernicious than that of an evil act itself. Mr. Phillips evidently forgot that he plead to-night for the extension of the reign of government which, in his own words, is the fruit of tyranny and oppression, and is at best a "necessary evil."

It is indeed painful to see men like Higginson, Garrison and Phillips, and women like Lucy Stone and her sisters petitioning a corrupt set of Congressional bummers for the right to vote! Admirable liberty, profound consistency, indeed! God had better lend New England another batch of Adamsses and Hancock's stamped "1873," for he must know how they are needed. No wonder the old fogies who would "set back the hands on Time's dial," laugh at our weaknesses. They assuredly have cause.

Who cares for the Boston Tea Party of 1773 now? The party was honored enough in its day; had we not better dish up the questions of sovereignty and equity for the mass of meeting-goers, and present them with the light we want, to shine now, than bluster away to five thousand eager citizens, leaving them, when thinking out the question, darker and more confused than before they listened to us. They talk of improving government. Permanent right and artificial government never can and never will exist. If some men are governors some men are governed; if all are governed, none can have liberty. The trouble is, we don't perceive our bondage, and never shall if we turn aside from its exposure.

If I could have my will, every vestige of law and every appearance of the authority of one human being over another would be swept away forever. Infants only can be justly ruled. Are we, who call ourselves lovers of the race, afraid to let the mass of our fellows go boldly into the waters of individual responsibility? Are we afraid of the splashing which must come before our brothers learn to swim? Each individual has one opinion of himself (and I incline it is not one of distrust), and one of his brother. Would it not be a good idea to test our individual judgments, and for the first time in history unshackle each other? When the objector groans about expediency, let him remember that all the expediency by which humanity has been lured since creation, amounts to simply nothing in comparison with one hour's wrong! If we find we have been racers on a wrong track, let us not be afraid, but at once reverse the erring engine, notwithstanding the shock which shall follow, ere the machine becomes unmanageable and carries us to our own destruction.

WILLIAM BEN WRIGHT.

ONE DAY.

Only a short little summer day,
Some of it sunshine, some of it shade;
And the song of a bird and the green grass stirred,
And the tops of the trees by a west wind swayed.

And the quiet murmuring talk of a brook
Tinkling over its stony bed,
And a little shower of half an hour,
With a rainbow arching high over head.

And the sun setting out of a golden cloud,
With masses of purple and red all round;
And after the day and sunset gay,
A fair young moon on an azure ground.

And two souls happy as happy can be,
Out in the shower and under the trees;
Just too together, recking not either
The sunshine, raindrops or western breeze;

Thinking no weather was ever so fair,
Thinking no bird-song ever so sweet,
Watching the sunset, heaving the rivulet
Whispering and murmuring down at their feet.

Ah! but the short happy summer day,
Ends in dark shadows and closes in gloom;
Closes forever, and back again never,
Can come the same sunlight and love and perfume

A. E. E.

THE DEMAND OF THE SEXES; OR, SOMETHING TO DO.

BEECHER ACKNOWLEDGING THE SITUATION.

In a recent sermon, Mr. Beecher said: "Some good people try to bring up their children so exquisitely, that when the children go out for themselves they have no self-control, and are immediately bankrupt. Let children make mistakes, and learn by their mistakes. Just in proportion as a child is worth anything he is full of force, and it must have an outlet. The damnation of thousands of young men is in bringing the full, fresh power of youth to the city, with no work for an outlet. They soon find something to do. O, the slaughter of young men! My heart is sick and heavy. Occupation—work that uses you, that fills you, is your salvation. There is nothing more dangerous than an educated community with nothing to do. There are thousands of educated women who do not work. No doubt God intended that men and women should marry. But in the inequalities of the present condition of society many women cannot be married. If these women are in feeble health, or have little force, there is not much trouble; but I don't wonder that the bold, eagle-like natures fret in their limits and detest life, or that the great hearts dash themselves out in waste."

There must be outlet for these immense forces, or society will go on getting worse and worse to the end.

Victoria C. Woodhull lectured at the Academy of Music recently to a moderately filled house. Her subject in the abstract was Political and Social Reform, and from her standpoint was handled with remarkable ability. Indeed, we doubt whether there is a female lecturer extant in this country who is her superior in elocution and magnetism, but the doctrines she teaches are most reprehensible. Contempt of free popular government, abuse of professed Christians and ridicule of the Bible constituted the subjects of her discourse.—*Daily Beacon, Akron, Ohio.*

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

A WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To vote, or not to vote,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in slavery to suffer
The sneers and taunts of outrageous law-makers,
Or to take arms 'gainst a sea of arguments,
And, by opposing, end them? To vote—to speak;
Only this!—and by our speech to say we will
Be voters, and exert the right that is ours,
Which man has denied. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To vote—to speak;
To speak,—perchance to fail. Aye, there's the rub:
For if we fail in this, what thoughts may come
When we have disgraced ourselves in human sight,
Must give us pause. There's the restraint
That makes us hesitate before we strike;
For who would bear the sneers and scorn of men,
The oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contempt;
The pangs of despised love, and our despair;
The insolence of men—creation's lords—
That undue advantage of our weakness take,
When we ourselves might our freedom make
With proper courage? Who would slavery bear,
And work, and sweat, deprived of woman's right,
But that the dread of something afterward,
That unexpected lingers underneath
The discovered portion, restrains us still,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than flee to others we know not of?
This caution doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the glorious right of "female suffrage"
Is delayed by lack of resolution;
And our enterprise in danger of failure
Because we will not resolve; and our cause
Be lost for want of action.

A. M. D.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 16, 1873.

Dear Sister Victoria—I did not suppose that it would be necessary for me to again come before the readers of the WEEKLY so soon, but circumstances are such as to make it so. It appears that a letter—part of a correspondence between Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer and myself—has been purloined by certain members of the opposition to social-freedom party in New Hampshire, and is creating quite a stir among them. They claim that Mrs. S. has never seen the letter, that Mr. Wheelock read it, in a lecture at the Convention, and several persons copied it, and it has been handed around very freely indeed.

The idea of all this underhanded meanness, and high-handed outrage, seems to be to try to prove that Moses Hull is "terribly abusing his lawful wife and family;" that "poor Mrs. Hull is broken-hearted," etc., etc. Letters referring to these things, and asking impertinent questions concerning our private family affairs, and also demanding to know whether I am the author of the letters which have appeared in the WEEKLY, or if they were not written by Moses, he signing my name for purposes of his own.

Now, I ask your indulgence while I answer these things. In the first place, then, I want to say, I am the author of every letter that has appeared in the WEEKLY over my signature, or under it either, for that matter. Moses Hull never saw either of them until he saw them in print in that paper. I do not claim much merit as an author or writer, but I do not think it is at all just for people to insist that I am not capable of putting my own thoughts upon paper; neither is it just to try to compel Moses to father my article, and that too, without even asking his permission.

But to return to that terrible letter. Persons who will steal a letter, as Wheelock boasts of having done, or at least of knowing it to have been done, getting a part of a correspondence the previous letters of which they know nothing at all, thus being utterly incapable of judging of the motives prompting the writing, and endeavoring by that means to get up a prejudice and scandal, would be mean enough to make a story out of "whole cloth," if they imagined the occasion required it.

There seems to be a feeling among those who oppose this social-freedom movement, that I should denounce Moses, and call him names, and feel myself terribly abused, and make a parade of my grief (perhaps I would if I had any). But I am not broken-hearted, not even sad.

That would not be social freedom as I understand it. My social freedom says to me, Moses Hull must live his own life. I am not responsible for his acts or belief. I cannot control his conscience. He acts as he is acted upon, so do I. I allow no living man or woman to say I must believe this or that, then how can I consistently find fault with any others who may differ with me in opinion or practice? I try to have charity sufficient to allow that others are almost as honest as myself. Even should Moses and myself disagree as to belief or practice, we would endeavor to allow each other the fullest liberty of thought and action. We are determined to help each other do as we please, so far as is consistent and right in our best judgment, and all the pity and sympathy and long-drawn sanctimonious resolutions of condolence or disapproval of conventions or private persons, will not alter our course or convictions.

But to return again to the letter. I have often read and re-read of persons robbing the mail and stealing private correspondence, but never until now in all of my life do I remember of hearing of one who would publicly boast of it. Moses' published "experience" even seems to be working

deeper than was really intended, for some are proving themselves of "Topsey's" opinion: they "must fess" any way, and are making confessions that will send them into the State prison if they are not careful. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," is as true to-day as ever it was. Those people not only stole a letter and read it in a state convention, and copied it several times, but said publicly, in a boastful, defiant way, "Mrs. S. never saw it," thus proving themselves not only thieves but liars also. Mrs. Sawyer is sure she did see it and read it. They either stole it from her after she read it, or sent it to her after they stole it, or forged a copy of it, and imitated my hand-writing so accurately that she supposed it was from me, especially as my signature was attached.

They have clearly shown by their words that they have lied, stolen and committed forgery; either of which violations of law would send them to prison for years, and the violation of the moral obligation place them beneath the respect of truth-loving people. Thus we have a sample of the leaders of the opposers of social freedom in New Hampshire.

Now with regard to those who are so "sorry for poor Mrs. Hull," and so lament the "disgrace upon herself and daughters," I will only say, I protest against every bit of it. We do not need your pity. Do not waste your precious time lamenting our condition. We do not feel one bit disgraced nor sad, but instead are called by those who know us "the most happy family for miles around." We are proud to be counted among those who have the moral courage to do right because it is right, and thankful that we have the stamina to face the world, the New Hampshire Spiritualists and S. S. Jones to boot, by living out the principles in which we believe.

"Poor Mrs. Hull" feels that she has wiped out the disgrace of half a lifetime of legalized slavery and prostitution, and lifted off her shoulders a nightmare of sorrow and ill-health by the steps she has taken in this movement. The only shame I feel with regard to it is when I look back over the years that have passed since Moses and I were convinced that we were not mated, but had not the moral courage to say so, and live up to our convictions of right and truth. Why should I feel ashamed or disgraced; can any one tell? If so, out with the whole truth.

There are some persons who are so wonderfully modest and shamed that they remind me of the old maid the Cincinnati papers tell of, who was so remarkably virtuous that she "couldn't bear to hear her father's name mentioned, it was so suggestive."

Mr. Hartley, our present speaker, in a discourse on the social question on last Sunday evening, said: "There are some people who would have us believe that they blush every time the social question is spoken of, when, in fact, they don't blush at all." Some persons' social relations are so untrue and shameful of themselves that they ought to blush for them. And that is why I am proud to be found on the side with those who are trying, by both precept and example, to find and teach the better way.

One thing more and I am done. Careful investigation into the reputation of our traducers usually develops the fact that they have had an experience which would make one naturally suppose they would desire to keep quiet. For instance: not many months since I incidentally heard an evil report concerning one of the sweet singers of Spiritualism. Shortly after it became necessary for her to sing before an audience, on an occasion of public entertainment. Some one must accompany on the piano. There happened to be in the place one who could play most beautifully, and who kindly consented to do so. Afterward this sweet singer said: "Had I known that B. was upon such intimate terms with — I would not have appeared with her." Ahem. Had B. known that S. was so intimate with D., perhaps the shoe would have been upon the other foot. How disgustingly silly all this whining about reputation and respectability!

I thank heaven that every first-class speaker of which I know anything, stands squarely out and advocates the principles of social freedom, thus leaving the opposers to get along the best they can with second-rate leaders. But I have strung this out long enough already.

Yours for truth, let it cost what it may,

ELVIRA L. HULL.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

BY O. F. SHEPARD.

It is probable that the respect shown by the theological world to the myth of the God-pronounced "curse," "Thou shalt eat thy bread by the sweat of thy brow"—instead of considering it a prophecy of the greatest possible blessing—together with the oppressed and often degraded condition of the laborer, have taught humanity the fatal error that work was something to be avoided, and set them to devising all manner of tricks for living without it.

Between the two extremes—the do-nothing and the over-worked—there is little to choose, while the happy mean is that condition in which muscles, nerves and mind have each their healthful share of vigorous daily exercise, and their possessor the pleasant consciousness of having added something to the world's resources.

Since as long as we live we must be consumers of the world's produce, and since its produce can only be evolved by labor, if we fail to add daily as much as we consume, we are paupers and running the world into bankruptcy, however full our coffers may be of gold. The labor of others we must have, and if we give no labor in return, we force upon some one else the necessity of working for two.

When all our systems of trade, all the relations of labor and capital, are equitably adjusted; when, indeed (as is inevitable), the laborer becomes the only capitalist, no one person will be compelled to excessive toil, and none will be found willing to accept the disgrace and discomfort of idleness.

Gail Hamilton says that "in the millennium, women will no more work than the lilies of the field," which is a slander upon the lilies, for they draw their sustenance from the ground, bathe their faces in dew, and paint their cheeks with

the sunbeam. It is because we see that the same thing is desirable and inevitable for woman, that we have demanded and must continue to demand that she be allowed and encouraged in the use of such clothing as shall make work and out-of-door exercise a pleasure so desirable that nothing shall withhold her from its enjoyment.

If woman would control motherhood, she must be the creator and owner of her home, and to this end must look from girlhood for some trade, profession or calling which shall secure the necessary funds, just as boys are trained to do, and like them, must use clothing which will give her the best command of every resource of body and mind. To be supported, whether by lover, friend or government, is as dishonorable for woman as for man, and can only end in ruin to both.

VINELAND, N. J.

GRANGE SONG.

It is an ancient farmer,
And he is one of thee;
He said unto the middleman
"We have no need of thee."

This man here makes his cloth
And sells it unto me,
He buys my wheat, and then we save
The slice that went to thee.

"Your eyes too dim are growing;
Get spectacles," said he,
"That you may see some higher grade
Of wheat—than number three!"

The cunning middleman
Laughed out "Hah ha! Te he!
Upon your back I'll stand, and fill
My pockets from the tree."

Then turned that ancient farmer
The middleman about,
And, with some words of kind advice,
He gently kicked him out.

Western Rural.

CAMPBELL HOUSE, Bay City, Mich., Sunday Evening.

MRS. WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—I cannot go to bed till I have told you how glad I am that it was my privilege to hear both your lectures, especially that of to-night. It did my heart good, and I shall be better for hearing it. We need more such women, capable of talking to the people, and not afraid to tell the whole truth.

You will be blessed, if not now, by and by; your reward will surely come. Go on in the way marked out for you—a noble woman that loves the truth and is not afraid to tell it.

In your remarks to-night you spoke of a young girl who lost her life by the foolish modesty of a mother in not telling her child truths she should have known. It brought tears to my eyes, for just such a case occurred in my own family. A beautiful young girl that I dearly loved, not knowing what she must learn sooner or later, was so frightened and ashamed that she dare not seek advice. For two years she was sickly, and at last called a physician, and he finally found out the truth. Every means were tried, but failed. My youngest brother loved her; marriage was recommended, and they were married. After four years she had a child, and died. Had she been told by a careful mother, she might have lived. We all loved her, but she died; another life lost through ignorance and false modesty.

You have taken up a noble calling. May you be prospered, and all that makes life pleasant and good be granted to yours and to you.

Excuse this hastily-written note. I could not have you leave till I had told you how much I admire and (may I say?) love you for the noble work you are doing. Good night.

From a stranger, and yet a friend.

J. M. S.

[Both the Jackson outrage upon free speech and the Ann Arbor disgrace, have been widely commented upon by the secular press. If either of the movers of these offenses think they have gained any credit they are welcome to it. The following upon these, from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, is a fair sample of such comments:]

"Victoria C. Woodhull was arrested in Jackson, Michigan, on Sunday, charged with selling obscene literature, the particular obscenity in this instance being a book called 'The Elixir of Life'; but, having procured bail, she reached the platform in triumph on the same evening and delivered one of her peculiar lectures—which, by the way, have drawn good audiences in Jackson. We are not aware of the quality of the book mentioned; but it is probably nothing more than a presentation of Mrs. Woodhull's peculiar theories, and if that is the case the man who procured her arrest will find himself in a scrape. The man's name is J. L. Videto, and he has acquired some notoriety as a prosecutor of liquor suits. Did he never hear of Anthony J. Comstock and the ill success of that great and good man in some similar cases?"

"Mrs. Woodhull was acquitted, at Jackson, Mich., of the charge of selling obscene literature; but, going to Ann Arbor, she found herself in a worse scrape than that which she had escaped. Her audience booed and jeered at her, and finally, though she was a courageous woman, she was forced to leave the platform; and then, it appears, there was a scene of wild confusion, ending with the following of the lady to her hotel, exactly with what purpose is not known. Of course, however, Mrs. Woodhull will make capital from the affair. That sort of business will be tolerated in no well-regulated community, and if the friends of the lady insist that she shall lecture in Ann Arbor, under their protection, nobody need be astonished. The mob is made up of cowards in every instance, and as soon as the inevitable hysterics of the mob is over there no cause for fear. In this instance the mob was more than usually cowardly, their victim being a woman; and there is certain to be a reaction in the woman's favor, whether she deserves it or not; for Mrs. Woodhull's doctrines are not under discussion now. The great question in Ann Arbor just now relates to free speech, and it can be properly answered in only one way."

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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, JAN. 3, 1874.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Hereafter all communications for the paper, whether business or otherwise, should be addressed to WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, box 3,791 New York City. Postal orders should also be made payable to Woodhull & Claflin.

RENEW! RENEW!!

Clubs that expire in the coming two or three months should begin to move in the matter of renewals. Those who interested themselves a year ago in getting them up, and who thus rendered us so valuable a service, will put us and all friends of human progress under additional obligations by again interesting themselves about the renewals, and in adding new names to the lists of last year. So far the WEEKLY has suffered less from the panic than almost any other paper of which we have any knowledge. Some secular weeklies have fallen off one-half in the last six months; but the WEEKLY holds its own, has even gained in regular subscriptions since the panic set in. Now, if our club agents will but be active in returning renewals, we shall begin the year under the most favorable circumstances.

AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT.—There can be a no more appropriate New Year's present to a friend than the WEEKLY for the ensuing year. Read the prospectus in another column and then see if anything more beneficial can be imagined than the acquisition of the principles upon which there may be a harmonious society formed of perfected individuals. This is the mission of the WEEKLY.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; OR, WHY DO WE DIE?

The extraordinary demand for this pamphlet has already consumed two large editions; but another is now ready, and all demands for it will be promptly supplied. Single copies, twenty-five cents, or six for a dollar.

Beside this, we also have on hand Mrs. Woodhull's latest speech—"Reformation or Revolution, Which? or, Behind the Political and Social Scenes," which has created a most profound sensation wherever it has been delivered: price, the same as above. We have also a supply of "The Principles of Social Freedom," the original Steinway Hall speech, the introduction to the present social agitation. These three speeches will be sent, postage paid, for fifty cents. Send for them for yourselves and friends, and circulate them among the opposition, and especially procure their reading by all ministers and doctors in your region.

A NEW YEAR!

What are the memories that cluster around this season of the passing time that render it of more importance to humanity than any other during the year? Has it its peculiarities that trench upon the personality of individuals with more potency than any other season? or is it merely a custom of the olden time that lingers in the habits of the people, calling upon them to look back over the past to see its good and its ill parts, and so to set their sails for the coming year as to avert the latter while cruising among and toward the former?

It is perhaps well that a people not at all times anchored to the rock of eternal principles have periodical settlements with themselves; to look over the deeds of a given time to learn how, if at all, their God-given talents have been improved, or to find if they have been taken away altogether by being hidden from the world. Those who need examples and who require patterns from which to copy, and who are not yet emancipated from the rule of custom, perhaps, need these semi-occasional culminating periods; and if any of our readers are among these classes, we hope they may glean from the one just now at hand all the benefit it can possibly be to them.

To such we would suggest the advisability of a deliberate conclusion as to what is their aim in life? Whether it is a purely selfish one, directed to personal well-being and comfort, or whether it is one directed to the general welfare. In a word: How much has each and every one done during the past year for humanity? and how much, consequently, to elevate the general standard of righteousness and goodness in the world? Compared with this, all questions of mere personal convenience and comfort sink into insignificance. What is it to be in this life only the recipient and the enjoyer of physical comforts, and in them to ignore all considerations of higher enjoyments? If it were once well understood that a good act brings more happiness to the actor than all the money in the world can purchase, it seems to us that the general aims of life would, in a great measure, change; but now there seems to be but one aim—money-getting. And when we consider how completely this has usurped the rule in the hearts of men, we sometimes doubt their sincerity when they put forward theories that are diametrically in opposition to it. The talk of the world is about the hereafter and of preparing for it; but the practice is wholly for this, and as though existence ends when death ensues.

We are willing to acknowledge that this results from an intuitive perception, not yet worked out in the minds of the people, that the conditions of the future depend almost altogether upon the aggregate acts of the present. We say that the practice of the world in devoting all its energies to the present, is a legitimate result of their intuitions; but these theories represent the other extreme of the whole, and tend to keep their faiths fixed on the future; while the false application of the theory to the purely physical things of earth, make two distinct and utterly antagonistic principles dominant in the people, and consequently a continuous struggle for supremacy goes on.

What is required now most of all, is that the people shall reason backward from their faiths to their practices, and so change the latter that they will harmonize with the former. This will teach them most conclusively that while it is eminently proper to provide materially for each successive day, it should not be forgotten, in making this provision, that as one day is related to another, so is this life related to the spirit life, and therefore that the material economy is merely a means to a higher economy for the future, instead of, as it is now practiced, an end of itself.

Now, what significance has this to the subject under consideration? and why should it enter into the reminiscences in which people are supposed to indulge upon the incoming of a New Year? Why, this, clearly: If the happiness and well-being of the future depends upon the condition in which that life is entered upon, it should be the aim of this life to attain to the conditions that will ensure happiness when that sphere is entered, and that such use should be made of the purely material as to best subserve this purpose.

Reasoning backward from happy conditions in spirit life, to what do we arrive as the initial point in earth life? Happy conditions in spirit life can only proceed from a spirit who can make them, and these must be such as are possessed of the requisite development of both form and soul that precede the possibility of happiness. In a word, the only assurance a spirit has for happiness is to pass into spirit life from the highest condition to be attained in earth life; or in other words, the persons who on earth are blessed with the best physical, mental and moral capacities and development are those who are best prepared to enjoy spirit existence.

Going still backward from this conclusion, it must be evident that the best development of mental and moral capacities is possible only when they are resident in the best physical organization; and backward still, that the best development of physical organization can only proceed from a perfectly-organized physical body; and still backward, argues that the best organic physical body must be the result of perfect conditions, first, proceeding *a priori*, of growth, gestation and conception.

It becomes clear, then, that the basis of happiness in spirit life is in conception; in the beginning of individualized existence; and therefore that the logical place at which

efforts for better men and women, so that better spirits may be a possibility, is in the sexual act that precedes conception, or the beginning of life. And it is because this is so that we are directing the main efforts of the WEEKLY to rouse the people to this conception; and we make this the special point of the New Year's call, because we feel that those who are really in earnest regarding reform will, when they see this as we see it, improve upon the acts of the old year, by aiding others to become possessed of the same truths. It is in this fact that any extended reform in humanity must begin, and until all people are awakened to its importance, other movements for alleviation are, in our opinion, scarcely worthy of consideration.

With the New Year, then, let every reader of the WEEKLY decide to do something more than he or she has ever done before to promulgate the truths at which we have merely hinted in this article, because by such promulgation shall the world be roused to a conception of what is necessary to introduce millennial conditions on the earth, and then to better fit those who "pass on" for life and happiness in spirit spheres; and, finally, to prepare the conditions here that will admit of direct evolution into that etherialized life to which spirits must attain by resurrection, without passing through the dark valley and shadow of death, which, as St. Paul tells us, is an enemy, and the last one to be destroyed.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY, even if the panic has drained your small means. This condition has been brought about by our false systems of government—finance, taxation and internal improvements. It is one of the special missions of the WEEKLY to explode the fallacies and to advocate better systems. Read the prospectus in another column, and compare a system based upon its propositions with this one that has culminated in the anarchy and confusion that reigns in the country now—politically, financially, socially. The WEEKLY is devoted to practical measures of reform, and to the elucidation of the principles upon which they must be based; and is, therefore, the most important journal published for the merely political reformer; while, besides this, it teaches the married how to remain mated, the children how to avoid the shoals of sexual vice, and parents how to produce better children: which can be found in no other journal in the world.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MICHIGAN.

We have just closed a month's campaign in the most radical of Western States—having spoken nearly every night since the 14th of November. What the results are that have attended us may be inferred from the several quotations from the local papers of that State, made for several weeks past in these columns; but in addition to them we feel disposed to add some remarks of our own, touching the people, and especially their status, which is not reached by their own papers.

In no other State, perhaps, are there so distinct lines of demarcation between radicals and conservatives as there; and nowhere else are the people ranged so publicly upon the two sides of this line. Radicals are extremely radical, and conservatives are equally pronounced; since it is there that the agitation of the social problem is more evident than other less advanced States. It was because we apprehended this condition that we made our first extended efforts in Michigan; and we were not disappointed in their results.

Personally, the most encouraging facts that everywhere presented themselves, were of that class which, if possible, are confirmation strong as truth itself, of our previous convictions upon the social condition of the people generally. We had reasoned from cause to effect, and found if our premises were correct that the social status must be, as we have from time to time stated it in the WEEKLY—one of general inharmonious and discontent; and, in either case, of anxiety for the immediate future. This conviction, formed upon general principles and observations, is now confirmed by special inquiry among the people of an entire State. We lay it down as a general proposition, that there are no happy and harmonious married people outside of such as have grown to the acknowledgment and practice of the individual freedom in the social relations; and we challenge its refutation. Every where we found one continuous wail of misery and discontent, or else of open rebellion; and they warn us that the *démouement* is close at hand.

As closely allied to this condition, or rather as one of its results, are found the State Convention of Spiritualists, recently held at Jackson, putting forth the most ultra radical resolutions regarding the social relations, and condemning their special institution in unmeasured terms, that leave no room for doubt as to what Spiritualism means in Michigan.

If the conservatives think there is any possibility of drawing different conclusions from ours, we hope they may enjoy their modicum of comfort from them. These resolutions of a State Convention, put forward at the same time and on the very day upon which the most popular and able Spiritualistic speaker hurled her anathemas against monogamy from the rostrum of Music Hall (see quotation in our next issue), have a meaning that the great body of Spiritualists cannot ignore. From this time forth, if Spiritualism means anything, it means social reform—reform that looks to making better men and women by the only possible way—by better conditions of conception and gestation. If we mistake not

the signs of the times, there will be, before another annual Convention is held, a remarkable force, dropping and climbing among those who at present "do not exactly know whether they favor social freedom or not." In the meantime we wish them joy of their positions.

Another prophetic incident occurred at Jackson. The Young Men's Christian Assassination Association there delivered its dying kick, and a faint one it was, at obscurity. We lectured there on a Friday night, when it appears that one of the members of this Christly institution attended and purchased the three speeches which we offered to the audience, to wit: The Elixir of Life, Reformation or Revolution, Which? and the Principles of Social Freedom. The horrible things therein contained compelled him from a sense of duty to his God, to bring into use the strong arm of the law, already virtually controlled by the Church, to punish us for daring to attempt to corrupt his morals by selling him these speeches. On Sunday evening, just before we were going to the Hall to deliver our second lecture on "The Social Question," we were politely waited upon by Sheriff Brown and regaled by the reading of his complaint of having been corrupted by reading the pamphlets in question, and were forthwith marched to the office of the justice; but this corrupted man, this J. L. Videto was not to be so easily successful in stopping the lecture, if that indeed were his animus. Friends at once came forward and gave bail for our appearance to answer the charges at nine o'clock the next morning, which being done we returned to the Hall in time to make our compliments to the Jackson Purities. We hope that they are satisfied with the result of their movements.

In our speech we explained what had occurred, which resulted in the volunteering of a dozen of the best men and women in the audience and their coming forward to sell the indicted speech—The Elixir of Life. They said if it were obscene they wanted Videto to arrest them too. The effect of this movement can be better imagined than described; but it resulted in the sale of more than three hundred of the "obscene" pamphlets which, if the one sold to Videto had the effect of corrupting him, must make Jackson a place hereafter to be shunned by all who are fearful of contamination, in whose families obscenity is catching.

At nine o'clock the next morning we appeared before the justice, having secured the legal services of Judge Livermore, to answer to the charge. We waited patiently for the appearance of the person whom we had injured, but in vain. He did not come, and the justice was glad to dismiss the case upon the concurrence of the prosecuting attorney in the motion of Judge Livermore to that effect.

Whether the arrest was originally made, purposely to prevent the lecture of Sunday evening, without any idea of pressing the prosecution; whether the complainant was intimidated by the zeal with which the entire audience of Sunday evening enlisted in our defense, and in resenting the outrage upon us; or whether the immense crowd that attended us to the court-room was the cause of Videto's prudence in remaining safely away, we cannot presume to say, and therefore leave our readers to infer for themselves. Suffice it, that we left Jackson, as we had intended to do, without further molestation, although another arrest was widely talked about and threatened. So completely did this affair result in our favor, that some of the people were constrained to think it a "job" put up by ourselves to further the "cause."

We were informed by a member of the police force of Jackson that this saint Videto was unfortunate enough about six months ago to have been arrested upon a charge of rape. Whether this is so or not we do not know, but against such a God-like person with such Christ-like practices it was of course too preposterous; (?) he never did such a thing, oh, no! Such people never do. And he is the more to be approved that he did not, as we learned afterward, in Akron, Ohio, a brother of his was hanged for murder, and his mother confessed on her death-bed that she was an accomplice in it. To be a son and brother to such relations and, with all, such a saint as he is, is something of which, if true, J. L. Videto ought to be proud, and the people of Jackson also, if true, ought to be proud to have for a conservator of its morals a person so entirely above suspicion as is this same Christian Comstockian Videto, whether these other things are so or not.

Before leaving Jackson we learned that an attempt was to be made at Ann Arbor to again arrest us; but we were not to be deterred by this threat from fulfilling our engagement there. The persecution there, however, assumed a different form. In Ann Arbor there are several colleges having between two and three thousand students, quite a large number of whom belong to Y. M. C. A. We had scarcely arrived there before word was brought us that, under the instruction of this Association, there were to be some two hundred students to attend the lecture with the view of breaking it up. We felt that if the citizens of Ann Arbor could stand such a proceeding, that we certainly could do so, and we appeared promptly upon the stage at eight o'clock, before an audience of about nine hundred citizens and seven hundred students. This division of the audience, which we took in at a glance, seemed to say that disturbance would not be tolerated, especially as there were several stalwart policemen in attendance.

We had, however, proceeded but a short time to a part of our lecture in which we animadverted somewhat severely upon the conduct of the government in lending its aid to the infamous schemes of the Y. M. C. A. against free speech

and press, when we were greeted with a discharge of apple cores from the gallery, and from this time forward, for three-quarters of an hour, until we left the stage, it was repeated at rapid intervals, interspersed with the most obscene and vulgar ejaculations and interruptions. The mob was plainly informed that the speaker did not consider herself insulted, but that such vagabonds and brutal rowdies were the result of our rotten social system against which we are waging warfare, and that they insulted the mothers that bore them, and the citizens of Ann Arbor who could quietly submit to such a humiliating scene as this. These remarks instead of making the rowdies ashamed of themselves as it would have done had there been a spark of gentlemanliness left in them, only irritated the rabble the more, and their conduct became intolerable. Seeing that the police were afraid to interfere to maintain order, we said to the respectable part of the audience that it was impossible for us to proceed under the circumstances, and asking their consideration we withdrew.

After this there ensued a scene which can never be repeated. A large part of the students were enraged at the others, and together with the resident citizens hastened to acquit themselves to us of the outrage. We firmly informed them that so long as they, the majority, permitted the lawless cowards to disturb meetings in that way, without abating the nuisance by force, they were almost equally guilty of the outrage, and that this disgrace would attach itself to Ann Arbor as a city, until the law-abiding people should obtain the mastery over the lawless rabble.

We were most surprised at the incompetency of the police who seemed not to dare to do a thing to prevent the outrage; but we were told afterward that the students when interfered with by a policeman, take him into the street and tie him to a lamp-post. In a word the police force of Ann Arbor is powerless with this mob, and it has everything its own way. We heard also that the mob tears up the sidewalks, pulls down fences, destroys whatever is found standing in the street, and is a perfect terror to the citizens of the town. Upon this occasion, when they would not leave the Hall, the gas was turned out upon them, for which they revenged themselves by tearing up the seats in the Hall and scattering them up and down the streets.

To further illustrate the utter depravity of these young scape-graces, they followed to the hotel where we were stopping, yelling like mad; when their riotous conduct was objected to by the proprietor of the hotel upon the plea that their was a dead body and a weeping family in his house. A leader of the gang named Parker, a son of a prominent citizen of Detroit, called out, "If she is dead, trot her out here so we can see her."

For our part we can feel no loss of self-respect in refusing to longer submit to the insults of a crowd of such desperadoes and ruffians as this; but we have a word of kindly advice to give to the citizens of Ann Arbor: When next you engage a person to come to your city to speak, you owe it both to him or her and to yourselves to go armed to the Hall in such force as to overawe this ruffianly gang of Y. M. C. A's, and if they attempted to continue your disgrace, treat them like dogs as they are, first giving them fair warning.

For the credit of the State of Michigan, there is but one Ann Arbor within its limits. At no other place were we greeted by a single hiss, though at many speaking much more radical things than we did there. Nor are we the only ones who have been subject to such scenes. Charles Sumner, Edwin Booth, and several others, have been treated in such a manner by this gang that they will never appear there again. Therefore it was not because we advocated social reform that we were so received, but because there is a spirit of ruffianism among the students there, which finds vent in this manner whenever occasion permits; but as we said before, if the citizens of Ann Arbor can stand such disgrace as this, far be it from us to complain, though we shall more strenuously than ever advocate the necessity of immediate social reform, whereby such monstrosities may be eradicated from the people.

But there is another and still more damning phase of the Ann Arbor disgrace, upon which no paper that we have seen has commented. It was not mentioned in the dispatches that announced to the world that "Victoria Woodhull had been hissed off the platform at Ann Arbor." It has been our practice during this trip to have upon the platform a supply of The Elixir of Life speeches to furnish the audience. We had at this time about two hundred and fifty of them, and about one hundred WEEKLIES. As soon as we retired, and before any one could be sent to take them away, the mob had seized every one of them, thus adding to their other crimes that of highway robbery. They stole from us nearly seventy-five dollars worth of speeches and papers. Now what should be the verdict of the country against such outlaws as these Ann Arbor students? And what may be expected from such men as they will develop into, going out into the world to take part in its affairs? When our social relations beget such monstrosities as these, what hope is there for reform except through sweeping changes in conditions that produce such abortions of nature? Every one of the Ann Arbor rowdies and highway robbers, is the result of inharmonious conditions under which they were produced. This was clear, since a large number of the students came personally to apologize for their connection, as students, with such rowdyism, and were so ashamed of it, that they could scarcely frame language to express their humiliation. We told them that like poor Tray, they

were in bad company, of which they must rid themselves, or with it, bear the disgrace.

To the parents who have children at school in Ann Arbor, we would say that any education they may obtain there can scarcely be a recompense for the spirit of anarchy that reigns supreme and which they must imbibe. None but such children as have been born and reared in an atmosphere of perfect harmony and love can fail to escape the contagion. There were some such there, and they were mortified beyond measure at the proceedings of that night. Whatever indignities had been offered to Mr. Sumner, or whatever Mr. Booth and others had suffered, were nothing when compared to the wholesale riot and pillage that the Y. M. C. A. instigated against the discussion of the reforms that are destined in the end to wipe that infamous association out of existence. It is because they know this, that resort is had to such proceedings as we have related; and they trust to the well-known hostility of the secular press to us to cover their infamy and villainy, and to make it appear that it is the character of our lectures that do and ought to incite this opposition. In fact they do not count in vain; but enough has been made public in this instance to show up, in its proper light, the spirit of lawlessness and crime which confessedly rule Ann Arbor, and which are the terror of its inhabitants. If anything that we have passed through shall in any way tend to arouse the citizens of Ann Arbor to shake off the rule of mob law to which they have so long quietly submitted, we shall be very glad; and if the knowledge that we shall spread, regarding the conduct of the students, shall tend to save others from going there to be contaminated by it, we shall again feel thankful that we were subjected to these outrages.

PHOTOGRAPHS—PRICES REDUCED.

We have been able to make arrangements by which we can now offer our photographs—Victoria C. Woodhull's, Jennie C. Claflin's, and Col. J. H. Blood's—at fifty cents each, or three for a dollar. Thanking the many friends who heretofore aided us in our lawsuits by purchasing at the former high rates, we trust that others who desired the photographs but who did not feel able to procure them, may avail themselves of the present opportunity, and thus assist us to maintain the cause in which we have enlisted in another season scarcely less perilous than was that through which the former assistance carried us. Send for the Photo's for yourselves and friends.

THE GREAT WESTERN-SOUTHWESTERN THROUGHFARE.

There is no better exemplification of the grandeur and magnificence of what the future railroad system of this country is to be than is found in the Pennsylvania railroad [see advertisement in another column] and its connections, West and South. Having its base in the commercial metropolis of the Western Continent, it reaches outward to almost every tributary part of the country. It is said that not less than five thousand miles of road are directly controlled by the management of this company; while the entire system of the country is virtually, though indirectly, perhaps, under its government; and if this is sometimes somewhat after the arbitrary style, it only the more perfectly shows the necessity of one controlling centre for all the railroads. They must be managed in concert, or else the best interests cannot be subserved.

It is true that the prevailing idea is that the consolidation of the immense interests of railroads is anti-Republican, and consequently at war with the spirit of our government. This, however, is an error. The theory of our system is that the government is the people; and, therefore, whatever involves the interests and welfare of a people as a whole ought, to promote them, to be managed as a whole. This, of course, looks ultimately to the railroads passing under the control of the people; and the rapid consolidation that has been going on is pretty good evidence that it will continue until the system will be one in theory as it now is virtually one in practice; and no company has done more to make this so than this one. The ability, energy and enterprise of Thomas Scott has done more to perfect the management of railroads than the efforts of almost all other men combined; and if the railroads should pass into the hands of the people during his lifetime, he would undoubtedly be called upon to preside over them.

It is true that there are other vast railroads having special local value to parts of the country which the Pennsylvania Central does not reach. The New York and Erie Central, with the Erie, has the control of the northern part of the country as far west as Chicago; but then the trade of the great Northwest is divided by them even with the Pennsylvania Central, while they scarcely interfere with its control of the West proper and the Southwest.

Undoubtedly the most comfortable route, all things considered, to Chicago, is via Pittsburgh and Ft. Wayne. No other route runs complete through trains from New York; though others run single cars, and the immense trains that pour into Chicago over this route, show that the people consider this the preferable one. To all points north of its line and east of Chicago, the Erie route is by far the best, and its connections via Great Western of Canada and Michigan Central are immeasurably superior to the Lake Shore route. The appointments of the Michigan Central are so much superior to those of the Lake Shore, that people who have

traveled over both, once, will always choose the more northern route. The cars of the express trains between Detroit and Chicago are superior to any in the country; and they are not run as drawing-room cars, for which an extra price is charged.

The through trains from New York via the Penn. Central, however, are perfect specimens of comfort, convenience and luxury, leaving nothing whatever to be desired on the part of the traveler; while the connections of this route are more numerous and direct than all others combined, and it is the only route that runs through cars from New York to St. Louis, and the only one by which there is but one change of cars to Kansas City via either St. Louis or Chicago, made at the latter city in the same depot without being transferred by the abominable omnibus, as is the case by other routes. The utmost convenience in railroad travel is reached when the fewest changes of cars are made, and those in union depots, and this is more common to the Penn. Central route to all parts of the country than to any other.

To St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South generally, its supremacy is undisputed, and it will always maintain this supremacy by virtue of its directness, less distance, and capacity to accommodate both passengers and freight; while it must also virtually, having these advantages, dictate rates of fare and freight to all competing roads. Indeed has the Penn. Central Railroad become a mighty power in this country.

RENEW, CLUB, SUBSCRIBE.—In the months of January and February there will be a great many expiring subscriptions. Let us ask our friends to see to it that they renew in time. The discussion of the Social Question has progressed to that stage when we may reasonably expect to be able to soon begin constructive work, to reduce to practice the principles which the people have so generally been discussing during the past year. On this account no one can afford to let his subscription run out.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BRIGGS ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

The shameless injustice by which woman is morally damned for inconstancy, and the perfect impunity with which man can commit the same offense was never more distinctly shown than in the trial of Peter Terrill for the murder of the jeweler, Gilbert H. Robinson, which trial occurred during the past week. The offense was committed on the 26th of April, 1869, at Rye Neck, N. Y., and the testimony upon which the prosecution mainly rests is that of a now divorced wife, of the name of Mary Richardson, with whom, at the time of the murder, Peter Terrill is said to have been intimate. Since then, however, the husband of Mary Richardson brought suit against her and obtained a divorce from her, on which occasion Peter Terrill testified conclusively against her. Without asserting the truth of her accusations although the circumstantial evidence she brings against her former associate, Peter Terrill, is very strong) it is evident that she has been prompted to her present course by motives of revenge.

At the present time (Friday, Dec. 19) the jurors are supposed to stand eight for conviction and four for acquittal. There can be but one reason to justify the course of the latter, viz.: the character of the principal witness, Mary Richardson. On this point District Attorney Briggs, in his address to the jury, thus dilates; and as we believe that it is seldom that the voice of truth is heard in a court of law on the subject of our false social system, we give his address the benefit of a circulation in the columns of the WEEKLY.

We are indebted to the N. Y. Sun for the extract

"He (the District Attorney) would admit, for the sake of argument, that Mary Richardson was as black as she had been painted by the defense; that she had been criminally intimate with the prisoner and others. The witnesses, he continued, who sought to blast her reputation as a virtuous woman, when asked what they knew about her that was bad, said they had seen her walking with Terrill. True, graver charges had been brought against her, but why (said the District Attorney, warming up to his work) should that man Terrill be held up as a model man—one whose character is without blemish, a Christian—and she be denounced, when the very fact of her walking with Terrill, is held up as one of her sins? No, gentlemen, that will not do. The man could go into good society while she was cast down in shame. They were intimate. We will say she was his mistress. 'It is a fact, which no one will dare deny, that more confidential relations exist between a man and his mistress than between husbands and wives.' [Applause in the gallery, which was checked by his Honor.] The District Attorney continued, that while on such intimate terms, it was but natural that the prisoner should divulge 'his great secret' to his mistress. That it was more than he could bear to withhold it from some one. It was almost killing him to keep it locked up in his own bosom, and he took her into his confidence and told her all. The District Attorney deeply deplored what had been said against the character of Mary Richardson, and pointed to the unhappy woman, and asked whether she did not look like an intelligent, trustworthy person. He asked the jury not to brand her and the other witnesses as perjurers, and closed by saying that it was impossible, on the evidence, to come to any other conclusion than that Peter Terrill was guilty of willful and deliberate murder."

Let us reverse this case, and suppose that Peter Terrill was the inconstant husband who had been seduced by Mary Richardson, a position which is not at all improbable (for women seduce men quite as often as men seduce women), and what would have been the effect of such a liaison on his testimony? None! The real fact is, Peter Terrill would not have been the property of his wife, as Mary Richardson, and all the other unfortunate Mary Richardsons, really though not nominally are of their husbands. Without referring to any special case, it may be said that, under our present marriage system and the laws which uphold it, woman is compelled to abide by her first choice or suffer legal and social damnation; and when we revolve how many surrounding circumstances affect that "first choice" of young girls, and how rarely she, whose whole future happiness depends on the result, determines for herself this most important of questions to her, we feel that society's stern and partial edicts, backed as they are by laws, are a burden too weighty to be borne, and that all women would be justified in revolting against them.

If a young girl were a philosopher, who had a perfect knowledge of man and the world when she entered into a first engagement, there might be some reason in the present attitude of society against inconstancy on the part of wives. To form a correct judgment in the case of a future partner, as things are now, she ought to understand thoroughly the triple nature of love. In order to effect a perfectly durable union there must be a perfect commingling of her physical, intellectual and moral nature with that of the man of her choice. Failure, under either of these heads, is almost sure to cause alienation, and may effect important and most distressing results. Society at present seeks to bind unsophisticated minors to lives of sorrow—and it is no wonder that it so often fails in its attempt. It is well that it is unable to carry out its harsh decrees against women in this particular—it is well that it is honey-combed with hypocrisy, and hoary with sensual crimes! These are the natural results of the false system which would bind the most tricksey of spirits—Love—with chains of iron. This is an impossibility, and we are condemned for saying so. But we shall continue to assert the truth in the matter, for we feel that the success of the cause we advocate, in desiring the overthrow of the present marriage system, is worth ten thousand martyrs. And therefore we cheerfully welcome the present scorn and contempt of society in return for our efforts to purge it of such a monstrosity, being well satisfied that our cause must triumph in the near future, and that, when it does, our labors will be recompensed here as surely as we now feel that they will be rewarded hereafter.

LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.

Victoria C. Woodhull's lecture engagements, so far as we are now able to announce them, are as follows:

Kansas City,	January 3.
Lawrence,	" 5.
Emporia or Junction City,	" 6.
Topeka,	" 7.
Atchison,	" 8.
St. Joseph,	" 9.
Leavenworth,	" 10.
Nebraska City,	" 12.
Lincoln,	" 13.
Omaha,	" 14.
Council Bluffs,	" 15.

There may be some variation from the above so far as dates are concerned; but friends will be able to learn this from the local press, in which they will be duly announced.

In reply to the several inquiries received from St. Louis, we hope soon to be able to announce an early date, for her appearance there. Preliminary arrangements are now in progress.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The reformatory and scientific meetings at De Garmo Hall, corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, which occur every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening, have proved an unusual and surprising success. They have been brought into existence by the untiring exertions of Elijah R. Schwackhamer, who conceived the idea that the best talent of the city was lying idle or not accomplishing its full mission for want of a proper rostrum. The morning discourse is a regularly scientific sermon by Stephen Pearl Andrews, and is of course a treasury of rare knowledge, presented with all the choicest grace of rhetoric. The afternoon meeting is a sort of spiritual communion season, open for mediums and others in the freest expression of spiritual needs and gifts. In the evening different speakers are employed, embracing the best talent that can be obtained, as would have been amply shown to any one who had listened to Judge A. G. W. Carter, of Cincinnati, last Sunday evening, on Shakespeare.

We give below a condensed report of Mr. Andrews' scientific sermon of last Sunday morning, as reported by

GHIRARDINI.

DECEMBER 21, 1873.

Mr. Andrews commenced by giving the subject of last Sunday's sermon, "The Science of Classification and the Classification of Science." This morning he would continue the Classification of Science somewhat more in detail. More especially in relation to science at the present day, as preparatory to the presentation of his own Universological Theory, it being well to understand the conditions among which

it is to be introduced. There is a sense in which classification is the whole of science. The most fundamental relation we acknowledge is between things and the relations of the betweenidities of things. This morning some attention will be given to the history and principles of the present systems of classification. It is not to be expected of persons who do not make or intend to make science the business of life to remember all its differentiation and technical terms, yet a year's attendance on this course would give a knowledge of the *parlance*, a familiarity with the vocabulary of science, which otherwise consociation among scientific men alone can give.

We will first refer, he said, to the system of classification introduced by Aristotle, which, crude and imperfect as it was, lasted 1800 years. The next of importance was that of Des Cartes, who opened a new career for science, but founded upon a *a priori* argument. This was complimented by Sir Francis Bacon as the accredited originator of observational science. Des Cartes' system of classification was much improved by Bacon. The classification of the sciences then remained unattempted until our own era, when in Auguste Comte we have the man who has aspired to embody, organize and arrange science in a properly scientific shape. Classification points two ways—toward generalization and toward specification or exactification. Comte's mean drift or medium is not far enough out in the direction of generalities to reach a true universology, nor detailed and microscopic enough for the minutiae of science. Still, dissenting from the severe criticisms of Herbert Spencer, Mr. A. considers it the best yet given to the world.

Cosmos is the Greek word which means world, whence we have cosmology as the name for the study and science of the world, outside of or apart from man. The Greek word for Man is anthropos, whence we might have (and I adopt) the term Anthropology for the entire science of man. Comte has unfortunately, I think, used Sociology in this sense, which results in confusion, for the science of Society is only a branch of Anthropology.

Cosmology, then, as science of the world, and Anthropology as science of man, make the first great division. From Macrocosm and Microcosm, great and small, we have Macrocosmology and Microcosmology for the same two ideas. Comte subdivides Macrocosmology into, first, Mathematics, and second, Physics; Microcosmology into, first, Biology, treating the vegetable and animal worlds, and second, Sociology proper, treating of man. Comte, in his theory, associates Mathematics with physics in the Macrocosmic view, using the word physics to imply the inorganic world or the mineral world, or the world of things without life. The word physics is, however, a very troublesome word, having at least a dozen different meanings. His next step is to discriminate Physics into Astronomy and Physics proper. The peculiarity of this classification is the exclusive association of Mathematics with Physics, the two comprising Cosmology, or as we are now saying, Macrocosmology. Curiously, too, Comte includes in his science of Biology vegetable botany as well as biology proper, and both in the Science of Man, all life belonging to that division. Comte has not merely attempted the classification of the sciences, but also to show the natural evolution of the one science from the other throughout. Mathematics being the foundation, and Astronomy the natural evolution therefrom, thence on and on, and showing the law of evolution to be ever increasing complexity with decreasing extension. Herbert Spencer criticises Comte's system severely, himself proposing a system somewhat different. He divides the sciences into, first, Abstract, including Mathematics and Logic, to which I shall add Analogic; second, Abstract-Concrete, and third, Concrete. In the middle division—Abstract-Concrete—he places Mechanics, Physics and Chemistry. I would rather say Dynamics as the science of forces. Morphology or science of form and substantiology or Hylology, the science of substance. *Hyle* or *hule* is a Greek word, originally signifying wood, and thence Substance. The root of this word is peculiar. We have then the word hylology, and a choice between that and its Latin synonym substantiology. Chemistry is really the Elementology of substantiology. This adverts to another division of the sciences, peculiarly my own, into Elementology, Distributology and Elaborology as illustrated in literature or Language, in the Elementology of which we have the Alphabet; in its Distributology the spelling-book, Dictionaries and Encyclopedias; and in its Elaborology we have Grammar, Logic and Rhetoric. This is, in fact, the primary, scientific classification.

To return now to Herbert Spencer's abstract, abstract-concrete and concrete sciences. Abstract sciences concern themselves with pure ideas, having nothing to do with things dealing only with the ideas we put among things. Then come the abstract-concrete, wherein we treat of abstractions made directly from the real world, as when we say force, form and substance. The concrete sciences, then, treat of the things themselves.

Time forbidding the further elucidation of the subject, it was announced that next Sunday the Classification of Science would be continued, and the theories, systems and claims of other scientists considered.

LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS

Those who desire to secure the services of Mrs. Woodhull at any time during the coming lecture season, should make early application. She expects to make a trip West, reaching as far, probably, as Salt Lake City.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement and prospectus on our first page of a new paper, to be published in this city with the above title.

It promises to be a desirable addition to the radical press, and we wish it complete success in its search for the truth.

SOCIALISTIC.

A TRUE MARRIAGE.

I believe there are few thoughtful men who have not come to regard as one of the least explicable among the great riddles of the earthly economy, the rarity of well-assorted marriages. "It might be so different," one cannot help thinking; "the adaptations for harmony so wonderful! the elements of happiness so manifold and so rich!" Yet how often—how miserably, sometimes—it all miscarries! The waters of Paradise turned to fountains of bitterness—the gifts of Heaven perverted to curses on earth.

I do not mean that there are few unions yielding reasonable comfort, friendly relations, a life free from open quarrel or secret heart-burning; but I speak of every marriage without flaw or jar, a mating alike of the material with its intangible affinities and its wondrous magnetisms, and of the immaterial principle within that survives the death-change. I speak of a heart-home pervaded, by harmony not only unbroken but immutable as that of the spheres—felt to be so by those whom it blesses, calms, satisfies; a social state to which, when man and woman attain, there remains nothing in the way of earthly need or acquisition, save daily bread, to be coveted or prayed for.

Some think that in this trial-phase of our existence no such state of harmony and happiness is to be found. Among the few who do find it, none of these skeptics will have place. There is no entrance into that temple except for those who believe!—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

MY FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

Who feared my birth might annoy,
Did many sinful arts employ,
My embryo being to destroy?
My fashionable mother.

And who, at fashion's stern behest,
Kept me from her maternal breast
In a wet-nurse's arms to rest?
My fashionable mother.

Who left her pleasures twice a week,
Who deigned my nursery realms to seek,
And coldly kissed my rosy cheek?
My fashionable mother.

And who, through all my early days,
Ne'er mingled with my childish plays,
Or hushed my cries with nursery lays?
My fashionable mother.

Who dressed me, fashion's whim to please,
In frocks much shorter than my knees,
Which caused my limbs to nearly freeze?
My fashionable mother.

Who taught my childish lips to pray,
That I in beauty day by day,
Might grow, and lead in fashion's sway?
My fashionable mother.

Who taught me with maternal care
Of every snail to beware,
Unless he was a millionaire?
My fashionable mother.

And now my charms begin to fade,
If I remain a lone old maid,
Whom shall I blame for hopes delayed?
My fashionable mother.

Sunday Union, Detroit, Mich.

PROSTITUTION—ITS CURE.

BY JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

In looking over the present state of society, I find in married life, among the most enlightened, refined, advanced and spiritualized, a feeling of unrest, discontent and bondage. Some do not realize the causes, but the effects are everywhere present. Women are universally diseased, and debility the general condition; while men, with few exceptions, indulge sexually outside of legal marriage.

Prostitution is the rule—natural sexual relations the rare exception. There are in the United States, scattered broadcast over the land, two hundred and fifty thousand women who ply the vocation of selling their bodies to men, as public prostitutes. This government receives nearly a quarter of a million of dollars per annum for licenses and inspections, thus making it a legitimate business.

These women, besides dressing in the height of fashion, and adorning their places of abode (many of them most sumptuously), receive this quarter of a million from men—mostly married men—respectable men; our ministers, doctors, lawyers, bankers, railroad kings, down, even, to the day-laborer, but never from Free Lovers. And we women are compelled to know these things exist, while we are powerless to say, by the decisive voice of the ballot, it shall exist no longer. And this vast array of prostitutes live only an average of four years, and must constantly be replenished from outside; and from whom? From the innocent daughters and sisters of yours and of mine, who first, perhaps, from the richness of their love-nature and divinest of feelings, admit to their embrace the one most fondly loved, without first having obtained a scrip of paper from a priest or magistrate, making it moral for them to thus exercise the natural instincts of their pure young souls. Innocent of all wrong, having entered into the most sacred of relations from the only motives that should ever prompt it—that of reciprocal love and mutual desire—having harmed no one, our moral society, which licenses prostitutes to carry on their trade which leaves disease and destruction on its trail—curses this beautiful girl, and turns her away as unclean, while it takes into the highest positions of honor and trust the man who buys sexual indulgence of an unloving woman. Thus shut out from respectable society, and branded vile, she has no other resource except to face a frowning world, and bravely maintain her self-respect in the face of scorn and contempt, perhaps without shelter or food, or she must

resort to these haunts of death, and live a gay, wild, brief career, pining for the sweet peace of innocence and the grateful love which cannot be bought.

Poor, wronged, down-trodden sister, it will be more tolerable for thee in the day of judgment than for thine accusers!

No woman ever voluntarily prostitutes herself. She is either forced to the condition, as already stated, in order to eke out a miserable existence because she fails to find a chance for life elsewhere; or she is forced into the condition by being taught that it is her duty as in legal marriage to submit herself to her husband as unto the Lord, a teaching that has populated our fair earth with children born with hatred, hypocrisy, idiocy and murder stamped upon their souls by the conditions of slavery in which they are begotten which sends many of them to insane asylums, homes for idiots, State prisons and untimely graves.

It is a generally admitted fact that children born out of legal marriage are brighter and healthier than those born in, and the reason is obviously because their conditions are better. In the first place, they are conceived in love; and notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions brought to bear thereafter by our meddling interference, that first favorable condition more than compensates for all the rest. Look at the fact that more than half the children born die before reaching the age of five years. That tells a fearful story. These little waifs are thrown into the world of spirits without the natural relations of earthly life.

Those persons who are opposed to any new order of conditions cry out when we advocate social freedom, "Who will take care of the children?" Who, I ask, takes care of those now who are separated from their parents by death? Some generous ministering spirit that is not its mother.

Think you, with society so constructed, that children will only be born when mutual love prompts the relation and a mutual desire for parentage accompanies the generation, and children are born to live, as they then will be, that half of those so born will depend upon others than the parents for care? You know better. Never a mother deserts her child except it be to escape a tyrannical legal master or the anathemas of society for daring to bring a child into existence without its consent. Is it not strange that nature pays so little respect to the requirements of respectable society as to go on with the artistic work of moulding the beautiful form of infancy without its sanction?

But how are all these evils, which every one admits exist, to be remedied? I see it only in this manner: That, in the first place, woman must become free and equal with man in all the relations of life. Free to own her own person and regulate her own life, as man owns his person and regulates his life as he sees fit. With equal chances, politically and socially, they will not be forced to depend upon their sire for a livelihood, as is the case now, either in marriage or out.

In marriage, the laws make her the slave of man, owned by her husband sexually. He can enforce obedience to his demands, and does so at times, even with threats of death. I might cite case after case of such sickening brutality in this direction, and that, too, among respectable citizens, as would make you turn away at the recital; and yet you sit down quietly while these horrid tragedies are being enacted all around you. I will first speak of one case in point.

A lady came to me for medical treatment from Indiana in a terrible state of physical prostration, caused by being debauched by her husband, even to that extent that she was on the verge of insanity. Her husband would enforce his demands by leveling a revolver at her which he kept under his pillow, although he knew she was under the commands of her physician to avoid all such relations on penalty of impending death. Finally, she sought the protection of her brother, and thus escaped him. He was a "pure Spiritualist," and has since come out in the *R. P. Journal*, and cried out piteously against free love, telling it had broken up his happy family. He should have said free lust of the legal kind; for 'tis only in marriage that man is free to force his lust upon woman, and is protected by law in so doing.

Where is prostitution like this? and yet it is holy matrimony, and its beauties must not even be questioned. I hold the woman who shoots her husband when thus forcing her to his embrace against her will is as justifiable as the woman who shoots the man who would debauch her in the by-way. But the law sustains the man in enforcing his marital claims. Who made the laws but the very ones who would make us slaves? I defy such laws. I will not hold myself amenable to any laws I have no voice in enacting. Do you not see all this hue-and-cry against social freedom is only a cry against freedom for woman. Men are free sexually now; they come and go as they please, and few are truly monogamic in their lives. But the fear is that woman, being free and independent of any man for support, as man is of woman, will not be ready to minister to his desires at all times as he may wish, but only when he shall succeed in making himself so loveable as to create a desire for that relation, which money then will not be able to procure.

Then prostitution will be done away with everywhere, and love alone will rule in this-to-be sacred relation, and the demand of woman will be the controlling power, man only responding to that demand. Then we shall behold woman fresh and rosy, retaining the richness of their love-natures, strong in their attractive power, noble in their aspirations, the beloved and honored of men, instead of the enslaved and despised. And just in proportion as woman approaches the condition of freedom is she loved and honored. Then will the sexual relation always be founded on reciprocal love, entered into from a mutual desire and followed by beneficial results.

WESTERN RESERVE QUARTERLY MEETING.

The meeting met according to appointment at Citizen's Hall, Ravenna, December 8th. Addresses were delivered by Addie L. Ballou, Orson S. Murray, J. H. Philleo and others. The following resolutions, after animated and protracted discussion, were adopted:

Resolved, That the marriage institution of Christendom is

woman's enslaver, and that humanity's greatest need is that it be immediately abolished.

Resolved, That "true marriage" is a misnomer; the term marriage having been universally and by common consent applied to the existing system of prostitution, rapacity, slavery and murder. By all rules and common practice in the use of language, "true marriage" is equivalent to true prostitution, true rapacity, true slavery and true murder.

Resolved, That the pretense that men and women in freedom will be inclined to sexual promiscuity is an unmitigated slander upon human nature; that such tendency, so far as it exists, is mainly the effect of social and affectional starvation, and is so revolting to all natural, human instincts as to be impossible, except through the enslavement of woman.

Resolved, That the best human development is secured by the clearest and most positive enforcement of the idea of individual responsibility; that encouraging the idea of pleasure without cost is demoralizing in its influence, and that in case of parental neglect of offspring, the duty of the State is not to make the necessary provision but to require the performance of the duty by the parties to whom it naturally belongs.

Resolved, That while it is doubtless the dictate of wisdom on the part of woman to secure for herself pecuniary independence and the ability to provide for herself and offspring during child-bearing, yet the professed lover who refuses to furnish the needed assistance, and the public sentiment that would not require it of him must be regarded as alike despicable.

Resolved, That we are equally opposed to monogamy and polygamy; that it is not to the form of slavery to which we object, but the fact; and that any dictation to woman as to the nature of her relations, is both insulting and disgraceful.

FRANCIS BARRY, Sec'y.

LAST WORDS.

And have they told you all? Ah yes, I see
At last you know it—know that I must die.
Don't tremble so: but come and sit by me.
And hold my hand, and be as calm as I.
Bend nearer, for my voice is faint and low
And I would tell you something ere I go.

I've known, a long time now, that in that heart,
Whose every beat was music to my ear,
I've held the second place. Nay, do not start:
I would but tell you—not reproach you, dear.
You loved her first, and though with all your will,
You strove to conquer it, you love her still.

'Twas hard to bear—to know that she whose whim
Had blighted all the sunshine of your life,
Could make your cheek flush and eyes grow dim
E'en with a word: I could not, though your wife.
I struggled hard to gain your love: but no!
I could not win it; yet I love you so.

The hope that lighted up my path so long
Has flickered and died out. I could not live
Without your love—but you did me no wrong—
I could not gain what you had not to give.
Nay, weep not: I am happy now I see
You'll love my memory better far than me.

The strife has been so long, the way so drear,
I feared my patience and my trust in God
Would fail; but now I see the end so near,
'Tis easier far to bow beneath the rod,
The night is nearly o'er; the morn is nigh;
Thank God for taking me! Dear love, good-by.

Workingman's Advocate.

DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL FREEDOM.

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

Francis Barry, Ravenna, Ohio.
Julia H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Thomas W. Organ, Tuscola, Ill.
Loren Hollister, Turner, Ill.
J. W. Evans, Centralia, Ill.
Laura Cuppy Smith, *Daily Union*, Detroit, Mich.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn.
J. K. Philleo, Parkman, Ohio.
L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.

HEAR AND JUDGE.

In answer to a letter complaining of the insertion of the advertisement of the WEEKLY in the *Boston Index*, the editor of that periodical thus defines his position in the matter complained of. We commend its candor and sound argument to our contemporaries generally, for the time is past for the "mad dog" cry to affect us in the least:

"Whether correctly or incorrectly, we believe that Mrs. Woodhull's 'purpose' is to foster what she herself considers a truer morality. As to the real immorality of the theory she advocates, we quite agree with 'Mr. Kelcey's' opinion: but there is a wide difference between seeking to pander to vice for the sake of profit, and seeking to establish a new moral theory for the sake of human welfare. We admitted her advertisement, because we think that all who endeavor, or even profess, to advocate a higher morality should be accorded a fair and courteous hearing, on the ground that truth will protect itself better than we can protect it by suppressing free discussion."

This is the right way of proceeding—it is the Gamaliel argument over again, with the appeal to Deity left out. "If this doctrine be of man, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God." All we demand is a fair hearing, which always has been, and we have no doubt, always will continue to be accorded to us by the American public.

THE FINANCE SYSTEM UNMASKED AND DISSECTED.

Address of HORACE H. DAY, of New York, before the ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, at its Annual Meeting, December 17th, 1873, upon the subject of Banking and Currency, and their relations to the Industrial Classes.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

WHAT I have to say on the subject upon which I am appointed to speak, must, of necessity, be spoken in the language of a working man, whose whole life (since twelve years of age) has been spent in learning trades, and in manufacturing, mechanical, and commercial pursuits; and in presenting you facts, many of which come of my own rather extensive experience, I cannot be expected to clothe them in polished sentences. I therefore pray you to bear with me if I call things by the most appropriate names, and use the simplest words, in the expression of my ideas, which I will endeavor, in their general drift, at least, to make intelligible to all who will follow me.

When war broke out between the North and the South our National Debt was very light—a mere bagatelle! The entire banking and currency, as you all know, was under the control of the State Governments, and for all practical purposes subject to the conditions of State Legislation. Traditionally and professedly, the currency and bank-notes rested upon the security of gold and silver, and this was popularly understood to be both its base and its standard.

This, for the purpose of distinction, I may call the "Specie Basis System." The entire extent or amount of bank circulation or currency under this system, depended upon the quantity, or the amount of the precious metals, as gold and silver, which could be procured, and could be retained in the country! And this important fact I want you to keep in mind. The banks kept the specie, the thing which had positive value in their vaults; and issued to, and trusted the people with their paper promises, and these promises greatly exceeded the amount of gold and silver on which they were based. This was the banking and currency system in operation all over this country before the war. It was a monarchical system, borrowed from monarchy. It has, and always will, serve to perpetuate monarchy. This is all there is of the "Specie Basis System." Under this system you can but see that the amount of currency always depended upon the amount of gold and silver possible to be retained in the country.

That which we now have to contend with is sought to have the same limit of circulation, only issued, controlled and protected by the Federal instead of the State Government. Remember, like its old prototype, it is designed to be limited to the quantity of gold and silver which it is possible to retain in the country for its ultimate redemption. I beg you will keep this distinction in mind. It is the foundation on which the "Specie Basis Bank Rings" and other Usurers stand, and on which they must fall. This circulation is not money; it is not gold or paper money; it is a promise to pay based upon an assumption which never can be made a reality—that is, actual gold payment. This system did not as many suppose have its birth in time of war, a better system was in truth thrust upon us then, born in the peril and necessity of the moment, yet strangled in its birth. It was only half born. Its natural character was changed by chicanery and manipulation; and to-day we have to deal with this half-born system.

You remember that under the supreme power and authority of the Federal Constitution, in moments of dire peril, when the "Specie Basis" or "State Bank System" was not only powerless to help, but was a constant peril and menace, it was taxed out of existence. This act was absolutely necessary to the salvation of the nation, and for so much, thank God!

At the beginning of the war we find this "Specie Basis" or "State Bank System" in general operation, having all the circulation it possibly could have, perhaps five or six hundred millions; and the thousands of millions of credit or commercial currency made necessary by the limit to the quantity of gold and silver which formed the basis of the Bank Currency. As to the relative quantity of the Bank Currency and the other forms of credit, there may be great difference of opinion. I place it for illustration at one in ten, others have placed it, at one in twenty, and another still, at one in one thousand.

This part of the currency which had the form of credit between man and man, takes a hundred shapes; but may be illustrated in the business of importers, Merchants, Manufacturers, Millers and even Farmers, on 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, and 12 months business notes and ledger accounts; and with the planter of the South one year to be paid for in the coming in of his crops.

Were there no other evil connected with this Financial System except that it necessitates a continuance of a general system of credit whereby to prosecute the country's vast business, due to the insufficient quantity of metals, it should be utterly destroyed, and a better one substituted. Now suppose it was possible for the nation to possess three thousand millions of gold and silver as a basis for securing a circulating currency, would any one say we had too much? No! Why? Because just in proportion as we had abundance, just in that proportion buying and selling would be done for "cash down" and not for credit. How then can people say how much or how little gold and silver is enough? I ask again, why should you be compelled to pay the additional price always imposed to secure against the loss from credit? Those men who favor contraction for the alleged purpose of getting to specie payment, are the ones who expect to profit by buying and dealing in credits. The speculator, the middleman, who come in to get what they have never earned, and never should have. Do away then with the curse of this credit, and these idle speculators can no longer rob you. It is the harvest field of the "Usurer," and the speculator and the idle, lazy schemer. It is the ever open doorway for those who aggregate into bank and railroad combinations and monopolies, who make the corners, and become usurers.

The specie basis is the father of all, and when it breeds a panic, of which it has always been the cause, the door is opened wider still to sweep in the savings of industry, and of all who are in debt. Under the operation of the true financial system, none of these evils would be possible. People would have access to all the ready money they might require, and for which their permanent estate might afford security, and buy and sell and carry on all ordinary business—exchanging with ready money without the aid or intervention of banks, or any of this class of middlemen, who do nothing but crowd and obstruct the way to our freedom and prosperity.

reading the proceedings of our Farmers' Northwest-

ern Convention, held two months ago in Chicago, I was especially struck with one resolution, viz.: "That debt should be held as our greatest enemy." Put that in letters of brass over every Grange and Farmers' Club Hall in the land; teach it to your children; and underneath, for a compliment and companion piece, add "The specie basis system is the father of the credit system, which compels debt!" The fact is patent to all who will calmly survey the field. The specie basis system absolutely compels a people to do business on credit, or leave the most of it undone. One credit compels another, and rests upon another; there is no positive security or solid bottom in the system. Here then is the key: The farmers have struck the right note; they have found the bottom of all our difficulties. Let us trace cause to effect; and learn the naked truth, and let us act. You are assembled here to examine this subject, to compare opinions, and prepare not only to educate your neighbor, but to clasp hands with him, and side by side, go forth to the ballot-box to meet your enemy. The contest which is to overthrow this enemy will be long, and be resisted to the last extremity. In this contest there is no sex, color, or nationality. Here we are men and women, from my own native Massachusetts and New England and the East generally; you meet in a common cause, grasp the open, willing hand of your neighbor, the Scandinavian, the Swede, the German, Dames, Portuguese, French, Scotch, English and Irish; aye, they are here from most every nation of the globe; brothers all. And, thank God, we can meet on common ground, against a common foe, who for thousands of years has been entrenched behind his masked batteries.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of our once glorious Republic ought to see this, our worst enemy dead beyond recovery. In the organization of your Patrons of Husbandry, your Farmers' Clubs, and kindred institutions for brotherhood, mutual interests and education, you have done more than wisely. You have shown both head and heart in making no distinction between sex or color; you have in this opened the door for the government and civilization of the future. You go straight to the interest of one and all; you not only ask what is just, but you declare that "equal and exact justice shall be meted to all." To me all these are evidences of the God appointed institutions you are rearing. They will become the Ark of Safety, the hope of the Republic. I am indeed happy and feel honored in the privilege of addressing and co-operating with you.

This work is not for Illinois, or for the United States alone. It is for the world of humanity, you may take courage, you are building broader and deeper than all of you know. Already the "Farmers' Clubs" and "Patrons of Husbandry" have shaken the financial centres of the civilized world. Our own Chief Magistrate no doubt reflected the alarm of our enemy, when in the first paragraph of his late message, said that "political partnerships had almost ceased to exist in the agricultural districts of the West."

This credit system which affords an insufficient circulating medium, and compels the debts you condemn as your "worst enemy," depends for its own life upon the specie basis idea, and the giving and taking credit must forever continue, until you get rid of its cause. Credit is the soul and body and life of the specie basis system. It is absolutely indispensable, it is a part, a principal part of the system. It affords all the profit, all the motive for perpetuating it; without this, the system would cease. Take away from its advocates this motive, and they would no longer attempt to cheat the people into the belief that specie payment was either possible, or desirable. The parrot, like advocates for specie payment, never reason, never attempt to tell, why they are so anxious for perpetuating a system for which they have no other motive; were not their false pretence kept constantly in the foreground, the discovery would come that both the national and savings banks were wholly unnecessary, that government bonds and government money would fill their place, without cost to the people. This would scatter the usurers and speculators, and compel them to work like the rest.

Hence, regardless of all reason, truth, or common sense, these men who live in idleness and grow rich out of the debt and credit system they have so long kept upon us, persist in their clamor for specie payments; they know as well as you and I, that the thing is impossible and their pretences ridiculous, but what matters that if it *was* possible, it would be impolitic.

When Horace Greeley, after many interviews with the National Labor Unionists, had become satisfied of the soundness of our financial plan, and who just then had been stung by neglect and the abuse of those whom he had so long served, fired back, he knew just where to aim his shot; he knew their secret of power and planted his battery against their financial system. He advocated the system I advocate in the *Tribune* of 9th of December, 1871, and in January, 1872. The *Tribune* was at that time, a power in the land and must be silenced, it was dangerous in the extreme. Straightway the bank rings, the agents and confederates and abettors of the bond-holders, the railroad and other monopolists opened one of their masked batteries which they had planted at Cincinnati, put forth a platform having many good features, but in the all important, the only one feature, which in the least interested them, "the specie basis financial system." This net was set for Greeley; he looked in—was caught! The visit of Belmont to the West was understood by the knowing ones. They wanted to re-elect Grant. He was already pledged and hedged; him they knew, Greeley they feared. The people were bamboozled, the money rings won. When Sanford E. Church, the ablest statesman and political economist in the Democratic party of the State of New York, in his great speech pending the Presidential campaign of 1868, took ground for the people, and against these rings, his voice was silenced by being placed as chief justice of the Court of Appeals, of New York.

The specie basis system never has, and never can be made to give uniformity, or elasticity, or profitable adaptability, while the true system affords both and all, with universal general advantage. Who does not know the business between the United States and foreign countries is always, at every moment, subject to fluctuation from innumerable causes—war, famine, short crops, political and international complications, quite beyond all our power to effect or control.

Any of these disturbing causes destroys the capacity of specie for stability, yet these illogical, unreasoning sharpshooters of its stability, and their thousand tools and confederates, here and there, echo their nonsense in the face of common honesty and common sense. I assert again, we never have, and never can, control absolute values under this system. The system is powerless to control itself, or to control values, either; it has none of the elements of a self-sustaining power.

Our duty and our work, then, is to prepare the people, to spread truth among them, and open the way to overthrow this Father of all monopolies. Let us seek to restore for ourselves and our children a Republican government. The system of finance and monopolies based upon it, have destroyed all that was valuable in our once promising Republic. It is now under the control of an usurping moneyed oligarchy! The power, to be sure, is exerted through the outward semblance and forms, but all its life and force is made tributary to the bank and railroad rings, and dependent monopolies. It is a byword upon the word, to call this a Republican government. The true Republican Government will come in with the true financial and transportation systems, adapted to the wants of the wealth-producing classes, and not till then. The war for the overthrow of Southern slavery gave an illustrious demonstration of the true character of this specie basis financial system, not

only of the folly, wickedness, and utter inefficiency of the system, but it also gave proof of the extent to which our powerful men have become demoralized. As I have said before, the system when brought to the test, could not control or sustain itself a moment. The first trump of war broke all the banks founded upon it. The bottom instantly dropped out; the sides caved in, and even before the ravages of war began, it was found of no avail. Glance at a few of the prominent facts of that eventful period. It was even yet in time of general repose and quiet, when our prominent men had just declared "there was no war," that there "could be no war;" when our crops were good, our industries and commerce in full tide of general prosperity, the Secretary of the Treasury was sent out as a precautionary measure to replenish our finances, in view of the possibilities of active war, and hastened to confer with and apply to the banks and capitalists of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, for a loan of twenty-five or fifty millions to save, possibly, the life of the Nation.

The money, or its promise, was wanted at once. The emergency was great; the enemy must be overthrown before his power could be concentrated, his scattered forces aggregated. Where then, I ask, was the specie or the specie basis financial system, or the men who owned or controlled it? Did the Secretary find patriots, who like those of old were ready and willing to pledge their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor to preserve our government from overthrow? Not a bit of it; the system could not respond, the men who had the money and kept up the system, and who operated a hundred millions in a day, could not, or would not, and did not. Could we look abroad for aid? No; the same class were as active there to oppose our interest as those at home. No foreign nation or capitalists would loan us a dollar then, or afterwards, during the whole war. The money rings of that day were demoralized, and possessed neither pride of country nor patriotism. Gold they clutched, but not to save the Nation's life. But, say you, the Secretary did receive some money! Yes, he got the paltry pittance of eight millions of dollars, and that is all he could get from those men who handle a hundred millions in a day. Do you ask me at what rate? Let me turn away my face from your righteous indignation: it was from twelve to twenty-four per cent. per annum. These are the rich men who own and control our great banks and great railroads. That per cent. filched from the Nation in its dark hour and dire necessity, they have filched ever since, and are doing even more to-day. It is nothing less than a *war upon us*. They are deaf to all appeals; the cry of the starving millions is not heeded. Need we be surprised that they refused to aid us to save the life of the Nation? Did they not know that the rich men who operated the governments of England, France, and Spain, were in secret plotting to overthrow this Republic, by establishing a monarchy ostensibly in Mexico, but in reality to attach half of our territory to the throne they had projected for Maximilian? Truthful history has many unwritten chapters, and we may leave this, to come back to the rate of interest. The only point with them is interest—high rates of interest. There is for them no other machinery, no other way but the one they uphold; it is the whole point in their case. A system which gives them high rates of interest. There is, my fellow-citizens, but one way to meet this; that way is in the 3-65-100 convertible bond. This will restore to us cheap transportation. Money is a tool to work with. The true system will give us our tools.

It needs no argument, scarcely a moment's reflection, to show that this high rate of interest is the father of, and necessitates the tariff system; destroy the one and you have no need of the other for any purpose of protection, and for any other it never ought to have existed. Cheap money, such as advocated by the Labor Reformers, will place all our industries upon a level with competing nations with which we have commercial relations. It will enable us to produce every thing as cheap as our competitors can.

While on our side, we have better natural resources, richer soil, and, better still, this cheap money gives us the control of the best market the world affords, and that is our own market. It will enable us also to capture the foreign markets in just the proportion that our natural advantages are superior, or our skill is greater, than those of that foreign market. Cheap money as our national standard, steady and uniform, expanding and contracting, and accessible to all who will put up, in absolute value, pledges for its possession, will bring cheap rents, cheap transportation, cheap iron and cheap everything else. The centre, the pivot on which the entire argument, our whole case, rests, is the low rate of interest; destroy this feature, and the system loses much of its value. This loss or decrease of value of the system increases as the rate rises above the average annual increase of the wealth of the nation, about three per cent., and when the rate of interest reaches five, six or seven per cent., another element comes in to destroy its peculiar usefulness: that is at these high rates, it is better to have your money "loaned out," and so far as the owner is concerned, have it idle; for no class of general business or industry can, in the long run, earn so much as the money itself would earn at these rates. And here let me say that perhaps the greatest general sin and wickedness that abounds in the world, is that sin of taking usury or interest upon money. The more you examine this, the more you will agree with me, that the most hurtful class of all our population, are those who make money by dealing in money or in credits. We have so long been accustomed to respect the bank president and rich man, that my words may sound to you unnatural, unreasonable, and, perhaps, in the minds of some men, ridiculous; nevertheless they are true. The Bible is full of this truth, your pulpits are full of this truth. The most populous church in Europe has the taking of any interest on money, as a crime. The panic now desolating the land, is its fruit; it is the father of war and strife everywhere; it is the enemy of the human race to be driven from the world in the Nineteenth century; it is the means, the instrument, by which so many men and women are able to live in idleness, out of the sweat and toil of those like you and me.

To grapple with this class, to attempt the overthrow of their system, is the greatest reform work of the age, not to be accomplished quietly or quickly. Your enemy is strongly entrenched, he has you in his tight embrace to-day. He knows that you are opening your eyes to see the enormity of his true character and he is active and vigilant, but truth, justice, the will of good men, and good women and angels with God himself are on your side, and victory is only a question of time. To you, the Labor reformers in this convention, who, with me have examined this question; I say take new courage, and renew your efforts, year after year and continually; have we proclaimed this truth, yet we have only been sneered at and crucified for our pains; yes, take new courage; the light that broke at the east, among the tolling masses there, is now shining upon the farmers of the west. God is in the light, and victory is coming. We may expect no aid from the ordinary politicians, statesmen as they are called, such as expect office are always looking for that phrase of the popular side, whence comes the grease of election money if such as these touch the question it is, with kid gloves. Political death is sure to come to any brave man who speaks the truth on this question. Senator Henderson, of Missouri, some years ago grappled with this question, showed in his great speeches his great enormity, and straightway he was marked for exclusion from power—his case is a type. I say look not to ordinary politicians or trimmers they would do you more harm than good, rely upon the people, trust no man who refuses to place himself in the front rank of those who denounce the system and

demand the entire overthrow, of all chartered banks whether National, State or Savings. We have no hope from the government of to-day. We know that the relief required will not be given by this government. Congress will patch up without making the changes necessary to benefit the producing classes.

Were they to give us the low rate of interest and sufficiency of actual money based upon the faith and resources of the Nation, all signs of the panic would vanish in sixty days, and bring peace and prosperity. Our enemy will not allow it to be done, he is now more active than ever against us, and he is desperate. Let us organize, combine, co-operate, educate those who need the light, remember our enemies, battery is always masked; when you read a newspaper or a magazine which treats upon this question of transportation, trade, industries, and commerce, and studiously avoids discussing the question of a low rate of interest on money or on debt, you may be sure there is one of the masked batteries, and you owe it to yourselves to tell your neighbor not to supply ammunition for these masked batteries.

Conspicuous among those in New York are such papers as Harper's publications, the *Evening Post*, which advocates Free Trade in merchandise and monopoly in money! Think of such a position? The *New York World*, *Times*, *Sun*, *Tribune*, *Express*—all these papers are under the control of rings, and exclude from their columns all telling arguments upon our side of this question. I know what I say—The *New York Journal of Commerce* some seven years ago published a garbled extract from one of my letters on this subject in which I set forth and argued in favor of this 3.65 convertible bond and cheap money system and denounced me, said I ought to be branded and my ears cropped. I was branded, but the mark which then branded me has the impress to-day, upon more than a million toiling voters, and to-day every honest intelligent patriot sees in this emblem, the star in the east, the herald of the birth of a new Saviour. The proclamation of the coming of the power which will roll away the stone from the sepulchre wherein is entombed our slaughtered liberties.

In the dark hour when war was upon us and when the Specie System and its upholders, could give no aid and loaned us eight millions at twelve to twenty-four per cent, and refused to furnish more; the Genius of Liberty again whispered the great secret, paper money issued by the government directly to the people without the aid or intervention of banks, resting on the faith of the people and made a legal tender, and convertible at will of the holder into a 3.65 interest bearing government bond a rate of interest equal to, or not much above the average increase of the National wealth, and again reconverted into money.

One after another of our patriotic, thoughtful, and inspired men urged this upon the government; their voice was stifled; their warning was unheeded, except to issue by the government.

This system, born of wisdom, justice and mercy, an inspiration of truth, was the natural enemy of all forms of slavery, and struggled to enter our great contest to help its overthrow; yet in that contest its best features were thrust aside, and its all-powerful aid only half enjoyed by the country, and through the influence of the Specie Basis Usurers and Shoddyites. And in that eventful hour the fatal error was made, of putting out promises to pay, looking eventually to specie payment instead of putting out absolute paper money, made a legal tender, based on all of the wealth of the nation. The rich usurer was deemed more sacred than the lives of our patriot soldiers, or that of the nation itself; yet, something must be done, and the opinion—the argument of the usurer—had more weight than that of the patriot; the promise was issued instead of the money.

We all know how gladly the patriotic people took these promises to pay, it was everywhere accepted by the people, it supplied the army and the navy, it passed from man to man, it discharged ordinary debts, and served to exchange commodities; nobody questioned except the specie basis usurers. The patriot soldier who left his plough in the field, the mechanic, his tools in his shop, and his wife, his children, and all, rushed to the front to save his country, he freely took it, and even when it had been discredited by the specie basis usurer and his \$13 only netted him about \$8 in gold, still he took it. Did he falter, did the soldier claim a broken contract released him from his services to his country; no, not a man of them! Where then was the question of the "government keeping its faith with its creditors?" Let us follow this up, when their promises to pay reached the home of the wives and the children of the soldier, it found its way into the coffers of the specie basis usurers at 40 to 50 cents on the dollar.

The war at last was brought to a close through currency based on the faith of the Nation. Liberty had triumphed over slavery. It had won despite all the trammels and fetters hung upon it by the specie basis usurers, and now the promises to pay must be redeemed or funded. Most of them were in the coffers of the specie basis usurers, who had staid at home to speculate while the Nation was struggling for its life. They were funded, and under such terms and condition, that there was thereby placed upon the Nation a greater slavery than that which had been overthrown.

The name of this new slavery should be the double interest bond slavery. The outrage, when consummated, was denounced by every intelligent, honest man. Its advocates declared it a temporary expedient, necessary in the emergency, and its duration to be but only five years; meantime a just and impartial adjustment could and would be devised. Then what had we? By this funding scheme, the whole foundation of the former relation of debtor and creditor was swept away. The several State laws had to be remodeled; a banking system was established which gave the monopolists a vast machinery, which enabled the specie basis usurers to grind out of the pockets and industries of the people, an average of twenty per cent. dividends.

The chaos brought upon the former peaceful and comparatively just relations between capital and labor, had no parallel in all our Nation's history. The rate of interest was fixed upon these bonds at double the average annual increase of the Nation's wealth; it was double that which it was or is ever possible for any Nation on earth to earn. Not this double interest alone! these bonds were exempted from taxation, and thus made to the holder a security worth three times more than the Nation could, or ever did earn by average annual increase. Taxes upon your farms, and more especially property in cities, are about three per cent. had this element of taxing capital invested in these bonds as other capital invested in other property entered into the contract, the injustice would not have been so monstrous. This is simply a system, or a combination of systems, for robbing the people to benefit a pampered banditti. The high rate of interest, independent of the exemption from taxation, was, and ever will remain, the great curse of our country.

It was double that which England had fixed upon her debt, which was twice as large as ours.

All this terrible burden was placed upon the farmer, the mechanic, and the toiler, for he must bear—he alone creates the wealth which must eventually pay it. This was, indeed, foul play. I say again, it was a war of the usurers upon the toiler.

Under the operation of this high rate of interest, and the National Bank scheme, the price of everything doubled; the newspaper went from two to four cents, the rent of the rich man's houses doubled, and with it the selling price doubled; and while it doubled the benefit to the rich, it doubled the burden upon the toiler and producer,

We all see now that gold is down to ten per cent., yet that prices remain the same, and that it was the high rate of interest which the Government put upon its bonds, which made the high price of everything, and not the difference in the currency and gold, and this additional burden was also heaped upon the poor overstrained toiler. What the farmer had to buy was now doubled; the price all producers had to pay for money was now doubled; yet, the value of the farmer's crop was fixed by the price which the Specie Basis System of the Old World established.

The farmer was confronted in fixing the price of his produce by the competition of the whole world in those foreign markets where his surplus was to be sold. All know the price of grain in England, and France, and Germany, where the interest is 3 per cent, determines the rate at Chicago. I need not argue, it only needs to be stated. This Government, under this Specie Basis System, determines that the farmer shall pay through the instrumentality of the high interest system, double for what he buys, and what he raises to pay with, has its value fixed abroad, where money is three per cent., and where legislation is beyond the reach of his vote. Think of this!

Indeed, the stone which grinds the farmers' crop rubs on both sides and all around.

With all this in favor of the rich specie basis usurer, was he yet satisfied? Patience! patience! Was the specie basis bank trader and usurer satisfied? He had his high interest made triple by non-taxation and he got his interest paid him in gold, while the widow of the soldier took her pension in paper. He had caused this to be done through deception, chicanery and fraud. Was he satisfied?

No! not yet? Nor can he wait for the nation to recuperate, to earn the money, to prepare to redeem its so-called "honor," (honor, indeed! honor—would hang the thieves.)

He must now change the character of the debt, the evidence of which he held in the shape of the national bonds. He cannot get his pay now; hence he must, while his own party is yet in power, get a new pledge of the nation's faith. He must again double the debt, "water the bonds," and again throw the burthen upon the farmer and the toiler, upon the planter and the colored man, upon the mechanic and the poor woman who toils her life out; the poor widow of the soldier who poured out the blood of patriotism on the field of battle must die her slower death by actual starvation—these were all of no account. He must now have his principal, as well as his interest, in gold. To be sure there is no law for it; what matters that. He can and he will have his bonds paid in gold; and he got a resolution through Congress—a shoddy Credit Mobilier Congress passed the resolution. He got that—not, however, without a struggle.

Great daily presses were interested, and when not otherwise controllable, were thrown into stock companies, and the majority owned by the bondholders and usurers. The National Banks, through the ingenious machinery of Savings Institutions and Trust Companies, had the railroads begging at their counters, and the railroads were brought in to assist and to share in the robbery.

Institutions of every available kind were brought into motion. Such able writers as S. B. Ruggles of New York, and hundreds of other men of talent, were hired for the purpose and enlisted to engineer the education of the people to deceive, to silence and overawe them. The South had laid down its arms; yet new causes of strife between it and the North were invented under cover of which, and appealing to the sentiment of liberty which had filled the breast of the Northern people, the work moved on. The prize was great; it was worth to the usurer more than a thousand millions. It mattered not that the country could not possibly bear the depletion; that its life's blood would ebb out.

Session after session of Congress witnessed these efforts. Statesmen after statesmen, regardless always of party, were bribed; their own agents and confederates elected and placed in Congress, in both House and Senate. In the House they have more than seventy—not only wholly pledged, but absolutely and directly interested. How many in the Senate, you will know before spring.

Men like Sherman of Ohio, at the head of the finance committee of the Senate, now a millionaire, went to Congress poor. Banditti like, part of the gang inside and part outside. With all these instrumentalities the game was not so easily played. There was in the way honest Abe Lincoln who would not sign the bill if passed. Thaddeus Stevens who prepared the Funding Bill, would even leave his own party and vote with his political foe, rather than consent to the great robbery, and indignantly protested down to his dying hour and passed away with the protest upon his lips. There was Andrew Johnson also in their way; him they would forcibly eject, or they could consummate the villainy at last nothing would do but set aside every decent educated statesman qualified to fill the executive chair. It mattered not how great services had been rendered to the party; all were thrust aside, to find a popular man with absolutely no principle, not capable of holding or reflecting a principle; him they found. It was a bargain and sale, remember. While yet a General of the army with a king's salary, which he was utterly unable to earn, he is tempted by the usurer. They tried his virtues by a gift of a hundred thousand dollars before they would nominate him. We took the bait; he got the money; he was henceforth one of them.

The first act signed by Ulysses S. Grant swept a thousand millions into the pocket of the specie basis usurers, and added at one swoop just so much to the shoulders of the toiling people, and laid the foundation for national decay. Not only did it do this; the high rate of interest-bonds now made specie debt, and this act of perfidy and robbery has already done us more damage since the war than all the property losses during the war. Justice is denied to honest creditors of the government, lest it impinges upon the special advantage of this Banditti.

As I said, the bargain was made. They only waited the form of an election; the leaders of both political parties were part of the banditti. Belmont and Schell had even greater interest in Grant's election than had the Republicans themselves.

The first words upon entering the White House—his first message began with the assurance that he had kept and would keep his pledge with the usurers.

The first bill he signed—rushed through, in haste, lest a clap of thunder should intervene—was a consummation of the foul deed! A foul wholesale robbery! There is a God, one of whose attributes is justice. Uncle Sam, —like an over-burdened horse,—is scarcely able longer to bear the load, the end must come! It will be found impossible for the hired congressmen, hired newspaper scribblers, and all the tribe of specie basis usurers in all the world, to give him strength much longer to stagger beneath the daily increasing burden, now accumulating their millions a day from the forced idleness of the people.

Shylock has got his bond and would have his pound of flesh as well. Our flag is no longer upon the seas, nor a steamer upon Lake Ontario. A rotten old last refuge of chattle slavery can defy us, we have no Navy and are already a third rate power. All are carrying trade at home and abroad in the hands of foreigners, who themselves command money at three or four per cent. We are no longer ignorant of the fact that the majority of the stock or bonds of every through line of railroad, from the sea to the great West, are in the hands of foreigners. What matters it if the west shall secede from the east, one more turn of the screw and the railroad bonds and the mortgages upon your farms will be foreclosed and the usurers take what yet remains? Monarchy then takes the place of government of the people

and the final work is done. We remain what they intend we shall—their tolling slaves, unless we quickly rise and destroy this monster before it is too late. The sheriff even now stands at your door to thrust you away from the dear old home, where your little ones were born, and where every inch of the ground has become sacred with the memories of the past. Turn this way and behold your neighbors' crops rotting in the field or burned for fuel, and again look on all the east, the millions with not a foot of soil to call their own, nor an inch in which their exhausted bodies may be buried. Aye, millions of the honest wealth-producing toilers out of work to-day, their little helpless ones crying and their own bellies aching for the acquisition of sufficient food. A starving and impoverished people are the more easily conquered. But look once more. The usurer rides in state from his palatial mansion to his carpeted "Chamber of Commerce." God save the mark. There he issues his proclamation to his agents in Congress to forthwith pass a law to resume specie payment next May. This last act he yet demands—the last turn of the screw.

It matters not to him the less than 50,000,000 in the already bankrupt treasury made more bankrupt by the syndicate thieves who have not yet rendered their account, and who never will. I say, it matters not that this fifty millions is already appropriated to pay matured interest; it matters little, of course, that upon resumption the seven hundred millions of currency having claim upon the Treasury would be used in meeting out some portions of the twenty-five hundred millions of foreign debt.

The possession of gold is now not the object; 'tis only the pretense. The usurers now want the bottom title to our railroads, our lands and houses—our all. They would by this last turn of the screw sweep into their capacious receptacle of monopoly the last remnants of the inheritance of the plundered people. Shall the specie basis usurers have the pound of flesh without—the drop of blood?

Mark well my prediction. Justice holds the scales. The judgment day is just dawning; we are in the morning hour, and have a mighty tide to stem; but there will be no evening to this day till the evil is swept from the land.

WAR AMONG THE INSECTS.

The victorious hornets have reported a battle and their victory over the bumble-bees, for which they are soon to have a great celebrating convocation. The news of the battle and terrible destruction of the bumble-bees is fully reported in the pure and sanctified columns of the *R. P. Journal*, through which, as the only wholly pure and holy organ of the hornets, the call can be properly and consistently made for the great celebration and division of the bread and honey that the dead bumble-bees have accumulated. The reporter did not inform us whether any of the hornets were stung by the enemy, nor, if so, whether they left the poison sting in their sacred bodies; nor did he inform us whether any of the old or young "bumbles" got away alive, and if so, if they were all mortally wounded by the poison stings of the yellow-jackets. The great and glorious exultation is over the bread and honey which is now to be divided among the hornets, and of which no bumble-bee is ever more to taste. Now comes the call from the holy office of pure and undefiled hornet life to the victors, to gather, gather, gather, and receive each his and her share of the spoils. But first let no feminine hornet come who is not a holy virgin or has in her bosom a marriage certificate, or by her side a legal husband to protect and defend her virtue and honor; and let no male hornet come who is not a consecrated and pure celibate, or has a legal wife with him to testify to his pure and virtuous marital life. The wife may be a second, third, fourth or fifth living or dead wife, provided he has been legally divorced and legally married, as the law is the evidence of virtue in the male. These are all the credentials that are required, provided each one has hatred for the honey-making bumble-bees, and will fight them on every occasion. The business of pure hornets is to sting, and not to make honey, but to take it when made, and kill off the honey-makers. Buzzing will not be in order at the righteous gathering, as that is a part of the bumble-bee's work. Stinging, however, will be freely indulged in, as that is legitimate business for this species of insect, and found to be an easier way to get bread and honey than earning it or making it. Success, no matter how obtained, will be the motto over the hall-door of the hornets' headquarters, and fighting will be the principal business, in which lessons will be given and taken all the time. It is reported by the hornets that no bumble-bee shall ever be allowed to enter a hornet's nest to defile it by its unholy presence and endanger the purity of the young hornets. It is further resolved that bumble-bees have no souls, and therefore shall not have spiritual meetings nor be allowed to exist after being stung to death by hornets, all of which is fully decreed and duly ordered from the great hornet's nest in Chicago.

OH, PSHAW!

THE BOSTON "INVESTIGATOR" ON CATHOLICISM.

The Roman Catholics are zealous and active in promoting their faith, and if it were really a good one, or in favor of Freedom, we would cheerfully help them, but as it is not, we are their opponents.

The Boston Catholics held a meeting in Music Hall, in this city, week before last, and all their bishops and priests in the region round about were in attendance and made speeches glorifying the "Holy Mother Church," and excommunicating the Protestants, dissenters, heretics, etc.

One excited priest, warming up in his admiration of his ineffable and ancient religion, went so far as to say that no man could be a gentleman unless he belonged to the Catholic Church!! This is the richest thing of the season. He was probably thinking of "the fine old jentleman, all of the olden time," and the idea was too much for him.

But if the argument for Catholic gentility was lame, that for history was lamer. Mr. John C. Crowley affirmed that—"To Catholicity is due the fact of the establishment of civil and religious liberty as a fundamental principle in the polity of the United States, from its being first enacted, established and practiced by the Maryland Colony of Catholics."

Now, Mr. Crowley must know, if he is acquainted with either Catholicity or history, that his assertions are incorrect. He does not mean to falsify, but he is ignorant. The Catholic Church allows no civil liberty, because it regards the State as the mere tool of the Church; and allows no religious liberty, because it prohibits the right of private judg-

ment. Of course "the policy of the United States" is not founded on these despotic principles. Nor is it true that "the Maryland Colony of Catholics" were the first to establish civil and religious liberty in this country. They never established it at all. That honor belongs to Roger Williams, the Rhode Island Baptist, as every one knows who is acquainted with the writings of our American historians, Bancroft and Hildreth.

A CARD.

In answer to numerous inquiries, I would hereby inform my friends and the liberal public generally, that having entered a medical college in this city for the winter, I cannot answer calls to lecture at a great distance from here at present.

I will, however, make engagements in any place accessible by a few hours' ride, if those desiring my services will address me as below:

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK,
442 East Tenth street, New York City.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF AN EARNEST LIFE.

A BIOGRAPHY OF A. B. WHITING.

We have had occasion to fully realize the appropriateness of this charming title, since our recent tour through Michigan has shown us how deeply enshrined in the hearts of its people is the memory of this pioneer upon the spiritual platform. It is often said that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, but we can point to this one instance at least where the exception is needless—where to be best known was to be most honored and beloved. But although Michigan proudly claims A. B. Whiting as peculiarly her own, in another and higher sense he belonged to the great humanity, whose cause he so ably and eloquently championed. His public labors extended through seventeen years of constant activity, during which time he lectured in most of the principal cities and towns of the American Union and Canada; nor did the unpopularity of Spiritualism as a theme prevent his winning distinguished honors as an orator and improvisatore.

When lecturing in Boston, in December, 1857 (at the age of twenty-two), he was publicly complimented by Professor Felton, of Harvard, for the originality and beauty of the poems improvised upon subjects selected by the Professor himself at the time; while his esteemed friend and collaborer, Hon. J. M. Peabody, declares that "as a lecturer upon the rise and fall of civilization and upon ecclesiastical history, touching its relations to persecution upon the one hand, and Spiritualism upon the other, he had no equal upon the rostrum. Sentences dropped from his lips like pearls, charming and charming the multitude." That he possessed rare talent as a musician and composer, his numerous published songs bear witness; and when to these rich gifts we add the genial nature that marked him a genuine lover of his kind, we can readily credit the words of one who knew him well—that "with his music and his fine conversational powers, he was a charming addition to the social circle."

The volume before us contains a complete and accurate history of his eventful life, including the strange phenomena attending his childhood, the wonderful mediumship developed in youth, his checkered public career, with its thrilling incidents of danger and deliverance, and the final transition to spirit life, almost from the rostrum itself. Scarcely so much of life crowded into thirty-six short years.

The work is dedicated "to the Spiritualists of America, whose cause he served through life and with his latest strength; to the music-loving world, which claimed his fellowship; to the friends who loved him, and to the lovers of free thought and free speech everywhere." It is prepared from his own journals and letters and from the personal knowledge of the authoress, his only sister—a young lady eminently fitted for the task, not only by a complete knowledge of the subject, but by natural ability, coupled with superior advantages of education and culture, qualifications which have already gained her considerable success as a writer and an enviable reputation as a speaker upon the spiritual platform.

We had the pleasure of a chance meeting with Miss Whiting during our sojourn in Michigan, and recognize in her an earnest soul, who, however much she may differ with another in opinion, will never descend from argument to personal abuse or vituperation. We have need of such candid and well-balanced minds, for they bring to the discussion of principles a keenness of spiritual insight which cannot fail to result in the elimination of truth. Miss Whiting evidently bears a striking resemblance to her arisen brother, not only in personal appearance but in manner and modes of thought, and, we believe, may justly share his honorable distinction as the "fearless and resolute defender of principle under all circumstances."

We would like to give some extracts from the book, but space forbids to do it justice. We must not forget to mention, however, that it includes a collection of beautiful poems, by A. B. Whiting, and also his portrait, one of the most life-like engravings we ever saw. No physiognomist, we opine, could scan the noble pictured face and fail to read the story of free thought, carried through a long line of ancestry and culminating here in a child of love and harmony. The book is published, in their usual fine style, by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery place, Boston: price, \$1.50; postage, 20c. Copies can also be had of the author, Miss R. Augusta Whiting, Albion, Michigan.

WARREN CHASE lectures the four Sundays of January in Des Moines, Iowa, where he may be addressed during the month. He will receive subscriptions for the WEEKLY and for our books or pictures.

ANTI-FASHION CONVENTION.

In view of the alarming indifference of woman to the pressing demands of the hour, and believing it to be the result of her absorption by fashions of dress which are destructive to physical health, mental vigor and moral power; and being convinced that she cannot make a successful demand for the full equality which Nature bestowed, but man has denied her, until she accumulates power by the use of that now within reach; and hoping by discussion and concert of action to encourage some in the adoption of a natural system of dress—one comporting with all the duties of woman—we invite the lovers of truth to meet in convention in Plum-street Hall, Vineland, New Jersey, on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 20 and 21, 1874.

As an important aid to the work proposed, we respectfully urge that every woman who can, come to the convention in such costume as will best express her thought of a rational dress for woman.

Mary E. Tillotson, Lucinda S. Wilcox, M. D., Susan P. Fowler, Ellen Dickinson, Olivia F. Shepard, A. W. M. Bartlett, M. D.

Friends desiring entertainment will please write either of the above.

Names of speakers will be duly announced.

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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 GROVE'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-communion, yet whatever of principle has been evolved they may well discover and understand; and also, as I hope, they may profit thereby."

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WAVERLY, N. Y., December 8, 1873.

Dear Friends—May I trouble you to announce in the WEEKLY that I am on my way East, and that I am ready to make appointments to lecture, having a few Sundays not yet engaged.

Yours for freedom,

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

A CARD.

Applications having repeatedly been made to us by many different parties on the subject of securing for them rational amusement for private entertainments, we beg to notify the public that we have with us an able elocutionist who is desirous of giving evening readings from the poets. We know he has an almost unlimited repertoire of recitations (without book), comprising selections from the first English and American classics, together with translations from Swedish, Moorish, Spanish, French, German, and even Persian and Turkish authors. Proprietors and proprietresses of houses of amusement and recreation can arrange for evening readings and recitations by applying to J. F. care of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, P. O. Box 3,791, New York.

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COL. J. H. BLOOD, Managing Editor.

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Of Fitchburg, Mass., has a new and startling lecture under preparation, and will be open to engagements to deliver the same on and after the 15th of November proximo. We cheerfully add that Mr. D. is an able and earnest advocate of the principles of the New Dispensation.



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

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

THROUGH TRAINS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Condensed Time Table. WESTWARD FROM NEW YORK,

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

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	7.20 "
" Susquehanna	9.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	" Susquehanna	2.48 A. M.
" Binghamton	4.40 "	9.30 "	" Binghamton	3.35 "
" Elmira	6.30 "	12.16 A. M.	" Elmira	5.35 "
" Hornellsville	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville	7.40 "
" Buffalo	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo	11.45 "
Ar Suspension Bridge	1.00 "	10.00 "	Ar Suspension Bridge	12.27 P. M.
Lv Suspension Bridge	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge	1.35 "
Ar St. Catharines	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines	2.00 "
" Hamilton	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton	2.55 "
" Harrisburg	3.55 "	3.55 "	" Harrisburg	3.55 "
" London	5.55 A. M.	5.55 "	" 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 "	2.03 "	" Battle Creek	2.03 "
" Kalamazoo	2.55 "	2.55 "	" Kalamazoo	2.55 "
" Ellettsburg	4.32 P. M.	4.40 A. M.	" Ellettsburg	4.40 A. M.
" New Buffalo	5.25 "	5.25 "	" New Buffalo	5.25 "
" Michigan City	6.45 "	6.45 "	" Michigan City	6.45 "
" Calumet	7.18 "	7.47 "	" Calumet	7.47 "
" Chicago	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee	5.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chien	8.55 P. M.	8.55 P. M.	Ar Prairie du Chien	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	6.15 A. M.	6.15 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	1.00 "	1.00 "	" Cheyenne	12.50 P. M.
" Ogden	1.00 "	1.00 "	" Ogden	5.30 "
" San Francisco	1.00 "	1.00 "	" 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.

Through Sleeping Car Arrangements

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

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

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At Wayne, with Flint & Pere M. R. R. to Plymouth, Holy, etc.
At Ypsilanti, with Detroit, Hillsdale & Eel River R. Rs. for Manchester, Hillsdale, Banker's, Waterloo Columbia City, N. Manchester, Denver and Indianapolis.
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At Battle Creek, with Peninsular R. R.
At Kalamazoo, with South Haven Branch, to G. Junction, South Haven, etc. Also with G. Rapids & Ind. R. R. for Clam Lake and intermediate stations. Also with Branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R.
At Lawton, with Paw Paw R. R. for Paw Paw.
At Niles, with South Bend Branch.
At New Buffalo, with Chicago & Mich. Lake S. R. R. for St. Joseph, Holland, Muskegon, Pentwater and all intermediate stations.
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