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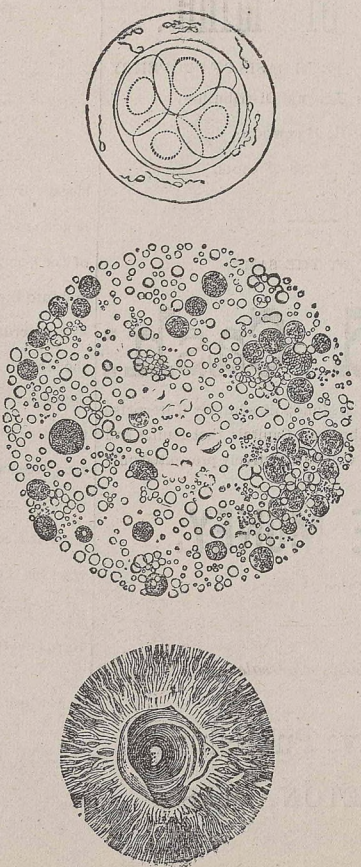
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BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

In their anxiety to do the very best for their charge, the scientific Avenils and the æsthetic Wilmers held many a consultation with Bertie Greathead. Under the term æsthetic I include the whole range of subjects which appeal to the emotions. It was to my grandmother's strong religious feeling that Mrs. Avenil alluded in the closing sentence of her letter. The family temperament, which in her and in my mother took the form of devotion, took, in my father the poetic—and in myself the art—direction. My father had married his cousin, and after his death, which occurred in my childhood, my mother, under the influence of my grandmother, abandoned herself utterly to the sway of their dominant sentiments. They withdrew altogether from their old associations, and buried themselves and me in the dwindling but tenacious sect of religionists, who, as representing the church prior to the Emancipation, assume to themselves the title of *The Remnant*. This, however, came after the time with which we are now concerned.

One day the conversation about Criss was commenced by Bertie referring to the boy's talk with his schoolfellows about the things he was in the habit of seeing and hearing when aloft in his car. Bertie confessed himself unable to determine whether his utterances respecting another world of intelligent beings proceeded from any fixed or definite conviction, but many of his schoolfellows thought that he believed in something akin to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and held the upper air to be inhabited by *angels*, who met and conversed with him.

"Does he think that he finds albumen and life-plasm up there?" asked the younger Avenil, with a laugh.

"I understand that he calls them *angels*, but does not profess to know what they are made of," said Bertie, drily. "He has sufficient scientific comprehension to avoid assuming a distinction in kind between the entities of matter and spirit. It was to a conversation he had with some of his schoolfellows on this point, that I was about to refer in disproof of Mr. Avenil's notion of his unpractical character."

"Surely the other boys ridicule him when he speaks to them of such things?"

"Far from it," replied Bertie. "They have too much reverence for the earnestness and simplicity of his character to let any irony appear. The only time he ever manifested impatience was at first, when they assumed, as a matter of course, that he took for realities the products of his own imagination. On this occasion he told them that the beings of whom he spoke were as real to him as his own schoolfellows. They had been tending some pet animals, which Criss allowed some of his schoolfellows to keep in the cottage garden. One of the boys had said that it would be a very dull and stupid world if all the living creatures had developed into human beings. And another said it would be duller still if all the human beings were grown up men and women, without any boys or girls. And a third said that people used to fancy one yet more dull than that, for they imagined heaven as peopled with beings who were all alike, and had no difference even of sex. Then the first speaker turned suddenly to Criss, and exclaimed,—

"Carol can tell us all about it. Carol, are there any animals in heaven?"

"You know our bargain," was his reply. "If you want me to tell you about the Above, you must first sing my favorite song for me."

"Yes! yes! the balloon song! the balloon song!" cried a number of little ones, hastening to range themselves before him, as he seated himself on a grass-covered mound. And then the little voices burst with tremendous energy into the old nursery rhyme, which dates from the days when men could mount into the air only by tying themselves to a huge bag of gas.

It may not be worth preserving for its own sake—what nursery rhyme it? But time is only too ready to drop things into oblivion; so here it is:

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!

Go up and hunt the sky,

Then come and tell us soon

What you have found on high.

So many things we want to know,
We cannot see down here:
Where hides the sun when day is done,
Where goes the dried-up tear,
And when our laughter dies away,
Who stores it up for future day?

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
Tell us of what the stars are made,
What are their children like?
We're always told they're good as gold,
And never sulk or strike.
But aren't they often giddy found,
With always rolling round and round?

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
What makes the thunder peal?
Where are the old gods gone?
We like to think 'tis they who drink
The clouds when rain is done.
But don't you often quake with fright
So far from earth to be at night?

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
We know what you have got to say;
You've told us oft before:
That if would we the old gods see,
We must our best adore:
And shines the sun, perpetual day.
'Tis only we who turn away.

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
Go up and hunt the sky;
Then come and tell us soon
What you have found on high.

"Now what is it you want to know?" he asked, when they had finished.

"If there are any animals in heaven."

"Certainly there are," he replied, with the utmost seriousness. "One of the principal delights of the angels is in tenderly tending them. They regard them as incipient intelligences of higher natures, and only a few steps below their own children."

"And are there any baby angels?" inquired a little girl. She was sister of the lad who had spoken first, and listened with awe to his account of the Above.

"Certainly," he said; "why not? Would not this be a very poor world were there nothing but grown men and women in it, no handsome children, no beautiful birds, no noble horses, no sleek cats, no dear, affectionate dogs? Ah, they are not worse off up there than we are down here, you may be sure."

"One of the older boys here asked him whether the beings he spoke of possess any specific gravity, or are altogether independent of gravitation."

"He replied that doubtless they vary from us in density and weight, as they live at so different an elevation in the atmosphere; and that in some respects they hold the same position towards us as fishes of the sea, inasmuch as they do not require a solid element to rest upon, and can sustain themselves at different elevations. They inhabit mainly, he said, the junction of the atmosphere with space, and breathe the pure ether of the latter; but are endowed with an apparatus whereby they can secrete the fluid necessary for breathing when they wish to descend into the atmosphere. He delighted, he said, to note the resemblance between things there and here."

"One of the lads said he supposed that every one was much more perfect up there than in this world. To this Criss said:

"I do not understand. What do you mean by more perfect? All God's worlds must be perfect."

"But not the people in them?" suggested one.

"Hush, hush," exclaimed Criss, "we cannot call anything imperfect unless we know the end it was designed to fulfill, and that it falls short of fulfilling that end."

"He talks as if they were all real for him," said another. "Come, Carol, tell us, do you ever use the clouds as a bed, and go to sleep and dream when you are lying on them?"

"Oh, yes, often and often," he returned; "but these things are as real for me as you all are. Call them what you will, they are forces external to myself, and which make me conscious of their existence by operating upon my senses just as you yourselves do. Please do not call their existence into question. Fancy my having to try hard to persuade them of the existence of you my schoolfellows! It would seem just as absurd to me; and they have too much sense to require it. Surely it is but a barren, superfluous sort of talk that consists in our questioning each other's existence—we, too, who have the microscope, telescope, spectroscope, and such things, to make perpetual revelations to us of worlds otherwise invisible! If it seems odd to you that I should have experiences which you have not, you should remember that you have experiences which I have not. The difference between us in this matter is only such as exists between a man who has an ear for music and one who has none, or one who has a keen eye for colors and one who is color-blind. It is all a question of sensitiveness."

Here old Mrs. Wilmer interrupted Bertie's narration to remark that in saying this the boy did not do himself justice. He should have adduced the case of his own Israelitish ancestors as a proof that some races are endowed with a vividness of spiritual perception which others are incapable of comprehending.

"I myself heard him," said my father, joining in the conversation, "soon after the trip he made with us to the seaside, describing to a group of little children some of the games and recreations with which, he said, the angels amuse their leisure hours. You would have thought he was actually gazing upon the scenery of the ideal world, as he described the particulars, so well did he make his audience realize it too. Had I been a painter I could have drawn a picture from his description, so vivid and graphic was it. There were rows above rows of angelic beings, attired in colors undreamt of by our rainbows, ranged along the sides of tall cliffs which, in the form of a vast amphitheatre, overhung an

expanse of ether which lay at their feet, and stretched out and melted away in the distance like an illimitable sea. I thought at first he was going to describe something like the scene at Lord's at one of the cricket-contests between our ancient national schools of Harrow and Eton, where the rows upon rows of exquisitely-dressed women ranged round the ground, resemble a circular embankment of beautiful flowers. But he went on to describe this expanse as being of various hues, streaked in some parts with tints of tender blue, and ruffled as if with a light breeze, and in others white and glassy, or of a delicate green, and the whole scene wondrously beautiful even to the eyes of the angelic multitude. But it was not to gaze on a scene of still life that the celestial hosts were thus assembled. Some of the younger angels had been busying themselves in fabricating a number of vessels of various characters and forms, and they and their friends had met to witness a contest of speed between them. Some of those vessels contained ingeniously-devised machinery concealed within them. Others were provided with wide-expanding wings to catch the pulsations of the surrounding ether. And others were impelled by the young angels themselves ranged in ranks upon them, and impelled them by their own physical strength. And now and then during the race would be seen some little craft without visible means of propulsion, making such rapid way as to outstrip all competitors; and then a shout would arise, as the spectators surmised that something unfair was being done; and then from beneath the keel which was hidden in the element, the owner would emerge, shaking the ethereal particles from his wings, and making the welkin ripple to his merry laughter, for such method of propulsion was not within the conditions of the contest. I could have gazed long upon the enchanting scene, as he raised it before me; but the bright and happy crowds of the celestial population, and the fairy forms darting over the luminous expanse, were in a moment all dispelled; for one of the youngsters suddenly broke the rapt silence with which he had been listening, by clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'I know! Yachts!' And after this Criss would not utter a syllable further."

It was with considerable impatience that the Avenils had listened to these recitals of Bertie and Wilmer. When they were concluded, Mr. Avenil said to my father—

"We must turn him over to you, Wilmer, to make a poet of him. He will grow up a dreamy and unpractical man, and utterly unable to turn his fortune to good account."

"I think," pleaded Bertie, the skill he has acquired as an aerialist, indicates a sufficiently practical turn for all useful purposes."

"You aeronauts," returned Mr. Avenil, "are too apt to judge the affairs of earth by those of the air. You know little of anything more substantial than the currents of wind and differences of atmospheric density and temperatures. Yours is a pursuit that generates a disposition to drift rather than to act."

Bertie laughed heartily at the idea of depreciating his vocation upon moral grounds; and remarked that those who know what it is to drive an aeromotive at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles or more an hour, through mist and darkness and tempest, cleaving the ice-cloud, and dodging the lightning, would hardly recognize the criticism as founded in justice. He added, that he, too, should be glad to see the boy in training for some definite career.

"A rich man," remarked Mr. Avenil, "ought to find his occupation in the employment of his wealth. An income derived from investments, which require no care on the part of the owner, tends to make a man a mere desultory vagabond, unless he have some strong bias of his own to direct him. I should like to see young Carol, as the proprietor of a large landed estate, devoting his money to the improvement of agriculture, by the application of science in all its available branches."

"You read Poet in his every word and expression," said Wilmer, "and would turn the Poet into a Farmer!"

"He certainly is an enthusiast," said the younger Avenil, "but his enthusiasm takes anything but an analytic turn. His marvelous aptitude for languages, coupled with his locomotive propensities convinces me that he will find his chief engrossments among men rather than among things."

There was good ground for Charles's remark. Criss had availed himself of the advantages afforded in the National Schools, to attain a facility of expression in many languages, which enabled him to converse freely with the nations of the various countries he had visited with Bertie; particularly the Arabic, which, for his origin's sake, Bertie had urged upon him. Bertie said that the boy seemed to acquire them almost by sheer force of sympathy. It was a heart—not a head—faculty. The possession of it would be sure to encourage his love of travel.

My father suggested that it was only part of the larger faculty of expression. The boy possessed language and insight. Travel would give him information and ideas. He ought then to turn his leisure to account as an author.

The elder Avenil demurred to this.

"The world and science," he said, "are the same everywhere; so that time spent in travel is for the most part time wasted. Accustom him to regard a piece of land as his own, —no matter whether he cultivates it or builds a town upon it—and he will soon learn to love it, and devote himself to its improvement."

"The boy is a bird—a bird of passage; and you would chain him to a clod!" exclaimed Bertie.

"The boy is an Israelite and a poet, and may be a prophet," said my grandmother, of hieropathic tendencies. "You are all thinking of the material, and forgetting the spiritual. Put him, with all his endowments of soul and body, into the land of his forefathers, and who knows but that he may successfully devote himself to reviving the ancient glories of his race, so long overshadowed by its lust for gold. Though restored to the Holy Land, Israel has yet to be restored to the Divine favor. You may deem me superstitious, but there is something in his connection with those jewels, as well as in himself, that to me bespeaks him of royal destiny. You were quite right to make him learn Arabic, Bertie."

They were all struck by this remark, coming as it did from one who dwelt apart from the world of the present, in a region of exalted sentiment, absorbed in theological studies, and making her chief companions the Sacred books of the ancient religions. Unobservant, however, and indifferent, as she was in regard to things around her, there was one portion of the earth that was ever present to her mind, with an overwhelming interest. It was Judæa, the ever memorable *Holy Land*. In much the same way as the religious system once known as *Romanism* was long kept alive by its offspring and supplanter *Protestantism*, so was Judaism kept alive by Christianity long after it would otherwise have perished by natural decay.

The prophecies of the ancient Jewish patriot poets respecting the future resurrection of their country's greatness had taken deep hold of old Mrs. Wilmer's mind, and she had viewed with exultation the return of the Jews to Palestine, and the vast influx of wealth and power with them into that country, under the commercial influences of the Suez Canal, the Euphrates railroads, and the constitution of the Empire of Soudan or Central Africa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCIALISTIC.

THE GRAND DUKE'S DIAMOND GIRL.

PARIS, July 6, 1874.

One night in the winter of 1871 there was a masked ball at the Opera House of St. Petersburg, and seldom before, even in the brilliant capital of the Northern Cæsars, had festival lights shone over so much beauty and renown. It was carnival time, when pleasure is half privileged to take wider license than usual, in order to prepare for the terrible rigors of the orthodox Russian Lent, during which folks must dine and sup upon lentils and salted cucumber. All the golden youth of Russia was there, and all those elder men who can wear their years without becoming morose and crabbed. Under the pretty dominoes and graceful masks, which were fluttering about like the fireflies of a Southern summer night, were many of the great Court ladies, with, perhaps, here and there a princess of the Imperial House of Romanoff; for between the present state of manners and society in Russia, and that which existed in England during the reign of Charles II., there are several points of resemblance. The conversation of the rich and high born is astonishingly free; and they openly profess latitudinarian principles on the subject of marriage, divorce and kindred topics. Some of the women present, enjoying good positions and desirable reputations, had more than one husband living on amicable terms in the same street, and a lady, with a turn for practical joking, has been known to join a whist party, sitting calmly down with no less than three gentlemen with whom she had been united in the bonds of wedlock.

Among the company present on this occasion was an American girl of extraordinary beauty. She had not acquired so much experience in matrimony or chosen such a variety of partners in life as numberless respectable people at St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa; but, although she was scarcely out of her teens, she was a widow, and the ribald said she was a courtesan. That is to say, it was alleged that she belonged to a profession which is every day growing larger, and which has numbered women as gifted and lovely as Lady Hamilton, whom Lord Nelson, with his dying breath, bequeathed to his country's gratitude; as Mrs. Jordan, who was a faithful wife in all but name to William IV. of England; as Adrienne Lecocq, who gave glory to Marshal Saxe at the price of her life; and as Rachel, who refused a crown. This courtesan, if courtesan she were, looked as fresh as a new blown flower, and was full to overflowing of youth and high spirits. So exquisitely perfect a piece of womanhood is seldom seen. She had dark hair in great profusion and an imperial sort of forehead, broad, open and white as ivory. Her dark eyes flashed under her long lashes like black diamonds, and were all aglow with wit and kindness. The nose was of that firm yet delicate aquiline which denotes courage and resolution; the mouth was wondrously full and soft; the upper lip small and formed like a bow; her teeth were as living pearls, and her complexion dazlingly fair. Little feet, small hands and taper fingers; a figure which a fairy might envy. Sprightly words and laughter, which fell on the ear like music, complete an honest description of this American beauty on the night she went to the masked ball at St. Petersburg.

Now the great fun of these assemblies is that ladies are allowed by custom to make all sorts of advances to gentlemen, for they are masked and concealed by their dominoes, while men go in simple evening dress. The orthodox thing for a lady to do, therefore, is to fix upon some gentleman whom she wishes to tease or to mystify and to tell him some incident of his life which he fancies a profound secret, then to leave him puzzled and bewildered. The American widow was looking out for somebody whom she knew in order to torment him in this way, when she saw a group of her friends talking with a stranger, and, after listening to some fragments of their conversation, as women will, she suddenly pounced upon the stranger and led him away. What she said to him is only known to themselves, but when he quitted her that night he was spellbound and fascinated.

Well he might be. There is no wit in this lower world equal to American wit; no humor so racy and original. When this Russian heard it for the first time from lips so sweet, no wonder that he was enchanted. She spoke freely to him and without reserve, thinking that he was merely some young count or petty prince; and as she spoke she seemed drawn toward him by a subtle sympathy in their characters. She was quite abashed when she found out that she had been gossiping unceremoniously with the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, nephew of the Emperor of all the Russias.

They never parted afterward for two years and a half.

The young Grand Duke had good abilities and good nature, but his education had been woefully neglected. The Ameri-

can woman taught him, formed him into a gentleman, and raised him up to her own intellectual standard, which was high. She was the daughter of Dr. Ely, a Protestant clergyman of Connecticut, a man of some distinction in science and letters. He was, unfortunately for his belongings, also a great traveler; and if she, who was now the companion of a Russian Grand Duke, had gone wrong in early life, it was because she had been left too much to a hot-tempered, bigoted and narrow-minded mother, who had taught the doctrines of passive obedience with a thick stick. Her daughter, however, had been well schooled, and had learned Latin, French and music, so that she was an excellent instructress to a young man who knew nothing.

The Grand Duke loved her so intensely that he made her sign a formal contract in which she bound herself by a solemn oath never to leave him or to speak one word, save in friendship, to any other mortal man.

Upon her part, her vanity had first been flattered; her woman's heart had been won by a handsome young man of congenial tastes and temper, but gradually he had taken possession of her whole soul. The love which she bore him, kindled by his knightly deeds in distant lands, his valor, his danger and his fame, had passed into worship and become idolatry.

He had been first her lover, then her hero, then her god. She watched over his honor as only devoted women can do, and she kept his new glories bright.

He was the only one of the Russian princes who never seemed to get into scrapes or to incur unpopularity. But it may have been that he received some ugly blow in the Khivan expedition, or that he contracted some illness; for when he returned to her house, which he called his "home," she now and then observed that he was under the influence of uncontrollable excitement. At eleven o'clock one night he was arrested on her doorstep, and she has never seen him since.

The ostensible charge against him was alleged to be that he had stolen the jewels of a star belonging to an image of the Virgin Mary, which was in his mother's bedroom, and which had been given to her by his father, in accordance with a Russian custom, on the day he was baptized. The truth appears, however, to be that these jewels were taken by his aide-de-camp, and that he generously bore the blame to save that young officer from disgrace. It was not likely that the Grand Duke would have committed the robbery himself; for he had no need to do so. He has a large fortune, and, as the eldest son and heir to his father, will be some day entitled to a property of such immense value that any usurer in the world would have taken his bond for whatever sum he might have required. Moreover, the Grand Duke is not a spendthrift; he lived very moderately and allowed only \$800 a month for his domestic expenses. Besides, he had received \$50,000 from his bankers on the same day that the robbery was said to have been committed, and the stolen jewels were valued at about \$1,200. The Grand Duke, nevertheless, took the robbery on himself, and after having been kept some time under arrest, he has been banished to the Caucasus.

Meantime, the American lady's house was searched, and when nothing was found which could in any way connect her with the theft, she was sent out of the country, accompanied by two good-natured policemen, who seemed to be somewhat ashamed of the dirty work they were doing. None of her property was taken from her or injured. Her expulsion from Russia, however, is an exercise of arbitrary power which makes one glad enough that it does not flourish everywhere.

The probable reason why the Grand Duke Nicholas has been banished to the Caucasus and why the American lady has been expelled from Russia is that there was good ground for believing they were about to be married. What then? Rank and wealth can win no fairer prize than beauty. She was very charming, and had a good deal of that downright American common sense which a Russian Prince, in sight of possible revolutions, might have found of considerable value. It is that harmless sort of smartness which consists in saying nothings pleasantly. She would have made him one of the most popular princes in Europe had he married her, and hushed up a few bygones, as such things are easily hushed up in despotic countries. She was a conciliatory, agreeable woman, who would have guided him to high destinies, and herself have been capable of any sacrifices; she would have done wonders of heroism in time of public trouble. She would have adopted her new country gladly, proudly, and may be have brought forth a race of warrior statesmen, brave, strong and wise.

It is not a just sentence to pronounce that a young woman's antecedents shall stand forever in her way. If rakes are supposed to reform and to become shining lights and elders, why should not the same presumption prevail with regard to women who have once erred. We do not know with any certainty what has really happened to her, or how desperately, though perhaps vainly, she has struggled against evil. Her fault may have arisen from anything rather than from vice, and often the very excellence of virtue is the heart's guide into ill. Some of the best and highest qualities in human nature may have led her the first step downward. Even when we suppose the worst of her, large allowance must be made, not only for temptation, but for the cowardly and base advantage which may be always taken of youth and innocence. A fallen woman is a wretched thing! Perhaps so. Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone at her. Other women will strike at her whether they are guiltless or not. But men and gentlemen may remember with respectful compassion for the weakness which has been overcome that the lures to which a friendless woman succumbs are often irresistible. All that experience, cunning and treachery can do to ruin her is sure to be done. Wise men, even, are not ashamed to try all they know against a child, merely because she is a girl.

Let us for once look at this question fairly. A girl who has strayed from the path of virtue is in much the same position as a man who has committed a theft; both of them are dishonored. But suppose a clever rogue were to persuade a boy to steal, our indignation would be aroused, not against the

boy, but against the rogue. We should merely scold and forgive the boy; but in any primitive state of society the rogue would be lynched. We may go even farther than this, and imagine a nobleman of illustrious rank, great fortune, and high in the respect of his countrymen, using all his influence and eloquence to induce a lad of seventeen to commit a robbery. We may fancy that he promised the lad favor, affection, pleasure, secrecy and wealth if he complied; swore eternal friendship to him; coaxed, cajoled, watched and haunted him for years till he sinned. Whom should we blame—the tempted or the tempter? If this is a true parallel, as assuredly it is, let us keep our virtuous wrath for the seducers of women rather than for those whom they betray. If we adopt the common opinion of the world, and admit that a woman should be crucified because she has been deceived, yet her deceiver has no right to execute judgment against her. There is a sort of righteousness in unrighteousness, and to examine the case merely according to the code of commercial honesty a man who has degraded a woman is clearly bound to keep faith with her, otherwise he will unquestionably be obtaining goods upon false pretences; and he has no more right to take the bloom of a woman's life from her without equitable requital than he has to run off with a shopkeeper's stock in trade, or purchase his wares on a promissory note, and then refuse to honor it.

A Grand Duke must not play false with a woman because she is of doubtful character any more than he might cheat a blackleg. He may refuse to have anything to do with such persons; but if he chooses to hold intercourse with them his dealings should be conducted upon the same principles which regulate the conduct of a high-minded gentleman in all the relations of life, and he must treat them in the same upright manner in which he behaves to other people. It is an amazing argument in the mouth of a prince and a soldier to say that he keeps worthless company in order to behave without integrity toward his companions; and if he wishes to act honorably—as, no doubt, the Grand Duke Nicholas did—it is a disgrace to a great nation that he should have been prevented from doing so. It would not have harmed him had he been allowed to keep his troth. The Duke of Cambridge, in England, has done so under precisely similar circumstances, and so did the Archduke John of Austria. It did not deprive them of their place in the esteem of their fellow-countrymen, but rather raised them to greater heights. The Duke of Cambridge is Commander-in-Chief of the British army; and when all the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine were hurled down from power the Archduke John was elected by universal suffrage as Administrator of the Austrian Empire, not because he was an Imperial Prince, but because he had married an innkeeper's daughter and dealt honorably with her.

It is said that some Americans are mixed up with this Russian story; if so, we need not blush for them. It is no shame to admire a beautiful woman in distress and to show something of chivalry—something of goodness in her defense. I should not be so proud as I am of my connection with the Americans if I saw them all turn their backs on a lady because a political policeman had been instructed to tease her. The whole affair seems rather to have amused the Americans who were concerned in it, and they poked fun at the policeman.

All is well that ends well, and let no one be surprised if the future Grand Duchess Nicholas of Russia hails from Connecticut.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MOULTON'S STATEMENT.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Thus affairs progressed smoothly, till one Miss Anthony, An old gal with a pair of jaws leathern and lanthorny, Found it out, and of course she didn't descant any;

Oh, no! she don't talk worth a cent.
But in less than a week every gossip was able To detail the facts at each Brooklyn tea-table, While special dispatches went off by the cable, And the Plymouth pews doubled in rent.

After this Mr. Beecher, imbued with contrition, That one occupying his pious position Should have carried it so far as to make his condition

Now very precarious, indeed, Came to me to confess, and to ask that I'd write A neat little piece, which I did, and 'twas quite Satisfactory to Theodore—who never bears spite— And they all to keep quiet agreed.

But just then Mr. Bacon, a gifted galoot, [Whose clerical mouth's always ready to shoot,] Poked into the bus'ness his troublesome snoot, Styling Tilton a scoundrel and liar. Then Theodore, getting as wild as a loon, Appeared in the role of a "howling raccoon," (He's a Hoe press to print, he is, when he's in tune,) And the fat was all thrown in the fire.

For this terrible Tilton got madder and madder, And made Mr. Beecher seem badder and badder, And the church shook its head, growing sadder and sadder At the damage about to be done.

And out popped the tale that to me was confessed, In grandiloquent, Tiltonian sentences dressed, And dark hints were thrown about ankles and vest; And the public, peculiarly pleased and impressed, Una voce proclaimed a desire for the rest Of this very nice dish of crim. con.

So I've come for to tell what I know of the case; But I'm ready to swear till I'm black in the face That the prisoner Beecher's entitled to grace— To acquittal, indeed, I would say. For I've known for some time that he's often attacked With "erotic insanity," when he will act Like "one of the wicked," altho', for a fact, He's a saint when the fit goes away.

INVERTED HONOR.

"Then," said I, "the grossest offense you have committed, in the estimation of your own sex, was continuing relations with your wife after you knew her to have been impure to you."—*Geo. Alfred Townsends letter to the Chicago Tribune.*

In these three lines is concentrated a larger amount of foul and poisonous falsehood than in any other three that I have

ever seen. The only wrong Mr. Tilton endured was the violation of a despotic authority over his wife's person. According to Mr. Townsend it was so imperative a duty for Mr. Tilton to take vengeance for this imaginary wrong upon the woman who had never ceased to love him, that forbearance from such vengeance was a gross and disgraceful offense. This is the bloodiest code of savage life—"scalp your enemy or be dishonored." A lordly baron claims a beautiful island; a neighboring lord has once encamped upon it in the owner's absence and inhaled the fragrance of its flowers. The intruder was an old and devoted friend; he had harmed nothing, taken nothing, but he had landed on the shore without the baron's express invitation. Is it not clear that the baron is bound to assassinate the lord to vindicate the awful majesty of his territorial sovereignty, and that he is dishonored so long as he is passive?

Seriously, can there be a greater outrage on every principle of manhood, friendship and justice, than to assert that when a man and wife have each exercised some degree of sexual liberty, it is the duty of the woman to submit or approve in silence with undiminished love, but the duty of the man to turn upon his wife who has given to him the flower of her life and love, and blast her with Satanic vengeance?

The wanton desertion of a faithful, loving wife and mother is one of the greatest crimes in society; but when it is accompanied by the attempt to blast her life and sink her beneath a load of obloquy, it differs very little from murder in its moral turpitude. It one respect it is worse than the ordinary murder of passion, for it is the cruellest blow against the most devoted friend. It is this cold, cruel, unmanly crime which Mr. Townsend says is generally considered a virtue, and for the failure to perpetuate which Mr. Tilton is to be dishonored. If Mr. Tilton has the magnanimity which he claims, he can show it only by undoing the mischief already done, wiping out the past and renewing his devotion to a woman who, if his own words are not entirely false, is eminently worthy of his love.

VIATOR.

MORE OLD CRIMES.

Last week we noted the acts of three clergymen—of the Presbyterian, Lutheran and Methodist persuasions—charged with fornication in the first, breach of promise in the second and incest in the third case. This week we add to them from the New York Herald of Friday, August 23, the arrest of the Rev. G. A. Irwin, of St. Louis, Episcopalian, for wife-beating, and the Rev. N. Flammang, Catholic, who appears to be charged, if the report we present be correct, with similar follies to those of which Midshipman Peter Simple was accused soon after he joined his ship, viz: "getting drunk and running after the Dolly Mops."

In the case of the Rev. G. A. Irwin we give the interview between the *Globe* reporter and the Rev. gent in the jail first, which is thus reported in the *Globe* of St. Louis, Mo.:

"The Rev. Mr. G. A. Irwin is in durance vile at the present writing, and the Rev. Mr. G. A. Irwin feels badly hurt about it, because he is afraid that if the story gets out it will be damaging to his reputation. The Rev. G. A. Irwin is well known in this city; his clarion voice has been heard night after night resounding from the Court House steps, to the infinite delight of the "Christian Brotherhood" and the infinite disgust of the hackmen. He is also well known on the levee, where he holds forth day after day, scattering the truth, as he calls it, in the most indiscriminate and miscellaneous manner. He has cast bread upon the muddy waters of the Mississippi day after day, but, as far as heard from, it has not yet returned, and there are doubts in the minds of a few that it ever will. He has pleaded with the sinners—prayed with them and wept with them. He has been poor in spirit and otherwise. He has stood under an August sun and sung praises till his linen duster became discolored and his paper collar disappeared, and he has talked to his admirers till his breath became short and his voice weak; and now he is in the 'boose'. Wherefore is he in the 'boose'? About nine o'clock last evening a couple of policemen entered the Chestnut street station leading a sanctimonious looking individual, and followed by a pale-faced woman respectfully dressed, who looked to be about forty years of age, and two gentlemen. The prisoner was the Rev. Mr. G. A. Irwin, the lady was his wife, and the gentlemen were Mr. E. H. Darvot and Mr. William Reynolds. It was claimed by the lady that her husband had maltreated her, and that he had threatened to kill her. The police officers put a charge of disturbing the peace opposite his name, and he was placed in the 'boose' aforesaid.

It was plain that the whole story had not been told by the parties at the station, as they refrained from stating why the Rev. Mr. G. A. Irwin had so abused his wife, and a *Globe* reporter, feeling that there was something at the bottom of it, interviewed the Rev. Mr. G. A. Irwin in his cell.

The reporter informed Mr. Irwin that he had been instructed to find out the whyfore and wherefore of this unpleasantness, and Mr. Irwin stated that there was no trouble at all; that the whole thing was a mistake.

Reporter—I understand that you struck your wife. Is that the truth?

Mr. Irwin—Why, my dear friend, I strike a woman! I lay my hands on a woman, save in way of kindness! You are wrongly informed. I am a minister of the Lord, sir. I am a disciple of the Lord, sir. I preach the Gospel day after day, and teach the truth to all. I bear no malice. I wouldn't touch a woman, sir.

Reporter—Haven't you been drinking this evening, Mr. Irwin?

Mr. Irwin—I never touched a drop of liquor in my life. I am a Christian gentleman, and I hope to sink through the floor if I ever touched either spirituous or malt liquor in my life. I have preached three times on the levee to-day. Sir, I am a servant of the Lord. Who told you I had been drinking?

Reporter—Nobody; I only thought so.

Mr. Irwin—I tell you, my friend, you heard it from her and her paramour—they have placed me here.

Reporter—Am I to understand you to mean your wife when you say her?

Mr. Irwin—Yes; she is a bad woman. My friend, after I have been out all day, sometimes from daylight till dark, serving the Lord and trying to save the souls of His children, I do not like to see my wife sitting in the lap of another man when I come home.

Reporter—Of course not. Well?

Mr. Irwin—And it greatly displeases me to see a man getting out of a back window as I enter by the door. But I am speaking to you confidentially and you cannot publish what I say.

Reporter—How long is it since you married her?

Mr. Irwin—Not long; about six weeks. She was a procuress before I married her, and she is one now; that is why I pleaded with her so much this evening for my Maker's sake. I love my Maker.

Reporter—Haven't you been drinking this evening, Mr. Irwin? (He had, for his breath was pregnant with the odor of ten-cent whisky.)

Mr. Irwin—My friend, my dear friend, I have told you before that I never touched a drop in my life. They can say what they please now. They told the sergeant that I had a pistol and a knife with me. My Bible is my revolver and my Testament is my knife. Shall I show them to you? Here they are, the blessed books. (He kissed them and his eyes rolled heavenward.) My wife and one of those fellows who came with her have invented this story that they may get me out of the way. But I am the Lord's servant, and the right is on my side.

Reporter—Is this woman your first wife?

Mr. Irwin—No; I have been married three times. Oh! it will be all right in the morning. Mr. Wells and my brothers in Jesus will get me out of this. When I am out I will give you a history of the whole thing. I will be with my beloved flock on the levee to-morrow, scattering the truth broadcast. Don't mention this affair. My reputation, you know, is at stake. I am innocent of the charge against me. I never did a wrong to my fellow-man. I am a servant of the Lord. That woman is a very bad woman, and I have tried to reform her, but I could not. I have read to her from the book of books; I have prayed with her, but she would not reform. But don't say anything about it in the *Globe*, for it would hurt the true cause, the great cause of Christianity, to publish what she will tell about it."

As the Rev. G. A. Irwin's statement is somewhat invalidated by the remark of the reporter respecting the whisky, we append that of Mrs. Irwin:

"I married Major Irwin about six months ago; he had been a major in the army, and I married him because he had pleaded with me for months, saying that he could not live without me, and that I had saved him; he had been married twice before and so had I; my former husbands were killed in the war; last April his wife attempted to kill him while he was asleep by stabbing him in the breast, but a pocket Bible saved his life, the knife going almost through it; I have the Bible now; I was Mrs. Cole when I married him; he has never given me a cent since he married me, and I have pawned my watch, jewelry and even my false hair to help him get along. He told me the other day that he was going to leave me; that I was unfaithful to him, and that I was a procuress. I tried to reason with him, but he wouldn't listen to me, and he swore and used obscene language in the most frightful manner. He says he doesn't drink, but he does; and friends of mine have seen him in the lowest dens of this city since our marriage. One night last week he attempted to kill me while I was asleep, but my little daughter here gave the alarm, and if she hadn't done so I know he would have stabbed me with a stiletto which he held in his hand when I awoke. He has called me all kinds of names and accused me of everything one day, and the next day he would be as loving and kind as he could be. This evening he came in and swore such awful oaths—I never heard a man swear so before. He caught me by the shoulder (it pains me terribly now) and said I had a man in the room. He made such a noise, and I was so much afraid that he would kill me, that I called for help, and these gentlemen and two policemen came into the room. He says he has killed men. He is the wickedest man I ever saw in my life. I have always lived a virtuous life, and everybody in the house knows that I am as innocent as my little daughter. He is well known here and in Cincinnati as a street preacher. He is an Episcopalian, but belongs to the "Christian Brotherhood," and is a kind of Evangelical preacher. He professes to be good when he is on the street, but I never saw a man as depraved and low as he is.

Mrs. Crisp stated that Mrs. Irwin was a good woman. Other ladies in the house corroborated this statement. The gentlemen present said they never had the slightest cause to think that Mrs. Irwin was anything else than a good woman. She is very ladylike in appearance and seems to have had a great deal of trouble.

Irwin is a tall, heavy man, with a bloated countenance, black hair and dark eyes. He has a smile constantly on his face, and when speaking he rolls his eyes upward and heaves tremendous sighs at regular intervals.

The case will come up in the Police Court this morning, when some new facts will probably come to the surface.

The second case is that of the Rev. N. Flammang, a Catholic priest of Cleveland, Ohio; it is taken from the Cleveland Herald:

While Patrolman Gilchrist was passing along Champlain street about one o'clock, Monday morning, his attention was attracted by loud screams proceeding from the interior of the brick building No. 124, well known to the police as a house of evil resort. On proceeding hurriedly in that direction he saw the front door suddenly thrown open and two male figures rush out. One of them escaped around a neighboring corner before he could capture him, but the other stumbled and nearly fell at the foot of the stone steps, being finally grasped in the officer's stout arms. A female inmate of the establishment came to the entrance immediately after

the retreating forms, and told the policemen that the prisoner and his companion had come to the house early in the evening, both under the influence of liquor. After some time spent in conversation with the inmates, the former called for a bottle of wine. A dispute arose concerning the price to be paid, during which the man who had escaped struck one of the women a severe blow in the face. The couple were preparing to do further injury when the screams which brought the officer to the spot caused them to take flight.

On bringing his prisoner under the rays of the gaslight Gilchrist perceived that he was attired in dark clerical garments and wore spectacles. His hands were smooth and his face was rosy and of a rotund shape. The officers carried him to the Central Station, when the man gave his name as Rev. N. Flammang, and said that he was a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The sergeant in charge was at first inclined to discredit his assertion, but an examination of his clothing revealed documents that proved it to be true. The charge of drunkenness was recorded opposite his name, and the would-be gay and festive shepherd was compelled to recline behind the irons of a gloomy prison cell.

A member of the Roman Catholic Church, who was present at the time that he was brought into the Central, gave him a severe scolding for the sins of which he, the father, had been guilty.

The occupants of No. 124 appeared very much astonished on learning that the man was a priest, and said that he had been a frequent visitor at that place. The police were unable to learn the name of his companion who escaped.

It must be confessed that the press of the country has latterly done its duty to the people by giving reports of clerical delinquencies without fear or favor. Only fancy, in one fortnight, Presbyterianism, Lutheranism, Methodism, Episcopalianism and Catholicism are all represented in the criminal courts. Congregationalism also has been on trial, if it may be termed such, before the Plymouth Church Committee, in which the accused appointed his own judges and was well represented by counsel. Of course he has been triumphantly acquitted; under such circumstances it could hardly be otherwise. It would probably have saved considerable scandal if the other parties, above-mentioned, had been tried privately, with closed doors, as has been the case with the pastor of Plymouth.

THE PAUSE IN THE BATTLE.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
Frank Carpenter lies on the heath,
Near Wilkeson, who sleeps in death.
The Jersey matron holds her hill,
The Roman spinster's voice is still;
Moulton leans on his war-sword now,
And lonely Tilton wipes his brow.
Nor less has toiled each Beecher knight
From June to August in the fight.
Stout Henry Ward for air must gasp,
Bowen shuts tight his vizor clasp;
Brave Horace B. the spear must quit,
And Bessie fails for lack of wit;
The blows of Winslow fall less fast,
And simple Shearman's bugle blast
Hath lost its lively tone!
Sinks rattling Raymond's battle word,
And Sage's voice is fainter heard,
"Thank Heav'n the job is done!"

SPIRITUALISTIC.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 22, 1874.]

A WINDFALL.

WHAT FOSTER, THE MEDIUM, IS DOING OVER AT SAN FRANCISCO.

When Foster, the Spiritualist medium, first came to this city and hung out his shingle at the Grand Hotel, he was an object of much curiosity. Among those who went to witness the marvelous manifestations, which, it was claimed, were daily made, was a well-known gentleman, whose name we are not authorized to give. The gentleman had heard of the slip-of-paper trick, and believing that he knew a thing or two more than Foster did, he resolved to play a sharp game with him. Before going to the medium's room he wrote a name on a slip of paper, which he wrapped and folded tightly in a piece of tin-foil. When he got there, in company with several other friends, he handed the little roll of tin-foil to Foster, and awaited events.

The little paper inside the tin-foil contained merely the full name of the gentleman's mother—her maiden name and married name. Foster took it, pressed it to his forehead in that dreamy, listless way he has, and then laid it on the table. Presently he said: "Yes, sir, I have a message for you. There is the spirit of a lady here who wishes me to write you this message." Here Foster took up a pencil, and with many jerks and quirks, wrote:

"Do not remove the remains of your father and myself. Let us rest where we are. Your heart is right, but your judgment is wrong."

This message was signed by both the maiden name and married name of the gentleman's mother. The gentleman turned as white as a sheet, for he at once recognized the message as having been written in the name of his deceased mother. He had long been intending to remove her remains and those of his father from an eastern cemetery to his vault at Lone Mountain. He had not thought of the matter at all that day. Foster had never seen him before. Neither Foster nor any one else—not even the gentleman's wife—knew what the mother's maiden name had been, hence the clearness, the strange outline of the message, and, above all, the aptness with which it referred to his project with regard to the remains of his parents, gave the astonished gentleman something to think about for days to come.

He did not wait for an answer to his tin-foil puzzle, but started away very much in the condition of the young man

who went to church to scoff, but finally concluded to remain and pray.

Next day the gentleman met his friend, the Hon. Chas. E. De Long, who had just then returned from Japan. To him he told his remarkable experience of the day before. De Long laughed at him for his apparent credulity, and scouted the idea that spirits had anything to do with the message. Nettled at this, the gentleman invited Mr. De Long to go with him and see Foster and judge for himself. That night they both, in company with Howard Colt, called at the Grand Hotel and were shown into Foster's rooms. Mr. De Long was wholly unknown to Foster. They all sat down to the table, and after Foster had smoked awhile at his cigar, he said: "I can only get one message to-night, and that is for a person named Ida. Do either of you know who Ida is?"

Mr. De Long looked at Foster with rather a startled look and said: "Well, yes, I rather think I do. My wife's name is Ida."

"Well," said Foster, "then this message is for her, and it is important. But she will have to come here and receive it."

This was just enough to excite De Long's curiosity, and after endeavoring in vain to get Foster to reveal the message to him, he consented to bring his wife the next night to receive the important communication in person. Accordingly, the next evening the same two, accompanied by Mrs. De Long, were ushered into Foster's parlor. They were soon seated around the table, waiting eagerly for the spirits to arrive. After Foster had smoked for several minutes in silence, he suddenly said: "The same message comes to me. It is for Ida. This is the lady is it?" he asked, as of the spirit. "Oh, you will write the message will you? Well, all right;" and with this he took up a pen and dashed off the following:

"TO MY DAUGHTER IDA:

"Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden to invest for me in certain lands. After my death he failed to account for the investment to our creditors. The money was invested, and 1,250 acres of land were bought, and one-half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden, on account of my share of the purchase, \$650. He must be made to make a settlement. Your father,

"—VINYARD."

Both Mr. and Mrs. De Long sat and heard this communication read with astonished faces. Mrs. De Long knew that in life her father had had business dealings with Mr. Madden, but to what extent or even the nature of them, she did not know. She was terribly frightened at the denouement, for she knew that Foster did not know who she was or who her father might have been; and when the communication came in so remarkable a way, the effect upon the whole party may be better imagined than described.

Mr. De Long had just enough faith in the correctness of Mrs. De Long's communication to want to see what was in it anyway. So the next day he called on Mr. Madden at the Occidental Hotel. Without saying what especial reason he had for asking the question, he asked Mr. Madden if there was not yet some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then he said there was. He said several years ago he and Mr. Vineyard had purchased a tract of land together, and their interest was yet undivided. The land had increased and was still increasing in value, and he supposed Mr. Vineyard's daughter desired to let her interest lie untouched, which was the reason why the matter had never been settled up. Besides, she had been absent a long time from the country, and was not here to have the matter settled. When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of this investment of her father's, Mr. Madden expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and the executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said that he was ready to make a settlement at any time. This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly on Saturday last Mr. Madden transferred a deed for 325 acres of the land to Mrs. De Long, her heirs and assigns forever. Having done this, Mr. Madden offered the lady \$18,000 for the property; but having been informed that it was worth at least \$25,000, she declined to sell.

THE WORK IN CONNECTICUT.

EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY:

I grasp my pen amid the hurry of multiplied engagements to give you a brief account of our recent grove meeting at Madison, Conn. Both you and your readers will remember the shameful opposition I endured here a little more than a year ago, which closed the only available hall in the place (which, by the way, happened to be in the basement of the Congregational Church), and which is still so closed, notwithstanding negro minstrels, gambling grab fairs, and fourth-rate shows are readily admitted into its sanctified edifice. At a recent visit there I found that a grove could be leased, if not a hall, and I determined to hold a grove meeting, under the auspices of our State Association, and accordingly summoned to my aid three brave and outspoken workers—viz., Laura Cuppy Smith, Anna Middlebrook and N. Frank White, all of whom responded readily to my call and came full of zeal and energy, and, like the war-horse before the battle, appeared eager for the fray. The audience was good, the weather fine, with the exception of a slight sprinkle in the afternoon, which only served to temporarily disorganize us. The strictest attention was paid while the speakers separately discoursed upon their chosen themes with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. The audience was purely skeptical, and many of them heard for the first time this new gospel of angel ministration, and not only heard, but accepted it, and begged of me to come again and bring with me the same preachers, who found the way straight to their souls as never did preachers before. All in all, our meeting was a grand success, and I think will result in some active steps being taken toward the erection of another hall, which will not be held under ecclesiastical do-

minion. There are many indications in other directions that prejudice is giving way, and the people are beginning to see that it takes something besides mere denouncement to prove a thing false and impractical. And the same that is said of Madison can be said of certain other places I have recently visited, and found much opposition.

It is lamentable to see the positions some of our old and staunch Spiritualists are taking just at the moment of our greatest emergency. The spirits have all along told us that their work was a humanitarian one, but, to accomplish it, old institutions and customs must be torn down and that hypocrisy and deception must be unmasked, and the idols we had set up to worship must be broken in pieces. Are these idle words, and have the spirits spoken only in jest? The people will some time learn to tremble when these revelations threaten. The clergy have themselves, with closed eyes and devotional attitude, prayed that secreted vices might be exposed to view, and that the evil deeds that are done in darkness might be brought to the light of day, and now that they are taken at their word, and an attempt is being made to reveal some of the hidden rottenness and evil in society, we hear the mad dog cry of "These things are obscene," and no stone is left unturned to screen established characters and prevent disclosures "the fates" have determined must be made. Let the work go on until all hypocrites shall be unmasked, and obliged to take their true standing, that injustice and inequality may be banished, and all appreciated for whatever merit they may possess. E. ANNIE HINMANN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SALEM, Ohio, July 9, 1874.

DEAR VICTORIA:

Oh, my sister, thou who canst look into a mother's heart and appreciate its depths of tenderness and affection—thou whose great soul of love gathers into thy fold of sweet sympathies all womankind—come, gently come in spirit, to my stricken soul to-day.

When on last May-day thy loving arms folded me closely to thy warm, generous bosom, and from thy lips fell words of blessing for my babes, little, ah! little, did I think that so soon two of their precious forms would lie beneath the cold earth sod.

My daughter Luna and my baby Charles—bright, beautiful buds of promise—are both transplanted to the heavenly gardens of the summer-land. In my anguish I cry—Why is this? So often I have proudly said: "I guide my children in the paths of health, and they are well and happy." But, alas! how hastily those lovely and beautiful forms were destroyed by the malignant form of the scarlet fever.

Little Harry, my only surviving child, nearly eleven years of age, has also been a severe sufferer with a milder form of the same disease, but now is regaining, I trust, his former strength and health. [We are now at the home of my faithful father in Salem, Ohio, where friends will please address me. Numerous correspondents, whose kind epistles have been thankfully received, but lie unanswered, will herein find the cause of delay.] But think not my deep affliction has lessened my interest in the cause I love. The light and glory of Spiritualism has sustained me in this trying ordeal. My darlings talked cheerfully of their happy spirit-home, and joyfully met the angels who came to guide their newborn spirits to the higher life. Even now, as I write, I feel the cheering sweetness of their loving presence, and the blinding tears and stifling sobs which overcame me as I took my pen to write few minutes ago have vanished, and a holy calm—a peaceful resignation—bathes my being in a soothing influence of spiritual light. In this condition of mind I feel to say: Oh, my brother and sister Spiritualists, more dear than ever to me is the glorious cause; and as we are mutually blessed, especially in hours of affliction, by the benign influences of our beautiful religion, why should differences of opinion divide us? Let us pray to dwell in peace and love, our souls baptized in the refreshing waters of this our heaven-born philosophy of Spiritualism so divinely sweet, so sacredly precious to us all.

Dear Victoria, in this true hour of devotion my gratitude goes forth to the angels that thou hast been raised up to hasten the day when the grand laws of mateship and parentage will be understood and obeyed, and then that children may be so organized as to withstand the ravages of disease, and healthfully, rejoicingly, live out their natural lives in the earth-form, with the necessary advantages for the proper growth and unfoldment of the immortal being.

That the future mothers and fathers may not suffer what we in our ignorance have suffered, let us work on in the majesty and grandeur of truth. SADA BAILEY.

CHURCH AND STATE DIGNITY.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Is it not a dignified business that Plymouth Church and other churches are engaged in—inquiring whether their pastors or members have been kissing improperly, or whether the men have put their hands on the ankles of the females—trying to ascertain how, where, or with whom they have used certain parts of their bodies, as if the church owned parts, but not all the body of its members? They do not inquire whether the mouth has been defiled with tobacco, as that does not endanger the soul, which the church is instructed to save; but the improper use, or proper use, of the sexual functions without permission of the church, or confession or forgiveness will endanger the soul, and must be looked after. There is, however, not considered to be much danger if the fact does not get out and become known to the public; but if it does, the church must at once inquire into the matter and find out just what each pastor and member has been doing without its permission.

The State, too, enters into the work, as if it was a legitimate business to decide, not what, when, or how its citizens shall eat, but what sexual relations they may form, and what use each may make of certain organs of the body, leaving the most naturally criminal use free to both

sexes, but trying to make merchandise of the sexual functions and regulate them by laws. As well might a church or State attempt to control any other organs or functions of the human body as these. If each human body does not belong to the soul in it, or if it is not free so long as it does not infringe upon the rights of another, then we are slaves. If the Church or State can sell or seal one body to the use of another without its voluntary act and consent given at the time, then we are slaves. If Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton have no right to the use or control of their bodies, except by permission of Church or State, or of other persons or parties, then they do not own their bodies, and are slaves. If they injure each other or any one else we hold them accountable, and if they act hypocritically and deceive other persons with a false representation of their feelings or actions we hold them accountable for hypocrisy; but if no person has been injured by them, and only the control and authority of the Church and State ignored, and they have not done violence to their own consciences, then we shall not condemn them. They must account to their own God and conscience and not to any standard we set up, nor should they be accountable to Church or State. To us it seems a most contemptible intermeddling for the Church to be engaged in. If Mrs. Tilton loved Beecher better than she did Tilton she should have told Tilton so and let him get a divorce and try to find somebody that loved him better or live alone; and Beecher need confess his love to nobody but his wife, and give her a chance to leave him and get half the property. What is the reason we cannot stop this intermeddling of both Church and State, and let parties settle these matters themselves and have the control of their own bodies. They could not make society worse.

If the Church in saving souls and the State in saving bodies find it necessary to take control of the sexual functions and regulate them in both sexes, it is time we had some legislation to stop the married prostitution and undesired maternity. Where the evils really exist, they do not interfere, except to legalize the crimes; but where no evils are proved to arise, they come in to inquire and regulate. When love goes out of the marriage bonds, the parties should be left free to go out also, and be no longer bound by legal or religious ties. If it is not prostitution for a woman to submit her body to the use and abuse of a man she loaths, abhors, or even does not love, then we do not know what prostitution is, and if it is prostitution for two persons who love and desire each other to associate sexually then we have mistaken its meaning. If the Church would take its unholy hands off this subject entirely, and let the State regulate marriage, and the State would enact only such laws as would fully protect every individual and secure to woman her right of property, as well as person and make marriage a civil contract of partnership only, and leave the sexual matters to themselves, always defending the personal rights of the woman against all abuse or control, we should soon have peace and good-will among men and women. Why are the most licentious men the bitterest enemies to this reform?

BEECHER'S LIMPING DEFENSE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Now that Beecher has made his statement it is interesting to note how a portion of the press (plainly committed to uphold Christianity and its prophet, right or wrong) comes to the rescue of Beecher. One paper unctuously commences its editorial "Thank God! Beecher is innocent." Assuredly, Mr. Beecher is a man of large sympathies. He is a man of tender, warm heart, which is to be set down in his favor. He has made a strong appeal to the sympathies of the American people. But the Beecher-Tilton scandal is a question of fact, not of sympathy. When he refers to the Beecher family, the unsullied name which he hoped to be able to hand down to posterity; his own trials and struggles; his hourly anticipation of death; all are calculated to awaken tender feeling in his behalf. He seems to be the self-conscious idol of the Christian public.

When he speaks of Tilton, Victoria and other reformers, what a change! It is a sweep from the pathetic to the malignant. When referring to his own trials and clouded life, he is in the pathetic mood; but when alluding to his enemies the demoniac is visible. In this respect he resembles the "bloody-mouthed" God, to whom he referred a short time ago. Does this language appear too strong? I will corroborate it by Beecher's statement:

"I found that the circle, of which Mrs. Woodhull formed a part, was the centre of loathsome scandals, organized, classified and perpetuated with a greedy and unclean appetite for everything that was foul and vile."

"I was by no means the only clergyman who was made the butt of their private gossip, while it seemed as if no woman of any distinction in the land was left out of their pool of scandal. All the history of their past lives, and even the graves of their friends, were raked over to furnish material and pretexts for their loathsome falsehoods." [This characteristic is peculiar to the Beecher family. *Vide* Harriet Beecher Stowe's Byron scandal.] "It was inexpressibly disgusting to me, and I would not associate with these people."

The last statement is superfluous. When he found that the principal scandal was about himself, it was unnecessary for him to volunteer the declaration, "I would not associate with these people." The Christian world knows he is purer than Jesus. He is like Jesus, though, in the matter of denunciation of those he deems his enemies. Jesus called his enemies "vipers." Beecher calls his supposed enemies "human hyenas." The example of his Jesus furnishes him a warrant for such foul and unjustifiable language. It is not to the point to quote, "Love one another." Beecher has frequently repeated the same phrase. Christ, Christianity and Beecher are full of contradictions. When Christ on the cross said "Father, forgive them," it is not essentially different from the parting expression of the forgiveness of murderers on the scaffold, thousands of years before Jesus Christ was born. So Beecher, when he denounces reformers and liberals, in such language, is pre-eminently Christ-like.

There is one clause in Beecher's defense which is divergent from the sentiment of free-and-easy Jesus Christ. Beecher says, "Almighty God Himself" could not lift Tilton into

favor "if these women must be lifted with him." Jesus was more friendly to the women; the vilest and lowest he was in favor of lifting into favor. Score one for Jesus. Beecher in his defense, plainly shows he was willing to crush "these women" if thereby either Tilton, himself, or any other Christian could be "lifted into favor." Into whose favor? Christian favor, of course.

Mr. Beecher boldly charges Theodore Tilton with blackmail. He expects the public to believe him, and discredit every one who testifies against him; even the Christian oath of Tilton, Beecher would set aside as of less account than his own mere *ipse dixit*. The Christians have shown great eagerness to believe whatever Beecher might say. Tilton, Victoria Woodhull, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony are all liars according to the Christians. The Christian craft is in danger.

Supposing Theodore Tilton's sworn statement had been made against any eminent Spiritualist (Robert Dale Owen or Andrew Jackson Davis), would we have witnessed the press defending him on the ground that the charges were not proved? No. What is the difference? One is a pet preacher; the other a reformer. One is of that class that is more dangerous to American liberty than slave-holders ever were. Henry Ward Beecher is a living illustration of the dangerous and powerful influence of the clergy over the people. If Andrew Jackson Davis had been charged thus, and in a lengthy defense confessed he could not prove his innocence; that "money has been obtained from me in the course of these affairs, in considerable sums," amounting to \$7,000, his guilt would be voted undeniable. But because it is one of Christ's ministers who is arraigned, oh, he cannot be guilty, he must not be!

Neither ministers nor other people are in the habit of paying \$7,000 for the purpose of concealing from the public, sound advice about divorce, and "unstudied affection" between pastor and fair parishioner, especially when the affection is purely platonic.

He says in his defense that he supposed his "presence and influence" gave Mrs. Tilton "strength." That we need not question. But to pay \$7,000 for the privilege of giving a woman strength, is paying too dear for the whistle. It does seem as if the doctor's bill ought to have been paid the other way. But Beecher is a spiritual physician. It may be customary for preachers to do the doctoring and pay the bills.

I cannot help thinking what an endless amount of fun the papers and preachers would have had if Beecher had been an Itinerant lecturer on Spiritualism. There would have been an endless chain of jokes about the Spiritual strengthening plasters.

For Beecher, as an individual, who is in deep sorrow, I did feel sympathy. But when I perceive how remorselessly he crushes Tilton and others who differ from him, so far as his words can crush, the sympathy is displaced by justice. I am inclined to think the end is not yet, notwithstanding Beecher's partisans cry out "Let there be silence! we have heard enough." The law court is the place for a final adjustment of the whole matter.

OUR CHURCHES.

Now, when the attention of all society is concentrated upon the great scandal, what a wonder it is that people who do not think, except upon such occasions, cannot see the utter shallowness, *per se*, of all this superstition, professed by the different religious sects of this and of all times. One would suppose it easy for all now to see that from the earliest stage of ignorance the human mind is singularly prone to idolatry, and that our present "enlightened" forms of religion are in a degree nothing more than an embodiment of a mysticism like that of the so-called heathen. We are all heathen, every one of us, when we accept a certain belief in anything supernatural, and it is something to be grateful for that there are so many in this nineteenth century who ask for and will have plain and established facts to rest upon and then *know*, not believe. Take the masses which compose our various religious denominations. How many individuals among them really care to inspect their respective systems of belief, or could converse logically upon them if questioned in regard thereto. A very, very few. And in the legitimate Christian Church—the Roman—all are taught not to dare to inspect—that would be "sinful" and showing a lack of "faith." But I do not intend to censure the unthinking masses. It is plainly the result of circumstances that they are "hereditary bondmen."

In the Plymouth Church of Brooklyn there are members of that congregation who have hung upon the expositions of the gospel according to Beecher with very little less implicitness of faith than that with which they might have listened to the utterances of a Jesus Christ, if there ever was such a being. Now what must be the shock to their minds when they discover that this person, like most public speakers, liked only to hear himself talk; knew he possessed a peculiar eloquence of tongue, and felt that he was "called" to preach the gospel; and that themselves, though gratifying their sense of hearing surely, were also encouraging the supreme conceit of the talker.

So long as people prefer to gratify their senses instead of their reason, so long shall we have emotional or religious talking, and plenty to band together in mutual admiration societies. Why not realize and confess at once that the herd of men and women being gregarious, do band together in these societies principally for social intercourse. In a word, such congregations constitute a social exchange. I will not characterize them as a sexual exchange for fear of speaking too plainly—just as we have a corn exchange or a hide and leather exchange among business men for their mutual interests. In the social exchange, what parents having growing sons and daughters, can, in the present state of affairs, omit joining one religious denomination or another (it does not much matter which), if it is nominally "Christian"—that word being a sort of passport through society. Has a mother a few daughters to dispose of to advantage, they may in this way form good alliances with some of the prom-

ising, well-rated male members of the flock, and *vice versa* with regard to the sons.

O, yes, dissemble as we may, the one fact prominently reveals itself, and entirely undisguised by nature herself, that self is at the bottom of it all. Self is the only real object of our worship. Abnegate self as Christ is supposed to have done and in a century we should have a full realization of Byron's "dream of darkness." Now, the love of self is the only true, practical worship we have. It is right. Love self with all thy heart, and soul and mind and thou dost right. But don't pretend to love an imaginary deity, whom it is only a blind idolatry to worship, for you will find if you stop to reason, that you worship your supposed God through the medium of inanimate matter or through some human being whom you suppose to be superior to yourself. But nature, who guides us aright, teaches us to love ourselves first and best, and to improve ourselves in all the appliances of wisdom she so abundantly provides. Now, this being a proper plan to build upon—no mysticism here, no superstition—why not stand forth and insist that human nature is good instead of evil. Why attempt to compress the heart and lungs of our nature with superstitious corsetage, when nature so evidently intended everything to be free and honest. Cannot we see that all the good in this world springs from wisdom and that what is bad comes from ignorance only?

Away then with this hypocrisy, these shams! Teach youth wisdom, natural wisdom—worldly wisdom if you choose to call it so, but a fine wisdom to be guided by nevertheless—close up these churches, except for social meetings, scientific lectures, concerts and tableaux, and let us give up this stupid system of superstition altogether. We will maintain that our natures are as good natures as this epoch affords, something to be not at all suppressed or ashamed of; that there is no punishment except in the result of ignorant deeds, no immortality except in living again in our posterity, and no death save when one draws his last breath. Why should there be all this unhealthy self-condemnation we are so early taught to inflict upon ourselves? This animal life we live, for it is principally animal, is delightful, superb; each one of us knows it to be so; and a well trained, wise life, how sublime! We will rejoice, then, in our natures, and fear nothing but ignorance; for we may depend, it is all we have to fear. O, how glorious to live a purely human life! Let us exult that we are human, and above all, let us permit the young, to the utmost of their capability, to feel and acknowledge, as is so natural to them, that it is glorious also.

This Plymouth Church *expose* does not come too soon. Perhaps the best lesson of modern times may be taught by it, for it fully shows the fallacy of wasting our lives in hypocrisy. We are all human, we own it, we glory in it, and we are conscious, that with wise training, each man and woman might be made a law to self. It is only in the conflict of nature with affectation that all the confusion and self-condemnation, so unnecessary, lies.

O, it is sincerely to be hoped that this great and true doctrine of self, upon which all stellar, solar, mundane and social systems rest, shall, at some time in the future be acknowledged as the one great fact upon which alone devolves the grand perfection of the human race, to which we all, yet so blindly, look forward as certain to be developed in the far, awaiting centuries.

J. S.

THE INDEX UPON BEECHER.

RADICAL HONESTY VS. RADICAL DISHONESTY.

Most persons incline to opinions on this most important case before the public, regarding "the greatest American preacher," of a wholly crude nature, and as superficial and "yeasty" as we might expect from "many men of many minds." The "arrest," to some, was the precursor of further disgrace to Mr. Tilton; to others, the testimony of Mrs. Tilton was enough to scandalize the very name of justice, should such a thing happen to be supposable for a man so unworthy such a wife! A great "standing army," who fed on slices of the white loaf passed around freely with the "holy water" from Plymouth, is very sensibly decreasing in numbers, and very insensibly going over to the truth and weighing evidences and calling for the "whitewashing committee" to open their closed doors and put an end to secret sessions; and are actually falling back upon a jury of twelve men to stand in the place of said committee.

It is a fight to the death. Those who begin to pass judgment on the final rendering of the courts will find there is a deal of rubbish to clear up, and many a upas tree with poisoned branches to cut and clear away before the word "*finis*" is written on the scroll which heaven is unrolling. Already the gilt of would be sufferance is tarnished, and the breeziest top-knots and gayest of the banners which the "army" carried are drooping and disappearing one by one. No sane man or woman will attempt a prediction even now as to the final *denouement*. There can be no such thing as a verdict at this unripe stage. I will let you read the *Index* for yourselves on "The Great Preacher's Trial," and see what one very sane man and cool logician prescribes for "the preacher." There is no exultation anywhere over Beecher's "trials," in more sense than one; on the contrary, he has had as fair play as ever was vouchsafed man or minister!

But the grain of human nature, possibly no larger than a mustard-seed, was there, fed by a thousand rills of sensuous delights, and grew to such a large size, lo! the very birds of the air lodged in its branches, and the "nest-hiding," though skillfully done, resulted in a countless number of croaking ravens, who flew away at last with the secret! Victoria, as with the finger of God has written in words of fire "mene, mene, tekel," has shown that not alone for him, but for all men who "prey upon unsuspecting communities," the evil hour has come to stop their mouths, and the avenging angel brandishes a flaming sword, which will not be put up in its scabbard while a single smooth-faced hypocrite talks loudly of the sins of his neighbor and covers up his own. This same "dignified silence" with which the world is sated once was mighty enough to seal the door of Victoria's prison; but the scene has so far changed that those iron hinges could as easily

rust and drop off at the jailor's touch, as hide again the woman who has a dozen Plymouth Churches of her own at her back to-day.

The truest and finest feeling that rises and grows into recognition more and more, is the love of truth severed from any person or persons. God's voice, not any woman's or any man's, or voice of any jury, thunders amid the topping pulpits and the mutterings and tempests of this social earthquake.

CHARLOTTE BARBER.

MODERN HEROES.

BY D. J. BROWNE.

Is there no budding Byron who would write
The wonders of this age in verse immortal?
Or will no modern bard take venturous flight,
And sing within the muse's sacred portal?
Just see the chances now! A poet might
Eclipse old Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, and all
The horde of bards from Chaucer to Mark Twain,
With heroes such as Beecher, Tilton, Train.

And thousands more with names of classic sound,
And in the world of love and war as famous:
Statesmen and lawyers, too, alike renowned
In the delicious plains of lovely Venus.
In other callings numbers could be found
Who might with safety join the *epic genus*;
But love intrigues required a youth, of yore;
'Tis now a doting preacher of three score.

Oh, happy land! Oh, favored clime! Columbia!
What virtuous models are thy Christian teachers!
The halcyon days of Greece or Rome ne'er saw
Such grace-inspiring and heart-winning preachers!
Sacred, indeed, and free from any flaw,
Must be the earthly croiziers of the Beechers.
To kiss and preach; what Christian can do more!
None, e'en heartless, hapless, soulless Theodore.

Besides, I think 'tis wholesome, meet, and just
That Christian fathers fondle and caress
A wealthy merchant's pretty wife, with bust
Both soft and plump. This is the way to bless
A loving lady's life. It can't be just
That prompts a priest a gentle hand to press;
'Tis Heaven inspires this Henry Beecher Ward
To shrieve the wife of every absent lord.

Oh, Christ! what virtuous spouse could ever spurn
The sable beard and name of T. T. K.,
Whose heavenly grace, hearts most impure would turn
From wicked ways, and never lead astray
A pious wife, nor give her cause to mourn
The moment sweet, the blissful hour or day
When she received from him the heavenly chrism
Which purged and cleansed her for a new baptism.

Even prosaic Jersey's swampy mire
Rejoices in its pure divine—Glendenning.
He, too, in youth can spread a holy fire,
But in a way which Jerseymen call sinning.
Ah, Jersey! foul, profane! you'll ne'er get higher
In heaven's road unless you cease this "chinning."
Why should a Jersey squire get cross because
His spouse adopts her Christian pastor's laws?

Some men are brutes, and some are monsters vile,
While more are cold, unfeeling, heartless, rude;
Some are affected with a nasty bile,
And some are base, adulterous and lewd,
Not one of all the race is free from guile—
None—e'en the most unletter'd, raw and crude.
They are tyrannical and selfish, too,
And won't let timid fair ones have their due.

Curse on the race; why was I born a man?
I loathe, abhor, detest the swinish beast;
I'd rather much—dejected, pale and wan—
To suffer with the weaker side than feast
With tyrants base, exulting in their wrong,
And not at all compunctious in the least.
Yes, man—the scoundrel—I must not get vexed.
Woman—celestial angel! is my text.

Go ask the youthful, gay, adulterous wake
What time a maid it costs him to seduce,
Or even virtue's strong entrenchments shake
Of her whom 'tis his fashion to traduce.
Yes, he must say, in truth, 'twere easier take
Gold from the mine, from quinine tree the juice,
Than take her virtue from a feeble woman;
Yet man at virtue rails, and this is human.

I think I'll cease this gloomy, mournful theme;
'I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun."
These Down-East parsons are not what they seem;
I never could, nor would, nor will be one.
And yet the scoundrels all possess the cream
Of pleasure, carnal, culinary and so on.
Away with all the canting, moping creed;
I'll take Sir Brigham, Butler, or Boss Tweed.

SPICES.

The three following items on the late orgie at Plymouth Church are taken from the New York Herald:

THE enemies of Beecher are far less dangerous to him than his friends. If the Tilton *expose* knocked "the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite," the riot at Plymouth Church has knocked the report of the committee higher than the "Life of Christ."

PLYMOUTH Church appears to have a new doxology. An old gentleman proposed it should be sung, when the prayer meeting immediately began the chorus of "Give him hell!" This is surely not the way in which it is usual to praise God; but Plymouth seems to have a new hymn book.

THE profanity at the Plymouth prayer meeting is explained by the fact that the report of the committee had just been read. That puerile document it seems was enough to make any one swear—even the elect of Brooklyn.

To these we would add, that the refusal of the members of Plymouth Church to hear Mr. Moulton in his defense, after challenging speech from opponents, was as uncourteous and unjust as their conduct at the close of the meeting was cowardly, revolting and barbaric.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1874.

THE ULTIMATUM.

FROM THE SPEECH "TRIED AS BY FIRE."

Sexual freedom, then, means the abolition of prostitution both in and out of marriage; means the emancipation of woman from sexual slavery and her coming into ownership and control of her own body; means the end of her pecuniary dependence upon man, so that she may never even seemingly have to procure whatever she may desire or need by sexual favors; means the abrogation of forced pregnancy, of ante-natal murder, of undesired children; means the birth of love children only; endowed by every inherited virtue that the highest exaltation can confer at conception, by every influence for good to be obtained during gestation and by the wisest guidance and instruction on to manhood, industrially, intellectually, and sexually.

NATIONAL SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

In accordance with Article II., chapter 5, and Article I., chapter 7, of the Constitution of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, the Provisional National Council issue this call for a National Convention, to be convened in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, on Tuesday, September 15, and to extend during three days.

This Convention is expressly for the purposes of discussion and propaganda; and all Spiritualists, Socialists, Infidels, Materialists, Free Religionists and Free Thinkers are cordially invited to attend and join in the effort to advance the cause of truth and human welfare. All subjects in which the good of the race is involved will be legitimate themes for discussion and for set speeches. Those who propose to speak upon specific subjects are requested to prepare their speeches, so that they may be published in the regular proceedings of the Convention.

By order of the Provisional National Council.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, President.

GOOD ADVICE.

An editorial on "Mr. Beecher's case" in the *Christian Intelligencer* gives the pastor of Plymouth the following excellent counsel under his present circumstances. As there has been a rumor of a rising in Rutland, Maine, already on his account, he would probably do well to accede to it. If he does not, he may find that Plymouth Church is not a correct representative of the opinions held by the masses concerning his present position:

We are of the opinion that while the question of Mr. Beecher's guilt or innocence is undetermined, and until a final decision shall have been reached by a competent and authoritative tribunal, it is at least in bad taste for him to continue publicly to perform the functions of a religious teacher or minister, as we learn that he has done by preaching before a large audience which a morbid curiosity assembled at the White Mountains on Sunday last.

In these times, prolific as they are of clerical, social and sexual crimes, clergymen ought to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Henry Ward Beecher must be aware, notwithstanding the award of his friends the Whitewashing Committee, that there are very grave points in his case not yet by any means satisfactorily cleared up. This being so, it is certain that a decent respect for the large army of doubters ought to incline him to give heed to the excellent advice given him by the *Christian Intelligencer*.

SOCIETY ON TRIAL.

The second act of the Beecher drama has just closed. The Pastor of Plymouth has been tried in a closed court, by judges nominated by himself, and has been acquitted. The faithful have celebrated the same by converting Plymouth Church into pandemonium. Well may the foremost press of the Union say, in describing the scene of Friday evening: "Was there ever such mockery of sacred things? Was there ever such shocking profanity as this in the wildest diabolisms of Tammany Hall? Call you this a triumphant vindication of Mr. Beecher? Is it anything better than a senseless mockery, a wild and roaring extravaganza, which would be exceedingly laughable if it were not so seriously deplorable? In short, the vindication of Mr. Beecher from his church committee and by his church goes not beyond the boundaries of his church. To stand approved, clear and spotless before the outside world, he needs a broader and stronger vindication."

We agree with the New York *Herald*, from which the above extract is taken, and go further. In the Beecher-Tilton case, not only is Henry Ward Beecher on trial, but his judges, his church, and the "Society" of which it forms a part. All of these, in every state, city, town, and hamlet are now arraigned and stand for judgment before the "micklemot" of the nation.

In this great trial, it is certain, that the secular press, the mouth of the people, has latterly done its duty. In spite of intense opposition, and the anathemas of many of the religious bodies in the community, it has exposed the moral condition of what is termed "society" without fear or favor. Although it had to wade through pools of slime and filth, and cross deserts in which there was no green spot, its motto has been forward and onward. As a whole, it must be confessed it has been a faithful witness and laid before the people the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

In our opinion, this is highly creditable to the great minds that guide it. They knew what they were doing, and have estimated the results of their actions. These are daily and hourly becoming more and more visible. The middle classes are beginning to stand aghast as they look upon the pictures of pious frauds, cowardice, treachery, lying, sensuality and hypocrisy, which have been, for the past six weeks, daily placed before them for examination. The champions of truth have lifted the veil from the false "Mokanna" of modern Society, and exposed it to the pitiless gaze of the people in all its horrors. From Dan to Beersheba the cry has gone forth against it. Society may yet have some hold, financially or otherwise, in the large centres, but in the country it is nowhere. "Tekel" is written over it as broad and bright as ever it blazed on the wall of the hall of Belshazzar.

Neither is there less commotion among the religious than among the social magnates. The clerical envy and jealousy to which we are indebted for the last expose is marked by all the thinking part of our community. The vast number of crimes committed by clergymen, of a character similar to that charged against the Pastor of Plymouth, is astounding. The laity begin to perceive the necessity of legislating themselves on the subject, for the purpose of protecting their wives and daughters from too intimate relations with their spiritual advisers, and propositions to that effect have lately appeared in some of the most important secular presses in the Union. At the same time a large section of the community are beginning to see the folly of remaining in churches which have no fixed rules for their guidance, whose priests believe in this part of the Bible but not in that, who are more changeable than chameleons and more dogmatic than popes, and are speculating on the propriety of changing their folds. They can do so readily. There are only two religious formations in the nation worthy the attention of the community. The one is Roman Catholicism, which rests on absolute authority, and keeps a strict surveillance over its priesthood as well as over its laity. The other is Spiritualism, which needs no special priesthood, rejects government, and asserts the right of all human beings to absolute spiritual freedom.

And nothing is more certain than that, in the near future, one of these principles must triumph. With the expositions of the Beecher-Tilton case before us, we rest assured that the days of the "age of shams" are being rapidly concluded; that the track is being cleared for the advance of social reform; that the advent of the admittance of the principle of the personal sovereignty of all human beings is at hand; and that the annihilation of all laws, civil and ecclesiastic, which conflict with this cardinal principle of true liberty, will soon be decreed. After which a new society, embracing all the people, will be constituted on a very different basis from that which exists at present; which now not only bestially degrades, but also bitterly oppresses mankind.

GIVE HIM HELL.

Milton tells us that Satan took the form of a toad in order to debauch Eve; but, when the angel Ithuriel, who was on guard, touched that reptile with his celestial spear, it disappeared and the arch-fiend stood before him in all his horrid proportions. So, at the Beecher ratification meeting, when Mr. Frank Moulton touched the seeming piety of Plymouth Church with the sword of his truth, its religion and its charity vanished into thin air, and it stood

revealed in all its barbarous tyranny and roared in reply to his appeal, "Put him out—give him hell."

LEGISLATING MORALITY.

When governments know their duties and perform them the above will be the grand feature of all legislation. All the material conditions under which people exist, and on which their physical and moral well-being are based, are now legitimately under governmental control. In admitting this, we do not propose to surrender any personal or individual rights whatever, as will be perceived when we point out the sphere of action in which our collective force can be rightly applied to forward the general welfare.

The folly of the age is exhibited in the vain endeavors to establish morality by laws aiming to restrict the exercise of individual sovereignty. The efforts to improve human beings and make men and women virtuous by arbitrary edicts interfering with natural rights, such as are proposed by many intemperate temperance reformers, or aimed at vainly by a much larger host of evangelical or civil or social societies, by the institution of marriage, only serve to increase and intensify the evils they propose to remedy. It is only fitting that such should be the case. Individual sovereignty is the creator of collective sovereignty, and any attempt by the latter against the integrity of the former cannot and ought not to be tolerated by a free people.

Human beings have a right to use all the members of their bodies without asking legal permission so to do. A man has the right to drink liquor to his own detriment; if he chooses to injure himself that is an affair in which communal law has no just right to interfere. A woman owns her body and has a right to use or misuse it as she pleases, and neither Church nor State has a right to arbitrarily arrest her power so to do. Mark, the WEEKLY does not justify either woman or man in any misuse of their bodies, it only asserts that the despotic intrusion of the law in such cases is unjustifiable. When, however, either of the above parties injures another the case is different. Then the rights of the community ought to be vindicated, with this proviso, that all laws or customs based upon the idea of property in woman or in man, are wholly inadmissible as excuses for such interference.

Having pointed out instances in which collective power ought not to be resorted to, we now propose to show where it has been and can be legitimately exercised for the general good. Probably the first thing in order would be the institution by government of public holidays and the establishment of public out-door amusements for the people. In England, in the old feudal times, saints' days and feast days occupied about one-third of the year. The parliament in Henry the Eighth's reign limited those occurring in harvest time to three. About two days per week the youth of that country devoted to healthy games and to shooting with the long bow and other sports of the field. At the earlier part of this century almost every village in England had its spacious common, on which the youth of the village assembled nightly in the summer season to play quoits, skittles, four corners or cricket, as they pleased, and it was in order for the girls to watch them at their sports and encourage them by their presence. Probably these lads and lasses made just as good people, physically and morally, as if they had all been kept, ten or twelve hours per day, at monotonous labor in noisy factories, or passed their whole time away in cheating their neighbors over counters in retailing establishments.

But we need other legislation in order to improve the morality of our cities. Every doctor, clergyman and magistrate knows what they need generally. Space, air and light are necessary to the development of human virtue, and the rights of property ought not to be permitted to debar the people from the necessities of a healthy human existence. To the ancient Pagan "the health or safety of the people was the highest law," and it ought to be so to the modern Christian. If legislation cannot remove evil passions from the human heart, it can remove bricks and mortar when they are injurious to the moral health of communities. We cannot expect George Washingtons to grow up in New York tenement houses. If we do, the results we shall obtain from them will grievously disappoint us.

But in order to legislate morality rightly we must not only demand good homes for the people, but we must attend to their out-door instruction. In New York city the people have only one school—the Park. They need fifty, well-stocked with all the implements of knowledge. The people of ancient Athens had a white marble theatre, that would hold thirty thousand human beings; the people of New York have not a hall they can call their own. When they want one, they go to Peter Cooper and borrow. Fifth Avenues swallow up the labors of the community, and the latter is in consequence starved, otherwise we should have had free lecture halls all over the city for the service of the people. The means for their erection could easily be found. Vast fortunes must not be hereditary (unless we desire to overturn our Republic by building up an aristocracy), but ought to fall in to the people. The State has decreed that all her children shall start in life intellectually equal; led it add to the blessing of our public schools, by legislating that the State shall henceforth be the divider, and that all her children shall start in life materially equal also, for the benefit of the sons and

daughters of the wealthy quite as much as for the children of the poor

In these and numberless other instances morality can righteously be advanced by proper legislation. At present legislators sacrifice human beings to property, and as long as they do so, no good can be expected from them by the people. The Declaration of Independence declares that governments are formed to protect the rights of the people "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" in that instrument "the rights of property" are not mentioned. We claim that when property militates against the rights of the people, as is not unfrequently the case in our larger centres, it ought to go to the wall. We are averse to paying any longer a tribute to mammon of over a hundred children a week, and to manufacturing criminals wholesale in tenement houses. Every one knows that a better system of living than at present obtains among us in New York can be instituted, and if individuals are too short-sighted or too avaricious to establish such an one, the city government would be justified in so doing; and furthermore it is its duty to take the work in hand, and by its action to decree for the incoming children of the city a chance for them to attain among us a healthy physical, intellectual and moral existence, which is their right, and which the city government ought to secure for them.

REMORSE.

How will Henry Ward Beecher receive the reports of the doings of the religious rabble of Plymouth Church on Aug. 28? What will he think of their unfair and brutal treatment of the man he so long has asserted to be his best friend? But alas! he himself annihilated that friendship, and, by so doing, has broken the shield by which he had so long been protected from the assaults of his adversaries. Now he stands naked before the storm, and all the riotous demonstrations of his followers will avail him nothing against the simple defiance of the man he has made his foe. Like Haman, he will exclaim in his agony, "all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

There are many symptoms continually appearing which prove that the masses of women are getting restive under the old position to which they have been confined during the past four thousand years, for the laws both of Church and State, in the case of woman, are more or less based upon the legislation of Moses. The bitter and brutal cruelty which consigns a girl to moral death for an act which a lad may commit with impunity, is so monstrous an injustice that society itself is becoming ashamed of its own ruling. As a proof that this is so, we republish an article which appeared in the New York Herald of the 24th July, and we desire our readers not to pass it over cursorily, as the arguments in it will merit the attention of the free lovers in our community. "The Grand Duke's Diamond Girl," which it is entitled, would be exceedingly interesting were it a fiction, it is much more so being a fact. We commend it to the earnest attention of our readers.

As another favorable symptom that the tide is turning we extract from the same paper the following notice; we find it under the heading of personal intelligence:

They are going to have a "ladies' and gentlemen's club" in London. It has been decided that ladies who are given to cigarettes must take their whiff in the gentlemen's smoking room.

Our readers will remember that an effort was made to establish a club in New York of a similar character last winter, but it failed for want of support; let us hope that the above will be more successful. Experience has proved that clubs based on the one-sex principle are far from being conducive to morality; things cannot in them be much worse than, in most instances, they now are; any change must be for the better. All that male clubs have done in Great Britain has been to foster division between the sexes and consequently to introduce vice. Woman has been criticised in the *Fortnightly Review* as a girl, a wife and a mother, and mercilessly condemned under each of those headings. In all probability the writers of the above essays were young men about town, who patronized their clubs and were too debauched and debased to respect their sisters and their mothers, otherwise they would not have abused them as they did in the columns of that periodical.

But by far the most promising symptom of an incoming change is to be looked for in the expositions that are daily occurring in what is called "The Brooklyn Sorrow." The shameless double-dealing on both sides, the certain false testimony, the twisting, trickery and manœuvring that has been practiced by all parties in order to prevent the facts of the case from coming to the notice of the public, are disgusting all reasonable human beings in and out of the churches. Only one good thing has come out of the *ex parte* council that Nebuchadnezzar the King has set up. It is this: that the Tilton *expose* has proved to all thinking people that the proprietor of the WEEKLY has been called "fancy names" by certain presses a little too often, and the general public are now beginning to believe that there was some foundation for the assertions of the WEEKLY. If things go on as they are going on at present, we trust many will soon be inclined to aid us in demanding a change; for, it is certain, in spite of the anathemas of our clerical friends,

any change that may be made in social matters must better the condition of the American public.

THE DEFIANCE.

The famous "No" of Mr. Frank Moulton, in opposition to the two thousand "Beecherites" in the Plymouth Church meeting, recalls the ancient days of chivalry. It brings vividly to our remembrance the famous field of Ashby de la Zouche, and merits to be likened to the solitary trumpet of the Knight Ivanhoe (who was destined to be the victor on that occasion) in answer to the barbaric music of his challengers. Such a "No" never came out of the lips of a liar.

MATERIALISM.

Materialism is the modern Juggernaut of civilization. With steady advance its car rolls over the fairest portions of the earth's surface, and men by thousands hasten to throw themselves under its wheels; this is a correct statement, notwithstanding that the powers of destruction are computed, fires and floods discounted, and even the value and durability of life itself weighed and assessed to the minutest fraction. Millions of men proffer their bosoms to stop the balls of the death-dealing cannon for a miserable pittance per diem, cheerfully running the risk of a trial for murder *in futuro*. No great undertaking is prostrated by finding that considerable loss of human life will be one of its consequences. The Panama Railroad is said to have cost a life for every timber tie in it. No matter, sacrifice man for goods is the order of the day; according to our false system of political economy, he is the least valuable of the two.

Of course under the rule of materialism money has become a god. It rules supreme. It claims and receives from human beings almost universal homage. How many trades are there which demand a surrender of a part of the lives of those who follow them? Let the workers in white lead, the saw grinders, the emory grinders, manufacturers of powder, and men in other dangerous occupations, noted by life insurance companies, answer! But these are not all its usurpations. Of late it has decreed the surrender of progeny, and millions have acceded to its claim, by limiting or destroying their increase. Over half a century ago it said to the people of Great Britain by the mouth of Dr. Malthus, "It is good for man to be alone, for the poor have no right to copulate and increase the surplus population." It is master of everything from the honor of a judge to the liberty of a criminal. It is absolute lord of the stage, the press and the pulpit; and whoever dares to question its authority is marked for ruin. At all times and in all ages it has been a potent instrument of evil to mankind, but never so much as now, when, absolutely unlimited in its volume, which is its strength, and armed with the legal power to increase, thus depreciating the value of human labor, it goes forth, hewing its way among the masses of mankind, like death on the pale horse, "conquering and"—but let us hope not for long—"to conquer."

There is only one power that can ever hope to chain this destroying dragon materialism, which is now riding down the masses of humanity in all countries into the dust of the earth. What the world needs is a vital faith to oppose and limit its aggressions upon the peoples. It laughs to scorn the efforts of the dead faiths at present existing. They have been its tools, and in serving it they have sacrificed their right to a continued existence among us. If radical Spiritualism can write the word MAN over money it will do the work. Property has ruled long enough; it has become a hideous demon to which the rights of humanity have too long been sacrificed. Let us hope that it has had its day, and that the time is at hand when the dark night of a base materialism will pass away, and a brighter and happier day bless the races of mankind.

THE N. Y. NATION ON THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH ACTORS.

"The case has evidently reached a stage at which the further discussion of it will do no good, and serve no purpose but to gratify the cravings of the actors in it for notoriety. It has come to be a conflict of veracity between people whose moral standing is evidently not that of respectable men, and the best thing the public can do is to let it drop."

COMMENT.

Not respectable men, eh! What a compliment? But we are far from believing that it is not merited. Well, it admits the rotten condition of society as charged by the WEEKLY.

THE TABLES TURNED.

In old times the shepherds looked after the sheep, but in our days the sheep propose to look after the shepherds. We will not affirm that the latter proposition is not the wiser one. In these days, as our records of the past fortnight prove, those who ought to be the guardians of the fold are sadly given to wandering. As a proof of the truth of our assertion we respectfully present the following item to our readers, which is taken from the N. Y. Herald of Sunday, Aug. 30. It proposes a remedy for the evil complained of:

"Among the Protestant denominations it should be an easy matter to establish a code of pastoral intercourse.

Protestant clergymen are permitted to marry, and nearly all of them avail themselves of the privilege. When they call at the houses of their parishioners at hours when husbands and fathers are necessarily absent there would be perfect safety and protection to all parties if they made it an invariable rule to be accompanied by their wives. There would be an eminent fitness in this rule, aside from its precautionary advantages. Virtuous clergymen would be freed from the coldness and constraint which a sense of propriety imposes on them when making their visits alone, and their wives are fitter and more sympathetic advisers than any man can be in the religious and domestic trials of their sex. If Mr. Beecher had never called on Mrs. Tilton in the absence of her husband without being accompanied by Mrs. Beecher he would have escaped this crushing weight of remorse and misery, and the public would have been spared the painful shock and loosening of confidence which cause so many hearts to bleed. If this rule were adopted as the etiquette of the profession as respects married clergymen, the unmarried would be constrained to a near approach to it by either making their calls when the male members of the family were at home or taking with them some favorite Sunday school scholar or other person of their own sex in their pastoral visits."

This seems to us to be excellent advice. By all means, when the shepherds go after the wandering sheep of the flock they ought to hunt in couples. It would make it easier for them, and be certainly much less dangerous for the lambs. But things appear to us at present to be like Brigham Young's affections—very much mixed. It is a total reversal of the old order of affairs. The wolves must have changed their tactics as well as the sheep; they now attack the shepherds, and the sheep are called upon to defend their former protectors. Verily, as Galileo said, "the world moves," though there is good reason to fear that, in a short time the sun will travel and the earth will stand still, as Joshua commanded it to do, in days of yore.

RELIGIUM TREMENS.

"Why, neighbor," said a Brooklynite to his friend, "what made you Plymouth Church folks kick up such a rumpus last Friday night? they say you sung the doxology with a damnation chorus. Were you all crazy?" "Oh no, certainly not," was the answer, "we were only spiritually tight!"

PISTOL PIETY.

Ancient Puritanism never rested on the bible half so reliably as it did on gunpowder. "Pray to God, boys—and keep your powder dry"—was Oliver Cromwell's charge to his soldiers previous to the battle of Dunbar, and our modern Puritans of Plymouth Church proved lately that their creed was somewhat similar to that of the roundheads of England. The New York Sun says, speaking of the prayer-meeting (as they call it), of Friday evening, Aug. 28, that—

"Several gentlemen (?) who stood in the forward part of the house, put their hands on their pistols, and one man standing near Moulton took his pistol out of his inside pocket and rested it beneath his vest, the handle peeping out beneath the lappels."

The impious daring of the members of that church in bringing such instruments into their prayer-meeting, when they knew their pastor's antipathy to a pistol, it is not for us to defend; but we shall expect to see, when Henry Ward Beecher comes home from his country trip, a large placard placed on the front of the platform to the effect that—"Members desirous to confer with the pastor, are expected to leave all their carnal weapons in their pews before communicating with him," for, by all accounts, he has had already more pistol practice than is good for his constitution.

THAT REVERED CITIZEN.

When the WEEKLY issued the first published statement of the Beecher-Tilton affair in November, 1872, the grand crime laid to the charge of its proprietors was, that they had assailed the character of Henry Ward Beecher, one of our most revered citizens. If to make public a charge that was then in the mouths of hundreds was a crime, it is so now. Why do not the authorities proceed against other presses as they did against the WEEKLY on that occasion? Why does not the Inspector of the United States Mail do his duty? Anthony Comstock was then only a simple—very simple—citizen; now he is an official, we believe promoted to be one for his services to the Y. M. C. A. and treachery to us on that occasion. Why does not the Grand Jury hurry up charges with unseemly haste against the proprietors of other presses now, as it did against the proprietors of the WEEKLY then? Why do not commissioners and petty justices override the rights of American citizens now in their courts as they did then? The reason simply is—they dare not do so. Imprisonment on such false pretences is a thing of the past. Excessive bail will never more be demanded in such cases. And though it has been a costly and cruel experiment to us we can cheerfully add on the part of the Proprietors and Chief Editor of the WEEKLY, that they do not regret their sufferings, either financial or personal, if they have secured for American Citizens, as it is believed, they have, the Freedom of the Press.

TOO MUCH VIRTUE.

We are indebted to the *Jewish Times* of New York for the above heading. It denotes a kind of epidemic that sometimes afflicts the American people at this season of the year. We are a nation that cannot be reasonably good or ordinarily bad. We run to extremes both ways. The words of Shakespeare apply well to us: "Of our virtues we might be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and of our vices we might despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." We therefore agree with our contemporary, and have good solid reasons for indorsing its statement:

If anything is more oppressive than another in this hot weather, it is a display of excessive virtue: the strain caused thereby to the moral chords is apt to snap them and produce confusion and chaos. Too much virtue and religion are often as injurious in their effects as the prevalence of vice and irreligion. They are both symptoms of an unhealthy condition of the mind, and rather retard the progress of sound morality.—*Jewish Times*, N. Y.

Reasonably good people we like, but your super-excellent pious article is an abomination we believe to both God and men. Very religious men may have charity for their fellow-churchmen but they have little for other sinners, and they not unfrequently are so very just that they make very hard bargains with the poor.

Thackeray in "Our Street" gives a description of two such over-pious worthies in the ranks of the British clergy. The one is the Puseyite, Dr. Dove, an interesting young high church clergyman, and the other a Methodist, or, as he would be termed in that country, a dissenter, Jabez Brown, of Little Bethel. In contrast to them he depicts a third, the Rev. Oldham Slocum, the old rector of the parish church. He further says, that if you happened to drop in at the squire's house in "Our Street" of an evening, you would probably see Dr. Dove instructing the young ladies in the oratorio (which was formerly the sitting room): but if you opened the dining room door you would find the old rector enjoying himself in a game at whist with the old folks, and, with a glass of good port wine before him, you would probably hear him exclaim, "Madam, I take your heart with my small trumpet," etc. Of course the Rev. Jabez Brown never refers to him without turning up the whites of his eyes and muttering something about "wailing and gnashing of teeth;" even Dr. Dove hints occasionally that, considering his position, it would be well if he gave a little less room for scandal to the enemies of the church. The Rev. Oldham Slocum, when he speaks of them is apt to term them both a couple of humbugs who are wholly unacquainted with the nature and wants of mankind. Probably the old gentleman is not so far out, for, after reading Theodore Tilton's description of (and his charges against) Mrs. Tilton, the public are justified in deeming that "extraordinary piety" and "humbug" are synonymous terms; and that, as our Jewish contemporary intimates, there is such a thing in the world as "too much virtue."

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

"Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman!" was the remark made by the centurion to the chief captain in the case of Paul. His being a Roman citizen then saved him from the scourge, and afterward protected him from the malice of his own countrymen. It was something to be a "Roman citizen" in those days. There is no reason why the words American citizen should not now be equally potent. Nations, like men, are respected when they respect themselves. It is useless to expect our officers to protect us, or even our administrators, when occurrences like the following are paraded before European aristocrats, showing how little store our people set on their national birthright:

Rainey, the negro Congressman from South Carolina, tried to force himself into the dining room of Barrat's Hotel, Suffolk, Va., on Wednesday last. The clerk stopped him at the door, and told him that negroes could not eat with white people, and he would send his breakfast out to him. Rainey became so violent in his expressions that the clerk took him by the collar and showed him out.

This is not with us a question of race or color, but of citizenship. If the civil rights of any well-behaved citizen can be trampled upon by any brakemen on railroads, and scorned by waiters in hotels, American citizenship is not worth having. If it is not fitting that any negroes or colored men should eat, ride, or lodge in company with whites, let us have a law to that effect. As things are such an action as the above is not simply an insult to a negro, but an insult to the people of the United States.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

We are glad to note that the advocates of special reforms are beginning to perceive the value of the services rendered to their several causes by those radical spiritualistic papers which are in duty bound to forward all efforts tending to enlarge the liberties and promote the welfare of the peoples. Every advance made now in any field of labor may be looked on as a general gain; for the industrial, financial, social and religious movements are becoming so interlocked and bolted together, that a victory in any one of these departments may be estimated, and ought to be welcomed, as a triumph by all.

This being the case, nothing is more desirable and more necessary at the present time, than the establishment of a feeling of mutual good-will among the various presses advocating the needed reforms above mentioned. It is no matter whether a paper limits itself to a specialty or occu-

pies the whole field of labor, each is necessary to and is aiding and abetting the other. For this reason we are glad to note any courtesies that pass between exponents of liberal ideas, and take pleasure in reprinting the following extract which appeared lately in the *Boston Investigator*:

HULL'S "CRUCIBLE" improves, in appearance and quality, as it grows older. We are pleased to note the fact, as it is a free, radical, and independent paper, and to all such we wish long life and prosperity. The following paragraph, which we copy from it, is rather suggestive, especially the idea expressed in the last sentence:

Messrs. Brooks and Baxter, who both claimed to be Governors of Arkansas, and who have so recently raised armies to enforce by bloodshed their respective claims, are members and pew-holders in the same Methodist church in Little Rock, and the former is said to be an ex-preacher. They are truly bogus representatives of the lowly Nazarene, who taught love and peace toward all men. Already have several lives been taken in the bloody carnage they have inaugurated. One is led to exclaim: "How these Christians love each other!" "Verily, by their fruits ye shall know them." Had a couple of Free Thinkers been guilty of such conduct, the world would never have heard the last of it.

It is needless to add that the WEEKLY fully endorses the above statements of the *Boston Investigator* with regard to the pre-eminent ability with which Hull's *Crucible* is conducted, and also, with the *Investigator*, earnestly desires that it may attain sure and speedy success.

WHY NOT.

In these days when men are numbered in our factories, and in very many civic employments, as hack drivers, letter carriers, policemen, etc., when car conductors are placed under surveillance of small iron tools or punches for the benefit of corporations, when liveries are invented for railroad officials wholesale, and no credit for honesty is given by employers to employees generally, the following item, which is taken from the *N. Y. Sun*, would seem to be interesting. For, if the above systems be correct, and will advance human welfare and morality, we cannot have too many of them, that is certain:

A petition has been sent to the French National Assembly asking for the passage of a law providing that every child shall have its name and the place of its birth tattooed on its arm. The object is to facilitate identification. Parents neglecting to have their children thus tattooed are to be punished by a heavy fine.

Of course all this tends to make human beings things, and to destroy all individuality among us. We think the powers that be are manufacturing a Frankenstein in so doing, which will certainly eventually destroy them. Every workman knows what such arbitrary distinctions mean, and why they are imposed upon him. Liveries in the public service may not be objectionable, but to permit private corporations to impose them is a monstrosity in a republic. If they are right, tattooing would be cheaper and more to the purpose. If we must suffer under such distinctions, let them be applied generally or not at all. Anti-quaries tell us that, in the feudal times, the serfs wore iron or brass collars with their owners' names engraved on them. There are those who believe that men would stand a better chance and be less oppressed when owned by individuals than by corporations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SING SING VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC:

Your criticisms of the course of procedure in the trial of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher deserve the severest reprobation. There is no man living who is not liable to be the victim of a conspiracy. Great genius and high standing always tempt attack by those jealous of success, and Mr. Beecher has been selected as a victim whose downfall promised glory to men whose prospects had been obscured by his brilliant career.

I, too, have suffered—even worse than he—by the machinations of conspirators. Over a quarter of a century ago, while in the full tide of usefulness as an accountant, I was charged with forgery, arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to the walls of this inhospitable bastille. After my release I was again and again made a victim, and four times in all I have been imprisoned here. In each case I was as innocent as Mr. Beecher of the charges preferred against him; but such were the toils woven around me by the ingenuity of my persecutors that I could not disentangle myself to the satisfaction of the juries who tried me, and here I am yet.

Now the course of procedure in Plymouth Church in this trial of Mr. Beecher is just what is needed to vindicate a man thus at the mercy of specious villains who, by sinister devices, seek to effect his ruin. I am glad that Mr. Beecher's creative genius has been equal to confounding the wicked designs of Tilton and Moulton and their co-conspirators. He has taken the initiative in a grand legal reform. He it was who selected the jury who was to make the inquisition; and they in their turn selected counsel to examine the witnesses, and, in a truly catholic spirit, that the unity of the proceedings might not be marred, they did not allow the prosecution to be represented by counsel at all. This innovation is a grand step in legal reform—the most humane since the day when men charged with offenses were first accorded the right to have counsel at all. The change is in conformity with the spirit of the age, and under such a course of procedure Mr. Beecher must be vindicated.

But why, I ask, should the principle be confined to proceedings ecclesiastical? Why should not the victim of a conspiracy in things secular be accorded the right of selecting a jury of his peers? Do you suppose that I would have been for so many years a dweller in marble halls if this great reform had been inaugurated and incorporated in our statute

books thirty years ago? The Tiltons and Moultons who planned my ruin would have been circumvented, and in the name of injured innocence incarcerated in these walls. I thank Mr. Beecher for an innovation which lawyers had never thought of, and I protest against the animadversions of the *Daily Graphic* against it. Respectfully, J. C.

P. S.—Bristol Bill, to whom I have read this, says: "Them's my sentiments," and further he adds that there is not a crackman in the country that will not go the doctrine. SING SING, August 28, 1874.

SOUTH NEWBURY, O., Aug. 13, 1874.

Dear Weekly.—The avalanche has fallen, and the most popular divine of the nation is buried in the ruins. Yet who could have looked or even hoped for a different result? Whoever expected H. W. Beecher, the popular, the petted, the idolized Beecher, to come forward and own the truth and stand by it, has read history to little purpose. In all the ages of the past, whoever knew one of the great lights of any time leave the beaten paths whereby his prestige was won and strike out in a new course, however much it promised for the good of his kind? In looking at the tragedy of Plymouth Church, how forcibly is brought to mind the words of the immortal Lowell—

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Alas! that one who has won not merely a national, but a world-wide reputation should so stultify his manhood and damn his fame forever in the minds of the just and the true. But, to my apprehension, this catastrophe is the legitimate, inevitable result of a life-long course of tampering with his conscientious convictions, which Beecher has been pursuing. Multitudes will now mourn over what they consider the downfall of a great man.

I mourned for him twenty years ago, when I saw him withholding his best inspirations from his hearers, and preaching dogmas which, in his soul, he knew to be false. No man can stifle his highest convictions, and teach the doctrines of dead creeds as the basis of a true life, without debauching his own moral sense and making shipwreck of his spiritual nature.

There are many lessons to be learned from this "moral earthquake," but this is not the time to moralize. When the excitement subsides, the smoke of the conflict clears up, the dead have been buried and the wounded provided for, society will perceive that it is not Mr. Beecher who is on trial, but our social institutions, and that this convulsion is but the first wave of that incoming tide which shall bury in everlasting oblivion our present system of wholesale concubinage and legalized adultery, called "holy marriage."

When this nine-days' wonder shall have ceased to be a wonder, we shall drop the personalities connected therewith and set about discussing the vital principles that underlie all our social life. Hence, while the masses mourn that this great scandal should ever have come to light, I rejoice daily, knowing that all these things must needs be, and that they hasten on the grandest, as well as the most fearful, revolution of the ages. D. M. ALLEN.

TO EDITORS WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Your correspondent, D. Wilder, seems to think that sincere reformers fall into error when they advocate that money should bear no interest, but he and I differ. I think, with the sincere reformers, that money should be a legal tender for all debts, public and private, and bear no interest. He says interest is rent; I say interest is robbery legalized, and rent on any property over and above the wear and tear, insurance and taxes, is robbery also. He makes nothing by calling it rent. What a fine illustration he gives to prove interest right: "Why, you would not drive men from their houses, would you, without paying them rent?" No, we would not; but we do protest against paying for their houses every four or five years, and they own it. The wear and tear, taxes and insurance should be paid by the tenant, and when said tenant has paid the full value in wear and tear, or what the property cost, it should be his.

Mr. Wilder might ask: What incentive would there be to men to build houses or create wealth, if they got no interest? Well, the same that a man that works for his daily bread feels when he goes to work. I am doing something that will make the world better and richer for my having lived in it. That is the incentive which we should have; and when we try to get something for nothing, rob and plunder (legally) and call it business, we are not civilized people.

JACKSON, Mich.

W. D. TAYLOR.

MRS. TILTON.

But what shall I say of the unfortunate woman whose name has become a by-word for the vilest and most corrupt to bandy about the streets? No one who reads her touching statement, whether they may believe it false in some particulars or not, but must feel a thrill of pity for the woman who from her very weakness should have had the tenderest care and protection from both of the strong, magnetic men, both of whom she has loved. That her story may be true in every particular many women can well believe. Coarse natures, it is true, cannot understand a love of one sex for the other that may bring the parties into the most intimate relations which yet can exist with absolute purity of life and thought. That thousands of instances of such pure love has been, and will be again, the memories and history of many noted men and women testify.

Whether her tale be true or false, it does not alter one fact, that individually she is the great sufferer under the present state of society; and though Beecher may be reinstated in the hearts of his church and the world, and Tilton's lacerated feelings may be healed by the poultice of time or change of scene, yet Mrs. Tilton has suffered and will suffer the bitterness of death itself so long as she breathes the breath of this unjust and exacting world. Because—she is a woman.—*Homestead*, Oakland, Cal.

REPORT OF THE WHITEWASHING COMMITTEE ON THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

The Investigating Committee presented their report to Plymouth Church on Friday evening, August 28, acquitting Mr. Beecher of the charges of adultery and improper solicitations.

After reporting such parts of the testimony as could be used to confirm their theory of the cause and nature of the difficulty between the parties, they conclude with the following, which we take from the N. Y. Tribune, of Aug. 29:

We have now reviewed, as briefly as we could, the evidence before us. There are many facts and details we have not discussed. We have cited the most important of these and discussed the salient points. We have carefully examined the evidence relied on by the accuser to sustain the charges we are asked to believe.

Finally, who is this accuser, that he makes so bold a face? We may learn from the testimony, as well as by common report, without descending to unpleasant particulars or personalities, that Theodore Tilton has in recent years become a very different man from what he was formerly reputed to be. He will hardly deny that. Both before and after his espousal of the new marital philosophy, signs of degeneracy were setting in which have made him a discredited man in this community. In the new role his culmination and downfall are well stated in recent words by an able writer who, in sketching his career, says that, "In process of time he comes before the world as the indorser of Victoria C. Woodhull, and lends his name to a biography of her which would have sunk any man's reputation anywhere for common sense. Such a book is a tomb from which no author rises again." Such is the accuser. Who is the accused? It is Henry Ward Beecher. The pastor of Plymouth Church has been a clergyman with harness on forty years. Twenty-seven of these years he has been here in this church, which, as all the world knows, has so often been stirred to good deeds and to a better life by his eloquent ministrations. This man has been living in the clear light of noonday, before his people and before all men, a life of great Christian usefulness and incessant work. None have known him but to admire and love him. They who have been most intimate with him at home and abroad report nothing of his life or conversation but what comes of purity of soul. We are asked by Theodore Tilton and his coadjutor, Mr. Moulton, to believe that this man, with his long and useful life and high character to sustain him, is unworthy of our confidence, regard or respect. Christian character and great services, which are usually considered a tower of strength and defense when one is assailed, are to go for naught, according to Mr. Tilton. We are invited to give up this beloved and eminent man and send him and his good name and fame into the vortex of moral destruction. We are to do this upon what? Upon some wild, absurd and contradictory assertions of Mr. Tilton, who in all this work does not succeed in disguising his malicious and revengeful designs.

No tribunal administering justice ever held a charge of adultery proved by mere alleged words, written or spoken, that are denied and not connected with circumstances and appearances pointing unmistakably to the guilt of the accused. Upon a review of all the evidence, made with an earnest desire to find the truth, and to advise what truth and justice shall require, we feel bound to state that, in our judgment, the evidence relied on by the accuser utterly fails to sustain the charges made.

We herewith submit a complete stenographic copy of all the evidence before the committee, with some unimportant or irrelevant exceptions.

STATEMENT OF CONCLUSIONS.

First—We find from the evidence that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher did not commit adultery with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, either at the time or times place or places set forth in the third and fourth subdivisions of Mr. Tilton's statement, nor at any other time or place whatever.

Second—We find from the evidence that Mr. Beecher has never committed any unchaste or improper act with Mrs. Tilton, nor made any unchaste or improper remark, proffer or solicitation to her of any kind or description whatever.

Third—If this were a question of judgment on the part of Mr. Beecher, it would be easy to criticize, especially in the light of recent events. In such criticism, even to the extent of regrets and censure, we are sure no man would join more sincerely than Mr. Beecher himself.

Fourth—We find nothing whatever in the evidence that should impair the perfect confidence of Plymouth Church or the world in the Christian character and integrity of Henry Ward Beecher.

And now let the peace of God which passeth all understanding rest and abide with Plymouth Church and her beloved and eminent pastor, so much and so long afflicted.

HENRY W. SAGE,
AUGUSTUS STORRS,
HENRY M. CLEVELAND,
HORACE B. CLAFLIN,
JOHN WINSLOW,
S. V. WHITE,

Committee of
Investigation.

Dated Brooklyn, Aug. 27, 1874.

REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

The Examining Committee of Plymouth Church beg leave to report that, in consequence of the publication of certain statements by Theodore Tilton, the Committee were requested by the pastor of the church to authorize an investigation by a sub-committee into the imputations made against his character. On the 6th of July, 1874, the Committee accordingly appointed Brother H. W. Sage and H. M. Cleveland such committee, requesting them to associate with themselves Messrs. Claflin, Winslow, Storrs and White, who are not members of the Examining Committee. No charges having been proved to the church nor to the Examining Committee against our pastor, it was the duty of the sub-committee simply to ascertain whether there was any foundation in fact for the charges, and a trial before the body of the church. The sub-committee has, in our judgment, faithfully and impartially discharged its duties, and has presented to us a report.

The evidence taken has also been transmitted to us. Most of it has been already made public. The publication of the remainder will be considered by us at a future meeting—one point, however, being settled, that nothing shall be withheld from publication which can afford a pretext for censure of the pastor of this church. The expediency of publishing evidence injurious to other parties is a question which cannot be hastily determined. While we should have unhesitatingly done our duty in case a different conclusion had been reached, we rejoice to say that, without one dissenting voice, this Committee find nothing in the evidence to justify the least suspicion of our pastor's integrity and purity, and everything to justify and commend, on the part of Plymouth Church and the Society, a degree of confidence and affection toward its pastor greater, if possible, than it has ever yet felt to him.

It is not the office of this Committee to review his errors of judgment in managing a complex trouble, and struggling against the most infamous conspiracy known to the present age. [Applause.] It is for us, simply, to consider what moral culpability, if any, is developed on his part, and of this we find no proof, although under a delusion, artfully brought about by his enemies, our pastor was for a long time made to believe himself in fault.

In conclusion we recommend to the Church the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the evidence laid before the Examining Committee not only does not afford any foundation for putting the pastor of this church, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on trial, but, on the contrary, establishes to the perfect satisfaction of his church his entire innocence and absolute personal purity with respect to all the charges now or heretofore made against him by Theodore Tilton. [Much Applause.]

Resolved, That our confidence in and love for our pastor, so far from being diminished, is heightened and deepened by the unmerited sufferings which he has so long borne, and that we welcome him with a sympathy more tender and a trust more unbounded than we ever felt before—to his public labors among us, to our church, our families, our homes, and our hearts.

D. W. TALLMADGE, Clerk of Examining Committee.

After speeches by Mr. Blair and R. W. Raymond, Mr. S. V. White came forward in response to loud calls, and said: "Gentlemen, you will excuse me from further labors in this matter. On behalf of my fellow-laborers, beside me, I think that I can say, for all of us, that we have said all that we have been called upon to say. This hour is yours; we have had about seven weeks of steady hours. Now take this case and treat it as conscientiously as you believe, and the Committee will rejoice in the truth of the verdict at which you will arrive." Mr. Shearman then read the "Conclusions" a second time, and in obedience to imperative calls from the audience, put the question. The entire audience, save Mr. Moulton, arose to the "aye," and, when all who dissented were told to stand up, Mr. Moulton again was solitary in his opposition. When he stood up and faced the immense crowd he was hissed by some, while others laughed and facetiously called for a speech from him; but there were some who gesticulated wildly.

Mr. Shearman earnestly requested the meeting to hear Mr. Moulton, but he did not manifest any disposition to address them.

E. D. Gilbert said: Mr. Chairman, I do not rise to make a speech, but to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of this Church are hereby tendered to Messrs. Sage, Cleveland, Storrs, Winslow and White for their untiring labors as a committee of investigation, and for the fidelity and impartiality with which they have performed their duties, and also to Messrs. B. F. Tracy and John L. Hill for their faithful and gratuitous services as counsel to the Committee.

The motion was carried, only Moulton rising in dissent, with his pale, angry face working nervously the while.

The audience then rose and sang the old Doxology, which closed the exercises.

SCENES DURING THE PROCEEDINGS.

[From the Graphic.]

During the reading there were interruptions from the audience whenever any allusion was made eulogistic of Mr. Beecher or derogatory to his accusers. At the conclusion there was a spontaneous outburst of applause. The excitement ran high. Mr. Moulton entered the church from a side door during the progress of the reading. It so chanced that as he came in Professor Raymond was reading the allusion of the committee to what is known as "the pistol scene." He placed particular stress upon the words: "It is an amazing pity at this juncture that Moulton was not handed over to the police." Mr. Moulton's face was perfectly composed and his manner was quiet. When at last the reader had ceased and the audience was at the highest pitch of excitement Mr. Moulton stood up in his place. As the tumult died away Brother Blair, who sat next him, jumped to his feet and the men were shoulder to shoulder. Mr. Blair began his speech and Mr. Moulton sat down. The crowd called for a vote on the resolutions and there were cries of "Raymond." Mr. Moulton again essayed to speak but was interrupted by Brother Raymond. He congratulated the church on the course of their pastor and said:

"It would not do for Mr. Beecher to have replied at once to the charges of Tilton, and then to have called upon Moulton to back up his (Beecher's) statement. Moulton had poisoned the mind of the public with his infernal lies."

As he spoke the words he glanced at Mr. Moulton. The latter, with a wave of the hand, looked him full in the eyes and said, "You are a liar, sir." The words were uttered in a low, full tone, and only those in the vicinity heard them. Three seconds later they were repeated, firm and clear, "You are a liar, sir!" The crowd shouted "Put him out!" and a demonstration was made as if the threat would be carried into effect. Mr. Moulton did not even wince. He turned to a man who stood near and said, with an utter absence of ex-

citement, "You can't do it sir." Mr. Halliday stepped to the front and asked the audience to be still. "Let him remain, sit down and let him hear," said he. Police Captain Byrne pressed through and stood at Mr. Moulton's side, and quiet was restored. Mr. Raymond continued his speech, and at the close the resolutions were put to a vote. Everybody rose when the yeas were called. Frank Moulton alone came to his feet when the nays were requested. He was hissed and threatened, but made no reply to the taunts. Then a vote of thanks was called for for the committee. Frank Moulton in clear tones said "No." The excitement increased to fever heat, and as he took his hat to go, the church congregation became a violent mob. Men dropped down into the aisles from the galleries, and from every point came cries of "Rush him!" "Kill him!" "Give him hell!" The man was a sphinx. He moved as quietly and composedly as if in his own parlor. A bevy of policemen at last were compelled to use their clubs to beat the mob back at the door. Mr. Moulton entered his carriage and was driven rapidly to his residence in Remsen street.

[From the Tribune.]

MR. MOULTON'S EXIT FROM THE CHURCH.
NEARLY A RIOT.

At the close of the exercises when the audience rose to retire, Mr. Moulton made his way toward the left-hand rear entrance to the audience room. Before he reached the door a small crowd had settled close about him, some of whom hooted at him and applied insulting epithets. As he was passing through the inner door, the most boisterous demonstrations were made. One old man sprang forward with a great show of rage, trying to strike and seize hold of Mr. Moulton. Several police officers now interfered, planting themselves between Mr. Moulton and the crowd, and threatening with their clubs. For a moment a general fight was imminent in the hallway. It was a respectable-looking crowd, else it might be termed a mob; but for the time being there was respectability run mad. He was hurried through the alley, the darkness serving to hide him, and his friends protecting him from attack as well as they could, until, when he reached the iron gate opening upon the Orange-street sidewalk, another crowd met him and a general rush was made. An additional police force here threw themselves into the midst, their clubs and threats cut the air with equal force, and by a rapid and direct movement he was hustled into his carriage. During all this time the crowd was noisy with excitement. The street resounded with the mob-like shouts of "Club him!" "Knock him down!" "Shoot him!" The policemen were thick, and were able to prevent any personal injury to Mr. Moulton, but while he entered his carriage it was entirely surrounded, and an attempt was made to hold it back. A few rash ones caught the bridles of the horses; others, less reckless, but equally excited and unreasonable, seized hold of the wheels and steps and doors. The horses were facing down Orange street, and when Mr. Moulton and one or two friends were safely inside, Capt. Byrne, of the Second Precinct, sprang upon the driver's seat, the whip was quickly laid upon the horses, the driver turned them sharply around, scattering those who were trying to detain the carriage. Whirling along Orange street, the horses upon a fast run, many followed with equal rapidity and still sounding forth reproaches, until the carriage had turned up Henry street and had passed a block or two. The carriage was driven to the residence of Mr. Moulton. The gentleman immediately alighted, and with the two or three friends and Capt. Byrne, walked up the steps just as a trio of reporters reached the door. The outer and inner doors were closed behind them, but hardly a moment later the bell was sharply pulled, and Mr. Moulton himself followed the servant to the door.

He presented the appearance of a man who had just emerged from a rough-and-tumble fight; his hair disturbed, his face flushed, his coat ruffled and his white pantaloons soiled. Although he had preserved his self-possession on his way out of the church, in spite of the danger so near at hand, as he stood in the door he exhibited much excitement and no little indignation. Shaking the reporter's hand, he laughingly said that he did not wish to be "interviewed," after such a scene as had just passed, but, said he, "I will say one thing; if Plymouth Church refuses to hear a minority of one, Plymouth Church must be very weak." "I don't wonder," he added, "for Plymouth Church has 'vindicated an adulterer.'" Mr. Moulton then stepped out upon the stoop and inquired of several at the foot of the steps what he could do for them. They withdrew without replying, and he turned to the reporters and said: "There was only one brave man among that congregation of cowards."

The Herald editorially comments on the scene in the church as follows:

Plymouth Church last evening was again in its glory; for had not the committee acquitted Mr. Beecher of all the charges against him, and only expressed its inclination to severely censure him for not sooner communicating to his pious brethren the persecutions he had so long endured? The enthusiasm, congratulations, thanksgivings and embracings which followed the reading of the report of the Investigating Committee were wonderful, and if they are only repeated by the public outside of the church all will be well. But this peace, which was invoked upon the church by the committee, did not long continue. The appearance of Mr. Frank Moulton at the meeting was an unfortunate event, which led to unpleasant and unexpected scenes. We must be pardoned by the church if we are reminded by it of Emanuel chapel, which is so graphically described by Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers." Professor Raymond will please excuse us if we compare him to Mr. Stiggins, the shepherd, and it is impossible not to look upon Mr. Moulton as the Tony Weller of Brooklyn. No one who has read the chapter in which old Mr. Weller appears at the temperance tea-drinking can fail to see the resemblance to the Plymouth meeting. "Where is the sinner? where is the miserable sinner?" said Mr. Stiggins; "upon which," says Mr. Weller,

"all the women began to look at me and groan, as if they were dying." "Where is the sinner? where is the miserable sinner?" again inquired the red-nosed shepherd, "and all the women groans again ten times louder than afore." "I got rather wild at this," observed old Mr. Weller, "so I says, 'My friend, did you apply that here observation to me?' 'Stead of beggin' my pardon, as any gen'l'm'n would ha' done, he got more abusive than ever, called me a wessel. Sammy—a wessel of wrath—and all sorts of names. So, my blood being regularly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wished you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the shepherd from under the table." The parallel does not go quite so far as this, though Mr. Moulton called Professor Raymond a liar, and the Professor called him a dog. But the general resemblance is remarkable, and we even have an old lady in the gallery, who cried out in a shrill voice, "Iago!" The "Doxology" was sung, and then the trouble began. The boys went for Moulton to the tune of "Old Hundred" in waltz time, and there was a lively row between the Christians and the police, while the organ played the hymn of praise. Then Mr. Weller went home in a carriage, with groans and execrations from the mob. It was unwise in Mr. Moulton to attend this meeting, for if he expected his personal character to be attacked by the committee he had better opportunities of defending it. The speakers, however, were equally foolish in exciting the passions of the crowd (we presume it hardly claims now to have been a prayer-meeting) and precipitating the row. The scene was disgraceful to Plymouth Church, and revives in a new form the scandal which the report was expected to suppress.

[From the New York Herald, Aug. 30.]

THE GLORY OF OLD TAMMANY IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

In the good old times before the war a ratification meeting in Tammany Hall was a spectacle which excited the admiration of "the big Indians" and the utmost terror and consternation to the straggling Puritan within the walls of the Wigwam. It was a scene of indescribable enthusiasm and confusion, of strong patriotic outcries, fierce imprecations and of terrible profanities, grim jokes, "cracked crowns and bloody noses." For many years we have had nothing in these parts to compare with those glorious jubilees of the Empire Club; but now let the alumni of the Pewter Mug rejoice, for has not the lofty inspiration of Old Tammany, and to the soul-stirring music of "Old Hundred," been revived in a grand ratification meeting of Plymouth Church?

At this ratification of the lofty, enthusiastic and incomprehensible report of Mr. Beecher's committee, exalting their immaculate pastor to Mohammed's seventh heaven, there were all the elements of a regular old time Tammany "jamboree." But there was something more, and something better calculated to warm up the whirling dervishes at this Plymouth ratification than anything in the proud record of Old Tammany. There was the religious element, all alive with the holy fire and fervor of a high revival, and this inspiring element Old Tammany never possessed or professed, and seldom respected. Nevertheless, at this Plymouth love-feast there were outbreaks of ruffianism and manifestations of ruffianly intolerance worthy the best days of the Wigwam.

There was one man in an assemblage of two thousand who had the hardihood to object to the committee's report and the temerity to stand up against it, as in the midst of an excited mob, and unmoved by the hostile clamor around him, and, perhaps, the only perfectly cool and self-possessed man in the house. But his opinions were not wanted, for he had come, perhaps, "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him;" and the presence of this daring intruder, like an unwelcome and unexpected guest at a wedding, was offensive, and "Put him out!" and "Give him hell!" were the cries which warned him of the danger of personal violence from the latter-day congregational saints around him. They had assembled for thanksgiving and praise for the triumphant vindication of their exalted pastor, by a committee of his own church and of his own choosing, and they were not in the mood for listening to disagreeable objections. And so, to the dying echoes of "Old Hundred," and in the midst of a hostile uproar like that of a nest of contraband whiskey distillers invaded by a revenue official, and under the protection of the police, this obnoxious intruder retired. And this was called by the saints "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Was there ever such mockery of sacred things? Was there ever such shocking profanity as this in the wildest diabolisms of Tammany Hall? Call you this a triumphant vindication of Mr. Beecher? Is it anything better than a senseless mockery, a wild and roaring extravaganza, which would be exceedingly laughable if it were not so seriously deplorable? In short, the vindication of Mr. Beecher from his church committee and by his church goes not beyond the boundaries of his church. To stand approved, clear and spotless before the outside world, he needs a broader and stronger vindication.

A CARD FROM MR. MOULTON.

TO THE PUBLIC:

I will explain the reason of my attendance at Plymouth Church last evening.

Immediately after the publication of my extended statement in the *Daily Graphic* of August 21, I left the city to attend to some business affairs in New England, not returning until yesterday morning. During my absence I learned, to my surprise, from the public prints, that I had refused to submit to cross-examination by the committee, and that the committee's forthcoming report would state this for a fact. I immediately sent by telegraph the following message to the committee:

LOWELL, Mass., August 27.

"To Jeremiah P. Robinson or Franklin Woodruff, 44 Front street, N. Y.:

"I find in the Boston *Globe* the following: 'They (the

committee) have asked him (Moulton) three times to submit to cross-examination and he has as often ignored the request.' I have neither received such request nor made such declination, but have held and hold myself ready to appear on notice. Inform Henry W. Sage, the chairman, of this at once. FRANCIS D. MOULTON."

Having sent the above message, and not wishing to delay the committee, I took the first train home in order to meet the committee before the time appointed for the presentation of their report to the church. On reaching Brooklyn yesterday morning I learned that my telegram had been promptly communicated on the previous day to Mr. Sage by Mr. Woodruff in person. I waited for a message from the committee, but none came.

At length the hour having arrived for the public reading of the committee's report, I went to the church to hear it.

My right to speak was the same as that possessed by any other person there present, for I have been a member of the congregation for many years, and my wife a member of the church.

During the reading of the report I was pained to hear its misrepresentations of me, and I felt it my duty, as it certainly was my right, to ask for the correction of these before the report was put to vote. In order that I might treat the meeting with entire courtesy, I wrote to the chairman a brief note, as follows:

"Mr. Moderator—I am here and want to say a word.

"FRANCIS D. MOULTON."

Notwithstanding this request, and notwithstanding Mr. Blair's speech adjuring any member of the church or congregation who had ought to say against the report to speak then and there, or ever after hold his peace, and notwithstanding my equal right with Mr. Blair himself, I was not permitted to be heard.

During the proceedings a young man, Mr. Raymond, whom Mr. Beecher had once brought to me saying that I could confer with him in his (Mr. B's) absence, chose to fling down upon me some false and offensive words to my dishonor, in reply to which I felt it incumbent on me to characterize him in language appropriate to the provocation, and for which I know no English equivalent.

Mr. Raymond vaunted himself as the only member of the congregation who, with the exception of Mr. Beecher's lawyers, knew all the facts of the case. Mr. Raymond will be chagrined to learn that I have a letter from Mr. Beecher in which the writer says that he (Mr. R.) knows *nothing whatever* of the facts of the case.

I will add that the hearing which was last night denied to me in the place where I had the most right to demand and expect it, I shall ask for from the public at large in a few days. The only delay in the publication will arise from the preparation of facsimile copies of letters and papers, including Mr. Beecher's written certificate of Mr. Raymond's safe and trustworthy ignorance of the case.

I have sought for four years, for the sake of the innocent children of two families, to shield Mr. Beecher from the exposure of his crime of adultery. But Mr. Beecher, his Committee and his Church, have united to compel me, for my own self-protection, to reveal him to the world, as I shall shortly do, in a still worse light than that wherein he now stands.

(Signed)

FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

BROOKLYN, August 29, 1874.

THE PRESS ON THE REPORT.

[The World.]

The conclusion of the committee is that the charges of Tilton are not sustained by evidence, and at this conclusion the better judgments of intelligent people had already arrived.

[The Herald.]

We recognize the difficulty of the case the Plymouth Church committee had to deal with. It had to retain Mr. Beecher in the Plymouth pulpit because the congregation was ready to condone any offense rather than lose the most eloquent and most popular preacher in America; and it wished to make this course consistent with the defense of the high moral standards of Christianity in the face of grave charges that it was only possible to deny. It has retained the pastor, but on the other point it was less successful.

[The Times.]

To render their report of any value outside the circle of Mr. Beecher's immediate friends, it should have been as free from any appearance of bias as a carefully written judicial decision. In point of fact it bears in many parts a close resemblance to the pleading of an advocate for the defense.

[The Tribune.]

The committee brings in its verdict precisely two months after it was summoned by the letter of Mr. Beecher to undertake the inquiry. We have made no secret of our opinion that the investigation was begun too late, was protracted too long, and yet, perhaps, has been closed too early. The most injurious rumors touching Mr. Beecher's character have been current for more than ten years, and though it is not the business of a church to take notice of every scandalous report that flies upon the wings of malicious and idle gossip, ten years is a long time to allow such stories to go uncontradicted. Six weeks ago the report of this committee would have been accepted as conclusive; to-day, while it will rejoice the friends of Mr. Beecher, it will not disconcert the friends of Mr. Tilton. The committee has closed its labors without putting an end to the scandal, or really getting at the heart of the mystery.

The *Sun*, which has of late been loud in Mr. Beecher's defense, says of the whitewashing report:

"* * * A large part of the public are not his friends; but thanks to the introduction into his defense of the charge of blackmail, the opinion even of those not wholly favorable is divided, and so Plymouth Church heartily sustains him, and he can continue to preach. But will he ever be able to regain

his former great position? That question must, we fear, be answered in the negative.

[The Sunday Mercury.]

Plymouth Church closed its investigating farce with a regular attitudinizing and professional stage performance last Friday evening, when a professor of elocution was engaged to read the report of the committee with all the emphasis of studied oratory and the showy splashes of declamation. The whole document, read by the experienced professor of elocution, was an exquisite piece of poetic fiction, equalled only, but not surpassed, by the speeches of counsel in the celebrated case of Bardell against Pickwick, so truthfully sketched by Charles Dickens. Perhaps only My Lord Dundreary could have improved upon it, and it is a pity he was not invited to aid in the performance; his searching logical powers, capable of unraveling the momentous question, why the tail did not wag the dog, could also have clearly proven the angelic innocence of Plymouth's beloved pastor. But the two thousand two hundred members of Plymouth Church are satisfied. They have had their evening's dramatic entertainment, and in their joy they acquitted Beecher with every vote but one. The elaborate report of the committee is in itself the best proof that it was impossible for Beecher and his friends to explain satisfactorily the convicting evidence adduced against him. They resort to the trick of heaping defamation upon his accusers, and denounce Tilton and Moulton as consummate scoundrels and unworthy of belief; they insinuate that Beecher himself was half insane when he wrote his self-condemnatory letters and wished that he were dead; and then they attempt to get around Mrs. Tilton's confession by citing the old doctrine of the English Common Law, long obsolete in this country. These are the flimsy pretexts employed to weaken the force of the testimony. Moulton's solemn statement that both Beecher and Mrs. Tilton had, themselves, repeatedly confessed to him their guilt, is entirely ignored, except that it is broadly insinuated that everybody in this business has lied, and only Beecher and those who shield him are telling the truth. In spite of all the efforts of the committee, the case is not closed, but the whole scandalous affair will now assume far greater proportions. Already has Moulton hinted at other confessions of Beecher, and if the reports which have for years been whispered about on "the Heights" can be believed, these confessions, now to be revealed by Moulton, are based on truth; and, notwithstanding the herculean labors of the whitewashing committee of his church and of his array of counsel, Beecher ere long may again most earnestly wish he were dead.

BATTE CREEK, August 26, 1874.

Dear Weekly:

Will you please publish the following letter from Austin Kent. I cannot issue *Our Age* again till some of the most solemn pledges that have been made to me, both by the visible and the invisible are fulfilled. I have three times in the last two months hovered on the border of dissolution for hours, and one of the best physicians in the State stated to a friend the other day that I was liable to die at any time. That to me would be gain, and if those who call themselves radical reformers think it will be no loss to them, all right.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

STOCKHOLM, N. Y., August 20, 1874.

My Dear Mrs. Waisbrooker:

With what I have learned in a long life of the cost of sustaining such a paper as *Our Age*, I have been surprised that you could print it until this time. It seems to me one of three things must come:

- 1st. Your subscribers must pay more for it, or—
- 2d. It must die, or—
- 3d. You must die.

The last will not save the paper. If it would, it is not right or best for you to go yet, or in this way. You have shown pluck and courage. Now ask your patrons whether it shall live or die, and abide by their practical decision. You alone cannot carry it. Save your life. By all means save your life. There are many poor people, no doubt, who would gladly aid you a few hundred. But good wishes and good desires can never sustain a paper. Mr. Jones must have sunk a large sum in starting the R. P. J. He had it to sink. I am sure Mrs. Woodhull must have used up \$100,000 in the past four years more than she has received on subscription. Mr. Mendum is obliged to make the price of the *Investigator* \$3.50 to keep it a-going. Save your life.

Your friend,

AUSTIN KENT.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., Aug. 23, 1874.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY:

So it has been telegraphed to Henry that Frank's gun was fired with blank cartridge, a devil of a noise, smoke and smell, but "nobody hurt." Old Plymouth has shown pluck worthy of a better cause. She cries out lustily, "It aint much of a shower after all!" Poor old thing!!! it brings a sad sort of feeling on even my crusty heart to see her sinking—with her band of praying and fighting deacons—clerks, lawyers and editors, who have, as it were, rolled in her embraces—only one poor old lady, Mrs. Morse, "seemed to feel there was no God when Beecher was cracking his jokes every Sunday, without apparent thought of the misery he had caused to her family."

This unreasonable, but doubtless worthy woman, somewhat weakened her heavenly thought, by asking in the same letter Henry for a place in the Custom House.

The vanity of Frank has over-balanced his better qualities. He is young, popped his nose into the trap to oblige that old rat who is fond of cheese, but prefers somebody's finger besides his shall take the risk of getting pinched. Though Moulton has been a party to this scandal and been the means of keeping it afloat for several years, he is still to some extent excusable, and in the end his exposition has so much of a metallic ring that one cannot feel very greatly outraged by his mistaken advocacy of continued hypocrisy.

The only salvation I see for Beecher is through his sister, Mrs. Hooker. She is good enough to secure places in heaven for Beecher, Bowen and Tilton, and that will cover the whole venality of the concern.

Yours,

PARDON WRIGHT.

STUBEN, O., Aug., 1874.

Editors of the Weekly—It occurs to me that some notice should be taken of the arrogant pretensions of the Beecher family as they are submitted to the public through the *New York Tribune*, by the lady elder of the "seven ministers of Christ." It would seem that she thinks that some special rules should be enacted or adopted by society to protect a certain class of citizens, and especially, of course, the august family of "ministers of Christ" from charges or even such criticisms as all other members of the community are open and subject to; and it should then be noted, too, that she claims for the seven the title of "ministers of Christ" (to this your correspondent takes special and emphatic exception), *i. e.*, of his gospel (according to the orthodox interpretation of which the whole human family are "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity and are totally depraved in their entire human nature"), as also exemption from even the suspicion of frailties common to all alike, basing her claim upon the assumption involved and assertion that "from their early childhood she never knew of an impure word or act by any one of them," thus claiming for each and every one of them an immaculacy heretofore only ascribed to "the loved Saviour or revealed God." How innocent of wisdom or even common-sense ideas this seems.

Does the immaculate lady, the close observer and intelligent critic, not know that these are the days of predicted revelations, judgment and vengeance, in which it is being made manifest to all who are not blinded by arrogance and bigotry grounded in self-conceit, that "established characters" are not longer to be trusted, and that their principals are falling everywhere like autumn leaves before the searching influences and power of truth and right, to which the public mind is awakening, and that authoritative utterances are the prerogatives of all who conceive truth and are no longer to be confined and conceded alone to a deceitful, debauched and hireling priesthood and ministry?

Sister Catherine thinks it an insult to her brother, his (the Beecher?) family and the church (the importance she attaches to each of these will be understood by the order in which she states them), to even demand that the charges against him should be investigated, or that a "suspension of judgment" should be suggested.

Now I would be glad to know who is to decide the question of admissions into this ring of supercilious exemptions from public scrutiny, criticism or arraignment? and why one class of criminals, or any particular one of the class, for any offense against any law, human or divine, moral or civil, should be entitled to public forbearance and sympathy and protection more than any other?

Of what value to the public at large are the lady's assumptions of self-purity, or in behalf of the assailed distinguished ladies to whom she refers, manifest as she makes her incompetency of sound judgment, even while seeking to impose it upon others far more capable than herself in every other than in a perhaps literary point of view?

Latter day refinement of manners, literary culture and the observance of religious (?) forms, ceremonies and ordinances, besides the affected superiority over others on account of these, that the clergy and laity assume, are coming to be viewed from the standpoint of intrinsic values, and, estimated according to these, are found wanting in everything but the vanity that inspires the hollow pretensions to high consideration and exclusive virtue of the class referred to.

In concluding, the lady avers that she does not write in aid of her brother, because "he is sure to be loved and respected more than ever," but to "appeal for protection in behalf of her sex." What part or proportion of her sex she does not state, but a fair inference would be that she ignores the rights of all outside of the circle of her own appointment, or of which elder C. E. B. is not the acknowledged head. That her brother may be loved more than ever, and that he will ever find ample gratification of what may be as properly termed lust in himself as well as in any other need not be questioned. There are those who esteem convicted libertines always above any other, and this must be the class to which she refers.

In conclusion, I would remark further, that the ministers of Christ are the ministers of truth, and that in due time it will appear that not one of the seven has any claim to the title in any true or appreciable sense, but that a grave and fearful responsibility, which no enlightened being will covet, even with accompanying honors and emoluments, rests upon these claimants to really more than divine honors, to whatever extent they may disavow it. If there is a class of people on earth who truly and fully answer the scriptural description of anti-Christ, it is the church of our day, clergy and laity, Protestant and Catholic, and none more so certainly than the lady elder and her seven satellites endorsed "ministers of Christ," whose halo, being of human creation, and therefore evanescent, will soon pass away in spite of the vast combination of effort to sustain it, including her own characteristic protest and appeal. The lady will ere long find that the estimate she puts upon herself, satellites and associates is already departing from public recognition, never to be revived.

Such are your correspondent's firm, mature and full convictions. Let the people, then, take notice of and appreciate the warning intended by the enunciation of these sentiments.

With continued sincerity yours,

S.

OLYMPIA, Wyoming Territory, Aug. 14, 1874.

Dear Weekly—Instead of writing you from this extreme northwesterly boundary of the territories, I had expected by this day to have set my face to the eastward with a prospect of soon meeting the many dear familiar faces that abide in the various places of my customary circuit of rostrum labors

in the States. But the providence of circumstances, wise or otherwise, has determined against my personal preference, for a hoped-for good.

Tiring and growing often disheartened with the continual battle of life, with the odds always against one—as it must ever be, and more especially in this great West—who is laboring in the reform fields of to-day, my worn body, exhausted brain and hungry heart have, combinedly, many times remonstrated against the burdens of unequal taxation put upon the shoulders of the worker, till I have sometimes felt there was no alternative but to succumb.

"Wearing out!" is what might be written on the faces, as it is on the hearts of all our workers to-day, and yet the world will not be satisfied until it has completed the wreck, and on our premature head-stones is written "worn out" and "who cares."

During all the years of my itinerancy I have never canvassed as extensive a field of prejudice and indifference, with results so satisfactory, as in Oregon. But my especial cause of detention here is one that I trust will leave a lasting benefit among the people long after they have forgotten me.

There is in Marion county jail (Oregon), a boy convict under sentence of death, and who was to have been executed to-day. The case is a remarkable one from the facts presented. The first being the extreme youth (17 years) of the prisoner, the next the provocation which led to the crime committed, in the refusal of his employer to pay him for service rendered, but gave him abuse instead.

This case of Thomas Gerrand has called out more comment than any that has yet come under the jurisdiction of the law authorities of the State, and of course the entire public is interested. Several petitions have been circulated and very extensively signed, asking the Governor to commute the death sentence to that of life imprisonment, myself presenting one petition. The Governor refused to commute the sentence, but granted an extension of time for a term of nearly two months to give the case opportunity for a new trial.

The Legislature of Oregon meets the second week of September, and it is hoped by the friends of the movement that a repeal of the capital punishment law may be effected if the right force is brought to bear upon that assembly. In view of so important a measure, I have consented to remain in Oregon through the session of the Legislature, and am promised most valuable aid and co-operation. Gerrand is lying in jail at the capital city, where the excitement on his behalf has been greatest. The Legislature is about equally divided among the three political parties, and public sentiment is growing more tolerant toward the justice of the repeal of a law so monstrous as that which provides for a public exhibition of murder by hanging for a private crime committed in passion.

So I am to be two months longer detained, to aid if possible in this work of statutory mercy, and I hope for the best. Meantime I trust I shall not be forgotten on my old stamping grounds, and hope that the winter will find me something to do, both in the old haunts that know me, and in new ones not afraid to give me a trial. Still, along the route eastward, even from the Pacific slope to the Atlantic, am I answerable to calls for such service as is mine to give. Address, till middle of October, to care of Box 665, San Francisco, Cal.

In every good word and work, thine,

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

P. S.—Why don't Comstock and the virtuous Y. M. C. A. arrest the dailies for circulating obscene literature through the mails, and for the gorgeous dissemination of virtuous nastiness, and cast every male man editor into Ludlow or some other clean place of confinement?

A. L. B.

AUGUST 13, 1874.

Dear Weekly—Allow me to say that, with the statement of Beecher before me and in view of its utterances, the man who can so pervert the words of Jesus in his "Sermon on the Mount" "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," etc., "for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," and "Ye cannot serve God and manna"—as to make these appear to harmonize in any way, sense or degree with his own teaching (through precept and example) that men have the right to accumulate wealth, and rich men to be proud of their wealth, as Beecher appears to have done, to the great and entire satisfaction of his Plymouth congregation, as well as of all other wealth-hunting and loving people—is surely capable of perverting the meaning of any words and facts so as to make "the worse appear the better cause" to the same class of people also. Now, such perversions of sentiment are far more reprehensible and damaging in their effects upon the human mind and heart of the public than the commission of a thousand such acts as he stands charged with can possibly be. His teaching is at once a fraud and a lie, and no honest reader can fail to see it, and his vast popularity and influence make him the most dangerous man in the country. I hope the people will yet see it, and leave him alone in his shame with his ill-gotten glory.

POSTPONEMENT OF DEBATE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Elder Miles Grant writes me as follows: "Cannot attend to the debate for some months to come, as my time is closely occupied."

"(Signed)

Yours truly,

"MILES GRANT."

I have had misgivings about Elder Grant ever meeting me again in the arena of discussion on his favorite "Demon" question, which we debated before full houses in Salem, Mass., last June. I trust those misgivings are without foundation, for I am exceedingly fond of the Elder—as an opponent. I have always adhered strictly to a rule, which I made years ago, to never boast over an opponent. It is for Truth and not mere victory that I debate.

The Elder published an editorial in his paper, the *World's Crisis*, which I intend to republish with suitable comments. I cheerfully grant that it is no violation of either modesty or good taste for a debater or lecturer to print what

may be said about him or her in the newspapers and to make out a faithful report of what was said, and attendant circumstances, such as expression of opinion by the audiences in general, etc., etc. As the Lord's shepherds should not have a monopoly of "Dispatches from the Seat of War," we will improve the opportunity soon, to say something about debating in general, and Elder Grant in particular.

Oh! that the theological world could furnish us a few men who would stand up squarely to the debating rack, fodder or no fodder. Must Moses Hull, myself and a few other advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, play the part of weeping Alexanders?

Remember, Adventists of Salem and Lynn, that your champion has never, since the intellectual fight at Salem, been ready to discuss his own question. It was said by some of you that you thought you had a debater who could do better than Elder Grant did. While I doubt it, for Miles Grant is an able advocate of his theory, I have not the slightest objection to meeting your abler man.

It is with a feeling akin to sorrow that I read Elder Grant's message, "Cannot attend to the debate for some months to come." A train of sadness followed the perusal of that ominous sentence. My head dropped heavily upon my breast as I reflected, "Months to come." Cunning Elder; he knows the time is set for the world to burn up. It is only a few months ahead. The Lord is comin', comin'. I see what he is after. He wants to "twit" me in the presence of the "only begotten" and all the holy angels about my delusion of Spiritualism! Then I will remember how the dear Elder importuned me in the Salem debate to be more serious. "My friends," said the elder, "this is a solemn question with me, and ought to be with you all. I hope my friend opposite will not pursue the course of levity he has. There is a judgment day coming. Do be serious." The panic-stricken countenance of the Elder looms up before me, as on several occasions I was inspired, by some of his demons probably, to pour out torrents of horrid blasphemy, and which caused him to print in his paper, for the "elect" to read, over against my humble name, the sobriquet, "Bold blasphemer." That is a cruel charge. It is a point upon which I am so sensitive. It has wounded afresh my already lacerated and bleeding feelings. Such are the sorrows of my over-burdened life.

CUPID VERSUS CHRIST.

S. H. Platt, A. M., in the *Bible Banner* objects to parts of the well-known hymn commencing:

"Come thou fount of every blessing—"

and parodies one of the verses thus:

"O my wife, how true a lover
Gladly I'm constrained to be!
Let thy graces round me hover—
Bind my truant heart to thee.
Prone to others, wife, I feel it—
Prone to quit the wife I love:
Here's my heart, dear, take and keep it,
Lest it find some other dove."

It is not known whether the reverend gentleman had Plymouth Church in his mind when he made the above alteration, but it strikes us that it would sound well uttered from the lips of the venerated and truth-loving pastor of that conventicle.

MISS SMILEY AT OCEAN GROVE.

The description given below of the eloquent Quakeress is taken from the *New York Herald* of Sunday, July 13, 1874:

"And then from the group of a score or more of ministers, seated in a double row at the back of the great stand or pulpit, came forward the eloquent Quakeress, Miss Sarah Smiley; and a charming little body she is, of a round and well-proportioned figure, and with a face as bright and pleasant as a May morning looking down from the Blue Ridge into the Valley of the Shenandoah. She was in a plain suit of grayish-black or blackish-gray, with a pretty lace collar crossed upon her neck, and the tidest little lace cap upon her fine head that ever a pretty Quakeress wore; and she came forward with such an air of modest self-possession, with such an irresistible smile upon her pleasant countenance, with such a look of faith in her hearers that before she uttered a word she had her vast audience completely at her command. With a small gilt-edged Bible in her hand, there she stood, the eloquent Quakeress, fresh, though a full blown rose, modest as a violet, with all the grace of a lovable woman, with all the confidence of an inspired teacher, evidently knowing nothing but the ways of gentleness and peace, and yet bold as a lion and brave as a Julius Cæsar. There is nothing of the typical woman's rights woman about this gentle Quakeress; nothing of the vinegar visage or the leathery hands, or the broad plantation foot, or the project ing elbows of the regular petticoat stump orator for female suffrage; nothing of her hardness, flatness or angularities. There is nothing in the person, form, voice or manner of this gentle, modest woman to remind one of a foolish hen attempting to crow and making a goose of herself in the vain experiment; but there is much to recall the feminine graces and fascinations of those Scriptural divinites, Rachel, Rebecca and Ruth. In a word, we have before us not only an eloquent, but a charming Quakeress, in her person and in her ways, and her voice is clear and musical and 'soft and low, an excellent thing in woman.'"

COMMENTS.

[The above may be termed a "moosical" account of Miss Smiley, but why could not the writer, who probably is a pious young man, give it without insulting other people. Does he think that Miss Smiley, or any true woman, desires to be complimented at the expense of her sisters? All ought to be aware by this time that if that lady stood upon the platform to advocate reforms on earth and not in the moon, her nose would become sharp, her feet broad, her voice harsh and grating, her form angular and her dainty cap a helmet instantaneously. As to exhorting (or crowing, as it is termed in the extract), there cannot be much difference as to whether women perform that operation on a platform or in a pulpit. With regard to the goose manufacturing business, we would reply on the part of the flat-footed, vinegar-visaged and leather-handed women, that they decline to compete for it, seeing that it has been monopolized by the writer of the above sketch.]

The whole subject of which Spiritualism must as yet be looked upon as a phase is involved in deepest darkness. Medical psychology, the action of the mind on the body and the body on the mind, the philosophy of dreams, prophecies, cerebration, and all the unexplored realms of phantasy, is as yet in its infancy, and it will be long before it attains adult strength and wisdom. Pinet said long ago: "There are no states more closely related than dreams, passionate poetry, prophecy and hystericism;" yet dreams often find their fulfillment, and of genuine prophecy none can doubt, as no reasonable person can doubt the phenomena of Spiritualism. It is a just explanation of them all that is needed, but for whose appearance at an early date few dare hope.—*The Graphic*, N. Y.

BEECHER-TILTON NOTES.

BESSIE TURNER appears to have been an apt scholar under the tutorage of her who found it "a physical impossibility" to tell the truth.

ON two points Beecher and Tilton exactly agree. First, that Mrs. Tilton is a pure-minded Christian woman, and second, that she will lie occasionally.

BEECHER ought to thank Moulton for his statement regarding the money paid over for Tilton's use, as it is far more creditable to him than his own statement about the matter.

BEECHER'S Committee must have borrowed some of Tilton's lunacy when they prompted "Bessie" to "talk and talk and talk." We think, with the New York *Herald*, that their case must be in a very bad way when they try to help it by peddling out such silly and ridiculous twaddle.

"ALL fair-minded and unprejudiced persons," has become a stereotyped phrase with those who write or talk on the Beecher scandal, no odds how widely they differ. We are conscious of our own candor in the matter, and have no right to question that of others. Mankind will see things differently.

MR. BEECHER charges Mrs. Woodhull with trying to extort money from him, but fails to give the evidence, and none of the developed facts go to sustain his assertions in this regard.—*Republican*, *Havre de Grace*, Md.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

OMRO, Wisconsin, Aug. 14, 1874.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF WISCONSIN, GREETING.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will hold their next quarterly meeting in the Spiritual Hall in Omro, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of September, 1874. The regular speakers engaged for the occasion are C. W. Stewart and Mattie H. Parry. We also extend a cordial invitation to all speakers and mediums to meet with us. Let there be a grand rally of Spiritualists from all parts of Wisconsin. The platform will be free for the discussion of all subjects that will benefit the human race. The society of Omro will make every effort to entertain (free) all who may attend the meeting. Arrangements will be made with the hotels of the place (at reduced rates) for those who prefer stopping with them. Let all come to the love feast.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, for Society.

Efforts are being made to have Mrs. E. A. Blair (spirit artist) of which due notice will be given.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH'S engagements are as follows: Sept., January and March, Boston; October, New Bedford, Mass.; Dec., New Haven, Conn.; February, Salem, Mass. Societies desiring to engage her for the intervening months would do well to apply at once. Address, till further notice, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.

PERSONAL.

W. F. Jamieson is engaged to return to Boston for the Sundays of Oct. Will receive applications for week-evening lectures in vicinity of Boston. Address No. 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD

Is engaged to speak for the First Spiritual Society in Springfield, Mass., at Liberty Hall, during the month of September, and in Putnam, Conn., during October. Would make other engagements. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

DR. L. K. COONLEY has removed from Vineland to Newark N. J. Office and residence No. 51 Academy street, where he will treat the sick daily and receive applications to lecture Sundays in New Jersey, New York or elsewhere in the vicinity. L. K. COONLEY.

THE Universal Association of Spiritualists, Primary Council No. 1 of Illinois, meets every Sunday at 3:30 P. M., at hall 24 Van Buren street, corner of Franklin, Chicago. Free conference and free seats.

H. AUGUSTA WHITE, Cor. Sec.

Dr. Slade, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 25 East Twenty-first street near Broadway

The First Primary Council of Boston, of the U. A. of Spiritualists, have leased the new "Parker Fraternity (lower) Hall," corner of Berkly and Appleton streets, where they give lectures every Sunday afternoon and evening.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Secretary.

MAN IN EMBRYO.

We have published in pamphlet form, with the above title, the oration in verse of John A. Jost, which was printed in our No. 187, of July 4. It makes a pamphlet of twenty pages, and it can be obtained from us here, or from John A. Jost, Ogden, Utah. Price 10 cents per copy.

CHAS. H. FOSTER, the renowned Test Medium, can be found at his old quarters at 19 West Twenty-second street, New York City,

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

DAWN VALCOUR COMMUNITY.

Our decision is perfected. We are now ready to act. We count it a pleasure to announce to all persons of the radical stamp, who favor a community of harmony and fraternity, based on the principles of social science—in accordance with my previous article on Dawn—we invite your attention to the important fact that we have made an extensive, complete and reliable examination of the superb and magnificent gratuity of one thousand and ten acres of land for our community enterprise. Much of the area is under cultivation. To perfect the magnitude of this majestic enterprise, we wish it extensively and fully known. This locality truly combines the best attractions of other lands concentrated. We feel assured its intrinsic excellence could not be found in the Northern or Middle States.

Our circular is issued. Order or write and we will send. We aim to give any and all particulars as to locality, our plans for immediate action, the noble objects, hopes and aims we love so well, and to which we pledge our lives—the illustration of the principles of social science. Let every radical and reformer, far and near, immediately send for our circular. Address John Willcox, Winoski, Vermont.

ADDIE L. BALLOU

Having had quite an extended tour through California, where she has been greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences, has gone to Oregon for a term of some weeks, after which she will return to the States, about the 1st of November. Parties along the route wishing to make engagements with her to stop off for one or more lectures on her return will please make as early application as possible, to secure time; till middle of Oct., care Box 666, San Francisco; later and for winter engagements, to Terre Haute, Ind.

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

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

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

[CIRCULAR.]

BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PANTARCHY.

The increasing number of letters of inquiry, addressed to MR. ANDREWS personally, and to others known to be associated with him, in respect to the nature, purposes, progress and prospects of the Pantarchy, suggest the propriety of organizing a branch or bureau of its operations for the express purpose of answering such and similar inquiries, as well as for the relief of the parties so addressed, whose time has, heretofore, been gratuitously given to the writing of replies.

There are two other kinds of letters sent in a steady current for many years to the same quarter. The first are letters of inquiry touching social difficulties, and asking for advice or consolation, in the thousand trying conditions in which married and unmarried persons, men and women, find themselves involved. The others are letters asking specific information, on matters of reform, spiritualism, unitary life, the new language, and the like; and even on a variety of topics, concerning science, business, and miscellaneous subjects.

To serve this great want; to organize and economize labor; and to extend this method of giving information into a systematized institution for the use of the whole community this Bureau formed. The aggregate of small fees, will, it is hoped, furnish a means of support to one or several of the wisest and best of the men or women most versed in the social reform, and in universological science, and prove of great use to many an aching heart and to many an inquiring mind. THE BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE will undertake to answer ANY QUESTION (admitting of an answer) upon ANY SUBJECT, and in case its efforts are appreciated will take the necessary steps to enlarge its connections and means of information to that end. In the meantime, if the question is of a kind which the Bureau is unable to answer, the fee will be returned.

The fees charged are as follows: For a reply on postal card to a single inquiry, 10 cents; for a letter of advice, information (more at large), or sympathy and consolation, 25 cents. In the latter case, the letter of inquiry must contain a stamp, for the answer. No increase of charge on account of the difficulty of obtaining the information, except in special instances, which will be arranged by correspondence. Newspapers inserting this circular, can avail themselves of the aid of the Bureau without charge.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THEODORA FREEMAN SPENCER,
JOHN G. ROBINSON, M. D.,
ASENATH C. McDONALD,
DAVID HOYLE,
Address Mrs. A. C. McDonald, Sec. B. C. P., 75 W. 54th St., New York.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists will hold their fourth annual convention in Lempster, N. H., September 4, 5 and 6. Mrs. Emma E. Weston, of East Boston, Mass., test, physical and clairvoyant medium, will be present during all the sessions of the convention and demonstrate through her wonderful mediunistic powers the truth of Spiritualism. George A. Fuller, agent for the New Hampshire State Association, is the speaker engaged for the convention. Other speakers will be in attendance.

This will be an important convention. Let every town in the State be represented. Let all the Spiritualists come together harmoniously for the advancement of the cause of Spiritualism.

Per order Business Committee,

ERASTUS NICHOLS, Lempster, N. H.

MRS. ELECTA SHEPARDSON, Marlow, N. H.

DR. SYLVESTER WOOD, Washington, N. H.

GEO. S. MORGAN, Pres., Bradford, N. H.

C. W. STEWART, the uncompromising young Radical, is re-engaged at Terre Haute, Indiana, for the next three months and will answer calls to lecture on week evenings during that time to all parties who uphold free speech, and have the welfare of humanity at heart here and now. No others need apply.

Religion superseded by the *Kingdom of Heaven*; official organ of the Spirit World. A monthly journal, established in 1864, to explain and to prove that Spiritualism has prepared the way for the second coming of Christ. Thomas Cook, publisher, No. 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SICK.

Dr. R. P. Fellows, the renowned healer, is winning laurels by healing the sick through the agency of his Magnetized Powder. Persons of late have been cured by him who were considered hopeless, and, in fact, pronounced so by the most skillful physicians of the day. It is seldom such an unbroken tide of success attends any devotee of the healing art. It is an augury of proficiency in the science which Dr. Fellows may well be proud of. We would say to those who are in a low state of disease to consult him without further delay. His advice is invaluable, and is well worth the price of the powder, which is \$1 per box. Address Vineland, N. J.

D. W. HULL is now in the East, and will answer calls to lecture at any place. Address 871, Washington st., Boston.

R. W. HUME, Associate Editor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, is prepared to deliver lectures on Radical Spiritualism, and on all the reforms of which it is the base. For further particulars, list of lectures, etc., address box 3,791 New York City.

NELLIE L. DAVIS will lecture in Bay City during Sept.; in San Jose, Cal. during Nov.; in San Francisco during December. Permanent address, 235 Washington street, Salem, Mass.

IMPORTANT TO PERSONS WANTING TO SPEND THE WINTER SOUTH.—A lady and gentleman can be accommodated in the house of a physician, on moderate terms, in one of the most beautiful cities of the South. For particulars inquire at this office.

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

PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate.
2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land.
3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.
4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making.
5. A new financial system, in which the government will be the source, custodian and transmitter of money, and in which usury will have no place.

6. A new sexual system, in which mutual consent, entirely free from money or any inducement other than love, shall be the governing law, individuals being left to make their own regulations; and in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children.

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

All of which will constitute the various parts of a new social order, in which all the human rights of the individual will be associated to form the harmonious organization of the peoples into the grand human family, of which every person in the world will be a member.

Criticism and objections specially invited.

The WEEKLY is issued every Saturday.

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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AND TENNIE C. CLAFLIN, Editors and Proprietors.
COL. J. H. BLOOD, Managing Editor.
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THE MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE, 314 EAST NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

This Institute, organized upon the combined principles of
CLAIRVOYANCE,
MAGNETISM and
MEDICINE,

Makes a specialty of all those diseases, which, by the Medical Faculty, are usually considered incurable. Among these may be mentioned
PARALYSIS,
SCROFULA,
RHEUMATISM,
DYSPEPSIA,
EPILEPSY,
CHOREA,
NEURALGIA,
CHRONIC DIARRHŒA,
Diseases of the Liver, Spleen and Kidneys, and especially
BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
AND
All Diseases Peculiar to Women.

In this last class of complaints some of the most extraordinary discoveries have recently been made, which surmount the difficulties that have heretofore stood in the way of their cure. That terrible foe to human life,

CANCER,

Is also conquered by a very simple, but recently-discovered remedy, which by chemical action upon the diseased fungus causes it to separate from the surrounding parts and to slough off, leaving behind only a healing sore.

The peculiar advantage which the practice at this Institution possesses over all others is, that in addition to all the scientific knowledge of Medical Therapeutics and Remedial Agents, which the Faculty have, it also has the unerring means of diagnosing diseases through

CLAIRVOYANCE,

As well as the scientific administration of **ANIMAL AND SPIRITUAL MAGNETISM** in all their various forms.

The Best Clairvoyants and Magnetic Operators are Always Employed.

This combination of remedial means can safely be relied upon to cure every disease that has not already destroyed some vital internal organ. No matter how often the patient affected in chronic form may have failed in obtaining relief, he should not despair, but seek it from this, the only Institution where all the various methods of cure can be combined.

In addition to the cure of disease, Clairvoyant consultations upon all kinds of business and upon all forms of social affairs can also be obtained. The very best of reference given to all who desire it, both as to disease and consultations.

Reception hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Invalids who cannot visit the Institute in person can apply by letter. Medicine sent to all parts of the world.

All letters should be addressed,

MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE,
314 EAST NINTH ST., NEW YORK

Testimonials.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

For several years I have been suffering from an acute disease (inflammation of the kidneys and upper part of the stomach and bowels), for which I had been treated by several of the most eminent and successful physicians in the vicinity of New York, but without success. My disease seemed to have assumed a chronic form, and I had almost despaired of ever being cured. Hearing of their success in the treatment of all chronic diseases, I determined to try their skill, and I am now thankful that I did, as after the very first operation I commenced to improve, and now, after a few weeks, I am well, or nearly so.

Hoping that this may induce others who need their services to test their skill, I cheerfully give this testimony in their favor, and hope that they may be the means of restoring hundreds of those suffering as I did to health and strength.

Spring Valley, N. Y.

JOHN A. VANZANT.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3, 1869.

Eight years ago I was taken with bleeding from the kidneys, which has continued at intervals ever since. All the best physicians did me no good, and finally gave me up as an incurable case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. My friends had all lost hope, and I had also given up, as

I had become so weak that I could scarcely walk a block. A friend advised me to go to the Magnetic Healing Institute, and see what could be done for me there. I went, and after being examined was told I could be cured only by the strictest Magnetic treatment. The first operation affected me strangely, sending piercing pains through my back and kidneys; but I began to improve at once, and now, after one month's treatment, I have returned to my employment and can walk several miles without fatigue. I can be seen at 101 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, or at 23 South street, New York.

T. P. RICHARDSON.

Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

I had been afflicted for several years by a serious inflammation of the face, involving the eyes, which were so bad that at times I could not see at all. One eye I thought entirely destroyed. I tried various remedies and the most eminent physicians, but could not even get relief, for the most excruciating pain accompanied it. As a last resort I applied at the Magnetic Healing Institute. They explained my disease and said it could be removed. Though thoroughly skeptical, I placed myself under treatment, and, strange as it may seem, am now, after six weeks' treatment, entirely cured; the eye I thought destroyed, is also restored. I consider my case demonstrates that the mode of treating diseases practiced at the Institute is superior to all others, as I had tried them all without benefit.

JOHN FOX.

No. 3 Clinton avenue, near Fletcher street, Brooklyn.

SALE

MARVIN'S THE BEST

The recent test of Fire-Proof Safes by the English Government proved the superiority of Alum Filling. No other Safes filled with

Alum and Plaster-of-Paris.

MARVIN & CO.,

265 Broadway, N. Y., &
721 Chestnut St., Phila.

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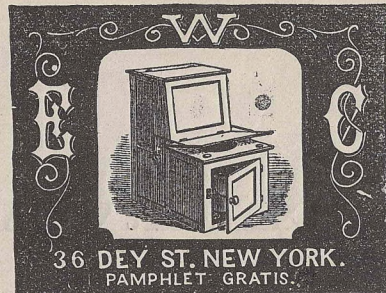
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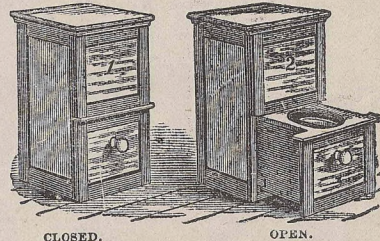
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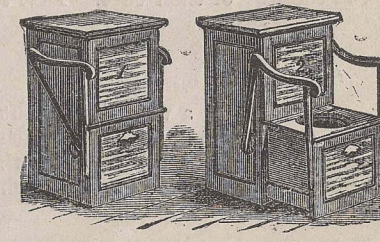
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