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Vol. VIII.—No. 16.—Whole No. 198.

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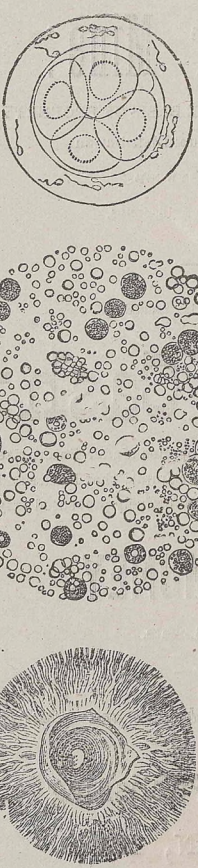
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BY AND BY:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

CHAPTER IX. [Continued.]

The whole of the circumstances attending the restoration were unusual. The financial embarrassments of the decayed Moslem Empire had led to the sale of Palestine to a company of Jewish capitalists. The purchasers had little difficulty in acting upon the patriotism and commercial eagerness of their people, and inducing large numbers of wealthy houses to migrate thither, or at least to establish branch houses in the capital. The barren places in the surrounding districts were replenished with rich earth brought by sea from the Egyptian Delta, or the Tufa beds of Vesuvius and Etna, and liberally spread on the terraced hills of the new Jerusalem; and the whole desert tract of the lower Jordan and Dead Sea was filled with water up to the level of the Mediterranean, and made navigable, by a canal cut through the sandy wilderness from El Arish.

The Ancient Court of the Sanhedrim was re-established, but on a purely secular basis, as the nature of the times dictated. By this were the home affairs of the country regulated; its foreign relations being controlled by a committee of the Jerusalem Stock-Exchange, a puissant institution in these days of the almost universal supremacy of wealth.

Powerful and prosperous as the Jewish community in Palestine had become, it wanted yet one thing to complete its ambition. The adjoining countries of Arabia and Syria were willing to withdraw altogether from their allegiance to the Sultan, and unite as one people with the Jews, but they could not abandon their allegiance to the principle of personal government. The expulsion of the Sublime Porte from Constantinople, and its withdrawal from the Golden Gate of the Holy City, had utterly destroyed its prestige with these populations. But these events were themselves the result of causes which are easily traceable to a period so far back as the twentieth or even the nineteenth century. It was then, that the vivacious, brilliant, and long dominant Celtic race had finally succumbed to the patient, thorough and conscientious Teuton. It was then that the silent, studious German, backed by the moral force of our own Anglo-Saxons at home and in North America, laid the first round of the political edifice of that modern civilization, whose subsequent stages have included the absorption by Germany of Austria proper; the reconstitution of the Slavonic confederacy, and consequent reduction of Russia within moderate dimensions by the withdrawal of her southern populations; the re-establishment of the "Holy Roman Empire," with Hungary as a royal appanage, in its own ancient capital on the Bosphorus; and the waning of the Turkish dominion, through its inability to retain its hold upon its border provinces.

My elder readers, who have all history, ancient and modern, at their finger-ends, must forgive the recapitulation of these details as not irrelevant to our story.

There was no king in Israel; and a king of Israel was the "roc's egg" of my grandmother's imagination. In such a potentate she saw the sole possible supplanter of the Grand Turk, whom she regarded as the Anti-Christ, the sole symbol of empire powerful enough to draw the peoples surrounding her beloved Jerusalem under the shelter of its wings. And it is not a little remarkable, that what with her was purely a religious sentiment, had become, for astute politicians, a master-key to the solution of the principal remaining Eastern Question. As I have already stated, the populations of those countries retain all their ancient immemorial attachment to the personal principle both in religion and politics. They have not followed the northern races in their recognition of abstract right and wrong apart from the will of an individual. With us, wherever an individual is invested with power, it is for the sake of concentrating vigor and responsibility in a single executive; ourselves, the people, being the beneficiaries and judges. With the semi-Semitic races, on the contrary, the ruler is the master, not the servant, of the people. We have long passed the stage in which people held strong convictions respecting mere forms of government. Together with other dogmas we have got rid of the dogma of monarchy and the dogma of republicanism.

Whatever form of government best combines the liberty of the individual with the general security for any people, is approved of by us. As the genius of races and peoples varies, so will these forms vary. The detail must be a matter of experience for all, not of dogma for any.

We have thus learned to recognize the sanctity of individuality in races, as well as in persons. And there was no inconsistency in the statesmen of the great and highly-civilized republics of Europe, America and Australia desiring to see a monarchy established in the East, having its throne in Jerusalem. The fact that such a result was desired by the leading Jews themselves, who were on the spot, was deemed a very strong argument in its favor; for, trained as they had mostly been in our free communities and institutions, they were naturally favorable to the continuance of the state of things under which they had flourished, and grown rich enough to re-acquire the land of their forefathers, and raise it to such an eminence among the nations of the earth as it had never before attained or imagined—an eminence based on material wealth. Without a king, however, they were unable to avail themselves of the readiness of the populations inhabiting the regions extending southward from the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, to make one nation with them; for those populations were essentially and intensely anti-democratic. With a king, this object so desirable to us as well as to them, would at once have been accomplished; and we should have had a strong and friendly power to guard our main connections with our allies in India and Japan, and our dependencies in China, on the one side; and on the other, to keep in order the restless and still semi-barbarous empire of Central Africa.

So they were all struck by Mrs. Wilmer's remark. But it was not in the same way that they were struck by it. To Bertie it was simply preposterous.

"My little Criss a king!" he exclaimed. "I am sure that it is no kingdom of this world that he would care to have, any more than a farm. His heart is above the clouds."

"He cannot spend his money there," said Mr. Avenil.

"By the way, have you ever, Mr. Greathead, taken him to the Holy Land in any of your voyages?" Asked Mrs. Wilmer.

"Once only," returned Bertie, and then I was so alarmed at the attention his looks attracted, and also at meeting the diamond merchant, that I hurried away without completing the inquiries I was making about his family. I hardly know why, but I have a suspicion that that merchant knew more about the real history of those jewels than he was willing to tell us, and I thought it best to leave well alone. Did I ever tell you that I have seen them since we parted with them?"

"Indeed!"

"It was on the occasion of my going to Bornou, the capital of Central Africa, on a commission connected with the cotton trade, that I was invited to witness a religious ceremonial at the court of His Majesty the Emperor of Soudan. You must know that though the country professes Christianity, the royal family have never abandoned the rite of circumcision. This is inflicted on its members in infancy, the rite of baptism being deferred until the seventh year. The ordinary and orthodox usage on the former occasion, is to bind the principal crown diamonds on the pit of the royal infant's stomach, there to be worn for nine days. The jewels in question are regarded with a peculiar and superstitious reverence, as coming directly from King Solomon, and they are combined in an oval form as a tiara, and called the Talisman of Solomon. But the crown jewels had for several years been missing, and were not forthcoming on the occasion of the first rite being performed on the heir-apparent. It was said that they had recently been discovered, and there was great public rejoicings in consequence; for the people are still excessively superstitious, in spite of their having Christianity and the Bible. And it was determined to rectify the omission at the first ceremony, by using them at the baptism in the same way that they ought to have been used at the circumcision.

"Well, I found that this famous and sacred Talisman of Solomon consisted of no other than the jewels belonging to Criss, and which we had sold for him."

"Curious," observed Mr. Avenil; "I wonder whether it was a lie of the Emperor's, or whether they were really the crown jewels which he had. If so, they must have been stolen."

"At any rate," said Bertie, "the Emperor's readiness to give a large sum of money for their recovery, without asking any questions, shows that he had strong misgivings respecting the validity of his own title to them."

"I don't like one remark which you made, Mr. Greathead," said my grandmother. "Instead of saying these people are superstitious in spite of their having Christianity and the Bible, say they are religious owing to their having them."

"I was anticipating a somewhat different remark from you, my dear Mrs. Wilmer," said Mr. Avenil. "I thought you were about to claim the throne of Central Africa, at least, for the lad. At any rate, I hope you all agree with me that this story must be kept from him. It would foster his propensity for dreaming, which to me is really alarming, and one that requires correction by vigorous treatment."

"He must know all when he comes of age," said Mrs. Wilmer, with energy. "His duty and mission in life may depend upon it."

"Well, well," said Mr. Avenil, "whatever the future may contain for him, it is clearly our business to make a man of him first, and not a visionary."

CHAPTER X.

It was no small gratification to Bertie to be able to relate to the Avenils anything concerning his beloved foster-child that might tend to disabuse them of the notion that he was a mere visionary. One possessing Criss's acute sympathy with humanity could not, he thought, be liable to the charge no matter how he might love to cultivate solitude and medi-

tation in the intervals of his activity. During a holiday absence of the boys, one of the Avenil girls was telling her sisters, how that he had lamented to her the fullness of the world, and wished that he had lived before the modern system of emigration had done so much toward spreading population everywhere. And another said he acted as if he possessed an extra sense, and one that required for its exercise a total withdrawal from human intercourse.

Bertie happened to call while they were talking, and they at once turned to him, asking—

"Where is he now, Mr. Greathead?"

"Meaning Criss? I scarcely know. I had a message from him a few days ago from the top of Teneriffe, which is one of his favorite perches. He has a friend in the observatory there. There is a wire on the summits, as on most other summits, for the convenience of aerialists, and he generally sends me a message when he alights anywhere."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed one of the girls, "he delights to rest awhile on some high peak, and thence take flight into the air, and return again to it, as a lark to its nest, after being poised aloft. It was a happy inspiration of Mr. Wilmer's which gave him his name, for never did name and nature more closely correspond. However dreamy he may be, he must see many things by moving about so much, which other people miss. He ought to meet with adventures, too. Did he say whither he was going next?"

"Yes, to Algiers to visit a school friend who is son of the British minister there. I have not heard from him since, but I have brought you an Italian paper with an account of an extraordinary rescue of people from destruction by the eruption of Etna, which I, as an aerialist, find exceedingly interesting, and which I thought you might like to see."

"Anything about Criss in it?"

"It is only as I have said."

"Do tell us all about it."

"Well, you must know that for a very long time Etna had been so quiet that a large population had come gradually to settle upon its slopes, thinking the days of its activity were over. Last week, however, a tremendous eruption rent the mountain in various places, and there poured out torrents of lava, which, meeting below one of the most thickly peopled slopes, completely cut off the escape of the inhabitants. The Italian Government sent its best aerialists to try and extricate them, but these, after many and disastrous attempts to pass the barrier of intense heat, and alight exactly upon the very limited area available, were compelled to desist; and then from within the flaming circle, from the wretches doomed to be burnt or starved to death, and from their sympathizing but helpless comrades without, went up a cry of agony, which, as you know, has rung through all the wires of the world, appealing for aid. I and others of my craft were on the point of starting to see what we could do, when a telegram came to say that the rescue had been effected. I have now got the details, and as I consider them a whole bunch of feathers in the cap of aerialism, I have come to glorify my calling and its professors among my friends."

"It appears that at the moment when despair was at its height, an aerialist whose approach had been unperceived, alighted in the terror-stricken crowd, and signified his readiness and ability to save them, one at a time. The peasants, who are still as much a parcel of children as they were five or ten thousand years ago, rushed upon him, determined to be saved all at once. Seeing that their violence would be the destruction of himself and his machine, as well as of themselves also, he dexterously disengaged himself, and leaping aloft out of their reach, was lost to their view in the smoke of the burning mountain. On hearing their renewed wail of despair, he presently returned toward them, and hailing them, said he hoped now that they would do as they were told, and not attempt to get in the car again. He then stopped a few yards over their heads, and bade them depute one of their number to hold parley with him, the rest keeping at a distance. Luckily their padre was with them,—it is he who has given the account,—and it was under his influence that the stipulations of the aerialist were observed. The important question who should go first, was settled in favor of the children. The aerialist said he could carry two of these at once; so the padre brought two children himself, and placed them in the car, for he could not trust the mothers to obey the orders given. He describes it as a moment of agonizing anxiety when the car arose with its first load, and disappeared in the smoke. But not a voice ventured to utter a sound. Presently, however, there arose from the multitudes who were assembled on the outside of the ring of fire, a cry and shout of joy which told those within of the safe and unexpected arrival of the car and its contents. All was delicious delight for a moment, and then came an interval of suspense. But soon the car returned and carried off more children; and then the aged and infirm, and then the able bodied, the good padre himself being reserved for the last, the lava having by this time approached so near that a little delay would have rendered his escape impossible. The rescue had occupied all the day and a part of the night, though much time had been saved by the plan of suspending a large basket beneath the car in which the passengers were carried. But it was not, and could not be interrupted until completed, though it must have tasked the endurance of the aerialist and the powers of his machine to the utmost."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We are glad to see in the London papers that Alf. Burnett, the quaint, quizzical caricaturist and delineator of all manner of manhood, has made a great hit in England. He is pronounced the best mimic ever seen in that country, while Miss Helen Nash, who assists him, is in for an unusual share of compliments. Wherever they appear crowded houses greet and delighted audiences applaud them. They had better come home and amuse Americans, not be gadding about in the old country, making people laugh and filling their pockets with gold.—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

SOCIALISTIC.

MODERN GIRLS.

Under the above heading the Boston *Investigator* publishes the following tirade against some of the effects of our present social system. We admit its truthfulness, and trust, as it has exhibited some of the evils, it will now turn its attention to pointing out the cure for them. Here is the article:

"We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned and wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian and all the soft languages, write poetry and love like Venuses.

"They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette and flirt at the watering-places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh! we forgot—nobody has bare floors now; how vulgar that would be! What are they at making bread and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are, to be sure—they will board or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again—the fashions change so often that nobody has old clothes but the rag men and paper-makers now. What are they at washing babies' faces and pinning up their trousers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more—*having children is left to the Irish!* What lady thinks of having children about her now? or, if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding-schools afterward? We repeat, we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry and afterward keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence?

"There are more persons living a single life. Are there more leading a virtuous life? It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage is destructive of the virtue of their children; that all the foolish expenditures are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether."

Think of it, neighbor—"having children is left to the Irish." What a comment on the morality of the American people you have made in those few words! Well, we have proposed a remedy for the disease; it is the best we have to offer; if you do not approve of it, let us have yours. You must admit, after the charges you have made, that silence on the subject is more than an omission; it is a grave crime.

JUSTIFIED LOVE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

One feature has been prominent in the Beecher-Tilton imbroglio. It is admitted by Mrs. Tilton herself that she loved Mr. Beecher, and the distinguishing feature adverted to is that this free love is justified by press, pulpit and people. Some of us have known for years that the church contained thousands of free lovers and tens of thousands of "enforced lusters." The church is the great enemy to all unpopular reforms and reformers. While decrying them she has boasted of her own virgin purity. It is now widely known that she is "no better than she ought to be." And now what do the press and pulpit seek to do? Nothing else than to vindicate their free loveism. It is seen staring the multitudes in the face; it shines out on bulletin-boards, "Beecher's love for Mrs. Tilton justified." Who would have thought it! and they so bitter against free lovers—Mrs. Tilton going so far in her Christly wrath as to call the police to eject free lovers from her house. She probably knew better than any one else that free loveism was catching in her family.

But, as the French say, there is one grand distinction. Christians can bill and coo for Christ's sake, for their loving is done 'on high religious grounds! Don't you see? Mrs. Tilton's religious belief on the love question is as follows: "The peculiar phase of Christ's character as a lover is so precious to me because of my consecration and devotion to you [her husband]; I learn to love you from my love to Him. I have learned to love Him from loving you. I couple you with him. Nor do I feel it one whit irreverent." That husband of hers, became too liberal, especially in his theological views, to suit her. She could not brook an honest difference of opinion on church dogmas. Poor woman, she is not to blame for it. It is the soul-cramping, body-fettering, persecuting system of Christianity under which she had been trained, that is responsible.

Tilton says, under oath, that Beecher, by the "artful use of his priestly authority" with Mrs. Tilton, "she being his pupil in religion," seduced her, Beecher claiming that their relations were "sanctioned by love and religion."

For years we iconoclastic reformers have been in possession of facts and published them, showing that the flesh and blood of the clergy were not one whit different from the flesh and blood of other people. For many years I have declared that it was a sham to assert that religion had a restraining influence on the amative desires of the clergy or the people. Statistics prove that religion has, on the contrary, been an unhealthy stimulus to sexual passion. There is no class of men on earth who are more intimate with women than the clergy. One reason why there are so many more women than men who are church members and church goers, is because the preachers are men. It is a question of sex. A natural law is at the basis of the question, and when interpreted in the light of nature it is a beautiful law, and when fully comprehended will go very far toward securing equality between man and woman.

If church people had spent less time in preaching and listening to sermons on "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and more upon knowing men and women happily, a large measure of ignorance would have been dispelled. The very ministers who now find it possible to say "sexual intercourse" in the pulpit are indebted to Victoria C. Woodhull,

whom they curse for clearing their way for plain utterance. Their plain quotations from the Bible bear no resemblance. The Bible attempts at plainness are nothing but shocking vulgarisms.

When the clergy will rely on God—a myth—less, and reason more, they will subject the passions to reason's sway and behold womanhood more glorious than they ever imagined angel or seraph.

The theory of the Christian Church is that a married woman has no right to love any other man than her husband, except a Lord by the name of Jesus Christ. To whom could Mrs. Tilton turn after Christ oozed out of Mr. Tilton? Where, oh, where, if not to her beloved shepherd? To him she turned. The so-called Saviour is too ghostly to fully satisfy most of womankind. Something more akin to flesh and blood is desirable. The demand is met. The Christian system—ah, how complete in every part—has provided numerous shepherds in place of the one. They are scattered all over Christendom, so-called. Beecher is one of them—a rouser. To him did Mrs. Tilton go. She found him a better shepherd than Tilton, her husband. The cravings of her woman-heart were met—her fond desires satisfied. At first she thought Theodore would answer for her Saviour. She was disappointed, and was so sorry he was not a minister. Then she sought a balm for her woes in one of the regularly ordained shepherds, who "has been so much to her soul," so she says. She acknowledged to the Investigating Committee: "I never felt a bit of embarrassment with Mr. Beecher." Are the sheep embarrassed in the presence of their shepherds? Not if the shepherds understand their business, and they generally do!

Mrs. Tilton told the committee that she found in Mr. Beecher what she did not find in her husband. "There was always a damper," said Elizabeth, "between me and Theodore, but there never was between me and Mr. Beecher." It is no stretch of the imagination to say that she could have substantially addressed Beecher as she formerly did her husband. "While sitting with her beloved pastor, who 'appreciated' her as 'Theodore did not,' she could whisper into his willing ear, 'The peculiar phase of Christ's character as a lover is so precious to me.' 'I learn to love you from my love to Him.' 'I have learned to love Him from loving you.' 'I couple you with Him; nor do I feel it one whit irreverent.'"

Oh! thank Heaven and the Bible and Christianity for justified love! And all the churches respond, "Amen!" Editors exclaim, "Glory!" Ministers solemnly say, "Let us pray." "Have mercy on us, poor, miserable sinners. Oh, Lord! thou knowest we are hell-deserving creatures; but as thou art a merciful and unjust God, we are promised a means of escape from our just deserts. Thou has promised to wink at our wanderings into by and forbidden paths, into pastures fresh and green; and thou hast promised, O Lord, to wink us at last into heaven, to dwell with thee forever. As thou hast in sundry ways in times past had dealings with the fair daughters of men, so thy holy servants have tasted of forbidden fruit, reserved for the gods, to make them wise unto salvation. Oh, heavenly parent! thou knowest we, thine appointed servants, needed wisdom to combat the enemies of thy kingdom, especially that arch enemy, Victoria C. Woodhull, who impiously grasped thy secret purposes, foreordained before the world was; yea, Lord, even the 'Elixir of Life,' to taste which is to eat and live forever. Behold, Lord! 'it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise,' and we, thine unworthy servants, did pluck of the fruit thereof and did eat, and passed it around and fed thy sheep. And it came to pass that six men of a goodly people in Brooklyn did sew fig-leaves together to make unto themselves aprons. Wilt thou come down and be our refuge, and make for thy shepherds 'coats of skins,' and clothe them as thou didst thy people in days of old? Confound our enemies, Lord, who know not the ecstatic love begotten of religious fervor, and who sacrilegiously preach and practice that which, in thy divine economy, is set apart for thy holy priests in the temple, for Jesus' sake. 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' Pardon thou our iniquities; and, finally, in the language of Sister Tilton, we 'will do the same thing again' for Christ's sake. Amen."

The congregation will please arise and sing the dogs-ology. BENEDICTION.

Now may the God of Abraham and David—a free luster after God's own heart—and the God of Solomon, the Wise, be and abide with you, world without end.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

BY W. WALLACE COWLES.

In the WEEKLY of July 12, '73, Mrs. Mattie Mitchell presented with her views for consideration the following propositions: "That from gathered opinions there may be sifted the pure grains of truth." "Sexual intercourse should never be exercised but for the purpose for which the function was established—the procreation of the species." Second—"Sexual intercourse should never be held except between persons who are mutually attached to each other by the purest ties of love." Third—"That coition for any other purpose is a degradation of the highest and holiest function of our being. It is self-evident that the natural result of sexual intercourse is children."

With delight we hail the dawn of this new era. Agitation has become the great demand of the age, with strong desire seeking for more knowledge on subjects ignored or suppressed in the past. As all phases of the social question have believers, *pro or con*, as questions arise thoughts are matured; and on this question of vital importance, while maintaining views at variance with those controverted, we desire that light may be evolved as truth and error grapple.

The investigation of that mysterious law through which all organized beings are perpetuated, reveals the fact that throughout the realms of animated nature the vivifying influence which results in gestation comes through the union and blending of a male and female element. In those species of the viviparous order (below the *genus homo*), with one

known exception, Nature's manifestations point to sexual intercourse as means intended solely for the propagation of the species, for only at the auspicious time will the female permit of advances from the male, and never when gestation has taken place: and connection, with rare exceptions, never fails being followed by conception. Exceptional to this rule is the nature of the goat, in which are found manifestations like unto the human, regarding neither time or condition, with desire ever present, both before and after gestation. Now if, as alleged, this function was established solely for the procreation of the species here as elsewhere, to that object alone should Nature direct her efforts, and during the foetal development of the embryo, with the female at least, it should be a season of copulative rest. If from these premises truth can be deduced, the plain inference is that this function was not established with one law controlling all species alike; for the goat thus instinctively acts strictly in accordance with nature, because they were thus sexually created. Advancing to the plane of sentient beings, governed by reason in place of instinct, are not the majority, in their sexual inclinations, allied to the goat? Now, the simple fact that this inclination thus exists, is analogous proof that nature so intended; for whatever is in harmony with, cannot be contrary to nature. This, some may answer, is "the result of human depravity." With such the perfection of human nature is the annihilation of genial feelings, and they believe that the passions which kind nature has implanted should, if possible, be suppressed, if not destroyed, forgetting that man exists a microcosm, or epitome, of all created below through that mysterious blending and union of spirit with matter. Thus each individual is endowed, in greater or less degree, with the capacity for emanating those mysterious forces which, as positive and negative magnetism, nature has designed with a thrill of delight should sexually blend in a harmonious, concurrent union. The sexual organs in their office are dual as a means of promoting health and happiness, satisfying a demand of our nature—spiritual as well as physical, for the spirit at the supreme moment often becomes oblivious to everything else; and when harmoniously the twain become as one, if there is also a similarity in their physical and mental organization, love will complete the union. But should these forces be out of balance, repulsion may take the place of attraction, or, by absorption, the weaker be robbed to exhaustion of its vitality, with lassitude and disease given in exchange. Here is found a prolific source from which springs much of the social misery in the land—from the impossibility of thus blending incongruous elements. Now, unless it can be shown that the logic is fallacious, these views must be conceded as correct, or be unavoidably driven to the conclusion that polygamy, rather than monogamy, is the true relation of the sexes; for if, as alleged, coition was intended solely for the propagation of the species, nature, through the brute creation, points out the way best adapted to produce that result, for excessive venery has ever proved inimical to conception. But were this mode adopted, one woman would constitute but a small fraction in making up that sexual unit, of which one healthy, vigorous man would be half, in meeting this requirement of nature. Man is thus but half a circle, but half a perfect being; but one harmonious woman is the other half of that circle, necessary and sufficient to complete the periphery which makes the perfect man.

Again, if Mrs. M.'s views were a correct expression of nature, when conception had taken place and during the whole gestative period, with the woman all sexual desire should cease. But is it not a fact that pregnancy does not cause a suspension of sexual desire, but on the contrary with many, desire is stronger or more intense when this condition exists? Coming to "the turn of life," with woman, should there not be a complete cessation of all sexual desire? for when this takes place, nature gives a full release to the organs from further maternal labors. If such is the case a great libel was perpetrated both on nature and woman in the story that a hale old lady who, as a wife, was verging on three score and ten, at a tea party was asked, at what age woman ceased having sexual desire;—her reply being, "For an answer to that question you will have to ask some one older than I am."

Mrs. Michell's self-evident proposition in assuming that sexual intercourse is the cause of which children are the natural result, is not sustained when investigating that mysterious law through which conception comes. Children are products; coition but means which may or may not produce that result, as conditions prove favorable or otherwise. When viewing sexual intercourse in its pro-creative aspect, in tracing from cause to effect, coition is nature's method for the transfer of the male principle to the female organs. Yet the act ever proves futile in the absence of that equally important female product, matured ovum. These elements together even are not sufficient, there must be a union formed by an entering into the ovum at its germinal spot by a spermatozoon to commence the vivifying process. And yet this does not complete all of nature's primary requirements. Following the union there must be a lodgment with adhesion to the adjacent membrane that proper nourishment may be obtained for foetal growth. These are nature's conditions and not until all have been perfected can it be said conception has taken place.

Mrs. M. says, "It is a mistake to consider the amative principle as being love. Love is a principle or sentiment of man's spiritual nature, while the amative principle is a natural function for the propagation of the species. When these two principles are united, as they are when children are desired, then it is one of the grandest powers with which the human race is endowed. When it is indulged when children are not desired, simply for the gratification of passion, then does it degenerate into lust and licentiousness. One is the use the other the abuse. Under the present mode of life children are conceived in passion with no desire of their parents, and born in direct opposition to their wishes. Mothers hating them and using every means in their power to prevent their development and birth. Can we wonder at the vicious, degraded state of the mass of mankind? Think

also of the body and soul-destroying means used to prevent conception and then ask your own soul if it is right and natural."

Now if the amative principle was a function created solely for the propagation of the species, this state of affairs would not exist, for nature would assert her supremacy here as elsewhere. The science of phrenology teaches we have distinct organs of thought and feeling, strong and intense only as a corresponding volume of brain is there located, by which characteristics are formed. Thus amativeness is laid down as "the foundation of connubial love and sexual desire," with philoprogenitiveness as the source from whence springs love for offspring, from these sources springs all love, whether the manifestations be sensual or sentimental. Says one writer: "There is this prime distinction between human and brute love—in the ability of the human being to indulge in sexual passion and emotion under certain conditions without reference to offspring. Coition has both its social and its procreative character; it is a source of human happiness and personal gratification, as well as an agency for continuing the race." In the sentence last quoted from Mrs. M., she evidently made a misapplication in the term she used. Means to produce an abortion may, with truth, be called "body and soul-destroying," and the number of children thus ruthlessly sent to spirit life is fearful to contemplate; but preventing conception is of an entirely different character, and less injurious to body, mind or soul, when effected by use of appropriate means than the suppression of our natural desire because children are not wanted. Is not one of nature's demands just as sacred as another? Now if by withholding connection conception is prevented (the result being the same), 'tis equally true whether accomplished by your method or mine; for, as shown, conception depends upon the union of a sperm and ovum, and any means which prevents this union prevents conception.

That conception and gestation were designed to hold but a subordinate place in the economy of nature, with sentient beings might readily be inferred, when contrasting those desires sexual with those parental. But this question remains no longer problematical; for, by investigations made, the truth has been clearly verified that, through normal conditions, with most females there is interposition made by nature of means to prevent conception from being an off-recurrent event. To explain: In most communities there are married women who have never conceived, likewise many who have had but one or two children, with long intervals of time between them. Has this been owing to their dislike for children, and have they, by adopting Mrs. M.'s plan, refrained from giving nature any further orders? On the contrary, childless wives are great lovers of children; with many their paramount desire being to have children of their own. Thus investigations were instituted to discover and, if possible, correct the producing cause, revealing the fact that this sterile condition might exist with health on a par or even better than the average of "this nation of invalids," with nature performing all other functional duty with due regularity. Microscopic examinations of the secretions revealed the existence of a natural counteracting cause, deleterious to the continued existence of the spermatozoa, brought in contact with the same, destroying them before they could form the union necessary to produce conception; thus ever thwarting the hopes of those interested, the desired blessing of motherhood. Extending these examinations and tests to those who were mothers and prolific and at times the same condition was found to exist with intervals of longer or shorter duration. This variable condition is a common inheritance to woman, each extreme the exception, and this truth may be readily seen by observing those who marry, of which probably not one in a thousand from her first child's birth can honestly date the time of its conception back to the ratification of her nuptial vows.

With the majority this time extends into months; with many running into years. This is a wise provision in nature. Maternity should never be unwillingly assumed. No woman should find herself a prospective mother before the desire for motherhood shall first have budded for the blossom in her heart; maternal instincts should first call for the condition, then she will joyfully enter upon its duties and with gladness fulfill this divine mission of her being. Great is the contrast between what should be and what is, with thousands of wives in the land who have become sexually demoralized. Through fear of conception the act has become exceedingly disgusting and repulsive, without a natural consummation, yet in a highly receptive condition, with this fear of maternity to them an ever-pursuing demon. For reason, when controlled by the generative impulse, fails to guide or direct the appetite of man aright when seeking for self-indulgence, and a wail of woe from suffering women in all parts of the land bears testimony to this truth, that they are bound in fetters forged from religion and the Bible, and are thus held in sexual bondage. Deplorable as must be this condition to either of the participants on the shady side of matrimony, suppression is impracticable as a means to bring the needed relief, by being incompatible with the fealty imposed by love, or that fidelity which is enjoined through marriage vows; for the best of men, however complacent in other respects, while maintaining marital relations, do not relish the idea of personally practicing even for brief periods of time that negative virtue—continence.

But is there no balm for all this sorrow—nothing to assuage and relieve those thus maternally bound down and enslaved? Is there no means of rescuing these victims of Hymen from a living death by being thus immolated on the altar of Moloch? To these interrogations happily an affirmative answer can be given, and heartfelt thanks are due to those of the summer land whose attainments in the realms of nature, chemistry and physiological science fitted them to co-operate as leaders in aiding those progressive and reformatory minds who are striving to alleviate and ameliorate woman's condition socially, sexually and materially, by perfecting a more elevated and harmonious system of social ethics, adapted to their variable relations, both present and perspective.

In this emergency, as a practicable means of relief was

needed to meet the exigency of the case, they perfected and have imparted that knowledge which unlocks nature's fetters, proclaiming liberty to those in bondage, placing woman upon an equality as far as possible with her more fortunate brother while sailing o'er life's tumultuous sea, made up of joy and sorrow.

Protection from harm, with freedom to act, is the liberty thus vouchsafed, which will prove one of the greatest of earthly boons ever bestowed on suffering woman, in bridging over those recurring intervals, by producing a condition analogous to nature in results, while granting perfect immunity with natural consummation.

No longer held in subjection, striving against adverse conditions, the control of woman's maternal functions can remain where vested by nature—in self alone. Thus soul germs need not to put on material forms under adverse conditions, as too often has been the case where another claimed the right to disregard or determine whether omens were auspicious for nature to make that great change from the passive to the active.

A glorious future awaits humanity when women for their Shibboleth shall have adopted as their rallying cry, "No more children except under harmonious and desirable conditions." For its verification no woman, through lack of means need long to remain passive and powerless. For when truth shall have burst the fetters of ignorance and superstition, woman will arise disenthralled and assert her prerogative, permitting nature to go only thus far and no farther than to her seemeth best, thus ever held obedient to her sway. Who will say this method is not better than "suppression," when this condition can be thus reached and retained, without sin or sacrifice or any abrogation of marital rights?

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., June 5, 1874.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"If Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton loved each other, and they chose to express that love, no matter in what manner, who was injured thereby except themselves? Why does not society set up its dictum in regard to what food they and others shall partake of, and at what times and by whom it shall be supplied?"

Mrs. Severance; your letter in the WEEKLY, August 22, contains the above paragraph. Will you be kind enough to show me how truth and honor can be maintained under such circumstances. Here are two persons, each of their own free will and earnest desire, seek a partnership and contract to live together as man and wife, keeping themselves to each other—in plain English, cohabiting with each other, and no one else beside, so long as the partnership may continue, let this contract be made for love, for children, or to prevent the contraction of disease, or all three. You assume they have a right to regulate their own affairs. If so, they have the right to make such contract as they please. Having made it and pledged their sacred word, are they not bound to keep it? If I do not choose to live with a woman who will not keep herself to me I can see no reason why you should object to my living with one who will accept me as a partner, being as desirous as myself to live as we agree.

Now, such one having pledged their truth and honor, how can they be free (?) to contract with another party secretly? And if either contract such partnership with another firm, living under a similar agreement, it appears to me it is somebody's business besides the two perjured individuals. Society says buy, cook and eat what food you choose, but if you take food I have honestly earned, because it suits you better than your own, have I not a right to object? and if you persist in stealing it, and I am not strong enough to prevent it, society will help me to defend myself.

I am not talking of persons who have made no contract to live with each other, and as you mention Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, whom you know were living under such an agreement, I cannot see how I misrepresent you. If I have, will you correct me?

If Mr. B. or Mrs. T. had said to their partner: The contract I made with you has become unbearable and I wish it dissolved, hereafter I shall not be bound by it;—then, and not till then, would they have been free to seek other partners without violating their own own truth and honor, or the confidence reposed in them by the firm of which they were a member. In other words, having entered into a special partnership, they had no business to take in a third party without consultation and agreement with each other.

If you can show me how it can be done consistently with truth and honor I shall have learned something I cannot understand now. If I contract with my partner for a white baby and I am presented with a black one, I shall earnestly maintain I have a right to object to such presentation. If I understand the advocates of this question, the one great object of the reform is the improvement of the race—a better class of children being born, physically and morally. How can such views be carried out, unless you can depend on the truth and veracity of each other? Will you answer me?

C. A. MIDDLEBROOK,
Bridgeport, Conn.

MR. MIDDLEBROOK:

Dear Sir—Your letter of inquiry and criticism received and carefully read. Your questions are based upon the old idea that the legal contract is what constitutes marriage, while I hold that there is a higher marriage which is above and beyond that which is legal merely, and when the higher and the lower forms conflict, the higher will always gain the victory, as every advanced condition is certain of a conquest over a lower.

Let us look for a moment at our present marriage system. In the first place I think all physicians and physiologists know and people generally admit, that the blending of the sexes after reaching maturity is a natural, useful and sacred relation—that living isolated one from the other is unnatural and injurious. Our laws and public opinion declare that this natural, useful and sacred act is a sin, unless you first take upon yourself the vow to "love, honor and obey until parted by death"—a vow which no one but an ignorant person

would ever think of taking, but which all of us in our ignorance have taken upon ourselves—a vow that we soon found, perhaps, it was impossible to keep, for no one can love that which is repulsive, and no one can honor what is dishonorable, although the failing to do so may brand us as perjurers.

Our old standard, yet recognized by the masses, says no matter if the repulsion amounts to hatred, you have entered the partnership for life and you must remain to the bitter end, no matter how many unwelcome children are born as a result of the gratification of unhallowed passion on the one hand and disgust on the other, organized from these elements for the commission of all manner of crimes and subject to all kinds of diseases.

I take the position that the sexual relation should never be had, except it be founded on reciprocal love and entered into from mutual desires, and that anything other than this is prostitution and impurity, and children begotten, except in a love relation, are not such as the world needs to-day to make it better.

Now, if two persons have lived together for years without love toward each other, as many do—not from any fault of theirs, but because they have not the power to call out the love of their companion, each one suffering as they must from the lack of love to feed the demands of their souls—and one of these meets with one who arouses in them affection they had long since supposed forever buried, and gives them new hopes, new life, new aspirations, transforming their weary, monotonous life into one of perpetual spring and beauty.—can this new revelation, this inspiration of love, be other than a blessing? And can the husband, who is unable to call out the best and noblest part of her woman's soul, be wronged because some one else can bless her where he cannot, or produce music in her soul upon chords long since silent, because untouched? Does the blending of these two loving souls injure any one? I say no, but the selfishness of society says yes. You are my property, I own your body instead of your owning yourself. You have sworn to love and keep yourself to me. I reply, You have failed in the first place to keep your vow to love, upon which all the rest depended; for no two persons who fully love and feed each other ever desire outside relations.

Every man and woman has the inalienable right to all the love their nature has the power to call out from others, and no more; and what you cannot attract is not yours, and you have no right to demand it. If you do not wish longer to remain in any relation you have the right to change.

I do not believe in deceit and hypocrisy, but in honesty in every department of life, and claim that the meddlesome interference of society is what makes people such hypocrites.

Every person should have the right accorded to them to live according to their own ideas of right, each alone being the judge, so long as there is no infringement upon the rights of any one else—giving every one the same right they have.

A person believing in the old-fashioned way of buying a wife for a certain sum of money has the right to so purchase if the merchandise herself does not object, or the more modern purchase by a home and bank stock, or for any other reason, or to marry in any other manner they may choose, and as long as both believe that to be the highest life they ought to live accordingly. But if one of the parties in the contract should grow beyond this condition before the other does, there is no justice in laws or in public opinion that would hold them to the vow, any more than there is in a law to compel a man, because he once joined the Catholic Church, to forever adhere to that Church after his views are more in accord with some other form of religion.

Now, in the case I alluded to in the article you have questioned, that Beecher, Tilton and Mrs. Tilton believe in the doctrines of individual sovereignty and self-ownership, I most firmly believe, as do all independent thinkers, but they had not the strength and courage to face public opinion; in other words, they loved public favor more than they loved the truth, and this has led them into this terrible vortex of dishonesty, intrigue and perfidy. Had public opinion been grown to the condition to allow everybody to attend to their own private affairs, Beecher would not have lived in constant fear that Tilton would tell the truth about him and thus blast him in the eyes of the world, and would not have resorted to such unmanly methods to render Tilton's name unpopular in order that his testimony would not be received; and they would now stand before the world honest people instead of being dyed in hypocrisy.

Then all hail the day when society will allow every individual to attend to their own private affairs, and thrice hail the man or woman who will hold in utter contempt all attempts of society to interfere, either in their own or other people's personal matters.

Yours, for truth and freedom,

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

Milwaukee, Wis.

RAPE AND MURDER.

"RUTLAND, Vt., July 27, 1874.—The body of Miss Marietta N. Ball, a school teacher, was found in the woods near this place yesterday morning. The condition of the body showed that a gross outrage had been committed before the murder."—*Chicago Inter Ocean*, July 28, 1874.

And this in a State showing a large percentage of females over males. Man, the natural friend, the natural lover and admirer of everything truly feminine, becomes at once her enemy and destroyer! Is this the result of natural growth, of a normal state of society? Never; it can only result from a partial, a one-sided development. While schoolboys we are reared beside our fellow-workers, the schoolgirls; our development for the first ten or twelve years is much the same; we are taught to use our tongues, our hands, feet and limbs—in short, our muscular development, especially in the country, is untrammelled. But there is a portion of our bodies concerning which we are taught to keep silence and are kept in ignorance. This silence breeds a morbid curiosity, a constant desire to know the uses of that which is hidden. This constant desire and thought upon the sexual functions

produces an undue development of that portion of the brain which controls these organs. Early in life the glands secreting the seminal fluid begin their work. This creates a desire, a longing for a union with the opposite sex, and this desire is just as natural, just as God-given, as a desire for knowledge, food and drink. Yet society, according to its present processes of development, strives to ignore entirely this demand for five or six years. If marriage is not natural or practical until the twentieth and twenty-fifth years, why are the sexual organs developed at fourteen and sixteen. Do we have the same delay in other things, in other functions of the body? Never.

Every person at the age of puberty should be allowed to contract alliances with the opposite sex at will, for shorter or longer periods to suit the parties. Well, but what will become of the children? In every school district and city ward there should be a suitable building for the rearing and symmetrical development of children from infancy to puberty, and all children not suitably cared for at home should be placed here. This building, farm or institution should be supported by a direct tax upon the taxable property of the district.

The person who has made so constant a drain upon his sexual nature that the best part of his being is already burned out—who can see no beauty in a flower, in the summer landscape or the wonderful works of nature and art—is abnormally developed, and has squandered life's energies in the lowest sphere to little purpose. So also persons of Shaker proclivities must take but a narrow, cold and partial view of life. To know the uses of every organ, and then to use without abusing, is the only way to make a symmetrical, noble life.

J. IRVING FERRON.

PLIGHTED. A. D. 1874.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

NELLIE, *loquitur*.

Bless my heart! You're come at last.
Awful glad to see you, dear!
Thought you'd died, or something, Belle—
Such an age since you've been here!
My engagement? Gracious! Yes.
Rumor's hit the mark this time.
And the victim? Charley Gray,
Know him, don't you? Well, he's *prime*.
Such mustachios! Splendid style!
Then he's not so horrid fast—
Waltzes like a seraph, too,
Has some fortune—best and last.
Love him? Nonsense. Don't be "soft."
Pretty much as love now goes;
He's devoted, and in time
I'll get used to him, I s'pose.
First love? Humbug. Don't talk stuff!
Bella Brown, don't be a fool!
Next you'll rave of flames and darts,
Like a chit at boarding-school.
Don't be "miffed," I talked just so
Some two years back. Fact, my dear!
But two seasons kill romance,
Leaves one's views of life quite clear.
Why, if Will Latrobe had asked
When he left, two years ago,
I'd have thrown up all and gone
Out to Kansas, do you know!
Fancy me a settler's wife!
Blest escape, dear, was it not?
Yes, it's hardly in my line
To enact "Love in a Cot."
Well, you see, I'd had my swing,
Been engaged to eight or ten,
Got to stop some time, of course,
So it don't much matter when.
Auntie hates old maids, and thinks
Every girl should marry young—
On that theme my whole life long
I have heard the changes rung!
So *ma belle*, what could I do?
Charley wants a stylish wife,
We'll suit well enough, no fear,
When we settle down for life.
But for love—stuff! See my ring!
Lovely, isn't it? Solitaire.
Nearly made Maud Hinton turn
Green with envy and despair.
Her's aint half so nice, you see,—
Did I write you, Belle, about
How she tried for Charley, till
I sailed in and cut her out?
Now she's taken Jack McBride.
I believe it's all from pique—
Threw him over once you know—
Hates me so she'll scarcely speak.
O yes! Grace Church, Brown, and that,
Pa won't mind expense at last,
I'll be off his hands for good;
Cost a fortune two years past.
My trousseau shall out-do Maud's,
I've *carte blanche* from Pa, you know,
Mean to have my dress from Worth!
Won't she just be *raving* though?

—Scribner's Magazine.

A FREE WORLD.

I am thinking this morning of you, dear Victoria, pacing the decks of the steamer Lafayette and breathing great healing draughts of the salt sea's tonic to weak lungs and tired brain. The words of Edward H. G. Clarke, in March, 1873, came up before me as I pondered on the love that I know follows you like a benediction wherever you go. Not much over one year since those words were spoken! Yet how is it to-day? Where is the woman who was "clear down under everybody's heel?" Not "down," thank God, but up so high that the would-be inquisition over in Brooklyn cannot so much as grasp at the shadow of a hope of dragging her down again into the slime of their foul aspersions and calumnies. That day has passed forever, and they have gone out with

the tide, with the debris of all that past "obscenity" outrage, which the whole machinery of Church and State, with the might of the powerful prestige of the Church of Christ on earth, represented by Beecher in the United States and the world in general, and the free (?), ah! the very respectable press, subsidized, once hurled against her with vituperations and cries of "free love." Now, all these come roaring, rushing, seething at white heat, together, back upon the polished, slippery, "secret" committee over in Brooklyn, whose days are numbered. I could wish that I held for the moment both the "pen and gun" of Mr. E. H. G. Clarke, with which he avers—remember, it is back in those perilous times when he calls attention to the fact of Mrs. Woodhull being "entirely down"—"He will fight till the last breath, rather than have such an outrage become a precedent in the history of his country." Those were brave words, then, when all the power was against Mrs. Woodhull and on the side of Mr. Beecher. Now, the very sneaks dare come forward, and we see and hear everywhere their faint cries of laudation of those brave lovers of truth who made the welkin ring with inspirations from their right-thinking, freedom-loving souls. These have not waited for the waves to swallow up Victoria, nor for the shining garments to actually fall in pieces and uncover the "skeleton," be it one or more, in Henry Ward Beecher's clerical life. No; they have not so much business with that as with their faith in the unseen power that wakes up irresistibly the consciences of all mankind to contest for freedom.

Beecher, of all free (?) men, has dragged the heaviest chains. If ever a man has groined and bled, inwardly, Mr. Beecher is that man. Is it presumption, merely to predict that he must, per force of the power which underlies the whole movement, come out openly and give a weighty blow to the narrow-souled bigotry which has invaded his hearthstone as well as his pulpit, and denounce slavery to autocratic customs, both in the pulpit and in social life, where the holy of holies, in his own soul, has been invaded, not by Mrs. Woodhull, but by his own Church and the whole world outside?

It is the theory of society that is crushing Mr. Beecher, and whether he makes this hell hotter by a compromise, or deals sledge-hammer blows from that same pulpit against the enemies of freedom—socially, morally, politically, universally—matters but little as to the final issue; but his own soul depends for its salvation on the social order and harmony which can alone rise from the ruins of the present systems of slavery, and build itself up fair and pure under the rule of liberty. Mr. Beecher knows it, and he also knows that he may preach the Gospel for the next hundred years as he has preached it, and it will never accomplish his freedom or any other's while the sweetest and profoundest sentiments of his soul are hidden away under the cover of "immoralities." Neither he nor any other man or woman condemn (in themselves) the loves they have irresistibly reciprocated or bestowed. Neither will they ever suffer a death-bed repentance for the sin of loving. The only curse that falls upon us is the curse of Mrs. Grundy and the social hell which rages hot and fierce around us for doing what our God-in-the-Constitution side of the question calls obeying the truth. Where do we get truth? Who is responsible for our mode of getting it, or the use we put it to, so long as it is the truth to us and the life is made holier and better therefor? It is time we made a beginning to grow ourselves into the period when no man's creed of morals must bind every other man to follow in the same way or be damned. It is time to walk by the inner light, and not by the outward, soul-degrading prescriptions of society, so grossly imperfect that a pure mind shudders at the horrid phantoms which mock at truth and gild slavery with vestures of purple and fine linen, and forever keep freedom on the rack.

CHARLOTTE BARBER.

MRS. GRUNDY GETS WEARY!

Mrs. Grundy says she "would be content now if we could never hear another word of the Brooklyn scandal." But she don't mean it. The old lady says a great many things she don't mean. In fact, she says nothing that she does mean except when she gets mad at the 'world outside her clique for daring to think or speak contrary to the old lady's ukase. But the "world"—i. e., that narrow ring which forms Mrs. Grundy's world—obeys her behests and hypocritical whims all the same as long as she can make them believe her the leader of fashion. Even a disease can be made fashionable, or almost any absurdity. Sham and hypocrisy always were the fashion under her sway. Now that Beecher has gone into his dotage, the disease is spreading with great rapidity, and all the votaries at Mrs. Grundy's shrine begin to show alarming symptoms of the contagion. It is now the thing to say: "We are weary of the whole affair." Of course we are. If the Grundy clique hate anything it is logic; and impertinent mankind to-day has a habit, after the battle is over, to study the course of the war.

So Mrs. Grundy's policy is to cry out, "Hold, enough; let's talk about something else." We are told that this affair "has demoralized the press!" That's a good one. Which press, the moral or the wicked? We are also scared by the information that "it carried its noxious influence into the home circle." This is another of Mrs. Grundy's scarecrows; all knowledge, particularly knowledge of the world and its numerous humbugs, always brings danger to the "home circle." "It has worked harm wherever it has gone," because it has let in a flood of light on Mrs. Grundy's society. Seeing that they cannot save Beecher, they heroically sacrifice him, just as people are beginning to lose sight of him as an individual and to look at the whole thing as a link in social ethics worth studying. Mrs. Grundy says that "it is probable that this scandal will rapidly sink into the obscurity in which it should be buried." That is to say, she *hopes* so, to keep people from thinking. She even insults the world outside of her clique by telling us that "there is no lesson to be learned from it that any one will profit by." The fact is, the lesson is of such depth and such breadth that it frightens Mrs. Grundy, and now she is trying and going to try all she can, to hide its import from the general public. The time

has been when her approbation or her anathemas were final, but that time is past, and, we believe, will never return. That she is not aware of it only goes to prove that along with Plymouth Church, she and all her clique are victims of one and the same disease, senility. That part of mankind who do their own thinking is much larger than it used to be, and this very "scandal" will greatly increase the number. But Mrs. Grundy is in her dotage, and her cant phrases and antediluvian arguments will have no more influence on reasoning minds, in or out of the home circle, than Mrs. Partington's broom had on the rising ocean.—*Burlington Daily*.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Victoria C. Woodhull is sounding her clarion notes, causing agitation upon the social question far and near. She has rebuked the capitalists for their high-handed theft; government for its laxity in governmental affairs; clergymen for their hypocrisy, and society for its shams. She has spoken words of cheer to the fallen, and would "put her womanly arms around the necks of society's outcasts, bidding them look within and live, for they are links in the grand chain of humanity." What's the matter? Why, Victoria has a mission to perform, which the ignorant, babbling respectables cannot understand; and because she advocates freedom from all kinds of oppression, she is ranked as mad, crazy, and a hot-headed enthusiast, instead of the bright evangel which she is.

W. F. Jamieson, the fearless and brave champion of religious freedom, dares to attack the clergy and show to a benighted world the errors of church creeds, ministerial shortcomings and conservative respectability. He is considered unfit to be seen, read or heard of by men, yet he can't be let alone; and that's what's the matter. He will do his work in spite of time-serving, fearing dupes of Christian (?) ignorance.

Lois Walsbrooker, alone and unaided, gave to the world *Our Age*, and dared to advocate freedom from sexual slavery; dared to give her views upon the question of the money power, and call things by their right names, because she, like Victoria, is a friend of the Magdalene's. She is called prostitute, free-lover, etc.; the ignorant pretenders of Christianity do not see that she is imitating the Nazarene; and that's what's the matter with them.

Moses Hull and Mattie Sawyer dare to please themselves instead of the Grundies; they understand the law of their being, and have carried it out by proclaiming their marriage to the world, not as much as saying by your leave, Mr. Minister, Mr. Justice or Misses Propriety and Custom! What's the matter? Why, they are pursuing the even tenor of their way, issuing a paper dedicated to free thought, and "hewing right to the line, regardless where the chips may fall;" and the sleepy stand-stills can't endure so much independence.

Not long ago I handed the *WEEKLY, Our Age* and the *Crucible* to a friend for perusal, saying, "read these papers and see what their brave editors are doing to gain freedom for humanity. Taking them, she said: "It will not do for my husband to know that I have them in my possession. I'll read them slyly, for I am hungry for mental food." I said: "Has your husband a right to dictate concerning the kind of food your mind shall feed upon? Which is greater, a cultivated mind upon all subjects now agitating humanity, or ignorance of them because a legalized husband, in his brief authority, says you shall read only such matter as I, your master, see fit? Out upon such tyranny, whether it be in husband, father or brother! Be the independent woman you were before marriage; realize that your individuality is yours, and you have a right to assert it upon all matters pertaining to your interests. Read what you please and be your own judge."

A few days after the above conversation, the indignant husband called, returning the vile papers, as he termed them, saying: "I found my wife reading that miserable Woodhull paper, and she told me that you loaned them to her. Now, madam, I will not allow my wife or family to read such papers, and you will understand that I consider Spiritualists, Woodhullites and such too mean to live and"—"Sir," said I, "have you ever read either of these papers which you condemn so freely and loudly?" "No, indeed," said the irate man. "Then," I said, "you cannot judge of their merits or demerits. Their editors are working to show just such men as you that women are to be freed from such oppressors, and I say roll on great wheels of time and bring the welcome day when such men as you shall be ruled even as you have ruled. The law of retribution will surely find you, and woe will be yours for hugging ignorance to your bosom, and compelling your family, against their wishes, to stultify their soul's growth also." What's the matter? Because I would do good and explain our glorious philosophy, and help usher in the day of emancipation, the fossilized dupes of ignorance cry, "Woodhull, free-love, evil;" and that's what the matter—just that and nothing more. MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

QUID PRO QUO.

We are indebted to the New York *Independent* for the following beautiful poem. It appears to us to favor promiscuity, but we do not reject it on that account, as the Davids and Solomons ought to be represented as well as those who are monogamic. In such matters the *WEEKLY* does not dictate, but simply demands freedom for all:

AN ANSWER.

You ask me if I love you still
With such a fervor and good will
As clung to you in years before.
My little saint! I love you more.
You light your candle at the flame
That warms your heart—'tis still the same,
A thousand tapers share its light,
But leave the radiance just as bright.
For love with loving is not spent,
Not such is love's divine intent;
What year on year the sun shall dim
What worship tire the seraphim?
Like some sweet bloomless plant that grows
Beside the red and lavish rose,
That sees those blossoms blaze and die,
Brief darlings of the summer sky,

But holds its own most odorous leaves
To every hand that plucks their sheaves,
And where one branch for guerdon goes
Another and another grows.

So, darling, though my heart be filled
With newer love, it is not stilled,
But daily prays for daily bread,
Forever hungering, ever fed.

As in the dew-drop stars may shine,
So Love itself, august, divine,
Kindles our finite lives with fire
That cannot smoulder nor expire;

Elates our souls with boundless strength
Till loves are lost in Love at length,
Our mortal lights grow far and dim
And love and loving merge in Him.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EARTHQUAKE.

There have been no severe shocks felt during the past week, but the light tremblings that have occurred, and the manifest apprehensions of Mr. Beecher's friends, show that its force is not entirely spent or all danger past, though strenuous efforts are hinted at as being made in behalf of the imperilled parties, to allay the commotion and avert further disaster. A Boston correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, in its issue of the 7th inst., shows the direction in which the efforts are being put forth in the following:

"BOSTON, Sept. 6, 1874.

"Everything seems to indicate that most determined efforts are being made to pour oil on the turbulent waters of the Beecher-Tilton scandal. The end which is sought by Mr. Beecher and his friends is to prevail upon Mr. Moulton to forbear publishing any further statements about the offensive affair; but it has not yet transpired that the 'Mutual Friend' will consent to remain silent. He feels keenly the position in which he has been placed before the community, and it will probably require considerable coaxing to bring about a promise of silence. His statement is understood to be already prepared, and is only held back to await such overtures as may be made by Mr. Beecher or his friends. For several days, until last evening, Mr. Moulton has been stopping at the Tremont House, and he is only absent now to spend Sunday at Lowell with General Butler, his friend and counsel. During his sojourn at the Tremont he has been much of the time engaged with James Redpath and other prominent friends of Mr. Beecher. Mr. Cleveland, one of the Plymouth Church Committee of Investigation, has also arrived at the Tremont, fresh from Mr. Beecher and the White Mountains, and it is surmised that he comes as the specially authorized friend of this distinguished pastor."

MR. BEECHER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The *Herald* of the 5th thus describes his outward serenity: "Mr. Beecher, as is well known, is spending his days of vacation up at the Twin Mountain House in New Hampshire, far away from the hurly-burly of city strifes and metropolitan excitement, but still within convenient communication with that outside world which has of late taken such a lively interest in his moral welfare. He gets the daily papers regularly, and of course is not oblivious to current events or the drift of public opinion. So far as outward appearances are concerned, he is one of the most happy and serene of all the gay guests among the mountain resorts. He mixes in all the social games of the season, and none are apparently more jovial and entertaining than the distinguished Plymouth pastor. Whether all this jollity is real or otherwise is a question which has been much debated during the last few days in a quiet way. A gentleman who has been a guest there ever since Mr. Beecher came and who is familiar with many of the secrets of the matter, arrived here this evening. He says that Mr. Beecher is not the gay and festive pleasure-seeker which his outward conduct indicates, but that, on the contrary, he is greatly worried about the issue of events which have so recently added to his notoriety. This same gentleman also asserts that for several days efforts have been made to smother any further disclosures from Moulton and Tilton, and that he has no doubt but these efforts will be crowned with success. The friends of Beecher, he says, are the ones who are taking the initial steps in the matter, and from the fact that Mr. Cleveland has been with him a good deal during the last few days he infers that he is the man who has been selected as the mediator between Mr. Beecher, Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton. Mr. Beecher, he says, while he is extremely anxious about the result, is nevertheless very reticent and cautious in every move he makes, and, in fact, it is said that he has been so radically cautious that the friends who have been laboring in his behalf are disgusted and possibly may become discouraged."

MOULTON.

There seems to be no reason to believe the reported efforts to compromise with Mr. Moulton will be successful. He may refrain from introducing evidence of other irregularities of Mr. Beecher in connection with persons not heretofore implicated, but it is not probable that he will consent to withdraw anything. The most that reporters can get from him is that he is not at liberty to express the conclusion he has arrived at in regard to his supplemental statement.

NO COMPROMISE WITH TILTON.

In reply to questions of a *Herald* reporter on Sunday evening Mr. Tilton is reported as follows:

"I was never in better health, though (smiling) you gentlemen of the press will make me out haggard, pale and seedy. I have been in good health all through. I am not the worried man."

If there is to be a compromise at all, or any arrangement to which such a term would apply, it could not be honorably made, it can only be honorably accepted by Mr. Moulton on condition of Mr. Beecher's total, absolute withdrawal of every implication which Mr. Beecher and his attorneys have made against Mr. Moulton.

I refer not only to the base charge of blackmail, but to the equally base, groundless and dastardly charge that Mr. Moulton entered into a conspiracy to injure Mr. Beecher, or that Mr. Moulton acted toward him for the last four years in any

other capacity than as the supreme friend whom Mr. Beecher eulogizes in a dozen letters, asking for golden words to portray his shining and illustrious services to his imperilled pastor. I have heard nothing of any arrangement for settlement between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Moulton. But I can easily see that Mr. Beecher, who has made a false accusation against Mr. Moulton, should, on second thought, hasten to beg Mr. Moulton's pardon. If he has done so, he will find Mr. Moulton a generous man, quick and ready to do whatever a true gentleman could find warrant for doing. But there is no compromise for me. I have made charges against Mr. Beecher which are true. He has made a denial of them which is false. What compromise is possible in such a case? There is none. I am right and Mr. Beecher wrong. If he should come to me offering all the wealth and honors in the world, I would not move an inch—not a hair's breadth. I am not surprised that Mr. Beecher wants to compromise, whether with Mr. Moulton or myself. Mr. Beecher might, perhaps, compromise honorably with Mr. Moulton by offering him a suitable apology for accusing him falsely. As for me, my case is in court, and Mr. Beecher must settle it there. You will hear of the Chinese wall falling down before you will hear of me accepting a compromise from Henry Ward Beecher. What other people do is their business—not mine. My own plain and simple duty is to fight my battle to the end; and you might as well ask Mr. Bennett to stop the *Herald* as to ask me to compromise.

I am sure that a man who is in the right, having the truth on his side, and having enemies enough to make his friends warm and steadfast, will win the verdict of the popular opinion in the end. This controversy has assumed such stately proportions that I have long since ceased to regard either Mr. Beecher or myself as of much importance in it. The simple question is, What is the truth? So sharp and fierce is the inquisition which the people are making into the facts of the case, that there can be but one issue to this controversy. The man who lied must come to destruction, and I am not that man."

[From the Tribune.]

An incident which gave slight support in Brooklyn to the rumors of attempted compromise which were telegraphed from New England on Saturday, was the effort of Mrs. Ovington on both Friday and Saturday to see Mr. Tilton. She called first at Mr. Tilton's residence in Livingston street on Friday afternoon, but not finding him at home she then called at Mr. Moulton's, then at a restaurant on Montague street, and last of all at the office of ex-Judge S. D. Morris, Mr. Tilton's counsel. Not meeting Mr. Tilton at any of these places, Mrs. Ovington gave up the search, but on Saturday afternoon addressed Mr. Tilton the following note:

"No. 148 HICKS STREET, September 5, 1874.

"Mr. Tilton—Can you call upon me this afternoon? I would very much like to say a few words to you. Elizabeth has left our house for a day or two. Be kind enough to return answer by bearer, and greatly oblige

"MRS. E. J. OVINGTON."

Mr. Tilton responded without delay in a letter of which a copy is attached:

"No. 174 LIVINGSTON STREET, BROOKLYN, Sept. 5, 1874.

"Mrs. E. J. Ovington—Madam, I was surprised to learn that you had called at my house last evening, and still more surprised to receive from you to-day a letter requesting me to call at yours. Allow me to remind you that shortly after Mrs. Tilton, by your connivance, deserted her home and went to reside with your family, I called upon you in order to say that if she wished any articles from our house she had only to name them and they would be sent to her, or if she wished to revisit the house in order to select and pack the articles under her own supervision, I would retire for a day to enable her to do so without embarrassment. You and your husband chose to misstate the facts, spirit and motive of this interview, and communicated to the public press the base insinuation that I had taken advantage of your husband's absence in order to invade your house and to force my way into Mrs. Tilton's presence. Since that time various reports originating in your family have appeared in the public prints to the effect that you had sequestered Mrs. Tilton in this place or that in city or country, keeping her whereabouts a profound secret, lest I should be tempted to pursue her with violence. Moreover, my daughter Florence, though desired by her mother to visit her (it being the mother's right to see her child), was for a long time refused access to Mrs. Tilton through your agency, and was subjected thereby to great pain and mortification. In view of these and other similar facts, not a few in number, and in view also of the still more serious fact that you were the willing agent of Mr. Beecher's advisers in tempting Mrs. Tilton to desert her home to join her husband's enemies, to conspire with them in demanding her own exposure, and finally to be practically flung away by them and publicly insulted by Mr. Beecher's Committee and the *Christian Union*, I feel it my duty to inform you that I cannot accept an invitation to visit your house either now or hereafter.

Yours truly, THEODORE TILTON."

Upon the receipt of this letter Mrs. Ovington called again at Mr. Tilton's house, where she informed him that she had been seeking to consult with him regarding a matter of importance. Mr. Tilton inquired if his reply to her note had been received by her. She had read it, she said, but it was not satisfactory, and she wished to talk with him. Mr. Tilton repeated to her the substance of his letter, that he could not consult with either herself or her husband upon any matter in any way bearing upon the present controversy; that they had chosen to misrepresent him on every possible occasion to the public press, and that at the present stage it would be no more appropriate for him to confer with her or her husband than with Mrs. or Mr. Beecher. Mrs. Ovington remained at Mr. Tilton's perhaps a half hour, and repeatedly endeavored to introduce the subject of her call, but he assured her that her mission could not be fulfilled.

WHAT THE HERALD SAYS OF A COMPROMISE.

Upon what reasonable basis can there be "grace, mercy and peace?" And in any negotiation who can control Mr.

Tilton? Mr. Tilton has been the master of this controversy from the beginning and he is the master now. He has had a direct purpose from the outset, has never abandoned it, nor swerved from it, nor been influenced by any one, except so far as it pleased him. Whatever his motive, he has certainly submitted his gifted and venerable antagonist to four years of exquisite torture. Mr. Beecher cannot buy Tilton, he has not yet frightened him, and any termination of this affair short of the whole truth will be a misfortune to society and religion and a prolongation of the four years of misery he has undergone.

Better let the truth come, even if Mr. Beecher walks into the East River to hide his shame. For there can be no compromise that will not leave him in a position compared with which suicide would be a blessing. Mr. Beecher has been assailed as no man of this country has been assailed; he has been menaced with the worst form of destruction; he has placed himself in a position that would have terminated in ignominy the career of any other clergyman, but he has been sustained by his church with singular, extraordinary and beautiful affection. His church has only clung closer and closer to him, and it will love him even as David was loved after his sins against Uriah, no matter what the *finale* may be. Mr. Beecher owes to Plymouth Church the utmost truth, the same confidence it has given him, and, above all, no compromise with his antagonists. There would be no harm in praying for Tilton and Moulton when the proper time comes—and Mr. Beecher has charity enough for the office. But before these prayers for "grace, mercy and peace," let us have the truth. Compromise is cowardice and crime. We are persuaded that Mr. Beecher does not fear the truth, and he must not allow the Redpaths and Moultons who cling around him to make it appear otherwise.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE BEECHER LITERATURE.

A well-known public character, whose name is withheld for the reason that he does not desire to be mixed up in any public manner with the Beecher nastiness, has addressed the following remarkable letter to Frank Moulton, with whom he is intimately acquainted. It is a curious addition to the Plymouth Rock literature:

LONG BRANCH, LELAND'S OCEAN HOUSE, Aug. 30, 1874.

FRANCIS D. MOULTON, Remsen street, Brooklyn:

THE NEW THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

"Bravo! Three cheers for Moulton! One man against three thousand!"

Out of self-respect for manhood I sent that telegram yesterday. Your action was grand. Nothing like it in this century. The reaction will be a whirlwind. Beecher's new doxology is, "Give him hell!" His new creed, "Rush him!" Shoot him!" for Christ's sake. His new prayer, "Put him out! God damn him!" His new amen, "Kill the black-mailer!"

The fates are with you. The destinies are running this thing. It was God Almighty's primary. Christ calling the Christian's roll!

The dervishes in Turkey, the fanatics of the Juggernaut, cannot eclipse that sublime frenzy. Tammany under Rynders never surpassed that religious mob named the Plymouth Church rat pit!

"You're a liar!" to Raymond, was immense! Your "No!" was a million voices. Tilton, for awhile, must take a back seat. Your bull was first in the ring. When that "sister" yelled out "Iago," she called Beecher the Moor; a nice character, that! When Raymond told the dog story, his point was when paying the pound that the boy was the thief. Apply this. Beecher paid thousands to Moulton! Why? Because he was guilty!

When Beecher tumbled into the Tilton vault you and Tilton plunged in to save him for a consideration. You both got ashore with soiled clothes without your man. The Investigating Committee attempted a rescue and came out with a fearful stench! Now the Church are plunging through the filth of ages while the whole world holds its nose!

When rats commence gnawing the rotten timber of Christ's Seraglio in Brooklyn they little suspect that they will be buried in the ruins of the falling fabric.

You have no control over the forces that are pushing you to the front. You are knocking "The life of Christ" higher than a thousand kites. The cry is going out from "the Church of the holy Roger." Down with hypocrisy and up with the religion of health. Beecher's religion was to save people after they were dead. We want a religion to save them while they are living. Plymouth Church strove to keep people out of hell instead of keeping hell out of the people.

The fact is, those powders of the Church and pills of politics have produced chronic dyspepsia in society, while the previous compounds of tradition, education and custom have corrupted the whole people. The augmentation of wealth has accumulated almost universal poverty. How much longer will ignorance and hunger allow the gods to sit on the shore of Beecher luxury?

The wail of starving workmen ere long may startle the pompous churchmen with the wild cry of civil war. Man and monopoly have subdued land and water through steam and electricity; but man and mind are still enslaved.

Art displaces nature. Colleges, schools, churches everywhere for the rich, but no money, no knowledge, no food for the poor. Wait till the lava torrents of an enraged people pour through the panic-stricken cities with the fever frenzy of despair. Talk not of abundant crops where corn is cheaper than fuel. Can this restore paralyzed industry?

When bulls and bears can corner food and legislation—can pauperize the masses in favor of the few—why boast of abundant harvests? Where 2,000 professional abortionists commit their hourly murders under the shadow of Plymouth Church; where politics signify robbing the Treasury; where religion means Beecherism; where pastoral visits are called "nest hiding," who can be surprised that falsehood overcomes truth and everywhere vice is mistaken for virtue?

How can man be happy with dreams of perpetual paradise? If forty women should consent to *crim con* with the hay fever pastor his congregation would not believe it. We have not yet seen the end of the beginning, much more the beginning of the end.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 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.

PIOUS BUT MEAN.

We are glad to note that the success of our contemporaries, the *Banner of Light* and the *Investigator*, is admitted by the N. Y. *Independent*, though we could have wished to have seen the above news in a more reliable paper than that semi-Christian periodical. We say "more reliable," because the sentence in which it appears also contains two incorrect statements respecting the WEEKLY and its proprietor:

We may mention, too, as an offset to the success of these two papers (the *Investigator* and *Banner of Light*) that the New York journal edited by the late president of the National Spiritualistic Association has apparently suspended publication in consequence of the recent departure of that functionary for Europe.

As there is only one New York paper, viz.: WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, that is (or ever has been) edited by a president of a Spiritualistic Association, and as that has not suspended publication in consequence of the departure of its proprietors and chief editor for Europe, we respectfully notify our neighbor, the N. Y. *Independent*, of the errors it has made in its statements in the above paragraph. We do not ask it to correct its mistakes, that would be expecting too much: for, by so doing, it would place itself on a par with more secular papers, who pick up mere accurate, if not more honest, intelligence outside the churches.

THE BOSTON CONVENTION.

On Tuesday, Sept. 15, all Spiritualists, Scientists, Socialists, Free Religionists, Free Thinkers, Materialists and Infidels are requested to meet in Convention at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston. This is a grand call, but not broader than the times demand. There are hundreds of thousands in the orthodox churches—in them, but not of them—that ought to be there also. If a tithe of those would assemble there who believe in Spiritualism, Boston Common would not be large enough to contain it. But enough latitude is given in the call to exhibit the good-will of the Spiritualists toward all their neighbors. Another thing the public will also do well to remember—viz., that those who desire to address their brethren and sisters will not need to bring credentials, either from Rome or Chicago. Although isolated efforts have been made by petty societies to establish a different principle, we feel assured that the true Spiritualists of this or any other country will never tamely submit to, or in any way sanction, the denial of the right of any sane human being to the freedom of speech and of the platform.

And wide as the call is, it is not so vast as the work to be accomplished. Radical Spiritualism is now the underlying element of four grand revolutions. Its duty is to renovate mankind, and it can only do that by remodeling the conditions by which they are surrounded. That being its work, it must assimilate with, sanction and direct every honest effort that is now being made for the elevation of humanity and the improvement of our race. Its animus ought therefore to be acknowledged and felt in all the reforms of the age—industrial, financial, social and religious. By and through it these must be united; for, indeed, they are all parts of one grand whole, and each is *en rapport* with the others. Without success in the industrial and financial movements, the social and spiritual movements cannot be consummated. The former may be looked upon as the body, and the latter as the soul of the grand series of reformations that are now shaking the civilized earth.

But these mighty changes will not be effected without social (if indeed they are without physical) war. Tyranny, greed and monopoly are wholly antagonistic to the liberty, equality and fraternity that must be established for the general good. Imbecile creeds, which may have been serviceable, but are now rotten with age and leprous with crimes, block all the avenues to social improvements, so necessary to the development of a superior race of human beings, and mightily hinder, if they do not stop, the progress of scientific knowledge. The Chicago Convention of the past year has testified to the truth of these charges, and the duty of all Spiritualists is plainly exhibited in its rulings. The advancement of the best interests of humanity is certainly no side issue, and those are derelict in their duty to themselves, as well as to their sisters and brethren, who fail to aid and assist it.

The times are propitious for this grand meeting. Never fairer omens heralded an army on its path to victory. The past year has witnessed two grand triumphs. In the Beecher-Tilton case, a rotten, false and hypocritical society has been unmasked and brought to bay. It stands for judgment before the bar of the people. It is no longer a tyrant, but a criminal. Immediately following its exposition, Science, by the mouth of John Tyndall, throws the gauntlet to all revealed religions. Their Gods are not the Gods of matter; they cannot reign in this mundane sphere. Such is his dictum, and he charges Christianity with having been a hindrance to the progress of human knowledge. In addition to these, Spiritualism may be said to have stormed and carried the press here and in other countries; while the unexampled material manifestations of the spirits are going forth in both Europe and America to convert and to conquer.

Under these grand auspices there is no room for despondency, there is no inlet for deprecation. Let those Spiritualists who have put their hands to the plow, not turn back from the labor; let those who have not—commence the work of self-development by so doing; let both remember that the harvest before them will be plentiful, though at present the laborers are few. Let the sons and daughters of science recognize and aid a development which interferes not with, but honors their efforts, and which finds its Pentateuch in those stone books of the past their perseverance and genius have opened lately to the peoples of the world. Let the Socialists do their duty in exposing the present sad moral condition of humanity, in demanding the admission of the right of personal sovereignty and in affirming the necessity for the establishment of social and sexual freedom. Let the Free Religionists rejoice in a theory which finds excellence in all the religious advances of mankind, and locates not the mercies of the Mother and Father of the universe. Let the Freethinkers respect those who demand for all absolute freedom of conscience, and who condemn and fight against all laws conflicting with the full and free expression of that most sacred right. Let the Materialists consistently espouse the cause of those who maintain the infinity and eternity of matter, and whose labors have added knowledge of the same in boundless fields as yet but partially examined and explored. Let even Infidels come and join in the efforts now being made for human freedom with those who judge not their brethren and sisters, and learn by their senses that there may be something

"Not yet dreamed of in their philosophy."

Finally, let all good willing men and women, whether in or

out of the churches, unite together in a grand Pentecostal gathering to establish the brotherhood and the sisterhood of the whole human race, now so cruelly divided by out-worn credal religions that, whatever they may have been once, now only serve to corrupt, divide, deharmonize and destroy mankind.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

NO. VI.

The regular passenger trains over the Central Pacific Railroad leave Ogden about 7 o'clock P. M. in summer, giving their passengers a fine view of the northern end of Salt Lake, close to the northern boundaries of which the road runs as far as Corinne. Having "seen" Salt Lake City to our heart's content, and having performed our mission to the Prophet-President, we left the City of the Saints reluctantly, and taking our places in one of the luxurious silver palace sleepers of the C. P., were soon being rapidly hurled westward.

Corinne, at the head of Salt Lake, was, until the final location of the "junction" of the N. P. and the C. P., at or rather near Ogden—the junction being a mile or more to the south of the town—a thrifty and promising place; but that action of Congress sealed its doom. There is no reason, however, to doubt that this action of Congress was judicious. The location of the junction elsewhere would have made it very inconvenient for the large travel and traffic of the Utah Southern Road over which Salt Lake City is reached, forty miles to the south of Ogden.

Passing westward from Corinne the road runs through a part of the country almost devoid of interest, and, happily, the passage is made during the night. Whether it has occurred with or without contrivance, it is a singular fact that the trip westward over both the U. P. and the C. P. is so arranged that the unattractive portions of the roads are traversed during the night; or what is perhaps more strictly true, the most interesting parts of them are passed over during the day.

The first thing of interest that is reached are the Humboldt Wells, which in the times when these arid plains were crossed by teams only, were so welcome to the weary and worn emigrants and their jaded animals. These wells are situated in the midst of a beautiful valley which, from this point, slopes away until it merges into the main valley of the Humboldt River. Standing on the brink of one of these curious wells, it presents a smooth, clear surface of six or seven feet diameter. It looks more like an artificial well than a natural spring; but one looks in vain for the evidences of its excavation. Though these wells have been sounded to a great depth, no bottom has ever been found, which suggests to the observer the idea that they are craters to former volcanoes. This thought is strongly confirmed as the surroundings are taken in view—lava in hard rough blocks, lava decomposed and powdered, and huge blocks of granite and sandstone cover the whole face of the country in wild confusion just outside the verdant valley, and mark an era when desolation reigned supreme. A few miles beyond, the road debouches into the fruitful valley of the Humboldt. So sudden a transition from all that is desolate, dreary and lifeless to this beautiful valley seems to be a work of magic.

The next point of interest is Twelve-mile Canyon, which begins a few miles beyond Carlin, from which place the valley begins gradually to narrow until the huge piles of rocks close in upon the road, as if to bar its progress. This range of mountains presents the appearance of at one time having actually extended across the valley and to have been rudely torn asunder by a mighty convulsion, forming an outlet for the vast body of water that must have been confined in the immense basin. The waters of the river wash the base of the cliffs on either side, so narrow is the defile into which it enters, and they rise perpendicularly to the height of a thousand feet or more. Some may think that the Palisades can stand comparison with the Echo and Weber Canyons; but such must find its attractions in the simple ruggedness and barrenness of the bold bluffs which lack entirely the beauty and variety of the defiles of the U. P. in its passage through the Wahsatch Mountains.

We have now entered the treasure-bearing country bordering on the railroad. At every station, of even a few huts, is seen a large or small pile of bullion pigs "cob-housed" in the depot for shipment. The celebrated White Pine Mining country lies to the south of this part of the road and is reached by stage from Palisade Station, which is situated in the midst of "The Palisades," nine miles from Carlin. The distance to the White Pine Mines is something more than a hundred miles. The country on both sides of the railroad, for hundreds of miles from this point onward to the western foot of the Sierras, is filled with sources of wealth and interesting objects to the traveler; but as we are not visiting this side of the continent for pleasure we have not the time to leave the line of the railroad; and, not being in very strong health, are not able really to observe or learn of all the prominent and interesting things which lie within our range of vision.

Besides the rich yields of the precious metals in this section of country, stock-raising is also carried on to a large extent. On every hand immense herds of cattle and horses are seen, for which a ready market is found to the West as far as the coast and over the barren country to the east of

the Humboldt Valley. There are also many legends and tales about various points in this section of Indian fights and cruelties and thieving; of daring adventures by early emigrants and hair-breadth escapes with life; of maidens captured by the red men and their escape after long captivity; of caves and underground passages and various other things of a superstitious and marvelous character. These will some day, undoubtedly, be gathered into book form and properly christened, and will be poured over by wondering children a hundred years hence, as those of today pour over the exciting reminiscences of the Indian and revolutionary times of our forefathers.

The lakes in the great basin of the Nevada Desert are great natural curiosities. Like Salt Lake, although receiving the waters sometimes of large rivers, none of them have any external outlet. Constant streams of water pour into each, but none lead away from any. Whether there are passages beneath the surface for the escape of these waters, or whether their disappearance may be accounted for by evaporation, which must be very considerable in this dry climate, are questions which do not seem to have been satisfactorily solved. Some have thought that all these lakes have underground connections, and that while some are at high, others are at low, water; but the fact that Salt Lake for the last twenty years has been gradually rising, while the others usually rise and fall simultaneously, disproves this theory. Salt Lake is said to be twenty feet higher than it was twenty years ago.

We now being to climb the last continuous range of mountains lying between us and the Pacific Ocean—the Sierra Nevada; and soon afterward the train begins to pass through the snow-sheds of the C. P. As the summit is approached these sheds become continuous, their line east and west of the summit being not less than forty miles in length. These sheds are made necessary by the heavy snows that fall on this range of mountains, which usually are from twenty to thirty feet in depth. Railroad engineering in such a country without protection to the track would be impossible. Even the heat of summer fails to melt these vast piles away entirely, the ravines and breaks in the mountains remaining filled the year round.

The train going westward leaves the summit, where it breakfasts, early in the morning, thus giving the passengers the best possible view of the magnificent scenery of the west slope of this grand chain of mountains. Having emerged from the snow sheds the most entrancing views are developed. Hitherto all of the majestic sights have been observed from the defiles and canyons of the mountains, looking upward. Now it is exactly reversed. Each new scene which fixes the eye, is looked down upon—vast abysses at the bottom of which a torrent rushes headlong over a rocky bed, or a quiet river peacefully wends its way oceanward. All of this is so opposite from everything that has been passed, that the observer is seemingly at a loss to determine which is the more to be admired. In one respect at least he is not long in forming a conclusion. Before, it had been a safe passage for the train through tremendous gorges in between the rocks at the base of the mountains. Now it is the train passing swiftly along the very summits of these tremendous heights looking down into the awful depths beneath, into which a single mistake would precipitate the train. Well may the timid shrink from a scene so terrible in its possibilities, and choose to meet whatever may come in blindness rather than in sight of them. On the very verge of these frightful heights the train as carefully as possible moves gradually down from the summit, now rounding a sharp point almost overhanging the abyss below and anon dashing through a tunnel to escape a too fearful precipice, and then for a time, perhaps, withdrawing from the dangerous verge and from the sight of the yawning depth only to return to them again in still more terrible view.

The great American Canyon is finally reached, which is the climax of all that has preceded it, but blending its terrific grandeur with the most entrancing shades and colors of which the mind can conceive. Here is the Switzerland of America. No such scenery can be seen from any other railroad in the world. It alone is worth all the hardships of a trip from any part of the world; and everybody gazes with mized awe and admiration upon the wondrous sights that are here presented.

But as if reserving the grandest of all the sights for the last, or as if preparing the mind for a really terrific view, accustoming the observer by gradual approaches from the less to the more terribly grand, Cape Horn is at last approached. This, known the world over, is about the last of the seeming obstacles in the path of the railroad. Here the train halts to permit its human freight to take a farewell view of this wonderful culmination of a series of most wonderful things and the grandest scenes on the American or any other continent.

Having debarked from the cars the passengers stand on the verge of the tremendous gulf, yawning before them, transfixed, some with fear and others with delight. Immediately beneath, which can be reached by a stone thrown with ordinary strength, lies a pretty cottage in the midst of a cultivated field that, from the immense distance—twenty-five hundred feet—seems to be but a mere miniature. Having taken in the objects beneath and nearest, the eye gradually rises to the more distant scenes across the gulf. Just opposite from where we stand the American River comes into the depths beneath. Following the river as it

threads its way in the immense chasm, it resembles a line of silver drawn between the black, frowning and precipitous sides. Half way up this line a black one is observed spanning the river. This is the turnpike bridge leading to Iowa Hill; but it seems from our position to be nothing more than a foot plank. Turning to the rear, the towering mass of rocks rise a thousand feet, also almost perpendicularly. The space for the road bed has been blasted into the side of the mountain where before there was not space enough for an Indian trail, and over this narrow path the traffic of the Occident and the Orient finds its way. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. Judah and his friends were considered as crazy when such a barrier as Cape Horn had to be surmounted before a railway across the plains could be insured; but science in engineering surmounted a seeming impossibility, and this greatest mechanical effort of the world stands an everlasting monument of fame for those who first saw that it was possible.

After leaving Cape Horn and passing over the trestle bridge, one thousand feet in length and one hundred feet in height, which carries the train across the head of the valley to the opposite side, the remainder of the journey to San Francisco is almost devoid of interest. After such grandeur lesser sights fail to attract the attention, and for the most part the passengers bestow themselves comfortably and think of the Omnipotent Power that first created such obstacles to be overcome; and then of the almost as Omnipotent Power that has surmounted them. At noon we arrive at Sacramento, the State Capital, and at eight o'clock at our present destination, San Francisco, the real metropolis and capital of the Empire of the West, since, in reality, the Pacific Coast civilization is sufficiently distinct from that of the East to warrant this designation, as we shall attempt to show at a future time.

BIBLE BUILDING.

That venerable old institution "The Bible" is undergoing what the sailors call a thorough overhauling. There is an American Bible Revision Committee that holds its sessions in the Bible House, New York, and a British Committee whose head-quarters are located at the Deanery of Westminster, who are at work upon it. We are further informed that the two first books of the "Old" and the two first books of the "New Testament" are already sufficiently "doctored" to suit both parties. The method of procedure appears to be as follows: The British Committee tackles the job first, and when their revised translation is sent to the American Committee, who re-tinker the same, and we understand that almost all the alterations made by the latter have been adopted. While we pity the sad condition of our forbears who may have been damned for believing the mis-translations of the King James version of the Bible, we cannot but admire the pluck of the D. D.s who have undertaken to set matters right in spite of the anathema contained in the last chapter of the Revelations.

THE DUTIES OF THE REFORMER.

The occupation of a doctor of medicine is not a life which is generally desired. Submit the question of the choice of a profession to a class in our public schools, and you would certainly find in it more aspirants for the bar than for the surgery, and possibly more for the pulpit than the bar. The reason for this is obvious. It is a sad thing to behold human suffering, and sadder when, in order to relieve it, the impassive operator is compelled to add to its poignancy before he can apply those remedies which will give ease to the patient. It is the same with the moral as with the physical reformer. To gauge human misery and plumb the depths of crime is not a pleasant but a very necessary duty. It is far from agreeable to be compelled to stun the public ear with long lists of human delinquencies, and, with their natural concomitants, startling records of human guilt. Doubtless there are many who deprecate the policy of publishing such statistics, and some who consider the press itself as an aider and abettor of the very evils it searches out and exposes, while not a few tender-hearted people shudder at the recital of them, like wounded men shrinking from the sharp but necessary probing of the skillful surgeon.

But there is a difference to be noted between the duties of the moral and the physical practitioner. The latter has only to arbitrate between a man and a disease, the former, not unfrequently, between two bodies of men. The doctor is a bystander interfering with potent weapons at his command, and operating for or against the disease or the patient. He may in most instances be considered an unquestionable authority over both. The moral reformer, on the contrary, is often controlled and his designs thwarted by those he is striving to benefit, at the same time being compelled to face the enemy, and often to receive unmerited punishment from both sides in the encounter. The peculiar difficulty attending most reforms lies in the adjustment of interests between parties, in which both, not unfrequently, have to abate somewhat of their pretensions, and both also to acknowledge some errors. This is the difficulty of the industrial question. The real difference between the employer and the employee is frequently *nil*. The one is and the other would be successful in accumulating wealth. Or, in other words, the one is and the other would be a tyrant. But there are good people on both sides of whom it may be said that the one has no desire to domineer, and the other

has no element of servility. They are content with being two men. More will not be demanded by the one, and less will not suffice for the other. They are brethren. It is to induce these men to labor together for their mutual benefit, or rather for the good of the community at large, that is the problem of the present time. In order that they may do so, it is necessary to expose the existing evils of society, and thus prove the necessity for this close communion of right-thinking, and what is more to our purpose, of right-acting human beings.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the projector of public reforms walks in a path beset with difficulties. It is now, as the great Nazarene said it was in Jerusalem in the year 30, "a straight and narrow way." On the one side he is often torn by the thorns planted by the unreasoning ignorance of the poor, and on the other, lacerated by the brambles which spring from the mercenary prejudices of the rich. The only hope that he can have here must rest on his belief in the clear intelligence which unquestionably exists in the masses of both these classes to appreciate and explain, and in their virtue to perform, whatever of good may be found in his conceptions. It is a hard task to strive to combine what, to the superficial thinker, may appear like the diverging interests of wealth and poverty. But Spiritualists, and even Christians, ought to admit that, though it may be useless to endeavor to cultivate a friendship between Dives and the impenitent thief, there is nothing which ought to forbid the community of interest that ought to exist between Joseph of Arimathea and Lazarus.

HOW MUCH?

The public are on the anxious seat. They see the olive branch in the beak of the dove, Redpath! They are not satisfied. Although we are confident that nothing Plymouth Church can offer will affect Mr. Frank Moulton, many folks are asking the important question: How much? But that is a vain inquiry. Who could plumb the depths of the piety of Plymouth Church. Put it into dollars, who would dare to say it could be meted by fifty thousand, one hundred thousand, or even one million in greenbacks? The grand ratification prayer-meeting proves to the world that it would go any length for the defense of its pastor and the annihilation of his enemies. There is a vigor of piety in its prayers that reaches to heaven and extends to the very bottom of the bottomless pit, as was proved on that occasion; and a shrewdness and worldly wisdom in the way that it is conducted that can hardly be computed in money, and consequently defies all the ingenuity of financiers to fix the price it would pay for the conservation of its pastor and its religion.

A STEP FORWARD.

The Workingmen's Unions of this and other States have succeeded in legally limiting the time of the labor day to eight hours. The justice and expediency of such limitation has been admitted by our National Government also. Although public officers may neglect their duties, and the statute in too many instances may remain a dead-letter, still, the public acknowledgment of the right of the workers to fix the time of the labor day is, in itself, a great victory, a vantage ground which ought to be used to good purpose by the daughters and sons of toil.

Though many of our unions estimate the daily services of their members at different, in some cases very different prices, it would be difficult for them to give satisfactory reasons for so doing. The needs of human beings are similar, so should their rewards be. Does not this inequality of pay prevent unity of action on the part of the unions? Can a just reason be given why the mason should obtain for a day's work twice as much as the miner, or three times the sum paid to the agriculturist? But in the equalization of the price of the labor day, there is no reason why the high-priced and well-paid worker should hang back. There are staticians who assert that toilers at present do not receive more than one-fifth of the real value of their labors. If so, when laborers adjust the value of labor they also will be gainers. That, in spite of their unions, they do not do so now was painfully proved by the great strike of the Philadelphia miners. One thing was established by it, viz.: that the miner does not, but that the capitalist does fix the money value of daily labor in the mines. In other words, idlers fix the daily wages of toilers. Are the intelligent Unionists of this country satisfied with this arrangement? No, a thousand times no! But how can it be overturned? The Miners' Benevolent Association was then, and it is believed is now, the largest union in the country. A tithe of the money force applied against that would conquer any other union. How was it defeated? A union of railroad magnates, operators and mine-owners was formed, representing two hundred millions of dollars in one hundred hands, and the forty thousands of miners had to surrender. The only way to meet such combinations is to form greater. The devil must be fought with fire. A union must be formed of the Unions, the Granges and the Patrons of Industry. All workers, male and female, must lock hands if they wish to win. They must oppose two hundred millions of dollars in one hundred hands with the same amount in five millions of hands. Then Mammon will be met on his own ground, with the balance of human beings on the side of the workers.

But it is manifest that, in order to succeed, all must be mustered into the ranks who can pronounce the shibboleth

"Labor!" The equal value of all kinds of human labor—agricultural, mining, mechanical, intellectual and artistic—must be decreed. The time has come for workers to fix the price as well as the time of the labor day. When workers have agreed so to do, no man among them will be a loser, though the harder toilers may be the greater gainers, as they ought to be. If the mason thinks himself a worthier member of the community than the equally industrious baker; or the watchmaker, on account of his superior skill, desires to oppress the more necessary agriculturist, it would be as well for the less paid toilers to let things remain as they are. But, if the skilled workmen of our cities are willing to use their knowledge to elevate the condition of all toilers and institute a "Democracy of Laborers," they could easily form a union strong enough to overthrow the money changers, land grabbers and speculators, now ruining the republic by their speculations and robberies.

TRUE CHARITY.

For nearly six thousand years, according to the Mosaic chronology, we maintain the human world has been gammoned with a spurious article under that name. Never, till now, have we met with a genuine specimen of it. James Redpath is the discoverer who has prospected the mine or mines where it may be found, and exposed their brilliant productions. He has interviewed Beecher and Moulton. He says, according to the New York *Herald*, that Mr. Frank Moulton loves Beecher! He says Beecher loves Moulton!! They both weep!!! There's magnanimity! there's virtue!! there's true charity!!! None of your bogus imitations, but the real, genuine article. The WEEKLY has not had a high opinion of modern Society, but if, after the compliments that have passed between these gentlemen, Society can heal their wounded honors and reunite them in the bonds of Christian love, it deserves to be deified, for it bangs Banagher! There is an excruciating depth of *abandon* in it that totally reverses all ancient ideas of honor, manliness and virtue. We contemplate a friendship between the above parties as Dick Swiveller contemplated the beer-drinking of the Marchioness in Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," and feel with him "that some unknown individual has been running a machine contrary to the decrees of fate, and that (such a reunion) is, indeed, a most inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer!"

PROTESTANTISM ON TRIAL.

In the full sense of the term "Protestants" all are included who protest against the authority of the Pope. We do not, however, use it in that light, but confine it to those bodies of Christians only who have accepted it for the past three centuries as a proper definition of their position. We have no fault to find with the reformers of the sixteenth century for asserting for all the right of private judgment in religious matters, or to those earlier and purer reformers, Jerome of Prague, Huss of Bohemia and Wickliffe of England. They did their work well and were the foremost men of their time. But the Protestantism of to-day is a very different thing to what it was, even when Luther, Melancthon, Knox, Zwinglius and Calvin existed. The means it was under the necessity of using to obtain power, viz.: by the sword in the case of Germany, and by subservience to the money power by the legalization of usury in England, have naturally borne fruit, and that fruit is objectionable and detrimental to the interests of the people. Leaning on the sword and the purse for its strength, it has long ceased to be the servant, and now aims to be the master of the people even here in the United States. Were it not for its internal dissensions it would annihilate religious liberty here by placing its God in the Constitution, and the Y. M. C. A. that it has established among us well merits the title of the American Inquisition. Therefore, in using the words "Protestantism on Trial," we must request our readers to accept the word "Protestantism" in the limited but popular sense we have above indicated.

Protestantism in this country is the parent of society. We do not confound it with Catholicism nor consider it to have any relation to Christianity. It is a modern abortion, a fungus (or rather a mass of fungi) growing out of the decaying tree planted by the great Nazarene. Its father was the ambition of the Elector Charles, and its mother the lust of Henry the Eighth. It has no robust life, no real existence, and does not merit to be classed as a genus in the world of religions, because it cannot reproduce itself, but takes a different formation (or rather different formations) in every country into which it enters. Of course it is very accommodating, and it has to be so in order to gain permission to live. In its most important section, Episcopalianism, and in its strongest centre, England, its bishops are constantly compelled to eat humble pie, and to permit the State to annul and manufacture doctrines for them as it pleases. It may be likened to a destroying dragon with Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, etc., for its head and shoulders, and Quakerism, Mormonism, Dunkerism and Oneidaism for its tail. To sum up, it is a hodge-podge of absurdities, conspicuous for the feebleness of its hope, the diversities of its faiths, and, as has been well proven by the Tilton-Beecher case, its total lack of charity.

We use the word charity in its highest sense and do not restrict it to almsgiving. Protestantism has a knowledge of the value of money, and to it the rich are indebted for the re-establishment of the "legalization" of usury among

men. The fact is, as a religion, under its five hundred aspects, it may be looked upon as of the earth—earthly. Its priests are salesmen and its churches are shops, though in some countries like England, the State claims a monopoly of the article or articles they sell. Here, as the competition is open and consequently greater, the bids are lower; but a really clever man who can make things smooth for a rich congregation, can obtain almost any price in the parson-market. Such a man as Henry Ward Beecher, ready-witted, talented and unscrupulous as regards the inspiration of the Bible, is dirt cheap at \$20,000 per annum.

This being the case we do not wonder at the animus the religious papers have exhibited latterly against the WEEKLY. Two years ago we assaulted their idol Mammon in attacking Beecher, and they have not forgiven us. Although the testimony of its Proprietor was of late refused by the Investigating Committee, that was of no consequence. Our pious contemporaries who were bold enough to handle the subject, for there are a few of them who are scrupulously silent upon it, have done little save to anathematize us for this second exposition, in which we had no lot or part. They have foolishly deemed that it was not Beecher who was on trial, or Tilton, but ourselves, and have sprinkled their stupid arguments against us with epithets that they could only have picked up in Water street or the Five Points. If they did not obtain their Billingsgate there where did they get it? Surely not out of the memorable conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria, or out of the language he used in the conversion of Mary Magdalene. Measure their vituperation and uncharitableness toward us by the conduct of the great Nazarene, and you will perceive that, in this case the religious weeklies have been on trial and have been found wanting.

But there are two dailies in the city of New York which commenced business on Protestant foundations. They are the N. Y. *World* and the N. Y. *Witness*. Although the former found it profitable to dispense with its theological peculiarity some time ago, no one who has read its articles on the Tilton-Beecher case but can perceive the *odium theologicum* they exhibit. They prove its origin. As the poet says:

"You may break—you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

and it would seem to be the case with our very erudite neighbor the N. Y. *World*. No mere laic could have thimble-rigged Tilton's word "scandal" into "slander," as it did in the commencement of the fight. Since then it has run through the vocabulary of slang until at last it has been compelled to press a Greek word into its service in order to expose its uncharitableness. Well, we feel assured that, in so doing, it has only injured itself, for no sane person who has read its diatribes but must have been shocked by the imbecile ravings of such an unscrupulous paper virago.

The other, however, the N. Y. *Witness*, is the periodical that furnishes the "daily gospel bread" for the people of New York city. From it we shall be able to obtain the position of the orthodox Christian community who sustain the pastor of Plymouth, together with the grounds for the faith that is in them on the important question now agitating the public. We propose to give its last leader on the subject, commenting on it as we go:

It is alleged, in the evidence published concerning the Brooklyn scandal, that Theodore Tilton encouraged the intimacy between Mr. Beecher and his wife, invited him to do his literary labor in his (Tilton's) house, to visit his wife often when he was on his lecturing tours, and generally to maintain such relations as are dangerous to virtue for any who are at all tainted with the free-love theories which seem to have been familiar to the Tilton circle. Besides this, it is stated by his wife that he avowed his infidelities to her and justified them, and that he brought into his house a parcel of free-love strumpets to keep her company, whom she was obliged to threaten with the police before she could get them out. Such conduct on his part must have been eminently calculated to relax her morals and provoke her to conjugal infidelity.

If we understand our Christian contemporary it commences with censuring Mr. Tilton for encouraging the intimacy between his wife and her minister, because "such relations are dangerous to virtue;" we omit the rest, for "free love theories" are not charged against the aforesaid minister. The public will do well to heed this accusation against Theodore Tilton, and remember how they give credit to clergymen for chastity in the future. As to what Mrs. Tilton said of Mr. Tilton's avowal of infidelity, after the testimony of both parties in the suit as to her untruthfulness, that would hardly be credited by a jury. We think the zeal of our Christian neighbor rather outruns its charity in terming the ladies visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tilton "a parcel of free love strumpets," and recommend the withdrawal of of the same and the insertion of "unconverted Magdalenes" instead. How our godly neighbor has learned that such were the characters with which Mr. and Mrs. Tilton associated, for we suppose it would not make such a violent charge upon hearsay evidence alone, we know not, but perhaps in its next "daily bread" article it will enlighten the public on the subject.

Had all these ladies thus slandered wholesale by our pious contemporary been guilty of what is called fornication with the editor and proprietor of the *Witness* it would surely, in the opinion of all men who merit that name, be an act of gross meanness for it to publicly accuse them of the fact. How much greater, then, is the uncharitableness, the unmanliness of making such an unlimited assertion without having any personal knowledge of the truth of such charges whatever? We do not, however, accuse Christianity of

having anything to do with such a barbarism—it has not. It is the old Mosaic form of proceeding against woman, as may be read of in the 5th chapter of Numbers, distilled through a Protestant alembic. We proceed:

Moreover, Mr. Tilton says he saw with his own eyes Mr. Beecher use an indecent freedom with Mrs. Tilton, and found them once locked in her bedroom together, without in either case remonstrating with Mr. Beecher or putting an end to his visits. Nay, more, he (Tilton) obtained a confession from his wife of criminal intercourse with Mr. Beecher, and said nothing about it to him for six months, during which time the intimacy went on.

Had Mr. Tilton's object been to draw Mr. Beecher into a fatal snare, so as to have him in his power to squeeze and blackmail at will, could he have used means better calculated to attain his end? His ideas of the sanctity of the marriage vow appear to have been below zero, and his ideas of manhood to have been still lower—a state of mind which would just fit him to act such a part as he appears to have done in this case.

We exonerate Mr. Tilton from using the expression, "he saw with his own eyes," and set it down as improvement upon his evidence by the *Witness*. But one would deem that paper in defense of a clergyman would put his case upon higher grounds than the admission of damaging statements. It has thought proper to do otherwise, and tacitly admits the guilt of Henry Ward Beecher for the pleasure of vituperating Mr. Tilton. What is the meaning hidden in the words: "His (Theodore Tilton's) ideas of the sanctity of the marriage vow appear to have been below zero, and his idea of manhood still lower?" Does it hint at "go and sin no more," or the pistol, as recommended by another Christian professor? In such cases, in a creed which subjects woman as property, manhood and murder go together. The next sentence, however, throws a light upon the subject:

One of Shakespeare's characters says Cuckold is a worse addition to a man's name than Beelzebub, but Mr. Tilton seems resolved to affix this addition to his. And he rages against Mr. Beecher for defending him from it.

To this we might reply that another of Shakespeare's characters tells us that "there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn," though we dispute the statement that Mr. Tilton desired to lose his wife's affections; but there is an animus in the above statement that justifies the review we made of the preceding paragraph. After the above admissions, the *Witness* proceeds naturally to expatiate upon the compensation:

It is to be observed, however, that there appears to be an eye to a "consideration" in all these otherwise unaccountable proceedings.

That consideration appears in the first place to have been expected in the continuation of a high salary from Mr. Bowen through Mr. Beecher's influence, and, failing that, it appears to have been obtained from Mr. Beecher himself, through the singularly convenient agency of Mr. Moulton.

This theory of the case—for we cannot, without the power of reading hearts, call it more than a theory—appears to explain its phenomena. The artful concealments, the theatrical disclosures, the set speeches, the menaces, the revelation of the story by somebody to Woodhull and Claflin, the occasional paragraphs to keep the matter alive, in order, doubtless, to frighten Mr. Beecher; the convenient mutual friend, with his pistol; the secret agreements made from time to time to keep the whole matter quiet; the publication of those agreements, the extraction from Mr. Beecher of \$7,000 as cash money; and the demand for \$5,000 more, after the refusal of which the whole story was published as widely as possible—all these things point to a depth of degradation that may well astound those who knew Theodore Tilton in his better days.

But as if all this was not enough, after having, as it were, drawn Mr. Beecher into his alleged offenses, and by his own showing condoned those offenses by friendly intercourse, after he was aware of them; and after having settled them all by the agreement, "We three men;" and after having got paid for his dishonor, if indeed he regarded himself as dishonored, he now demands a hundred thousand dollars additional from Mr. Beecher!

Other dailies friendly to the case of the pastor of Plymouth have been content with endeavoring to defend him, but it will be perceived that the only religious daily of New York in the above article takes the bolder ground of admission and justification. It is true it does not assert the guilt of Mr. Beecher, but it bases all its arguments upon it; it does not call him a seducer, but it appears to have done its best to endeavor to prove him to have been one. Take the words Theodore Tilton out of the paragraph previous to the last, and insert Henry Ward Beecher in their place, and the *Witness*' theory works like a charm.

But the last sentence crowns the whole. Does the *Witness* know what "condonation" implies?

"Condonation, forgiveness, expressed or implied, by a husband of his wife, or by a wife of her husband, in case of breach of marital duty, as adultery, with an implication that the offense will not be repeated."

So says Webster, and, by the *Witness*' own statement, Mr. Tilton had "condoned those offenses by friendly intercourse after he was aware of them." Furthermore, "he got paid for his dishonor;" such is the way the Protestant daily of New York dismisses the case of Mr. Beecher without any condemnation for any one but Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, and the ladies who visited them.

But, as we said before, Protestantism is on trial in this case. The *Witness* has done its best in its defense. It is plain it will never, like Catholicism, lose a kingdom in the defense of a woman. Indeed, under it women have no rights whatever, as the above quotation from the *Witness* painfully proves. If they had it had not dared to have penned a wholesale and undefined slander of the sex, as has been commented on above. There is no Virgin Mary to protect woman in the Protestant churches. The meanest man can be a saint in them, but woman can only purchase exaltation at the expense of her sister's degradation. The loving code of the Nazarene is forgotten, and there is no room in it now for repentant Magdalenes. It is man—man—

man all over, and, if women are wise, its new order of "deaconesses" won't save it.

But everything shows that Protestantism is early destined to make way for a better formation. It is, indeed, all to pieces now, and all the Dodges and Colfaxes in the country can't save it. It has not been without its use. It has established the right of private judgment in the religious world, and that right is destined to be its own destruction, for those who have denied the authority of the Catholic Church could not long be expected to submit to the inferior tribunals it has set up. The anti-slavery war, in which, as a body, it proved false to the best interests of humanity, may be looked upon as its first defeat. The exposure of the Beecher affair will complete its discomfiture. Those who are conservative in it will take refuge under Catholicism, where they properly belong; those, on the contrary, who desire freedom will join the progressive faith of Spiritualism, which is already well established in many of its more liberal sections. Absolute freedom and absolute authority are the Ahirmanes and Orosmales of religious faith; and after the intermediate shams are annihilated one of them must conquer.

SCIENCE vs. REVEALED RELIGIONS.

The great scientist, Professor John Tyndall, on being installed President of the British Association for the year 1874, made to that body at Belfast, Ireland, and to the world at large, a speech that merits the above designation, for in it he throws down the gage of battle against revealed religions, and utterly refuses to permit them longer to hinder and obstruct scientific investigations, and to place the *ipse dixit* of their various Gods against scientific deductions. Every part of the discourse, which occupied two hours in the delivery, is replete with condensed knowledge. As we have not space to give the whole, we make extracts therefrom, commencing with the following description of matter and its powers:

Abandoning all disguise (said Professor Tyndall), the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of energy, form and equality of life.

In other words, to the scientist, matter—hitherto despised matter—is God; because that and that only is open to the comprehension of mankind. As in the scientific so in the social world. The most important parts of the human body are most scorned and least understood. For ages past society has covered all questions pertaining to their use with fig leaves, not to prevent but to conceal crime. Yet on a better knowledge of them now depends the regeneration of our race. Believing and knowing such to be the fact, we can well agree with the following remark of the learned Professor:

The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level.

But, in our own view, the gist of his lecture is to be found in his condemnation of revealed religion, whenever it presumes to interfere in the domain of science. In doing this he gives a short history of the world, and, looking at it from a scientific standpoint, he does not compliment Christianity for the part it has played therein. After noting "the mental activity and learning of the Greeks," he says:

But thereafter came a period of prolonged stagnation. What stopped the hitherto victorious advance? Why was the scientific intellect compelled, like an exhausted soil, to lie fallow for nearly two millenniums before it could regather the elements necessary to its fertility and strength? Many causes have been suggested; but practically Dr. Tyndall attributes the check to the passionate interests which came to be felt in purely spiritual longings. Christianity appeared, offering the gospel to the poor, and practically protesting against the profligacy of the age. Its votaries scorned the earth, and the Scriptures, which ministered to their spiritual wants, were also the measure of their science. The rein was thus put upon science, which was not likely to make much progress under such circumstances.

We believe the above to be a true statement. Christianity is essentially etherial. For the past fifteen hundred years Europe has paid so much attention to God's family matters that it has necessarily neglected its own progeny. The fact is it is too mythical for a working religion, and is of little use to mankind. Spiritualism deals with matter like Science, and is not absurd enough to assume to deal with God. Like science, it recognizes that all its present duties are mundane, and it denies the existence of immaterial spirits, for it asserts that all the phenomena attending its grand manifestations are material, but are formed of matter so etherial that at present they defy all the tests of the scientific. But even Professor Tyndall admits the necessity of a propelling power, and demands the same in the interests of science.

There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire rather than to a diminution of intellectual insight that the lessening productiveness of men of science in their mature years is to be ascribed.

Where can this "strong and resolute enthusiasm" needed by science be found? Why, in faith. What faith? All faiths. The savage who worships a toad is higher in the scale of nature than the savage who worships nothing. From the toad to the Virgin of Murillo—through countless numbers of deified animals up to the Jupiter of Phidias or the Jehovah of Michael Angelo, who is his successor—the spirit of man has plodded its weary way. Like a baby, through past ages, he has spiritually walked with go-carts of

his own manufacture. Science, latterly, has deemed it to be its duty to knock all these go-carts to pieces. What shall poor man do with his Lares and Penates all shattered around him? Do! answer both Science and Spiritualism, why, advance where you can advance, learn where you can learn, improve where you can improve. Leave all your old idols and admit the fact that you cannot look above nature for its cause. Believe nothing but what you can verify with the evidence of your senses. Do nothing but what will tend to forward the general interests of humanity, remembering that in improving the condition of your neighbors you develop yourself, and so find in it your only certain chance of future advancement.

There is an arrangement and order in the works of nature that all of us can appreciate. There is a growth in a plant, a growth in a man, a nation, a race and a world. They all come under the definition—"first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." As with gross material substances, so with those more subtle with which we are less acquainted. Science has its growth, so has what the world calls religion. Is it too much to surmise that the advance of the one necessitated the advance of the other; that the developments of modern science were needed for the establishment of the advance of Spiritualism. It is not the fault of Spiritualists that Scientists who enter their ranks must, for a time, sit on a low form. It is not their crime that Scientists cannot distil Katie King in an alembic or bray her in a mortar! Scientists can do, have done, great things; they have made steam the world's carrier, and the lightning its postman, but their powers are limited. Though Professor Tyndall can compute the quantities of the metals used in the sun's composition, he cannot convert charcoal into diamonds, tell us whether ourselves or the lost Pleiad are nearest the centre of the universe, if it has a centre, or fathom the mystery of an atom.

Seeing, then, that the powers of both are limited, and that before both of them there is probably an infinity and an eternity in which to progress, and knowing that to both the watchword is "progression," why cannot they unite here to forward the work of the human world? The books of the Scientist are the bible of the Spiritualist, and there is absolutely no reason why they should not, but every reason why they should, be brethren. Nothing save a false materialism prevents this auspicious combination. There is a beauty and a harmony existing in nature that may be seen and heard by the seer which is not dreamed of by the philosopher. The latter is of the earth, earthy; but the former is of the heavens, heavenly. We need both. The computer of the courses of the stars is as necessary to the world as the man who has heard their music.

"Look Jessica! See how the floor of heaven
So thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But, in its motion, like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim!"

Let not the scientist turn from this with disdain as unworthy of his credence. The time may come when he will hear it, when the world will produce a more perfect specimen of humanity, who unites in one person the powers of a Tyndall and a Shakespeare, a graduate of both universities, that of Science and also that of Spiritualism.

BOOKS.

IMMORTELLES OF LOVE. By J. O. Barrett.

As I close the book I feel to exclaim: "Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful! so full of poetry, of truth, and of inspiration—so brave and outspoken, and yet such exquisite delivery of expression we find nowhere else upon love and its holy communions, its sweetest trusts and intimacies. The author shows himself not only a born poet but a true lover. He gives proof of an exalted appreciation of woman and her divinest needs, is gifted with rare insight or spiritual perception of the soul's true loves, hopes, and aspirations—in short, of the whole interior life of manhood and womanhood as related to each other. He possesses a subtle power of analysis of all the innermost emotions and springs of human life.

The few pages on Elective Affinities are worth the price of the book, so rich in thought, so fruitful in ideas, and so pre-eminently spiritual, poetic, and philosophical. While the author believes that love can only live and thrive in the sunlight of perfect freedom, he so spiritualizes human passion—so idealizes the heart-loves of humanity—that there can be no desecration of love's holy shrine, by even a thought, that would dim the pure whiteness of the love of souls.

The most grateful expression of my woman's heart to the author of this little volume of sweetest love-blossoms is a dear word-blessing of thankfulness that he has so truly and so beautifully spoken, and I know that all true, loving women will echo a like response.

The book is dedicated to Olive, the faithful, who, as her husband says, taught him "the law of love;" and we feel to bless the love that begot so healthful and beautiful a brain-child as this little volume, "Immortelles of Love."

Send for it to the author, Glen Beulah, Wis. Price, tinted in bevel board, \$1.50; plain, \$1. Postage 12 cents.

ALLAN KARDEC'S BOOK ON MEDIUMS.—Mrs. Emma A. Wood, a woman of great literary attainments, has translated from the French of Allan Kardec his exhaustive "Book on Mediums, containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the means of communicating with the invisible world; the development of mediumship; the difficulties and the dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism."

This book will soon be issued from the press of Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass., in their best style, and cannot but prove

an acquisition to the library of every Spiritualist and all interested in the phenomena of Spiritism; and the student of its philosophy will find it a *sine qua non*. Price \$1.50.

Those who have read the extracts from this work, which have appeared from time to time in the WEEKLY, are aware that Mrs. Wood renders the original into the purest English, preserving at the same time all the grace and fluency of the author to an extent unsurpassed by any translator of the French language. Certainly the reputation of the author has not suffered at the hands of his translator.

A. K. BUTTS & Co. have in press and will issue in about two weeks, a new work by Henry C. Pedder, entitled the "Issues of the Age; or, Consequences Involved in Modern Thought." Those who have read the author's former work, "Man and Woman," will doubtless agree with us that he has the requisite ability to make this book instructive as well as interesting. His subject is a very suggestive one.

This enterprising house has also in press and will issue in a few days Prof. Tyndall's Inaugural Address, delivered recently before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Belfast.

This address is creating a profound sensation in scientific and religious circles, and the full text of it is waited for anxiously by thousands of readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 27, 1874.

TO WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Our city has just sustained a serious loss by the death of an old and honored resident. There has been much regret expressed by the newspapers, and full particulars of the funeral, which did not differ from ordinary funerals, were furnished to the public in their columns. This honorable gentleman had a wife who has been the occupant of a lunatic asylum in New England, perhaps fifteen years. (I know the cause of her derangement, and so does everybody else; it is not essential to the object of this letter, however, that I repeat it.) He at last gives up hope as to his wife's restoration, and craves a youthful bride to solace him in his advanced years. The article is found; a lovely girl of eighteen summers, who, at "her mother's urgent request," consents.

At this point the honorable Legislature of Kentucky came to our noble friend's relief by passing a law which should permit a man to marry again whose wife had been a given number of years in an Insane Asylum.

The marriage takes place; we have May and December over again. Mrs. Grundy is charmed and goes to the wedding (as she also did to the funeral). After these matters had been made comfortable and regular, and we, of the people, were preparing to send our obnoxious wives to the mad-house, behold a change! Our legislative solons repealed the law, which, it seems to us poor folks, was what is called special legislation. Yours, MAHOMET.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the heart of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Burlington Daily, Iowa.

A SOCIETY OF ENFORCED LUSTERS.

The secretary of an organization in Richmond, Pa., calling themselves "Progressive Spiritualists," doubtless fearing that the doctrines of social freedom and individual sovereignty may obtain in their midst, and thus render precarious the sexual relations of those who now obtain the favors of the opposite sex only through the strong arm of the law, and compel them to rely upon love alone for the same or to resort to illegal prostitution or celibacy, has sent us the following resolutions that they might be placed upon record.

We would commend to the attention of the members of this society the article on page 9 of our issue of August 8, entitled "Free Love vs. Free Lust." As we have not a subscriber in that place we will send a few copies to the secretary, that the society may be more reliably informed in regard to the "doctrine taught by the Woodhull faction" than we fear they have hitherto been.

The resolutions are as follows:

"Whereas, It having been falsely represented to the public that this society indorses the Woodhull doctrine, therefore
"Resolved,—1. That we, as a Society of Progressive Spiritualists, do discard, disown and utterly repudiate the doctrine taught by the Woodhull faction, as debasing and demoralizing in its tendencies, and its practice destructive to the human race.

"2. That it is our moral duty to guard and protect the interest of our sacred cause.

"3. That we send a copy of these resolutions, with the actions taken thereon, to all the Spiritualist papers in the land.

"J. A. AKIN, Secretary."

STICK A PIN THERE.

Some thousands of the workers of New York have done their duty. We wish we could say some tens of thousands; but indeed our mechanics and artisans will never obtain their rights fully until we can say some hundreds of thousands, limiting the field to the city of New York. We allude to the mass meeting held at Tompkins Square, on August 31, to protest against the unconstitutional action of the Police Commissioners in breaking up a previous meeting held there on January 13, and to demand the removal of the remaining police authorities who sanctioned that tyrannical proceeding, which, our readers will remember, was properly and promptly condemned by the WEEKLY the day after it occurred.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Leander Thompson, of New York, who made an able speech on the occasion. The resolutions passed are as follows:

"Whereas, The Constitution, by the fact that it secures to the people the right to assemble, denies the authorities the power to interfere with the free exercise of that right by assuming either to grant or to refuse the people permission to assemble; and

"Whereas, In this same Tompkins Square, on the 13th of January, 1874, an armed band of rioters were directed by treacherous and cowardly authorities to forcibly disperse, in contempt of the Constitution, a peaceable assemblage of starving workingmen, citizens of this country, who were enticed to meet by a permission that the said authorities had assumed publicly to grant and then secretly to withdraw; and

"Whereas, The said dispersion was effected in the most unexpected, unlawful and brutal manner, without any of those rules which govern civilized nations, and without any resistance on the part of the people; and

"Whereas, The people so dispersed have not been able to obtain any redress, either from the authorities or from the courts, or from the Legislature or from the Governor of the State of New York; and

"Whereas, On the contrary, the courts, instead of prosecuting the guilty parties, have persecuted the victims; the Legislature did not even so much as order an investigation, and it was only under the pressure of public indignation, disquieting to the electoral prospects of cunning and corrupt politicians, that the Governor, after several months of inaction, was at last compelled to release Christian Meyer; while the city authorities and their riotous hirelings, emboldened by the impunity of that outrage, have since then shown an ever-increasing contempt for the will and freedom of the people; and

"Whereas, The rottenness of our financial system, the corruption and neglect of our governing classes threaten to renew this coming winter the heart-rending scenes of misery and starvation still fresh in the memory of the toilers, personal vigilance has become the duty of the people; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we hold Mayor Havemeyer personally responsible for the outrage perpetrated on the 13th of January; and on the eve of his consignment to political death and oblivion, we do hereby brand him forever as a traitor and a coward.

"That we demand the immediate dismissal from the Police Board of Matsell and Duryee."

"That the prosecuting officers of our courts of justice are hereby summoned to do their duty by procuring the arraignment and punishment of the said Duryee and Matsell, and all such as Gardner, Charlack and others, against whom charges of violation of the Constitution and conspiracy against the people can be justly preferred.

"That we recommend the formation of a committee of citizens that shall exercise their vigilance for the discovery and revelation of all cases of rascality, fraud, corruption and misery, and exposing them publicly through the *Toiler*, the organ of the workingmen, and all other newspapers devoted to the cause of the laboring classes—the people to meet here, in Tompkins Square, from time to time, upon the call of the aforesaid committee, for the purpose of taking such measures of protection as may be necessary.

"That all laws such as chap. 137, Laws of 1870, sec. 94; chap. 335, Laws of 1873, sec. 83, which are in conflict with the constitutional right of the people, shall be repealed.

"And that Tompkins Square shall at all times be open on demand to the people for their free assembly; that it shall, in fact, be reserved as the forum of the people of this city."

After the passage of the above, Mr. John Swinton made an able address. He was followed by Mr. John McMakin, Mr. Craft and Mr. Edward King, when the meeting, estimated at three thousand people, dispersed. Of course, as the police were not there, there was no sign of a disturbance.

A FLITCH OF BACON.

Dr. Leonard Bacon comes to the front once more. Having stung Tilton into publishing the letter which led to the investigation and all the uncleanness it has brought to light, he now tries his pen on Mr. Moulton, whom he evidently wants to provoke into saying or doing something that shall and petroleum to the fire. He confesses that he was told pretty much all about the affair some three years ago, and has had profound confidence in Beecher ever since. But his confidence is queer. It showed itself in queer ways. He did not attack Beecher openly; he had not courage enough to do that; but under pretence of friendship for Beecher he goaded Tilton, whom he hated, up to the striking point, evidently hoping that the two would finish each other, and thus that two birds would be killed by one stone. His confession of knowledge and his subsequent course only show the more conclusively that Beecher's brother ministers have been the real movers of this investigation. Bacon and Buddington, Patton and Dexter and Storrs, in spite of all their finely-phrased disclaimers, have kept the waters stirring and made peace impossible.

Some of the papers accuse Tilton of peddling out he scandal to gratify his love of gossip and relieve his needs; but Dr. Bacon tells us that the "entire budget" was laid before

him "by a man of high standing." There was no "peddling" in that, and his greedy ears drank in the tale without revulsion; and it does not seem to have occurred to him that he should have gone at once to Beecher and asked for an explanation, or have laid the matter before a council of ministers for investigation. According to his own confession, he has done what he could to hush the matter up and keep a clergyman accused of adultery in the pulpit. And yet he now condemns Mr. Moulton with the vilest epithets for trying to save two families from ruin and innocent children from disgrace and the church from an irretrievable calamity. He urged Tilton to forgive Beecher instead of shooting him, and told Beecher "to go and sin no more." And for thus trying to carry out the precepts of the religion Dr. Bacon has spent his life in teaching, Dr. Bacon holds him up to public censure and ridicule. But in the face of all this the real animus of the man crops out in spite of himself. He knows that the evidence against Beecher is overwhelming. And this is the sort of oil he pours into the gaping and bleeding wounds of his "friend":

"Better were it for society, better for Christianity, better for the Plymouth Church and all its families, better for Mr. Beecher himself that, being guilty, he be cast down into shame and silence than that, being guilty, he be permitted by any connivance or forbearance on the part of his friends to retain his high position. 'Thou shalt not get found out' is not one of God's commandments, and no man can be saved by trying to keep it."

People who want friendship or need comfort now know where to apply.—*Graphic*.

CELESTIBUS IRÆ.

'Tis a marvelous time in Brooklyn town;
In a whirl of excitement are Sage and clown:
For to-night the committee is going to drown
The voice of malignant scandal
With the thundering roar of a loud report
From moral canons of such a sort
That to them the cannon of fortress or fort
Are not worthy to hold a candle.

'Tis a sight to see, that purpose high,
That shines from the faces so meek and sly,
That, come what may, every man will stand by.
The virtuous Plymouth preacher.
For the heavens may fall if the truth be told,
The sheep may be scattered and lost from the fold,
And where will be Plymouth and where its gold,
If the truth be told of the teacher?

They sing and they pray—there is concord there,
And a holy peace fills all the air;
'Tis sweet to meet in a cause so fair—
Place your palm to mine dear brother.
And oh! that discord should ever be
Where brothers should dwell in unity.
How goodly a sight it is to see
How Christians love each other!

But who is this in an olive coat
(In the midst of the sheep an uproarious goat)
Who calmly puts in a dissenting vote
When all are asked their opinion?
What right has he when all say yes
Another opinion to express?
Arise, good Christians, this wrong redress
On Tilton's blackmailing minion!

Ross Raymond he storms from the pulpit high,
And Moulton he calmly winks one eye,
And Ross gets so mad that he "wants to fly,"
And ups and calls him a liar,
Which, as most good people will surely admit,
In a worldly man were quite a hit;
But—for a Christian it's not one whit
Like burning with holy fire.

Moulton then in a dignified way remarks
That "You are another," and so the sparks
Of war are kindled, and oh! what larks
The Christian brothers engage in!
Put him out! Give him h—! and call the police!
Let him speak! No he shan't for he'll sure break the
peace!
So punch his young head till his sorrows shall cease!—
So the brothers all act when a rage in.

O! men of peace, if it's thus you act
When prayerfully striving to find a fact
Concerning which some evidence lacked
Makes sane men spurn your conclusion,
'Twere better your troubles to carry to court,
Where decisions are reached and not a report,
The which nothing proving, but makes you the sport
Of a world that enjoys your confusion.

—N. Y. *Graphic*.

MATERIALISM vs. SPIRITUALISM.

By what right does the editor of the WEEKLY denounce that class of persons denominated materialists as entirely gross in their natures, and upholders of every conceivable wrong committed under the sun? An article in the paper of this date (September 12) virtually makes this charge, and it should not be permitted to pass without refutation.

Unless the editor wishes to be understood in a Pickwickian sense, the charge is not true. History disproves it. Not one true principle which the WEEKLY advocates but has found its champions among materialists years and years before modern spiritualism or the WEEKLY were born. The names of Wm. Godwin, Mary Wolstencroft, Shelley (the poet), Robert Owen, Robert Dale Owen and Frances Wright must at once occur to every reader. Social freedom, commercial equity and industrial justice have ever found until recently their only advocates among materialistic infidels. If it were not true that, under similar circumstances, in all ages, the honest mind may reach the same conclusions, modern spiritualists might be justly charged with stealing the infidel's thunder, under pretence of receiving it direct from the spiritual world. There must in these latter days be a great many materialists residing in that world. Its whole superstructure (true or false) rests on a material basis. It appeals directly to the senses of the inquirer and does not ask for

faith. The religions of the last twenty centuries rested on faith, and they have worked more legalized robbery and murder and arson, with every other crime in the vocabulary, than pure materialism, even of the grossest kind, could work through the eternities. Materialists care for the body and provide for its wants; religionists only for the soul, and sacrifice the body. Knowledge is a better and surer guide than faith. The child walks by faith, but it ought to be a faith which it can verify when it gets older. The reception of an alleged truth on authority requires submissiveness on the one hand and despotism on the other. With the advance of knowledge tyranny and senility alike disappear. The principle of individual sovereignty is recognized in perfect harmony with unity of action and social progress. But if faith were the only guide of mortals, the denizens of this planet might well despair of any approximation toward their emancipation. Lies of priests, the oppression and corruption of governments, the extortion of traders, wars, infidelities, adulteries, child murders, and every manner of social wretchedness, originate in the faith of peoples. Take that away and substitute knowledge and sure deliverance speedily follows.

The editor of the WEEKLY should revise his criticism. Surely no man need be ashamed of the body, even if it be material, nor of its wants or necessities; nor need any man be ashamed of the universe, even if it be all matter. The all existence must be called by some name, and whether it be called matter or spirit makes no difference. All that is needful for mankind is to learn the methods or laws of existence and to conform to them. Nor is that man worse off who can ascertain those laws for himself, instead of taking them on trust from another man, who perhaps doesn't know any more about them than anybody else.

Doubtless the basis of materialistic philosophy is sensation, confirmed by the reason (which is only continued sensation). But why be ashamed of the senses or of reason? Certainly the senses sometimes deceive, but the errors thus occasioned are subsequently corrected by the senses themselves or by the reason. Among errors of this kind are some which Spiritualists have recently fallen into, relating to the materialization of spirits (so-called). Reason would refuse to accept these stories, though they were confirmed by myriads of witnesses. It is mathematically and chemically impossible that they can be true. This is applicable, also, to stories relating to the bearing of living, breathing bodies out of windows, across streets, over fields and back again, by invisible, intangible hands. But liability to be mistaken constitutes no good reason for utterly discarding the evidence of the senses.

Doubtless, too, the materialistic philosophy rejects the notion of continued consciousness after the dissolution of the body. But this does not necessarily imply the impossibility of the renewal of life in another sphere. Material metempsychosis is a fact. All forms that perish other forms supply, until finally the old form is reproduced, without, perhaps, any consciousness of prior existence, but equally without consciousness of any prior death. Ever present life is the main fact of consciousness, and there is no death.

This, then, this possible belief of the materialist, that what is called death is but a change from one form of life to another, all forms being produced, dissolved and reproduced in the transit—the interval between dissolution and reproduction being one of entire oblivion or of rest, in which time is no more—and each form passing through all the stages of infancy, childhood, maturity and decay. This is, at least, as consoling as the theory of an eternity of disease and decrepitude, implied by Spiritualism. The materialist need not be a worse man than the Spiritualist on that account.

Doubtless, also, materialists occupy themselves exclusively with the affairs of this life in this world. But why they and all other people should not thus occupy themselves it is difficult to assign a reason for. One's belief or unbelief in another life in another world can't alter the fact. If, then, it is all well here, it will be all well there, and *vice versa*. If, also, local self-government be a good thing here, it should be just as good there; and "mind your own business" would seem to be the wisest as well as the safest rule for the inhabitants of each world to strictly observe. SCRUTATOR.

COMMENTS.

[If "Scrutator" will re-read the article headed "Materialism," which he condemns in the above communication, it is believed that he will find no just reason to object to it. The WEEKLY did not attack "Materialists" in it. It certainly condemned the gross "Materialism" of the age, which is brutalizing and sacrificing human beings by hecatombs in Great Britain and in all other countries where the British industrial system prevails; and it gave its reasons for so doing. Spiritualists are Materialists, and claim to be justified by the evidence of their senses in admitting the existence of matter in forms so rarified that, at present, they defy all the explanations of the Scientists. That this is the case is not the fault of Spiritualists; they have a better right to term themselves Materialists than those who deny absolute facts, occurring in many countries, corroborated as they are by the testimony of millions of witnesses of all degrees of intelligence and of all conditions in life. Under such circumstances, it would be profound folly for a Spiritualist organ to attack Materialists, and with all respect to Scrutator, it is only just to assert that the WEEKLY has not so offended.]

ENDLESS PROGRESSION—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

When man adopts a theory of any kind he is in the worst possible condition ever to know anything. Whatever approaches him in nature, art or philosophy must come in livery or be rejected. A Presbyterian must have everything costumed after his manner of wearing a suit, just as all other sects have each a uniform of their own. Whatever theory is adopted its badge of distinction has something peculiar to itself. And this peculiarity forces everything that it ever allows to approach it into its own mould, so that although

it may grow in the way of augmenting its size, it may never change in its characteristics. Hence nothing can approach a Presbyterian, but must be Presbyterian all the way through or be of no account. This has forced the race to get knowledge (as it is termed) by acquirement; that is, by preaching, teaching, books, etc.; and these books, teachers and preachers must ring with the particular "Shibboleth" of each clique. This is just the reason why the world, if it has ever gained anything, has done so by hitches, that is, it has always had to be upset in notions to get anything in fact. The loved and glorious soul of things could never be familiar with me if I had a theory. My particular theory would serve in the character of a picket to challenge all approachers for a countersign, and nothing could get to me without conforming to the requirement my notions fixed upon it. This is the sole reason why man gets nothing by intuition; and by this I mean, why the soul of things can't talk with him. He forces it to speak for his theory, instead of speaking with, and to himself, and for itself, which is the only method by which man can ever find a truth. Unprepossessed and unwarped by anything, all that is truthful and beautiful in being comes to man with the freedom and ease with which a soul mingles with its fellow-soul. There is not only a subtlety in believing, but a crime in it—a subtlety that claims that man must be the devotee of a notion or be a nobody, and a crime since it forces him to stand in the shadow of a something that he must always confess to be his superior. Some years since a gentleman wrote, asking for my belief. I took up my pen and replied much as follows: "I don't believe anything; I know everything, so far as myself is concerned; but I don't know anything for you." This, of course, closed our correspondence, except a kind, jerked-out rejoinder, something in these words: "I do not care to correspond with one who knows everything and believes nothing." I suppose he would have set me down as a fine fellow if I had conceded that I believed everything and knew nothing. For this is just the foundation of all imposition on the race. People very little imagine that those who have told us how the world was made had no better facilities for knowing than we have, yet we are expected to believe and be dumb. Man does not seem to see that he is sadly misused in what he is called upon to believe. Any theory, whatever it be, has the same significance, and that is, to put the man into its shadow.

The last, and not the least impudent of all, is the theory of "endless progression," as it is employed to designate man's personal being, and the conditions under which it exists now and will continue to exist forever. That the term progression has been used in all time, more or less like a here-and-there falling snow-flake, with little importance attached to it, farther than the lessons the child gets at school, I grant, and in this sense is just about as important as the lessons acquired. Within the last score of years, however, it has been most particularly applied to the characteristic unfoldment of the human soul, as depicting its growth and interior expansion, and with the claims with which it comes before us it denotes a strain or tax upon the man as the rubbing and chafing of grain to get rid of all but the kernel. In this sense man is presumed to accept it, and submit to its discipline with a good grace, as the only measure for acquiring wisdom. The conception of this as an eternal performance to insure spiritual growth and health was first heralded to the world by A. J. Davis at a convention of Spiritualists in Utica, N. Y., in 1858. As he was then looked upon as the chief mogul among them, this conception took like magic. Although this was not the topic of his discourse it held the first place of importance in it. In the lengthy dissertation there given on "the cause and cure of evil," this conception walked upon the platform flat-footed, and to-day it seems to have become the theme of the pulpit and forum all over the civilized world. That the fatal bearings of this theory on man have ever been analyzed I very much doubt: for when it is we may be conscious of encountering a worse serpent than that which figured in the mythical tale of the fall of man. It will be seen, as Mr. Davis gave it out, that there was nothing very inviting in the conception, yet the flourish that attended it screened its fangs from observation.

That the march of progress may be seen in what we denominate science, art, mechanics, philosophy and almost everything else that distinguishes the man of genius from the savage, is conceded; but its application to the personal soul, as deriving any advantage from it in the way of happiness, is anything but true. Even an existence freighted with its curses, as Mr. Davis sets them forth, would be chilling. When he, of Nazareth, said "one thing is needful," he did not say that it was progression or salvation nor any other one thing that would not quiet every want of the human soul. If he spoke wisely and not arbitrarily, what he meant was an adaptation to what the soul wanted. "Martha was cumbered with much serving"—I presume making preparation for happiness—while Mary, without going into the flourish of making preparation, quietly settled into its enjoyment. Here is just where the swindle of all theories lies, viz.: worry to-day, and put off enjoyment until to-morrow. It is the gist of every theory yet inculcated. Progression says, "Look to the morrow for happiness," and when that to-morrow comes to be to-day, why, it is that morrow that never ceases being to-morrow wherein happiness may be expected. This is progression; a something that will eternally keep the soul in a condition of unrest. I tell you, man, there is a swindle in this flourish. It has always beaten man and it always will. When it first thrust itself before the race, claiming the office of guiding man all the way through eternity, it showed an ugliness that demonstrated its capability for mischief, exceeding anything that had before angled to beat man.

In Mr. Davis' bewildering network, claiming to elucidate "the cause and cure of evil," this hated spawn of pandemonium comes forward with this remarkable claim: "Man is designed for a career of endless progression, to which process all evils and sufferings are incidental, conditional, temporal and educational, working out, when not abused, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I speak for myself when I say I do not want "a career of endless pro-

gression" that is to be attended with "all evils and sufferings," and I won't have any such career; I will sooner dissolve partnership with existence itself. It is a never-to-be-forgotten mockery in the use of language, that can set forth "all evils and sufferings" as being incidental, that belong to the processes of a designed career. Why not talk of fuel as being incidental to the keeping up of a good fire? And then the beauty of their being temporal, while actually belonging to the processes in a career of "endless progression!"

"And educational"—Oh, Master Squeers, thy hallowed shadow may be embalmed in the memories of treacle, straps, and other little tortures that combine to burn an education into the human soul. Yet according to the exemplification given here of the processes in an eternal progression, you were right. I want it distinctly understood that I shall cheerfully consent to be a know-nothing if "all evils and sufferings" belong to the educational processes in a career of endless progression. Ignorance is both bliss and discretion, where wisdom must be held at such a price, ground into the human soul by "all evils and sufferings," and this not for a common school term, nor for any number of scores of them; but for the entire "career of an endless progression." Why, I would sit upon the door-sill and carve with a jack-knife the teacher's face upon the casing (for I know he must be ugly), sooner than hold common interest in such a process for becoming wise. I stamp this whole gibberish as a falsehood. That Mr. Davis wrote and uttered it, is true; but he never invented it, for he is positively a better man, and in the same sense that Moses was better than the god that used him.

"Working out when not abused, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I shall abuse any such process. I do not want glory by the avordupois. I would prefer it (if I must have it) by the yard, so that I could roll it up and keep it out of sight, for I have no great weakness for show. Acquired knowledge will one of these days be shaken from the reflective soul, as a plague would be shunned, and that which reaches the man by intuition will get a credit with the soul as worth preserving, just as beauty appeals to us through the eye, melody through the medium of the ear, and witching odors through the sense of smell. To repeat these simple facts in every volume, herald them from every pulpit and canvass them around every hearthstone, and in the absence of their reaching the soul by the way of their proper avenues, man would neither comprehend beauty, melody or fragrance. Mark it; the evils and sufferings that are to flail me into knowledge will be few; for I am not to be flattered into a grinding mill by any promise of glory, either by weight or measure. It is folly for man to chase these gilded butterflies under the flourish of great promises; for all that will ever be of value or interest to the individual soul will hold its divinest levees within the soul itself. Abstractions in the way of theories have always had man by the nose. For near a score of centuries the religious world has been looking and working for a millennium. In the Apostles' days it was imagined to be at hand; and I fancy that it was then nearer than it has ever been since, for there were then a few who could live together socially without property advantages over each other. To live as we want to, is to possess all the sweets of being that any world can ever have for us. Preaching, praying, talking and writing for a good to be acquired thereby, is much like an old blind cur barking at the moon for a piece of cheese. Progression thus far seems to have made no remarkable hit in the way of giving the world happiness. It is much like an eternal treadmill; no nearer fruition in a million of ages than when we first set foot on it. When to-day comes it is for work, unrest, strife, anxiety; for enjoyment the thought must fasten on to-morrow, and that to-morrow that never gets to be to-day. Why, "the career of an endless progression" is the business of existence, not enjoyment. Happiness belongs to a lower plane. Ambition is the stuff to make pious prodigies out of; and marvel seeking spiritualists also—each as useless to the world as to themselves.

The recent demonstrations in England by Katie King were only to keep the soul on a strain for something it did not possess, and the corresponding display by her reputed father in Philadelphia, in giving a narrative (true or not) of his brigand life, was but part and parcel of the same work, to fasten on man the conviction of this progressive, unresting work. Katie, at her final seance in England, said that she should never be able to speak or show her face again, that she had had a weary and sad three years of life working off her sins in producing these physical manifestations, and that she was about to rise higher in spirit life. Yet this veritable Katie performs since that in Philadelphia, "working off her sins." Not gone up higher in spirit life just yet. Does any reflective soul see anything but a performance in this?

The inferences that grow out of these displays are that none but bad spirits can get very near the earth. Just as soon as they would make safe or desirable company for man, they must "rise higher in spirit life." Dark and wicked spirits are, according to this, the allotted teachers of this world. What an economy, what a comfort to those whose souls yearn for better company! Just at this opportune moment master Johnny King (Sir Henry Morgan), sets forth the virtues of this "sinner" Katie in her life here, and of her being the first to meet him in spirit life. As much as to say, "if one so good must grind out penances in this severe way to work off her sins, what must become of common sinners?" And then the classification of ordeals through which himself must pass in moving upward on the ladder of progression, is another clincher to the fatal poison that is to stupefy man and make him the unresisting tool of folly. All this teaching and performance is to fasten on man, by implication, the idea that he is in the hands of some righteous fatality that it is useless to struggle against.

The being who undertakes to give me knowledge in regard to the personal unfoldment of my being, either in this world or any other, does not know what he is about or he designs me a mischief. Am I to know that sugar is sweet by some one's telling me, or that flowers are beautiful without seeing them, or that music is electrifying without hearing it? Just

as well all these, as to know anything worth knowing of existence without realizing it for myself. In this there is neither high nor low. Each will live for the soul of delight within him or herself, without any condescending performers to divert them from the worth of being to the individual possessing it. A story about a shirt and the performance of putting it on, would go very little ways toward furnishing me with one. This is as far as any one's talk of an unseen mode of being can tell me about my own. The story of a freebooter and cold-blooded assassin does not have the least tendency to benefit me. If he is no longer such, let him speak of something better, and if he is one still, he is not to be trusted.

Mr. E. D. Babbitt, in an article headed "Who shall Triumph, Mortals or Spirits?" has given currency to one of the most obnoxious sentiments ever uttered; and that is in proclaiming an advantage that spirits have over mortals in virtue of their progressed conditions. Some people may like this; I do not. It is just the game always played on man from the unseen; and it is a belief in this that gives it all the advantage it has. Cease this belief to-day and the advantage is done with; for no good spirit ever claimed it. In the advent of spirit manifestation it was not intimated; it belongs to the fustian Spiritualism that plays on the credulity of man. The creatures who played God to Moses, played to fix this very conviction on the mind of man. Mr. Babbitt not only concedes that the knowledge and progress gained by death gives this advantage, but he seems to exult in their right to use it. I neither concede the propriety or justice of such a claim, and I denounce the use of it as a base, cowardly tyranny. I do not deny that it has always been used, but this is no more a proof of its justice than the fact of a murderer would be proof of its propriety. But in the case cited by Mr. Babbitt there was no proof of any advantage against the man, but his wife was overpowered simply to get at his purse in the interest of a healing medium. Now if a priority in existence has given, by any necessity, one single soul an advantage over another, the latter can never regret beginning to live at so late a period nor cease to envy the soul with such an advantage.

It is not a virtue to attempt to overcome such feelings. They are in the nature and fitness of things if there are inevitable conditions that produce them. Besides, if this career of an "endless progression" be true, no soul is ever to be satisfied; for an earnest, truth-loving soul is never to stop where the solaces are incomplete; and if my dearest, fondest, loving heart has aptness and capacity superior to my own, each recurring moment in the revolving cycles of the eternal onward will only widen the distance between us. Good-bye, Katie; annihilation is slightly different, in the fact that it teaches obliviousness to any such "evils and sufferings."

Now, "I will shew mine opinion:" I have seen a spirit who gave me his time of life to be 2,340 years before the Christian era. He not only did not claim any advantage over me, but he would not allow me to feel that he had any; which I was quite ready to do from the force of my education and momentary impressions which spoil everybody. He looked like a young man of nineteen, almost, if not quite beardless, and were I to select company of my own sex, whose genial, loving spirit would just suit me, and whose smile would always be as welcome as the breath of flowers, I should say this sample was perfect. Progression had not only not thrown him beyond my reach, but had made him most welcome company. I have never met with any being in whose presence I could feel more at ease, and whose every act could be more like a brother soul. When I asked his name, as if he must be a marvel, he said, with a smile, "You may call me the spirit of the Himalah mountains if you like;" with the impression left on me—"Don't you know how quick you would be tempted to think me a wonder if you had a name to attach to the thing?" My happiness was complete, for it was just the nature of his own—not in him, but in myself. No amount of progression could have improved my then condition, and it is much so now. I have associated and mingled with spirits who have been in the spirit world for many centuries, and down to those who have been in it but ten minutes, and never found one of them who claimed any advantage over me in the way of goodness, knowledge or happiness, or in whose company I felt less than themselves, nor who by any implication ever blamed me.

I said "no advantage in knowledge;" I will mention this: that they see how I am imposed upon when I do not always recognize it at the time. But I was not alluding to abstract knowledge, but to intuitive. I said to one, in whose company it was my pleasure to be when she was in the form: "How long after you came to consciousness in another mode of being before you realized such perfect bliss?" The answer was—"instantly." And I am conscious of feeling as unutterably happy with one who has been there but a few brief months, as with one who has been there for two thousand years. Heaven is not to consist in knowledge, compliments or approval, but in what we realize. These displays by spirits are only flyers to catch the attention and mislead man.

If a spirit approaches me, who claims that he has an advantage of me, my instinctive self-respect would hold him at a distance, just as my safety would demand of me, and I fear none of them. I have for sixteen years been as intimate with spirits—yes, more so—than I have with my most endeared associates here, and have never noticed one display as that of holding an advantage, or for any reason being my superior. And if any soul ever gains any thing at any point in the eternity of its existence, that would not make them more easy, gentle, loving, artless and unpretendingly dear, they have improved the wrong way, and the farther they get from me the more gratifying to my honest nature.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 21, 1874.

E. WHEELER.

THE Henry County (Ill.) Association of Spiritualists will hold its regular quarterly meeting in Cambridge, on the 26th and 27th September, 1874. T. B. Taylor will be the speaker. A good medium is expected.—JOHN M. FOLLETT, Secretary.

JUSTIFICATION.

BY FAITH!

I've been with dad to Washington,
To see the Nation's brain;
But find more common sense among
The reapers of our grain.
The teacher turned me out of school
Because I wouldn't learn;
But when I see such Congressmen,
I don't kear a darn.

The town boys call me "rusty cuss,"
And say my fruit's too dear;
They must forget my dad pays their'n
Fifteen per cent. a year.
They say I'm sharp at bargaining,
And don't their rights dissarn;
But when I think of *usury*,
I don't kear a darn.

Folks say I should be moral,
And go to Sunday school;
But I would rather rest at home,
And chat with Till and Jule.
The neighbors talk because I chase
The girls around the barn;
But I'm good as Henry Ward,
And I don't kear a darn.

AN APPEAL TO SPIRITUALISTS AND LIBERALISTS EVERYWHERE.

UNION LAKES, Minn., August 25, 1874.

I have just learned that the editor of *Our Age*, Lois Wals-broker, who has labored with indefatigable zeal in the cause of freedom for the oppressed of every grade for many years, needs your immediate assistance in maintaining that fearless sheet. With the greatest energy and ambition she has succeeded during the past year far beyond the expectations of her warmest friends. Her intense feeling, and anxiety for means to continue her work endanger her life. One of the best physicians in the country says she is liable to go at any time. As humanitarians we cannot afford to let her and *Our Age* die. All the liberal papers are needed, and more beside, to agitate thought and meet the wants of progressive minds; and it devolves upon the most advanced, who see and feel the wants of humanity, to supply them, since the most needy and oppressed lack the power, and sometimes even the desire, to liberate themselves. We know there can be no essential improvement effected in society without enlightening men and women upon the laws of life. Our liberal papers are our batteries by which we defend our advanced position. Stand, then, by your guns, and let not one be silenced. A little ammunition in the shape of money from your well-stored arsenals will keep *Our Age* firing away into the strongholds of the enemy, and the light of its fire flashing upon the darkness. Let every soldier who loves freedom rally and sustain *Our Age*.

Yours truly,

L. A. F. SWAIN.

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.

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. R. P. FELLOWS, the distinguished magnetic physician heals the sick with surprising success by his Magnetized Powder. Those who are suffering from Nervous and Chronic Diseases should not be without it. \$1 per box.—Address Vineland, N. J.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their Ninth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera House, No. 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., commencing on Friday, Oct. 2, 1874, at 10:30, A. M., and continue over Sunday, the 4th.

The platform will be free, and all subjects germane to humanity are debatable on our platform. Good speakers and mediums will be on hand to entertain the people. Come, Spiritualists of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan, to our Convention. See and hear for yourselves. The First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago will do all they can to make your stay pleasant during the Convention.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

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, Winooski, Vermont.

[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.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

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 204 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 No. 14 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City.

BENJAMIN & MARION TODD have removed from Ypsilanti to Port Huron, Mich. Their correspondents will please address them accordingly.

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.

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.

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.

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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Sample copies, mailed on application, free.
VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AND TENNIE C. CLAFLIN, Editors and Proprietors.

COL. J. H. BLOOD, Managing Editor.

All communications should be addressed

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY,
Box 3,791, New York City.

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,
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CHRONIC DIARRHOEA,

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.

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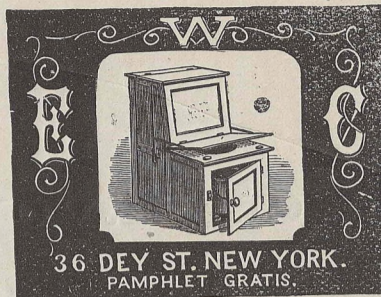
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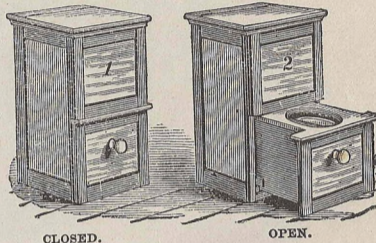
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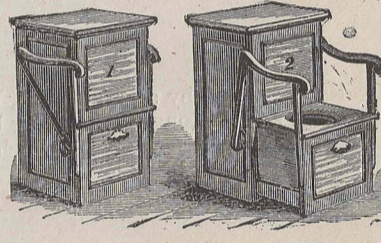
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