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Vol. VIII.—No. 21.—Whole No. 203.

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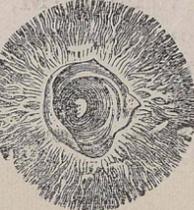
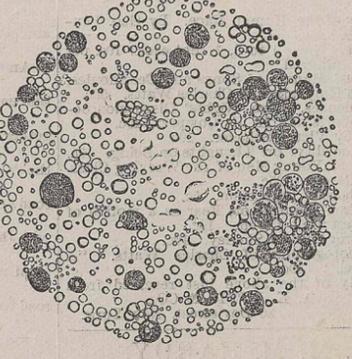
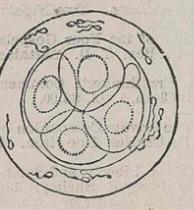
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BOOK II. CHAPTER II.—[Continued.]

"And now," he said, "as we are no longer going upwards, but horizontally, and shall meet the air more rapidly, you had better let me put some of these wrappers round you. The tropical dress you brought from the ship is hardly sufficient for this elevation."

And he opened a locker in the compartment of the car, where they were together.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the child, "I quite forgot I had so little on. I escaped from my berth in such haste, that I had no time to think of shoes or stockings. See!" she cried, half hysterically, thrusting out the tiniest white foot from beneath the scanty dress.

"Well," said Criss, "so long as we can keep you warm, we need not trouble ourselves about being smart up here. The angels are not particular about dress, and besides they know how to make allowances for poor mortals of earth, so that they will not be affronted."

He saw that the poor child was disposed to whimper over the scantiness of her attire; but the way he took it relieved her vastly.

"I do think," she said, "that you must be an angel. You don't laugh at me as any other man would have done. Had it been Frank, I should never have heard the last of it."

"Well," said Criss, "I do live a good deal in the sky, so perhaps I am on the road towards being one. Probably 'Frank' would tell you that you do not require such a course to convert you into one also. Is it not so?"

Nannie smiled and shook her head.

"Frank is my brother-in-law, and I suspect he knows me too well to think anything of the sort," she remarked.

"I am glad," resumed Criss, "to find you are not timid at traveling this way. Have you ever been aloft before?"

"Oh no! I should have been frightened out of my senses had I known I was going to do it; but it all happened in such a hurry that I forgot to be frightened. And—and—somehow, you make one forget one's fears. Why, I am not even frightened at finding myself all alone up here with a perfect stranger, and with only these few things on. I can't think why it is."

Her artless ways and wondrous beauty delighted Criss. He saw that she was yet more child than woman, though, perhaps, carrying on her childhood somewhat further than usual into the domain of womanhood. He divined in some degree the grounds of her confidence, and he argued from it that she had a true and genuine nature.

"No one ever thinks of being frightened in heaven," he said; "and while here you must be an angel in courage, as well as in everything else, including a short allowance of clothing."

"Not even of the other—the—the—gentlemen angels?" she asked, with an arch look, which broke into a smile, and spread like a glory of sunshine over her whole face, till Criss fairly gasped at the memory it recalled. For she exactly resembled the bride-angel of whose face he had caught a glimpse at the supreme moment of her rapture.

"Why you are the exact image of an angel," exclaimed Criss. "No wonder you take so naturally to heaven."

"And are you one, too?" asked Nannie.

"Now that is a point I shall leave you to determine by experience," said Criss. "But I shall insist on your eating something now, and then lying down and going to sleep. The angels do not neglect those duties, I assure you. So, after you have eaten some of these dried fruits and biscuits, and drank a glass of this liquor, I shall expect you to lie down on this couch, and sleep very soundly as long as you can."

"And what becomes of you?" she asked.

"Oh, I have another compartment on the other side of this panel, which I occupy sometimes. But for to-night I am going to stay up overhead in the rigging, where I have a little nest, and shall not be near enough to disturb you."

And he proceeded to feed her with tender assiduity, yet not so as to excite any sense of strangeness or difference, and thereby throw her back upon herself.

Then he spread some furs for her on the little couch, and

bidding her be sure to call him if she wanted anything, he took one of her hands in one of his, and pressed his other hand on her head, and seemed for a few moments to be murmuring something, as if in blessing or in prayer; while his eyes covered her with a grave and kindly glance, which allayed whatever still remained of tremor at the novelty of her position.

"Do you think you will sleep well?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, soundly. But—but—" and her look and voice wandered, as if uncertain what it was she wished to say.

"I can guess what you were thinking of," said Criss, softly. "You were wishing for the accustomed kiss before going to bed."

"Everybody who used to kiss me died long ago," said Nannie. "But I was feeling as if I should like to be said *good night* to properly, for once. Though I am sure I don't know how you knew it."

Criss saw that a spell was working on her to compel a deep sleep, and that to balk her longing would break it. He wished her to sleep during the swift passage through the keen upper airs, by which he intended to make for the land.

"Give me both your hands, and look straight into my eyes," he said. "And now tell me, Nannie (you see, I couldn't help knowing your name, when all those people called it out so loudly—it is the only name of yours I know), tell me, do you trust me entirely?"

"I suppose I must, as I can't help myself," she said, with a look half saucy and half sleepy.

"Then for being a good girl, and not letting yourself be frightened, I give you this kiss, by way of saying good night 'properly,' and after it you must sleep soundly as long as you can."

As he spoke, her head inclined towards him, and he pressed a kiss upon her brow. Then springing upon the rigging, he left her to herself. After a short consultation with his chart and his compass, and ascertaining his position, he turned his lamp downwards, and glanced at his passenger, and was delighted to see that she was in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Knowing the resources within reach of the shipwrecked folks, Criss did not further trouble himself about them. It only required tolerably fine weather to save them from discomfort during the few days it would take for aid to reach them from the nearest port, and such weather they were likely to have at that season in those seas.

The scene of the catastrophe lay about mid-way between the two continents; so that the distance he must traverse in order to place Nannie in her sister's arms, was about thirty degrees of east longitude, and forty-five of north latitude. At his ordinary speed, this would take him the best part of twenty-four hours; but a pause might be necessary, both for the purpose of obtaining the precise situation of the place of his destination, and to avoid arriving in the night. Besides, Criss had never before carried a passenger of feminine gender, and he had a vague notion that all such were a kittle sort of cattle, and likely to require things with which he was altogether unprovided, and which were obtainable only on land, and in civilized places.

So, observing that he was in the precise latitude of the Orange River, and that this was also the nearest point of the continent, he determined to make straight for the land, where he would be within reach of anything Nannie might require; and then run northwards to Soudan, keeping between the fifteenth and twentieth parallels of longitude.

It was night again when he sighted the coast, and saw the broad silver streak of the great South African stream far below him.

Nannie had slept the whole day; but now, after a few uneasy movements, she woke, and murmured some words, the meaning of which he could not catch. Then, remembering what had happened, she called to him, a little querulously, he thought.

"Mr. Angel! are you there?"

"All right," returned Criss, descending to her. "What a nice long sleep you have had."

"Long! Why, it isn't day yet. And oh, I am so hungry."

"You have a right to be," said Criss; "for you have slept all night and all day too, until it is night again."

"And have we been traveling all the time? Have you not been asleep too?"

"Well, you have lost nothing by sleeping so long," he said; "for we have been traversing the monotonous ocean. But now, if you are quite awake, and are not afraid to look out, you will see one of the prettiest sights in the world; for you will see the earth asleep, and the glimmer of lights on the land, and the sheen of stars in the rivers, and the outlines of hills, and railways, and plantations. For we have reached Africa, in its rich and populous districts of the South. See yonder bright cluster of lights; that is the capital—the great city of Orange. To-morrow we shall be going northwards, towards your home; but you must let me know if you want anything likely to be got in shops, before we go far in that direction, as the white people don't extend all the way."

"Oh, yes, thank you. I shall like so much to go shopping," cried Nannie; "but—but I have no money!"

"That, I assure you, is of no consequence," said Criss, laughing. "The Ariel's passengers never feel the want of that. Why, Nannie, what is wrong now?" for she was beginning to cry.

"I can't go shopping like this," she said piteously, looking at the rough wrapper with which she was covered. "One always puts on one's best things to go shopping in."

"Well," said Criss, "that is a difficulty certainly, as even with that elegant poncho on you, the people would be sure to remark something unusual. It would hardly do for me to leave the Ariel in your charge, while I went shopping for you. But if you really dislike to go to your sister as you are, I will tell you what we can do. I will descend nearly to the earth, over some town, and let down a line with a message and some money, and they will send up whatever we order, without knowing anything at all about us."

"Oh, do; that will be charming, cried Nannie. "And even if the things don't fit, I shall not look quite so foolish when I get home. I can't bear to be laughed at."

So they journeyed slowly northward, so as not to be beyond a white town when morning came, Nannie undertaking in the meantime to make out a list of the things she wanted.

At first, on looking down through the aperture provided for that purpose, Nannie declared that she could see nothing, and that it made her quite giddy. Criss urged her to persevere, saying she would soon get used to it, and that she must practice now in order to be his guide when they neared her home. At the same time he let the Ariel approach nearer to the earth.

Nannie was delighted when she found she could look down without being giddy.

"I see everything quite well."

"It shows," said Criss, "what a sedate character yours must be, when you can so easily get rid of giddiness."

"They call me *wild-cat*, at home, she said, and declare that I shall never be anything else than giddy. And it is quite true, I assure you it is. Oh, I am such a wicked creature. There's no mischief I wouldn't do, when I am in the mind for it."

"But you can be equally good and kind and nice, at other times, to balance it, I am sure."

"I can do any one a kindness, if I like them. But I am not allowed to like any I should like to like. My father is very strict with me, much more so than he was with my sisters. He says I am different from them in disposition, though we are not so very much unlike in other ways. If you heard my sister speak, I am sure you would think it was me."

"Is your sister fair, too?"

"Yes, and the loveliest little creature in the world. You will be sure to think me ugly when you have seen her. But she is not so little, after all, when you come to look at her. Only there is something so delicate and fairy-like about all her ways, that one doesn't see how big she really is."

"And I suppose she is as happy as a wife and mother, as you hope to be some day?"

"Oh, Frank dotes on her; more than she deserves, I think; for I don't see that she is so-much better than I am. Are you married?"

"No; I consider myself but as a boy yet. The week after next will be my birthday, when I shall come of age; and I shall be at home with my friends."

"So you will be going away from us almost directly after we arrive. I wish you were not going to see my sister. You won't think anything of me then."

Morning broke while they were still chattering, for being near Christmas time, it was high summer in those latitudes, and soon the flood of daylight enabled them to see every detail of the country beneath and around them, down to its houses and gardens, and tiny irrigated rills, and patches of dark woods; and Nannie said she wished her father had settled in that beautiful country, among people of his own color, instead of in the hot, central parts. And then she exclaimed,—

"How surprised Mattie will be to see me. She thought she had got rid of me for ever. I wonder what father will do: whether he will give up his plan of settling in America, and stay at Yolo."

Criss suggested that it would probably depend on the amount of loss he might have had by the wreck.

"Oh," cried Nannie, "I never thought of that. He had everything he owned in the world with him. And so had I, and—and—" And here she broke into an agony of tears.

Presently she resumed:

"I have lost all my nice clothes; and perhaps father won't be able to buy me more; and Mattie hates my taking hers. She says they are too smart for me. Oh, dear! what shall I do! I dread now going back to her. Of course, we shan't be able to get anything on the way fit to be seen in. And now I think of it, it will be such fun to arrive with only these things on. She must let me have some of hers then. She will be so mad. But I know what will reconcile her. She likes beautiful men. When she sees you, she will be reconciled."

And, full of this last notion, she decided that she would not purchase anything on the way.

This character, so new to Criss, needed a key, for which, just now, he had little leisure to seek. But while he was at a loss to harmonize her utterances, he was at no loss to derive huge satisfaction from the contemplation of her wonderfully mobile and expressive face, through which every variation of thought and mood showed itself in sunniest smiles,—a smile not restricted to the region of the mouth, but which was equally in her eyes and all over her face,—or a petulant pout. Her intense and thorough vitality produced perpetual motion in her mind, and a corresponding activity in her body.

"I never could have believed," she said to Criss, "that I could have kept still so long in such a little place as this, without jumping out. I believe it is only because the car itself keeps always moving so fast, that I am able to remain in it."

Certainly, the energy and vivacity of every limb and feature did irresistibly indicate that every inch of her was thoroughly alive, and so Criss told her.

"Yes," she said, complacently. "I am not a log. My grandmother in Scotland used always to call me a restless penn'orth."

Presently she said,—

"How fond you must be of traveling in the air. I am sure father never tried it, or he would not have called it wicked."

"Is that why he hesitated when I offered to take you off the wreck? I thought it was merely bewilderment and alarm."

"It was partly all of them, I think," returned Nannie. "He says it is presumptuous in man to traverse the skies like a bird, as Providence never intended us to do so, or it would have given us wings."

"Dear me!" said Criss, "Do such notions prevail in Scotland, at this time of day?"

"Well, not generally, I believe; but father always keeps to 'the good old paths,' as he calls them, and says he is one of 'the Remnant,'—though what that is, I am sure I don't know. And he hates to associate with people who follow modern ways. I never knew him make friends with anybody. He calls himself one of the true old Highland stock, and thinks no one good enough for him. Oh, he is so proud, is my father. I believe it was his pride as much as his jealousy that killed my mother."

Criss did not care to draw the child out respecting her father's faults of character, though he felt not a little curious to learn the circumstances which had combined to produce such a nature as hers. He was aware that the great burst of free thought with which, about the beginning of the twentieth century, Scotland had astonished the world, had left, as in England, a small section of its people comparatively untouched. So he only remarked,—

"With such views, it must have gone very much against the grain with your father to leave his home and travel by railway and electric ship."

"Oh, no. Why? Everybody has done that for ever so long. It is only the air traveling he thinks wrong."

"Ah, I understand you to say that he holds it right to use only the bodily faculties with which we are born, and not seek to improve upon them."

"Well," she said, evidently perplexed, "I suppose it is not being used to things that often makes people think them presumptuous and wrong."

"The earth looks as if it were dropping away below us! What makes it do that?"

Nannie's exclamation was due to the sudden and rapid ascent of the Ariel. For the sun had risen high, and they were entering upon a region where it was necessary to ascend in quest of cooler air. Criss had deflected from his direct course in order to obtain a view of that region so long a mystery to the world, which extends from equatorial Africa due south through the centre of the continent, and contains, intricately interlaced, the sources of the three great rivers, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the Nile, and of the series of marshes which cover almost the whole of Nigritia—a region now known as the headquarters of the greatest of black civilizations, and richest of all countries in vegetable and mineral production.

Nannie had told Criss at what hour on the morrow she would like to arrive at her sister's—it was the hour at which she would be likely to find her alone—and there was plenty of time to make the detour. So they passed over the mountain ranges which stretched far away to the east and west; and Criss pointed out to her the diverging streams and told her of their ultimate destination, and of the long impenetrable mystery of the Nile, and of the famous traveler who, in ages long past, had devoted himself to its discovery, and to the abrogation of the dreadful trade in human beings which had made that fair region a very place of torment for millions of people throughout hundreds of generations.

At length they reached a vast and busy tract, teeming with rivers and lakes, fields and factories, railways and electros, and all the other signs which indicate the neighborhood of a great capital; and then a large and gorgeous city burst upon their view.

"That," said Criss, "is a city with the name of which you must be familiar. The people of the country call it after a countryman of yours—the traveler to whom I was referring just now—and whom they justly regarded as their deliverer and benefactor, and who holds the first place in their sacred calendar. For this is the city of *St. Livingstone*."

"Dear me?" cried Nannie, "I never knew he was a real man. My father says there never were such people as the saints, but that their names and histories were invented to suit some fancy."

"The same has been said of this one," replied Criss; "and the very name has been adduced as a proof of the unreality of his history. For mankind has always regarded stones with superstitious veneration, and from the earliest ages made them objects of worship. The Bible tells of Abraham and Jacob and the Israelites paying respect to stones. The ancient Greeks represented the earth as re-peopled from stones thrown by Pyrrha and Deucalion after the flood. The founder of the Christian religion was called a corner-stone, and the famous church of that denomination was said to be founded upon a stone, for such was the signification of Peter's name. There was also the Caaba, the sacred stone which symbolized the ancient worship of Arabia. Not to tire you with too many instances, the great German people ascribe their rise to the Baron von Stein, or Stone, who first drilled them and made them a nation of soldiers and able to withstand the French. And now we find a *living stone* the patron saint, deity almost, of all this region of Africa. Yet there is good reason to believe that he was a real man, as probably were some of the others I have named."

It was night when they passed the equator. Criss was now steering straight for the mountain on which Nannie's relations dwelt—*Atlantika*—which reared its ten thousand feet at a distance of some two hundred miles south of the Bournouse capital on Lake Tchad, the metropolis and centre of the empire of Soudan, or Central Africa. A long stretch of mountain, marsh and desert separated the empire from the more southern communities they had just left, the principal characteristic of the region being its vast system of waters, which find their chief outlet through the process of evaporation. The continent here is divided mainly into two great valleys. Through one runs the Nile, which after forcing its way through the Libyan desert, and depositing a kingdom on the route, finds an exit into the Mediterranean. The other, consisting of immense and nearly level alluvial tracts, forms a series of vast swamps, through which runs one continuous stream, whose sources lie contiguous to those of the Nile, and whose termination is in Lake Tchad and the great marshy region which there bounds the Sahara. Looking at this region with the eyes of his guardian, Avenil, Criss said to himself:

"What a country, if only it were properly drained!"

Nannie was awake with the dawn, and eagerly straining her eyes to catch sight of the mountain. At first she insisted that every hill she saw was *Atlantika*, so excited did the thought of her return make her. But Criss turned to his own reckonings rather than to her reminiscences of what, from that point of view, she had never beheld, and therefore was unlikely to recognize.

Toward noon Nannie's recognitions and Criss's calculations showed symptoms of reconciliation. The ariel flew low as it passed round the eastern side of the mountain toward the northern slope where the settlement lay. At length the Elephant Farm appeared plainly but a little way off, with, to Nannie's great surprise and disappointment, the whole of her sister's family assembled on the lawn, pointing upward and gesticulating as if on the watch for her.

"Tell me," said Criss, "is the garden wired over, or can we descend into it?"

Nannie asked what he meant.

"At home," he said, "we have to place strong network fences of wire over any place we wish to keep private from aerialists. If your garden is fenced so, we cannot go down into it."

Nannie declared that she had never heard of such a thing in that country, and that she believed ballooning was not allowed or not practiced there.

"But look!" she exclaimed, "they see us and expect us, and I wanted to surprise them."

A few moments more and the car touched the ground in the midst of the excited party, and Nannie, stepping out of it, was embraced by one, who to Criss seemed another Nannie, only a little older and fuller in figure, so strong was the likeness between the two sisters. There was the same wealth of golden hair, the same broad, fair brow, the same quick and laughing gray-blue eyes, the same vivacity of glance, the same exquisitely-formed mouth and chin, and clever little nose, the same determined little thumb, lithe figure and daintily-turned limbs.

A fine, pleasant-looking man, the husband, whom Criss already knew as Frank, then came forward and welcomed and thanked Criss, saying he presumed he was the Carol named in the telegram he had received from mid-ocean, and placed in his hands another addressed to him, which proved to be from Bertie.

From this he learned that Nannie's father had, with the rest of the passengers, preferred to continue the journey to South America, the Patagonian Government having, on being communicated with from the scene of the wreck, undertaken to provide for them on their arrival, and dispatched a swift vessel to convey them all thither. Bertie added that after landing his own party of the rescued on the American coast, he should steer homeward to keep his appointment for Christmas Eve with Criss and his fellow-trustees.

The message from the old Scotchman to his married daughter was to the effect that he had lost nearly everything except his life, and that as he was too proud to come back to be a burden to his children, he should accept the offers of the Patagonian Government, and do the best he could for himself in South America. If Nannie ever reached them—of which he had great doubts, notwithstanding the high character Mr. Greathed gave him of the young man Carol for steadiness and skill—he hoped she would not be too great a trouble to them. But he would write at length on reaching his destination, which he hoped to do without further mishap, as a vessel had been dispatched to their aid, and he was not one rash enough to tempt Providence by traveling in a machine so contrary to nature as an air-ship.

CHAPTER IV.

The European settlements in Soudan, of which that on Mount *Atlantika* was the chief, while rich and flourishing as communities, were, as regards their civilization, somewhat in arrear of Europe itself. Many fashions, old and discarded elsewhere as the excesses of unpractical enthusiasts, were here still in full vigor. To Criss it was like going back to the times he had read of in history, to find women claiming, not merely equality, but identity, with men, in all the affairs of life, political as well as social.

Educated in the self-same schools, and on the self-same system as the boys, and taught to have precisely the same contempt for all pomps and vanities, they devoted themselves as equally a matter of course to grave and industrial pursuits, working in the farm, the factory and the office, on the plow and the locomotive, in the legislature and the police (for the white communities of Soudan enjoyed the privilege of conducting in their own fashion whatever affairs exclusively affected themselves), and would hold a rifle and go through military drill, and had no manner of doubt that, if called on, they would exhibit on the battle-field a prowess little, if at all, inferior to that of the men.

In a state of society in which women cared more to be sensible than ornamental, and men valued them for their uses rather than for their graces, for their robustness rather than their delicacy and tenderness, and mere esteem had taken the place of love, and the general aspect of life was gray and sober; the sensation had been one akin to consternation which was created by these young Scotch girls, who, from the moment of their arrival, bade resolute defiance to all established rules of decorum.

At first the elders of the community felt strong in the conviction that they had educated the youth of both sexes far too well for them to suffer from so evil an example. But when they saw the effect produced by the wondrous beauty of face and form of the new arrivals, their witching ways of scorn or merriment; their reckless abandon of manner and speech; their utter contempt for the useful, and instinctive devotion to the charming, as the one thing needful or desirable in their sex; and saw, too, that even the gravest and most practical of their sons were unable to resist the fascination—they were moved to indignation and wrath, and ceased not to utter warnings against all association with the 'witches of *Atlantika*.'

These on their part enjoyed the commotion they were only too conscious of having created. They knew that none could say any harm of them, save that they were pretty girls, and scorned to be anything else. Too heedless and untaught, save in the young ways of their own inbred nature, they scarce knew the source of their power, but felt that, somehow, in them a tribute was being paid to womanhood it failed to obtain elsewhere around them, and it was nothing to them if it were paid at the expense of "civilization." And the whole career of these girls certainly was a veritable triumph of womanhood—womanhood in its simple freshness and genuineness; pure from the hands of nature; wild and untamable in its utter unconsciousness of ill; haughty and proud in its conscious superiority to all arts; and winning and joyous in its wish to please, and its confidence of inability to fail to do so, even when making most strenuous efforts to be disagreeable.

The father was utterly powerless to comprehend or restrain the exuberant natures of his daughters. As children, there was no garden, wood, or meadow where they would not willfully trespass and stray. As maidens, there was no heart they would not win and make merry with. As women—ah, the thought of what they would be as women sometimes made him hate the very beauty that served to remind him of the mother his own hardness had done to death.

At length some one was found bold enough to seriously wish to marry the elder of the sisters; a man of good repute for sense and substance, the owner of an extensive elephant-nursery and valuable ivory-works—honest, straightforward, good-looking, and highly regarded, even by the father himself. It was even more astonishing to the latter to find his daughter readily accepting the offer, at so low a rate had he estimated her good sense. But his surprise was as nothing compared to that of the whole community when Mattie insisted on being married out and out, at once, without any provision for a trial of compatibilities, and without any of the usual settlements of property on herself separately. When remonstrated with, and told that such confiding generosity was a culpable weakness, and a wanton throwing of temptation in a man's way, she said that she was a woman, and had a right to be weak if she liked; that the other women of the place might turn themselves into men if they chose; but that she believed any true woman knew a true man when she saw one, and that if she could not trust a man altogether she would not trust him at all; and she did trust Frank Hazeltine.

Her lover would not be outdone in generosity, and accepted her with the same absence of all the usual safeguards and precautions. And so they became man and wife in the simple fashion of old time, when there were no marriage-settlements, no separation clauses, no woman's rights. In short, they took each other for better or for worse, and agreed to swim or sink together. And the only member of her own sex in the wide country round that approved of their conduct was the rebellious and defiant Nannie.

It was with a grim satisfaction that the old Scotchman saw his daughter taken off his hands. He liked Hazeltine, but he was too confident of Mattie's powers to plague to consider him a subject for envy. He soon learned to hope that she would plague him, for he conceived a profound distrust of Hazeltine so soon as he realized the fact that his wife loved him. The father felt himself supplanted in his daughter's affections! His jealousy blazed out afresh when he found that Nannie preferred her sister's home to her own. Altogether, he was so ill at ease that he determined to leave the country. It was not through any wish for Nannie's company that he took her with him. Indeed, he probably would have left her with the Hazeltines, but the eagerness with which both they and Nannie welcomed the arrangement decided the old man against it.

All that Criss saw during his brief sojourn at the Farm was an exquisitely lovely woman retaining in maternity all the charms of girlhood; and an exquisitely lovely girl, not yet matron, and apparently as fancy-free as any young spring-bob of the country, and so given to inconsistent extremes of conduct, so incalculable in her moods that she would hardly bestow upon him a kind look or civil speech, until he went to take leave of her, and then she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Criss was moving away distressed and perplexed at a phenomenon so strange and unexpected. But Nannie darted at him, and declared vehemently that if he said a word to her sister or any one else about her crying, she would kill him first and then herself; and that she believed she only cried because she had been so preternaturally good all the time she had been in the Ariel with him, and ever since, that she must make up for it somehow.

[To be continued.]

A REGULAR witch's glen has been found near Dubuque, in the rocky declivity bluffing on the river half a mile below the city, and on the track of the Illinois Central. Mysterious noises, airy voices, thrilling shrieks and agonizing moans are heard at night by the watchmen, and they cannot be induced to stay at the switch.—*Sunday Democrat, N. Y.*

THE San Francisco *Figaro* says: We think the laws of the United States might well be strained a little in order to protect the character of such a revered and prominent citizen as Henry Ward Beecher. The Constitution of the United States might be slightly altered in order to meet this extraordinary case. We shan't have another Beecher in a hundred years. In fact it is doubtful if we shall ever have an H. W. Beecher again. The world moves.

A PRIEST, the other day, who was Examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked the question, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered, "Tis a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "Being," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down," says the curate, "put her down to the fut of the class." "Lave her alone," said the priest; "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

SPIRITUALISTIC.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS,

HELD IN PARKER MEMORIAL HALL, BOSTON, ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 16, AND 17, 1874.

WEDNESDAY—EVENING SESSION.

Poem recitation by Prof. Hamilton.

Daniel W. Hull said there is a minority who want to vote, and thought the majority should not gag the minority. [Cries of "order," "put him out."]

Chairman—Order! order! no one shall be put out nor gagged.

Lois Waisbrooker—The women ought to discuss the question of children; I am not in favor of giving the children over to the care of the State.

Warren Chase—I want to give my assent to these resolutions and all the resolutions. I have no objection to any of them. I have said nothing in this convention against them.

Isaiah C. Ray made a humorous speech on the subject of "Children and the State."

Anthony Higgins favored the care and education of children by the State.

E. H. Heywood—I desire to express my gratification at the privilege of being in a religious convention that does not seek to divorce religion from life.

I am opposed to the resolution. No man or woman has a right to go into the nursery business and then put their hands into my venerable friend's or my pocket to pay the expense of supporting the children. I regret to hear such expressions as I have heard here, that the laborer is to share the rewards of labor. With whom? The rewards of labor belong to the laborer. Who is entitled to them if not the laborer?

J. H. W. Toohey made a few practical suggestions.

Augusta Cooper Bristol made the first regular address of the evening.

[Most of the parties did not desire their lectures published, as they, like this lady, are in the lecture field with addresses, upon which they have bestowed much care, expecting to deliver them in many places.—Secretary.]

Hattie Wilson delivered a stirring address.

Adjourned.

THURSDAY—MORNING SESSION.

Conference one hour. Special attention was given to the discussion of "Stirpiculture," participated in by Messrs. Ray, Atkinson, Moses Hull, Coonley and Cook.

Anthony Higgins, chairman of Finance Committee, made a special appeal, seconded by Dr. N. H. Dillingham.

Lois Waisbrooker then gave a very able discourse upon the subject, "What we have, and what we want."

We do not purpose to reprint the text Mrs. Waisbrooker took from John Ruskin's "Ethics of Dark Days," but rather to extract some of the flashes of inspiration which may be found plentifully scattered throughout the lecture:

On Promiscuity and Prostitution.

"It is urged that we, as free lovers, believe in promiscuity and prostitution, which is utterly false. Promiscuity is "without the power of choice among the many;" prostitution is also without the power of choice, whether bound to one or the slave of many. Promiscuity is prostitution, but prostitution is not necessarily promiscuity. Nature knows no prostitution but unwilling subjection."

Purity.

"Purity does not consist so much in being monogamists or celibates as it does in using all our powers for the highest good, by learning the law of our own being, and then sending the soul-forces of love and wisdom into all the acts of life. There are those who are born kings and queens in the realms of love; natural magnets, giving warmth and life to all within their radii. And there are those who can never feel condemnation from within for a mutual sexual act, whether legal or otherwise."

A long dissertation was then given by the lecturer on the case of Henry Ward Beecher, and Victoria C. Woodhull was complimented by the lecturer for the manner in which she had performed her part in the Brooklyn affair; but we are compelled to hasten to the close of the discourse:

"Ignorance and outside pressure may hold people together, but knowledge and freedom are a much stronger tie. When men and women fill each other's being there is no danger of separation. You cannot pull them apart. If they but partially complement each other, then they only belong to each other just so far as they do."

"Talk of having social freedom on the brain! Say that it is a side issue to Spiritualism! Why, it is the question of all questions, because it underlies all. If there were none in the spirit world who have suffered from false social relations; if there were no murderers there, made such by murder in the mother's heart against an unwelcome burden; if there were no thieves there, made such by the mother's privations; if there were no drunkards there, made such because the mother's life forces were drained till the starved one took to stimulants to allay the insatiable gnawings thus caused; if these were not there—all there—and many more who were dwarfed and distorted from similar causes, then we might say that social freedom was a side issue, that it did not belong to Spiritualism."

"Away with your slime, give us purity; away with the avery of competition, give us the freedom of co-operation; a new heaven and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness or right conditions."

THURSDAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

Conference one hour.

Thomas Cook advocated peace principles.

Lois Waisbrooker—Mr. Cook talks about his Christ, but it is a one-sided Christ.

Mr. Cook explained what he meant by Christ.

A gentleman, whose name the society did not catch, advocated the necessity of more sociability among the sexes. They jointly should be democratic enough to lift up the poor

in the dirty streets. Even Christians nowadays have Young Women's Christian Associations. Is there any way, any science that tells us how we can find a real, true conjugal tie?

A telegram was received from Victoria C. Woodhull, President of the Universal Association, announcing her return from Europe, which was read.

This announcement was greeted with applause.

The following resolution was briefly discussed:

"Resolved, That in all countries where so-called Christianity prevails, selfishness and not liberality is the principle that characterizes the masses; therefore Liberalists, to prove themselves superior to professed Christians, will have to be judged not by their earnest and persistent advocacy of the rights of man, but by their exemplifications in actual practice. 'By their fruits they shall be known.'

The following communications were laid upon the Secretary's table:

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE BOSTON CONVENTION.

BY SADA BAILEY.

Come, friends of human brotherhood, whate'er your name or view,
Ye souls that love the beautiful, that love the good and true
With a grandeur in your purpose; there is work for you to do
Here in Memorial Hall.

The "four grand revolutions" must be dealt with in this hall;
The Industrial and Financial, as the body, must not fall;
The Social and Religious as the spirit of them all.
While truth goes marching on.

Yes, the love of human brotherhood it is the angels' cause;
True Spiritism is to live by Nature's sacred laws;
To teach humanity the truth, we must not sigh or pause
Here in Memorial Hall.

Work, trust and never falter, for truth will make us free
And crown its holy altar; we must willing servants be.
Oh, the glory that awaits us, is beautiful to see
Here in Memorial Hall.

Glory, glory halleluiah,
List to the angel's call.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Sept. 12, 1874.

To the Universal Association of Spiritualists in Convention assembled:

Brothers and sisters of the radical line, all hail!

From the throbbing heart of the great West I send you greeting. Although circumstances prevent my being with you to help carry on the good work, yet in spirit and good wishes I am with you, and trust that your counsels will be guided by love and wisdom, so that another grand step may be made in the progress of the ages, and another victory gained over hypocrisy and wrong of every kind. For the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, asking to be delivered from the bondage of lust and vice, and their attendant misery. And the victims under the throne of social tyranny cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

And the weeping angels re-echo the cry, "How long shall these things be?" Out from the bosom of the Infinite the answer comes: "These things shall be until man becomes more of man, and woman more of woman, and developed to a plane of individuality, where they shall be a law unto themselves."

Fear not, brothers, fear not sisters; for the hosts of heaven are with you in your noble work, and it cannot fail. Let the billows roll and the storm rage; the good ship will weather the storm, and land its precious freight of humanity safe on the propitious shores of love and purity, at last.

Nail the flag to the mast-head, emblazoned with the words, "Free soil, free speech, free press, free men, free women, and free love." And with a zeal commensurate with the work, go on conquering and to conquer.

In love and liberty,

C. W. STEWART.

"Resolved, That the apparently studied misrepresentation of this convention by a portion of the Boston press, notably the Boston Herald and Globe, is a shameful prostitution of the simplest principles of truth and justice; and that this repeated prostitution is a wholesale outrage, not only on the proprieties and decencies of journalism, but upon the rights of a large class of honorable men and women whose only misfortune is to differ in opinion with some of their neighbors."

Mr. Giles was in favor of such an expression.

Mr. Jamieson called attention to the fact that, as the convention had voted not to vote on resolutions, it could express no opinion. For one, he would be very glad to have such a resolution passed. But the convention had stultified itself, tied its own hands.

Prof. J. H. W. Toohey, Mrs. Dr. Cutter and E. H. Heywood delivered short, interesting addresses, after which the session closed.

THURSDAY EVENING—CLOSING SESSION.

Conference one hour. L. K. Coonley in the chair. On motion, the convention reconsidered its action not to vote on resolutions.

W. F. Jamieson—The press is a glorious institution, but, like many other good things, may be perverted to bad ends. It is manipulated mainly by Christians; narrow-minded, sectarian men are too largely represented in the editorial profession.

During ten years the Spiritualists of our country have held annual national meetings, and scarcely one of them that has not been most foully misrepresented by the press. Reporters are sent to our assemblies with the deliberate purpose to belie our proceedings and make us the laughing-stock of mankind. The reporters are ready to do any kind of dirty work for pay. They have mortgaged their brains for money to buy their daily bread. These penny-a-liners, year after year, have prostituted what little talent they possess in covering Spiritualism and our national gatherings with their filthy reports. We have borne it all so quietly; until last year, at Chicago, scarcely manifesting ordinary indignation; so meek and gentle were we, so passive and non-resistant, that editors and reporters had come to the conclusion that Spiritualists are a poor, spiritless, insignificant class, who have no rights that Christians are bound to respect. These editors and reporters have, accordingly, treated us with the contempt and abuse which they supposed we deserved. The

manner in which the press have treated this unpopular cause of Spiritualism is an outrage upon decency and justice. [Great applause.] Here is this tuppenny sheet which I hold in my hand—the Boston Herald. It was very particular to let the public know how few attended our first session; but since Parker Memorial Hall has been filled with interested listeners, it has been quite reticent about numbers. It is impossible for the readers of the press to form a just estimate of our meetings by perusing an account of them in the papers. The Herald says: "At the afternoon session of the free-lovers' convention, yesterday, the audience consisted of the same sort of people who attended the first day—antiquated females." [Laughter.]

Think of that! Calling the lovely women [laughter] of these congregations "antiquated females." The Herald reporter proves to your minds, that he is no judge of beauty. [Cheers and long-continued laughter.] Look around and satisfy yourselves. There are but few congregations with prettier women. Better than beauty, they dare identify themselves with an unpopular cause. [Applause.] Braver women are not found anywhere.

This Christian reporter next turns his attention to the gentlemen. He says that the men are in their second childhood. [Laughter.] Mr. Chairman, I am not in my second childhood—am just in my prime, thank you. [Renewed laughter.]

Hon. Warren Chase—I am not in my second childhood. [Great applause.]

L. K. Coonley—I deny that I am. [Applause, and cries from the audience, "Nor I," "nor I."]

Mr. Jamieson—The gentlemen speak for themselves. The reporter says there were "apparently intelligent people who seemed to be ashamed to be caught in such a crowd." Such Christians would be ashamed to be found in the society of the apostles.

We all remember the beautiful original poem, recited so eloquently by its fair authoress, Augusta Cooper Bristol, at one of our sessions. One of the reporters laid his vandal hands on that, and sneeringly said that Longfellow need not fear for his laurels. The authoress, I think, has no disposition to pluck a single flower from the wreath of fame which adorns his brow. I cannot help thinking, though, had that poem been given in a Christian convention, how different would have been the tone of the press. It would have gone into ecstasies over it, and eulogized it to the heavens.

It is a notable fact that the press is cowardly. It does not lead public sentiment, it follows, and sometimes at a very long distance. This meeting is an example. The public favor us by packing this beautiful hall to-night.

It is about time the press should learn that the American people are getting sick of theological shams. When it does learn that fact, it will not report Christian conventions fawningly, and curs with downright injustice. All we ask is an "open field and a fair fight." Fair play is all we demand.

We have Christianity to thank for the fact that the average editor, however much of a man he may be naturally, as an editor he is a natural-born coward; lays his manhood aside; afraid to say his soul is his own. I say the average editor, which means many honorable exceptions. Can you not see that the American press of this day, is subsidized by the terrible monster, Christianity? This is the reason these editors are the cowards they are. It is called policy for the editor to write one thing, while he believes another. What is called dishonesty in other men is policy with him, shrewdness. His brains are for sale to the highest bidder. This pious lying in aid of Christianity is the Christian scrofula of deception and hypocrisy and dishonesty, which permeates the entire press of this country, so that the people know (those who are aware of how the press is bought and sold) they are compelled to read the papers backward if they obtain much truth. This is indeed a shame to them.

This press presumes to prate about purity! Every few weeks it publishes sensational accounts reeking with the foul corruptions, the filthy details of the divorce case of some prominent member of the Christian church. Immaculate editors! too holy to read the "Woodhull paper!" too pure to tell the truth about our convention.

It does appear to me that it would be no more than fair for the Christian people, instead of casting stones at their Spiritualist neighbors, to set their own houses in order, purify their own lives, talk less about the sanctity of the marriage bond, and practice it more, after which they may render themselves a trifle less ridiculous in the eyes of a candid public, while engaged, by word and act, in thanking God that they are not as other men are. The narrow, sectarian prejudices of some of the editorial profession blur their vision and blunt their understanding of broad, liberal principles. It is because so many weak and ignorant men occupy the position of journalists that the newspaper profession is sinking into utter insignificance. [Loud applause.]

The press, instead of educating the people in a knowledge of the principles of government, is the mere echo of that combination of fanaticism, prejudice and moral cowardice—"popular sentiment." But here, in Boston, it is far in the rear even of popular sentiment. Indeed, the editorial profession, with few exceptions, have had their moral sense so corrupted by a false public opinion that they do not seem to be ashamed to confess that they daily belie their own convictions of the truth by believing one thing and writing another. The hypocrisy which debases the man is called policy in the editor, a proof of his fitness to serve the dear public with its allowance of re-lie-able mental hash, but carefully spelling the second syllable of the word "reliable" with three letters, l-i-e. The journalistic profession is nearly as craven as the clerical—nearly as craven, I say, for surely that is putting it low enough. [Laughter.] Strangely enough, all the parties to the fraud, the editors and the people, are perfectly satisfied that they are humbugging each other. The people know that they can depend but little upon the representations of the press, especially if partisan; and how few and feebly supported are the genuine free papers, independent of clique or ring! The religious papers are still worse. The masses encourage and pay for deception, and

the papers deceive them, especially concerning the operations of any unpopular movement. If there is any such thing as Christian civilization, it is that element which encourages the people to love a lie better than the truth. To so great an extent has society thus been poisoned, that the man or woman who, by voice or pen, lays the fruit of the soul's search—Truth—before the hungry multitude in its simple naturalness, is deemed a fool or mad. A revolution of the press is demanded. It is inevitable. A new and higher Declaration of Independence than the world has yet seen is the need of the hour—a "declaration of independence" from all time-serving expedients in the republic of thought. [Applause.] When that independence is gained, then will we have a free press in fact as in name.

The religious and secular press must learn that it can no longer vilify us without rebuke. We know our rights—we know what is our due; and, for one, I say we should not tamely submit to this Christian insolence. These editors may learn when it is too late that Spiritualists and other free thinkers number millions, and that the men and women composing these liberal conventions must be respected. Their influence may yet be felt politically. A more dignified convention than this, better and deeper thought expressed, the Christians cannot boast.

For a long time we have been looking to see the coming man and woman; but, as Cephas B. Lynn said last year at Chicago, we need to look for something else—the coming reporter, who dare be honest enough to tell the truth. [Applause.]

Moses Hull—Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot feel to let this question pass to a vote without a few words. We are all more interested in the reasons for the vote than in the vote itself. Brother Jamieson has been rather sweeping in his remarks; he has not even excepted Brother Thomas Cook, the editor of the *Kingdom of Heaven*, and myself and the *Crucible*. Very well; we can afford to suffer a little for being caught in bad company. [Laughter.]

But, seriously, the editor is not an aristocrat, a nabob, set up out of reach of the people. He is under obligation to those to whom he agrees, when he takes his position, to furnish news. His first obligation as a journalist is to furnish the news—all the news—for the people. When a journal ignores any convention worthy of notice, it should be called to account. The people should demand newspapers that give the news—all the news. Second, a paper should not only report what is transpiring, but should give a correct report of passing events. Have they done it? Every member of this audience who has seen a paper to-day knows they have not. The *Herald* acknowledges that it has not given a true report; it says if it reported matters as they were, it would be suppressed for obscenity! Let me here inform the *Herald* that there is not the slightest danger. If those who look after the morals of the city can wink at the *Herald's* daily assignation column, coming under the head of "personals," and its daily advertisements of specifics for the purpose of procuring abortions, they can stand anything. Mr. *Herald*, you can't turn their stomachs. Come, behold; make the venture! Tell them one truth, and let us see what the result will be.

Individually, I long since gave up the idea of ever getting the truth about an unpopular cause in the *Herald*. There is too much money among our opposers for that. If there is a burning hell, where his Satanic Majesty presides because of his ability to lie, when the editors of the Boston dailies go down there I apprehend his majesty will arise, make his lowest bow, set out his chair, and say: "Messrs. Editors, you have beaten me at my own game; please select one of your number to take the chair. [Great applause.]

Daniel W. Hull—Mr. President, newspapers are like the old peddler's razors—they are made to sell. If they had been made to furnish information to the people they would not sell. The world demands sensation, scandal and falsehood, and a reporter who could not furnish that kind of matter could not make his bread and butter. The Church says: "Report this convention the way we want it reported, and if you dare to tell the truth we will not buy your paper." Thus, they have driven honest men out of the profession, and none but liars can be accepted on reportorial staffs.

Some years ago Mrs. Woodhull, for telling the same story that the papers are now re-publishing, was cast into prison by the Y. M. C. A., backed by the whole press of the country. Then the story was terribly obscene; but now that it is popular there is no obscenity in it. The papers vie with each other in coming to the front. They are always ready with their help when no help is needed. Their cowardice ever keeps them in the rear until the danger is over. These men—most of them guilty of the same sins, if sins they are—are now bellowing themselves hoarse about Henry Ward Beecher, as if they expected to turn the attention of the public from their own delinquencies by holding up the delinquencies of others. Who are these men anyway? They are a decade behind us, but in another ten years these editors and reporters will grow up to the present standpoint of spiritualism, when they will call attention to the progress the world has made, and ask it to "just look what we editors and reporters have done! Why, we live in an age of social liberty, when the world does not dispute the right of the individual to elect his own social life." But, at the same time, we Spiritualists (or those who take our places) will have gone on to promulgate some other truths, and these editors will hire a new batch of falsehood mongers to dish up another batch of delectable scandals for the gratification of Mother Grundy's morbid palate. While we are making brains for the editors and reporters of the next decade, they would be untrue to the example of their past history if they failed to lie about us. Lying is their element; it is the only thing they know how to do well, and, as reporters are hired for that purpose, it is the only thing we can expect of them.

Thomas Cook said (falling on his knees) that he is in his second childhood. [No one disputed it.] The only way he said to have peace was to become as little children, humble and teachable. [Voice in the audience—"Oh, do get up

from that."] We must become Christ-like, and seek to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

W. F. Jamieson—We are not responsible for the eccentricities of Christianity which crop out in our conventions. Still, I am heartily glad that our platform is broad enough and strong enough to encourage the widest latitude of expression. We can stand it with the abuse of the press added.

I hope we will express our vote emphatically. In conclusion, I want to say that the Boston reporters do not comprehend what they hear. They not only willfully misrepresent us, but lack the ability to report. Their pay is undoubtedly small, and first-class talent cannot be expected. In proof of the truth of my words, I read from the *Advertiser*, which reports that we passed a resolution "that communal life, according to the congenial groupings, furnishes the only proper conditions for the practice of scripture." [Loud Laughter.] Surely, what have we done that we should be obliged to carry such a load as that? No wonder the reporters thought us obscene; but we have not yet reached that low level. We magnanimously prefer that such Christians as Henry Ward Beecher should "practice scripture." [Laughter and great applause.] They understand it by long and patient practice. The resolution which our convention discussed was concerning the practice of *stirpiculture*. It is a word with which the reporter was wholly unacquainted. Probably he never before heard of it.

But here is another evidence of the brilliancy of these reporters. This Boston *Advertiser* says: "Mattie Sawyer read an essay on the 'Rights of Still-born Infants!'" [Laughter.] I am of the opinion that that reporter was a still-born child—[laughter]—and it would have been a benefit to the world if he had always kept still. [Applause and laughter.]

The convention then gave a vigorous vote in favor of the resolution, with two dissenting votes. [Voice—"They are reporters!" Laughter.]

Collection, \$22.15; total contributions, \$219; expenses, \$212.63; balance on hand, \$6.37.

Hon. Warren Chase—In all this iconoclastic war I see the elements of a new dispensation, for which I have labored a quarter of a century, and borne my part. However much my friend Jamieson and I may differ in some things, it is always in good spirit. Iconoclastic he is, for that is the work which needs to be done. I have found him to be the boldest writer and one of the most fearless speakers in the lines of the army of progress. I have promised him, when they call for me with the chariot from above, that I will let him have my mantle, and I know he will worthily wear it.

One of the immediate reasons for the corruption of the Boston press is that for months it has been feeding upon the garbage of Plymouth Church. [Laughter.] Its appetite is keen, and it flourishes by what it feeds upon.

The Church of this country has been determined for the last ten years to put down Spiritualism, in which it sees the greatest enemy it ever encountered. It has been determined to put it down by lying and abuse, even if it had to go down with it, and though the country itself should go to ruin in the conflict. It has called upon the press to help it do its dirty work, for it has money enough to buy the press. Like those of old, the Scribes of the press and Pharisees of the pulpit have united to destroy spiritualism, and unite in controlling and suppressing the actions of men and women. They seek to enslave every reformer who holds or utters more liberal sentiments and leads more liberal lives than they. In the great cities the leading press is controlled by the pulpit, and the pulpit and the press are trying to get control of the government in the form of "God-in-the-Constitution," until there will be either a revolution or we must be crowded out and this country be an institution under the Young Men's Christian Association, which is nothing more than a mere political machine. If it is here in Boston, it is not in the West. I do not think it is here.

It is about time that the liberals of the whole country were united; about time that we rallied our forces and united for defense. There are about ten millions who are liberal and who are with us. I am glad to see friend Mendum, of the staunch old Boston *Investigator*, here, and that our friends are erecting next to this their Paine Hall.

I have been in the ranks of reform so long that it is not necessary for me to speak upon the social freedom question. I never fear to speak my thoughts upon it anywhere, though now social freedom is construed into a defense of Henry Ward Beecher. [Laughter and applause.] There are many reforms which need voice and pen. We have robbed the women of the country. Women own one-half the property of this country, but are allowed only one-eighth. Woman is robbed of her property, because men want to prostitute her, crush her with sexual abuse. Anywhere and everywhere our marriage institution is most damning and corrupting. I told my hearers twenty years ago that the people would not always bear this injustice. You have robbed woman of her property, and of course she must seek a livelihood in some way. Every civil right that belongs to us belongs to her. But women cannot have equality of right under your present marriage institution. Under it woman is property. Even in this Beecher-Tilton war, Tilton sues Beecher. For what? Damages to his person? No, damages to his property, his wife. We must remove this whole marriage system, take it out of the way. "But," you say, "would you have no law?" I say no law that gives one more than the other; each one must have the same protection against each other as against a stranger. When two persons live together as man and wife they should put their own contract into writing; then they are protected, and the children are protected. They need not call in a minister to do what they can better do for themselves. If they want to be divorced, they can divorce themselves, and not go before the courts and furnish fuel for gossip. I am called a free lover. I care not what they call me. We must have social freedom, or hundreds, thousands of lives will be crushed out of our women. [Mr. Chase related an incident of brutality on the part of a husband against a young wife, and notwithstanding she "carried one child in her body, the other at the breast," he roughly grabbed her

by the shoulder "like a mad dog," because she attended a spiritual lecture, and ordered her to go home.]

He did all that by the authority of the church. That is the institution of marriage. I have seen hundreds of these cases; hundred of poor, suffering victims under the marriage law. When I know these brutalities exist as I do, I cannot keep still; I must speak, I must write, I cannot hold my peace. I know this institution of marriage is a tyrannical one, women the sufferers; men bloated with whiskey, saturated with tobacco; poor little delicate wives forced into submission to that which they hate as they do death, and worse. Tell me we must not speak against it! When we do we find the church and the press united against us, and they hope to get the State to unite with them and crush the advocates of social freedom out.

But there is an invisible power that has worked with me for years, and has been with me in all my trials, unseen, though powerful; it will not be sent back, will not be put down, will remain until we have gained this point of social freedom—freedom for woman, equality for woman, so that she can protect herself; so that the law as well as the press will defend her. On one side is marriage law, on the other outside prostitution. These are the two channels for woman. Through them you drive hundreds of thousands of your finest children into the graveyard. That is what you do, and then say: "You shall not talk about it! If you do we will scandalize you in the press."

I am asked if I am a Woodhullite. I am no follower of anybody. Mrs. Woodhull has told more truths than any other person about this corrupt system. They hired a judge to pettifog the case against her when she was on trial. They tried to break down her character, but never proved a thing against her. You can go to the press and prove anything against her, but come before judge and jury, whose business it is to find out all they can, and they cannot impeach her character. Neither money nor the church could do it. What does it mean? You know she has beaten them every time. She was indicted for obscenity, but when they came to trial the judge turns to the jury and says: "Gentlemen of the jury, you can acquit this lady." And yet the press has scandalized this woman. And why? Because she had torn the mask off an old hypocrite in the pulpit.

I ask you, once for all, to close your little differences; skeptics, liberalists, all free thinkers, all in favor of right and justice, come together; let us join hands, let us unite our labors, carry on this war with our united strength, and we can save the country from a revolution, and build up this great truth and the Republic into a higher condition than it has yet reached. [Applause and voice in the audience—"Amen!"]

Susie Willis Fletcher gave an address on the "Rights of Man," which was received with satisfaction.

Benjamin Todd made the closing speech on "Man, an Immortal Being." In his preliminary remarks he said: "This convention takes precedence over all that have been held," which was a general expression. The interest was at fever heat when the meeting and the convention were declared adjourned *sine die*.

THE WISCONSIN CONVENTION.

The meeting at Omro, Wis., proved a success, although bad weather prevented a good many from attending.

Speakers in attendance: Mrs. Mattie H. Parry, Dr. J. H. Severance, Mrs. R. W. S. Briggs and C. W. Stewart.

The platform was free for the discussion of all questions of interest, and general harmony and good feeling prevailed. There was a general desire on the part of all to come to a better understanding of existing differences, and it was generally thought that had there been no misrepresentations of the matter, there never would have been any difficulty.

Both radicals and conservatives united in repudiating the effort that is made by a few would-be leaders in the West, to prejudice societies against speakers by misrepresenting their views, and a general pity was manifested for the imbecility and pusillanimity of these parties, but no abuse was indulged in—in fact, we all smile at their feeble attacks and commiserate their folly.

The speeches of the occasion were all clear and forcible. Mrs. Dr. Severance spoke on the necessity of a higher degree of culture for the human race, and her speeches were characterized by her usual logical and eloquent style.

C. W. Stewart dealt with the religious, political and social abuses of the day in his own peculiar manner, so well known by both his friends and enemies. And the rich floods of eloquent thought from the lips of Mrs. Parry told how deeply she felt interested in the needs of the world's great family. Her last lecture on "The Coming Church" was the finest effort we ever heard. Societies should not fail during the coming winter to secure the services of Mrs. Parry.

Mrs. Briggs favored the convention with a very fine essay on Spiritualism.

The next session of the Northern Wisconsin Association will be held at Ripon in January, and with the unanimity of feeling which characterizes the Spiritualists of Wisconsin, and the efficient management of Mr. Potter, of Weyauwega, the president of the association, a good time may be anticipated.

Yours, for radical truth,

C. W. STEWART.

AN EVANGELICAL DELINQUENT.—This world is full of trouble. The Rev. Wesley Prettyman, of Marietta, Georgia, has got into a pretty mess. Last week a couple of policemen arrested the preacher and brought him to Atlanta, where he was charged with defrauding the Post Office Department of the United States Government, and thereupon indicted for embezzlement. Prettyman had an eye to business. Besides being a preacher he was the Postmaster of Marietta, thus combining the heavenly avocation of sending petitions to the New Jerusalem with the transmission and distribution of profane communications among sinners. It is to be hoped his meed of punishment will be light, as the country can ill afford to lose so admirable a man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUSTICE.

My father left me wealthy
When I was very young,
Since then I have been healthy
And jolly songs have sung.
No business cares have troubled,
Nor have my hands been soiled;
Although my wealth has doubled,
I never yet have toiled.
In dream last night my father came
And stood beside my bed,
And made me blush with very shame
As thus he calmly said:
"What has my son produced on earth
To pay for what he's used?
The privilege of gentle birth
Hath he not much abused?"

"With privileges duties go,
Which justice will enforce,
Those who conserve earth's wealth should know
She never shuns her course.
What we produce is ours, my boy,
All else we hold in trust;
And cannot justly use, destroy,
Or e'en allow to rust."

EXCELSIOR.

TRENTON, N. J., July 26, 1874.

CURSES TO CHRISTIANITY.

[Sunday Transcript, Philadelphia, October 11, 1874.]

Two scenes were enacted on Sunday last in New York, which, while confined to what is or should be the house of God, has done more to bring religion into disrepute than all the scientific disquisitions of a Tyndall or the ravings of a Voltaire. Unfortunately these two scenes were equally divided between the two great Churches claiming to be the expounders of Christ's mission—one Protestant and the other Catholic. Take, first, Plymouth Church. On Sunday last that immense building was crowded, as the reporters say, with five thousand persons, and "there were as many more unable to gain admission." These people, the majority of them women, came to greet Henry Ward Beecher upon his return from his summer solace. They came to once more glorify and deify their saint, and to transfer from the worship of the Master the idolatry of the servant; or, perhaps these women came with a much more earthly curiosity—to look upon the man of sixty-eight years of age whose vigorous constitution could make him capable of the offense imputed to him. Be that as it may, the church was crowded, and we are informed again by the reporters that the desire on the part of the females to witness this paragon of virile energy was so great that one wife compelled her husband to lift her above the crowd so that she could see the sinner, while a little child in an adjoining pew cried "Le'mme see him, too!" All this while the church was ablaze with decorations. Rare exotics were displayed in profusion, and the little table made from the wood gathered from Mt. Olivet was redolent with flowers. And then came Beecher. Received with applause he approached this table, every fibre of which tells the story of the Master's mission, his teachings and his lessons; and standing by it he commenced the services. Fresh from a Grand Jury room, where he had obtained two bills of indictment against two citizens, he naturally ignored Christ's warning to his disciples: "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?—till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." So, also, he put behind him the Divine injunction: "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." With these commands staring him in the face, Beecher came forward ones more to administer consolation to a flock which seems to need more of the physical than the spiritual to bring them to that ecstatic condition so well described by "Elizabeth," who is the most prominent of the followers of the New Dispensation, and the first fruits of the idolatry condemned and punished under the Mosaic Law, but now condoned and rewarded in these latter days by crowded houses to applaud the priest who has set up the modern calf as the object for worship. What wonder then that there should be a crowd at Plymouth to welcome Beecher; what wonder then that a minister, disregarding all the commands of his Master, should be received with applause; what wonder, indeed, that the great public, outside of Plymouth, should calmly review the situation, and as calmly condemn the Great Preacher? The basis of our libel law is, that a publication is likely to lead to a breach of the peace. Beecher, by going before a grand jury, on Saturday, and having indictments found against Tilton and Moulton, virtually admits that he was provoked almost to a breach of the peace, and that instead of being willing to forgive his brother "until seventy times seven," he desires to hustle him into jail. For this he finds an appreciative congregation ready, first, to condone the crime against a husband, a wife, a father and a mother, and next to excuse his disregard of the Divine command just quoted. But of such is Plymouth.

And then we come to St. Bridget. Almost within a stone's throw of Plymouth Church, there was exhibited another disgraceful scene. A newly-wedded pair, whose names had attracted attention throughout the country, were to attend St. Bridget's and there participate in the celebration of the Mass. It is not necessary to say, even to a Protestant reader, how sacred is this ceremony in the Catholic Church, how the priests come to the altar fasting, and how reverently the Elements are touched, and how significant to the Catholic communicant is every vestment and every position taken by those who assist in the solemn ceremony. But to St. Bridget's on Sunday last the congregation came, not to adore, not even to worship the Host; they came to gratify a female curiosity; to look upon a man and wife, and possibly to do homage to the newly risen star. As at Plymouth, St. Bridget's was

"crowded," at least as many being excluded as those who gained admission. Every inch of available space was occupied, and, in order to give greater eclat to the occasion, a time-honored observance in the church was ignored, and the swarm of reporters who came to describe the exhibition was admitted to seats within the sanctuary. Nothing more offensive to the sincere Catholic can be conceived of, and yet it was directed, authorized and permitted by Father Mooney, the celebrant at the Mass. Nay, more. When the turbulent crowd in the church would persist in gratifying their curiosity long in advance of the arrival of the bridal party, by mounting the pews to scan each new comer in order to catch a look at the bride, Father Mooney rebuked them. He reminded them that they were in the house of the Lord, and should conduct themselves accordingly; that they came to worship, and not to scandalize the faith. His admonition was observed. Shortly afterward the bridal party entered, and the grand organ in this house of God gave forth the strains of the "Wedding March." Within a building dedicated to God there was this obeisance to humans, and while the echoes of this triumphant march had scarcely died away, solemn High Mass was celebrated. Nor is this all. Mass celebrated and the vestments removed, Father Mooney gave forth his text. Forgetting that he had already rebuked the members of his congregation, because they had, in their curiosity, ignored the solemnities of the place, he commenced his sermon with as gross an outrage upon the sanctity of the church as any that his hearers could be guilty of. "I wish," said he, "to preface my remarks by welcoming to the church a bride and groom whom we all honor." Nothing more out of place could be conceived, and it indicates that idolatry of persons is not confined to sects. The whole exhibition is one that should be brought prominently before the people, so that the full measure of the iniquity can be brought home to these would-be teachers of their flock. Beecher, idolized by his harem, and Mooney, cringing and abasing himself at the foot of the altar, brings us to the conclusion that the best course for society, for religion and for Christianity is that both shall "step down and out."

[Again, in same paper:]

Some of the church people are endeavoring to have the Zoological Garden closed on Sunday! If it is sinful to look upon the animals in this garden, is it not equally sinful to look upon animals elsewhere—and even upon men, women and children, as part of God's creatures? To carry out the absurdity to its logical conclusion, no animal, whether four-legged or two-legged, should be seen by another on the Sabbath. All churches must be closed, as this brings together the greatest aggregation of the two-legged species, and in the household every individual must shut himself or herself up in a separate room in order to avoid the commission of the heinous offense of looking upon another of God's creatures. But would it not be better for these church people, now that they have taken charge of beasts, to first turn their attention to those in their own fold—Beecher and Glendenning and a host of other blots upon their kind? This, just now, will give them all the employment they need.

TEMPTATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

BY PROF. EDWARD WHIPPLE.

It is a trite saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and the adage has its applications to all classes of great men. Commanding talents usually attract most attention in localities remote from the scenes where the private life is enacted. We are electrified with the great thoughts and burning words of a moral hero, and persuade ourselves that he must be a very paragon of purity and goodness. The orator gives us word-pictures of charming sentiment and noble living, until we conclude his own life must be an exemplification of all he describes. When a book is read which sounds the depths of human emotion and holds up to our gaze the matchless beauty of the ideal, we straightway exalt the author into a god and worship him in proportion, as his actual life is unknown.

All truly great men have powerful natures, both animal and spiritual, and such usually have the greatest inward struggles and deepest private sorrows. That berated animal nature, which chains the spiritual in slavery, is also that through which the spiritual achieves its greatest triumphs. The man who has a heavy base-brain associated with an equally large top-brain, and has both trained into, not subordination, but adjustment, is the one best qualified to display positive virtues and bless the world. But in our present civilization, such men are prone to sin. The spiritual in their nature does not co-operate in every struggle. They gravitate to questionable practices—sinning and repenting alternately—and yet these are the men of action; the executive characters by whom the world is moved. If they sometimes yield to temptation, yet are they powerful for good, and for the most part noble in their aims. Their actions are mixed, their sympathies generous, their friends enthusiastic, their enemies bitter; yet withal, the chemistry of life will extract more sweet than bitter from their deeds. Give us these characters rather than those passive, do-nothing saints who are removed alike from the temptation to sin and the capacity for the positive moral virtues.

Mr. Beecher is a good, modern example of a powerful nature, in which the animal and spiritual are both well represented. And these two natures do not seem to be well adjusted in the man. "While he would do good, evil is present with him." But without his fund of animal impulse, his magazine of material forces, Mr. Beecher could never have accomplished the mission he has. While without that large physical endowment he might have been good and without sin, yet that goodness would have simply been good for nothing, inasmuch as the furnace would be removed from under the boiler, depriving it of its motive power. It may be a serious question as to which are most at war—Mr. Beecher's animal and spiritual nature arrayed against each other, or his whole nature and average convictions arrayed against the conservative public sentiment which he is too timid to combat? Possibly his strange course may lie quite as much

at the door of society as it is due to any radical defect in his own nature. Strong and often turbulent natures subside into sweet and peaceful ways when their environment becomes adjusted to their "advanced ideas." But if we shall finally be forced to conclude that the defect is mainly in Mr. Beecher and not in society, then we might properly unite with Mr. Weatherbee in saying that—"What we had supposed was pure mahogany turns out to be pine with a little veneering. And then it is a matter of astonishment what service can be got out of pine!"

Fire may be a tyrannical master, but it is a good servant as well, and we cannot dispense with the service it is capable of rendering us when properly controlled. The moral nature, through its connections with the base-brain, conquers circumstances and achieves progress. Unaided by the base-brain, the loftiest philanthropy folds its hands in the face of difficulties and asks God to undertake the work which efficient energy is willing to impose upon itself. When good people feel to rebuke great men on account of their temptations, they should reflect that those temptations are offspring of the same nature which is the parent of numberless blessings. The nature that is powerful for good is also fraught with perils. Instead of trying to get rid of it by crucifixions and repression, the wise man studies its laws and proper limitations, and rejoices in its service. It is pitiable that so many people should gather their robes of purity about themselves and thank God that they haven't character enough to become like other men!

There are those who make a virtue of necessity and parade their negative goodness before the world as though it were positive excellence, declaiming against the peccadilloes of great men, while they lack the capacity in themselves to imitate either the good or bad deeds of those whom they malign. Their declamation against lechery is the chastity of impotence! Their negative goodness never commits sin, because it never commits anything. They are never charged with iniquity for the same reason they are never praised for good deeds. They challenge no admiration! The mountains of achievement and the chasms of temptation are alike beyond their reach.

When we rise from the individual to the national point of view, numerous illustrations of the same truth may be found. A nation with small base brain never achieves anything of moment in the race of life. If the Teuton and Anglo-Saxon have been noted for war, cruelty and revenge, they have also been conspicuous for daring projects and Herculean labors, by which barbarism has been conquered, material energies developed, and this rude world made to blossom like the rose. If wars and strife have come as a consequence of the animal selfishness in man, we also have the blessings of civilized life, which more than compensate the struggles they have cost.

What would the old Puritans have accomplished on the cold and barren hills of New England two centuries ago, combating the rigors of the climate on the one hand and the savage foe on the other, without an ample endowment of base-brain? Had they been "lamb-like" in disposition, devoid of animal strength and energy, the Western world to-day would remain a wilderness. Selfishness and brutality abound not because of any radical fault in the material part of human nature, but they exist because that nature is not sufficiently counterparted with the spiritual, which has as yet but a relatively feeble development in man. The present acquisitive instincts of the Yankee is the secret of modern enterprise and dictates those improvements which are required as the foundation of our national superstructure.

The constituents of our human nature require a new classification and a more generous estimate. We are compounded of two factors—matter and spirit. The first should be elevated and dignified as an equal and co-partner of spirit. Matter and material forces are just as pure, as exalted, as spirit and spiritual forces. They are opposite faces of the same ultimate mystery, and throughout the universe they are friendly and reciprocal in all their manifestations. We do not need to be less material, but more spiritual. Neither the animal or spiritual nature in man requires suppression or subordination, but adjustment and proper direction. The aim of development is a balance, an equilibrium between the material and spiritual forces in man. The race that is to be on this planet will be more strongly physical and yet more refined and spiritual than any types of men that have hitherto existed. Strength and power will co-exist with spiritual delicacy and refinement. Our function is not to repress and crucify, but it is to conserve and train into noblest uses all we have.

THE pollution of the rivers in England by sewage and the refuse of factories and mines, has become a very serious evil, and an effort will be made during the next session of Parliament to secure remedial legislation. The waters are sometimes discolored by the discharges from mines to such an extent as to render bathing impossible, and to ruin the salmon spawning beds. Manufacturers complain that their boilers are injured by vitriol discharged into the streams from which they take water. The numerous paper mills which pour their refuse into the rivers, poison the water and render it unfit for cattle to drink. The discharge of sewage matter into the rivers from the towns, has converted many streams which were formerly clear and pellucid into foul sewers.

ALF. BURNETT, the American humorist, has met with great success in London, Eng., where he opened at Egyptian Hall on Monday evening, Sept. 14, and at once ingratiated himself in the favor of the audience. Evidence of this was afforded by the frequent applause which rewarded his efforts to amuse, and is further attested by his re-engagement for a period of six weeks, by the management of the Egyptian which is one of the most popular halls of this class in the British metropolis. Flattering notices of Mr. Burnett and Miss Helen Nash, the lady artist who seconds his endeavors to entertain, are published in our exchanges. It is probable that their return to America will be delayed for a considerable period.—N. Y. Clipper.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1874.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

Will lecture in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Friday evening, October 16th, at eight o'clock. Subject: "What is True and What False, Socially." Admission, fifty cents. Reserved seats, seventy-five cents—to be obtained at the box-office of the hall, and at Covert's news depot in the Continental Hotel.

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.

OUR LECTURE SEASON.

We are happy to be able to announce to our friends all over the country that we have returned from our trip to Europe refreshed and strengthened in health, and eager to re-enter the lecture-field in defense and advocacy of those truths which, we believe, must finally be the foundation for the salvation of the world from sorrow and suffering. The intense agitation of the social question through the discussion of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal has caused the thinking people to ask earnestly, "What is to take the place of a social system which this scandal has shown to be tottering to age and decay?" One of our principal efforts during the coming season will be satisfactorily and rationally to answer this question, and we feel warranted in saying in advance that when it is answered, all the doubts and fears of anarchy and confusion which now occupy the minds of the timorous, will be quickly dispelled, and the most conservative will be willing to acknowledge that it must be a happy change that will bring such a consummation. Those who desire to effect engagements any where in the United States should make early application, as our routes will be arranged several weeks ahead.

NEWSMEN.—Let our friends everywhere see to it that the Newsmen keep the WEEKLY on their counters, remembering that one of the largest and most prosperous businesses in London was built up solely through the employment of persons to travel the city over, asking for its articles at every store. The WEEKLY is "returnable" through the American News Co., so that Newsmen are perfectly safe in ordering a supply from that company, or from any of its agents or correspondents in any of the large cities.

THE NEW RELIGION—UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

No. IV.

In the analysis of existing conditions, pecuniary or otherwise, it is necessary constantly to keep in view the fact that we are in pursuit of the means that shall secure to every living person every right conferred by the law of his being. It is necessary to do this, because there are so many selfish interests, customs and laws in existence that now interfere with these rights, that we are at all times liable to be diverted from our object, unless it is persistently and rigidly held in mind. We have said that no matter how sacred the relation, how time-honored the institution, how popular and seemingly satisfactory the custom or law, if they stand in the way of justice to any individual whatever they must be expunged from the new order of society that is soon to be ushered in.

We say the new order of society, speaking after the manner of the times; it is not, however, an exact expression. A new order of society presupposes that something in existence is to be succeeded by something else that is different. In this case it is not so, since there has never yet been any order of society. An order of society implies a common order for all that goes to make up a common society. It is true that there have been, and that there are various orders in society; but in no sense whatever has there ever been a single order for all the world, nor can there be until such an order is instituted as will admit of the association of every living person upon an equal footing of rights, duties and privileges. The object of these inquiries is to find of what such an order must consist, and how it must be constructed.

We desired to restate these objects just here, immediately before entering upon the consideration of a proposition, against which, it is probable, there will be arrayed almost universally the prejudices even of those who are accustomed to our methods of argument. These prejudices will be called forth, not so much because the subject involved is so widely different from various relevant propositions, but principally because the matters to be called in question have seldom been agitated. It seems to be so clear upon its face, that whatever any person has produced by his own labor or talents is his own, absolutely, that it is folly to question it. Nevertheless we do question and deny it, and lay to the charge of the general contrary acceptance by the world a very large proportion of the miseries and sufferings of the race; but it needs scarcely more than the statement merely of the proposition in another form to make it self-evident to every logical mind.

But, before proceeding to this statement, let us go back to where the conclusion of the consideration of the first proposition left us. Relieved from the effects of all laws and customs which permit the acquisition of any wealth by anybody without rendering an equivalent, either in labor or in other wealth, mankind would occupy the earth, and be individually possessed of certain powers and capacities for making use of its natural wealth. Each individual would have the right to make such use of his capacities for the production of wealth, and such use of the wealth produced as he should elect. Those who should be strong and accomplished in muscle or mind could, of course, accomplish superior results over those who should be weak and uncultured. It is evident that it would be a question of time only, when there should be an aristocracy of wealth developed, every whit as unjust in its relations as is that which now exists by right of law; and yet no one would have anything that he did not produce, or that he did not receive through an equitable exchange.

To show the injustice of this condition still more forcibly, let it be supposed that each individual, having the absolute right to the possession and use of his own products, should refuse absolutely to contribute any part of them to the maintenance of those classes who, from various incapacities, should be entirely, or in part, incapacitated for productive labor. How would they subsist? Could it be said that, not having the capacity to live independent of assistance, that they have no right to live? Scarcely. Could it be said that there should be general regulations whereby the whole should contribute to their support? No, because it is already proven that there can be no law enacted by which the labors of one may be taken and given to another, or to others. Then how shall the necessary provision be made?

Have these indigent classes the right to be subsisted? Undoubtedly yes! since they did not create themselves, and since they have no choice in the condition that produced their disabilities. And, if they have this right to live, it is clear that the products of the labor of others must be used by them. We take these classes as the extreme example. We say that a person born a cripple is entitled to live, and to be properly treated, and comfortably supported, and his life made as pleasant and happy as the circumstances will permit of his being. If this be true of the entirely helpless, and the principle just and right, is it not clear that the same principle must apply to all degrees of disability, from the zero to the general medium. And does it not follow as a necessary corollary that the possibilities of those for production who are above the medium standard must be devoted to the maintenance of those who are below the standard? Nothing can be clearer than this.

If every human being were born in exactly the same conditions—possessed of precisely the same prospective capacities, and those capacities should be equally developed and cultivated—so that when each person should arrive at

mature age, he or she would be equal in all respects, then the opposite to this might be set up. But such is not the case. No two persons are either born, or are developed and cultured under equal conditions, and, therefore, no two persons on arriving at adult age are equally capacitated. To arrive at justice, even pecuniarily then, it is necessary to go behind the fact of production, and inquire into the capacity for production, and how that capacity is acquired and determined. It is first required to learn that the strong man made himself strong, and the weak man himself weak, before we can say that it is just for the former to possess and use his products exclusively, while the latter suffers for the necessities of life. There is something more than mere pecuniary equity involved in the problems of life. Indeed, there can be no such thing as pecuniary justice until justice is established in that which produces wealth; and this leads us to the real question at issue.

The only real point to be determined, or the fundamental and vital point, is: Of what, in regard to their capacities, physical, mental and moral, are human beings the result? If this be once solved beyond all doubt, the first and an absolutely necessary step is taken toward the possibility of constructing an order of society in which justice can be rendered to each individual member. As a general proposition it is true that each individual is in every way a result of the condition of the parents and their surroundings at the time of conception; of the condition and surroundings of the mother during gestation, and of the circumstances of growth, development and culture. As these are, so will the individual subject of them be when he shall arrive at adult and responsible age. Nobody can or will attempt to dispute this, and yet almost everybody denies the legitimate deductions to be drawn from it. It is readily admitted that bad parents and worse rearing will make bad men and women; and, at the same time, the same persons who admit this will strenuously insist upon punishing the men and women thus born and reared if they behave badly among the people. Could there be anything more self-contradictory or illogical?

The conditions which society enforce, and its own ignorance, produces a man with murderer stamped upon his face from birth. In the process of time he falls into circumstances where this inherited capacity is called into action, and he kills a fellow man. Society, ignoring the fact that he was made what he is by its own injustices and ignorance, ignominiously strangles him to death on the gallows. We will maintain as against the world that every such person thus barbarously killed suffers for the crimes that society has inflicted upon him, and not for any crime that he has committed against society. It is legitimate and it is logical, and no amount of hair-splitting argumentation can make escape from it possible.

We have used this extreme illustration out of its regular connection and order, purposely to impress most vividly that the various capacities for producing wealth which individuals possess are in no case to be placed either to their merit or demerit. If one is highly gifted by nature and culture, and thereby has double the productive capacity that another has who is less gifted and less cultured, where is the merit of the former or the demerit of the latter? Neither has any existence except in the selfish imaginings of people, who have never been roused into a realization of the various injustices that prevail among mankind.

It may be objected that this individual is indolent, and wont work, or that that person is careless, and spoils whatever he attempts, and that such cases must form exceptions to, if indeed, they do not invalidate, the rule. Such objectors, before making any such inconsequent and hasty conclusion, must stop and consider that the indolence of the one and the carelessness of the other, which are offered as objections, are a part and parcel of the inherited or developed disabilities of which we have spoken, for the possession of neither of which can the individuals possessing them be held accountable. We must be consistent in all these inquiries, and, if we are so, we shall learn that the tendency to idleness is just as legitimately an inheritance as is a crippled condition of the body or mind. There are people so constituted that nothing but the severest needs will compel them to labor, while others experience a real pleasure in even exhaustive efforts. Who shall judge between the two classes?

Therefore, it will be found, let the subject be viewed from whatever stand-point, or in regard to whatever condition or relation, that there is no such thing as merit or demerit in the differences in capacity for the production of material wealth. To conclude otherwise would be no more consistent than it would be to say that there is merit and demerit among the different grades of fruits upon the same or different trees. All fruit is the result of the circumstances of the parent tree, and the external influences brought to bear upon it during the periods of growth, and when grown and ripened these results inhere. If the inheritance be poisonous, and any individual, or any number of individuals, places it in conditions where this poison is extracted, and it affects him or them, it could not well be said that the fruit is at fault. So it is with individuals. If their parent tree transmit poison of any kind to their composition, or if the influences born of society in general corrupt or poison them in their growth, and afterward conditions are developed by which this poison or corruption is made to deleteriously affect other individuals, the fault ought not to, and cannot justly be, attributed to the unfortunate individuals who are really the victims in the worst sense of the term of the whole operation.

Hence we hold that we have logically established the truth of our second proposition. To wit, that every person who, by virtue of superior strength, or culture, or skill, has produced more than the average amount of wealth, which he uses for his personal advantage, is a despot under the law of universal human justice; or, to state the matter differently, every person of whatever degree of capacity for producing wealth is, by the law of universal human justice, entitled to the same amount and kind of physical comfort, and to the same luxuries of life that are enjoyed by every other person.

SPIRITUALISM AND SOCIALISM.

If there is anything in the professions of any of the various religious divisions of society that is specially illogical and inconsistent it is that phase so prevalent among so-called conservative Spiritualists of the irrelevancy of the two questions of Spiritualism and Socialism. They maintain stoutly—aye, bitterly—that the Sexual question is a side issue to Spiritualism, and of no importance when compared with Spiritualism *per se*; and we are denounced in strongest terms, in the most personal resolutions, as “desiring to load Spiritualism with the disgusting question of sexuality.” Sexuality may be disgusting to those who indulge in such resolutions and words; but we rejoice to say that, to us, it is the divinest subject for consideration that the present offers to the race. We announce it as axiomatic that those who regard the sexual question as disgusting or obscene are themselves the subjects of disgusting and obscene sexual conditions or practices; and we want every one who has ever so said and so written, and all those who have so “resolved,” to understand that we mean them. “To the pure in heart all things are pure,” is true absolutely, while those who are everlastingly prating about the depravity of those who advocate sexual freedom may as absolutely be set down as impure at heart, at least, in the direction of sex.

To disprove the argument that the sexual question is a side issue to Spiritualism, it is requisite only to consider what Spiritualism involves. To say that Spiritualism consists of the fact that spirits communicate merely is the same as it would be to say of telegraphy that electricity communicates the thoughts of people. To state that fact only is to announce that such a thing is possible, but electrical science teaches us how to do this perfectly. So must Spiritual science not only teach us how to communicate perfectly, but it must also teach us the conditions requisite in spirits and mortals to make the communications of importance to the happiness of the race.

Now one of the most important and serious as well as sorrowful things that we learn from spirits is the generally imperfect conditions with which they entered the spirit life; and that their conditions are to them a perpetual hell, from which they cannot escape across the great gulf to heaven. Not any of the terribly conservative and virtuous Spiritualists will attempt to deny this fact. But what does this fact teach us? or does it teach nothing? Why, this simply: that the whole energy of this world should be directed to the effort to enter the next in as perfect a condition—as free from the undeveloped condition of humanity—as possible. This lesson requires of the honest and conscientious to inquire into the means to better the general conditions under which the race now passes to spirit life. Looking at the matter from this standpoint, *a priori*, we first look at man as he is about to pass over the boundary. He is then the result, reasoning still *a priori*, of his earth life, with all its surroundings and influences, internal and external; but this is not all by any means, since this life, since the influences and circumstances that have attended it, affect the individual subject, for good or ill, as he or she is organized, while organization is almost wholly a pre-natal matter.

So, then, if we regard the subject of Spiritualism with any reason at all, we come perforce to the conditions out of which the human organism is evolved. The very first fact, then, that practical Spiritualism should consider, is that of the birth to the external world of the organism in which the spirit is to be developed toward its spirit-home. If it is desirable to have this organism perfect; if the development of the spirit depends at all upon the perfectness or imperfectness of its material habitation, then the subject of greatest moment is the birth of perfect children. Going backward still from this, it cannot be expected that perfect children will be born unless their period of gestation is properly conducted; and backward still to the most important thing of all—since, without it, proper gestation and proper birth and proper growth after birth, cannot correct its defects—proper conditions of conception; and this is wholly a question of the sexual relations.

We affirm boldly that to this conclusion every consistent, reasonable Spiritualist must come, while they who deny it are theorists merely, wandering amid the clouds as blindly and foolishly as the most bigoted of the religious sects. Indeed, the bigotry of Spiritualists is a thousand times more to their confusion than is that of the old religionists, because their religious teachings are humanitarian, while those of the latter are exclusive, and that salvation depends upon things entirely separate from the physical body. Spiritualists who discard sexuality as a side issue occupy the same ground that religionists occupy, since they practically deny that salvation depends upon physical conditions, while the whole

philosophy of Spiritualism teaches directly the reverse of this. Again, those Spiritualists who can see in the sexual question only a greater opportunity for license, are no less illogical than those to whom we have referred. We affirm that sexual freedom is required in order that the barriers to good acts may be removed—that people may be able to do better than they can now do; not that they may only do worse. Total depravity we believe is not a technical part of the Spiritual theory, and if it is not, it will not do for Spiritualists to hold that the natural tendencies of the human race are toward the bad. If they are not in this direction, a removal of artificial barriers will permit the people, as a whole, to advance instead of to retreat. There might be instances in sexual freedom where individuals would go from bad to worse; but we want everybody to never forget that under the rule of freedom it would be impossible for men ever to debauch women against their wish and will, as is now done so widely in marriage. Sexual freedom means that mutual consent and desire is a prerequisite to all sexual intercourse; and where these exist, we should like to have anybody show us where and how there is a natural right to prevent it by law, or to punish it where it occurs. These are vital questions, and arise directly from the rights of individual sovereignty—the right to own and exercise the powers and functions of the body, free from the impertinent interference of third persons and parties; and if the *Banner of Light*, or any other paper which cares nothing for the terms “radical and conservative” in reform, can show the world where it or anybody may acquire the right to prevent, by laws, any “libertinism or promiscuity” that would occur by the free consent of both parties, we should like to see the demonstration. It may be a sad thing that people are constructed with passions that submerge the so-called higher capacities; but it would be a still sadder one to have it proven that there exists a power, resident anywhere, that has the right to spy over, and to interfere with, the sexual relations of any where mutual consent is their basis. Everybody that pleases to do so may “file all the caveats” they please against the “pernicious influence” of libertinism and promiscuity. We have never failed to say, in the strongest possible language, that, “as understood by the masses,” they lead down to death and misery; but what we object to is, making them the subject of law instead of education; and that is all that any free lover objects to. Nobody ought to object to anybody else being at liberty to advocate their highest conceptions upon any subject for the consideration of others; but everybody ought to object to anybody's being compelled by law to obey anybody's highest ideas relating to sex or to anything else. It is this “dragooning” of the people into compulsory observance of that merely legal purity and chastity which is entirely divorced from natural conditions to which we object, and everybody else, who has a right conception of individual rights, will also object; not by silent acquiescence, but in tones and words not to be misunderstood.

We are at a loss to understand what the *Banner* may mean when it says: “We do not now speak because of ‘dragooning’ from any source whatever.” Who has been attempting to dragoon the dear, good old *Banner*, that has discarded the discussion of the social question almost wholly for a year or more, into speaking upon that subject? and who would have known that any such attempt had been made if it had not “yielded a point,” and given some very salutary words upon this question? It cannot possibly have reference to the *WEEKLY* when it makes such an unwitting admission. To be sure, we remember having had occasion to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the *Banner* had spoken emphatically against free love, without the qualification which it now adds, and had said that it advocated something more stringent in our social relations than marriage even. We thought this so very emphatic that it would be taken as a favor if we were to give it all the currency possible. It is very unkind of the *Banner* to accuse us of “dragooning” it, if it did refer to us when it printed that word. Indeed, we did not mean to attempt to dragoon the very respectably conducted *Banner* into any declaration of social principles, while to hold them is to invite an adverse public opinion; and if it had the slightest doubt about the intention of the article we refer to, we beg it to no longer credit us with any thought other than to quote the exact language of the *Banner* upon the social question, without drawing any conclusion other than what was inevitable from that language.

We fear, however, that the logic of the *Banner* will not at all times stand analysis. For instance, in the two columns and a half editorial which it was not dragooned into printing on the social question, after it had been silent for so many months, it says:

“That a great, grand truth underlies the principles advocated by Victoria C. Woodhull and her coadjutors none will deny. In fact, there are times when she gives utterance to views which must strike according (?) strings in many hearts who (?) have pondered the sexual question, and have seen the injustice which—by reason of *human imperfections* rather than imperfections of the marriage system itself—has attached itself to the wedded state, as now existing in society.”

That the injustice which any system produces can be attributed to its subject's imperfections rather than to the errors of the system itself, is a new, a strange and we believe a pernicious doctrine—one under which all the systems, re-

ligious, political and industrial, of the past would, and all that may come in the future may, be justified. Were the injustices of Negro Slavery a result of the physical imperfections of the slaves, or were they inherent in the system itself? Were the injustices of the Spanish Inquisition a result of the religious imperfections of those who suffered, or did they belong to the Inquisition? Of course, had the negroes been perfectly docile, and had nobody objected to the doctrines of the Church, no suffering would, in either case, have attended the continued enforcement of those institutions. But, unhappily for the *Banner's* logic, people in all ages of the world have entertained the idea that they have a right to think for themselves and to labor for themselves; and unhappily, also, for the *Banner's* logic, as applied to marriage, people still entertain the idea that they own their own sexual system by a higher and diviner right than any law can have that can be framed to deprive them of this ownership; and more are beginning to assert it.

We, however, gratefully acknowledge the reference which the *Banner* makes to our intentions and purposes. Unlike many of its readers, and knowing us perhaps better than most of them, it refuses to join the set who cannot imagine that any one can advocate sexual freedom for any other purpose than because it gives a greater opportunity for license. The truth is, that freedom for people to determine their own sexual relations will forever do away with the possibility of license. Marriage only is license, and when woman is placed, industrially, where she will no longer be compelled to barter her sexual favors, either in marriage or otherwise, for pecuniary considerations, there will be no such thing as libertinism and promiscuity in the only sense in which these terms are a reproach to humanity. There will always be different grades of sexual instinct and power; but when persons are left free to adjust their own relations, they will be as harmoniously arranged as freedom, religiously, has permitted the different sects to adjust themselves; and the different individuals of the different sects to live together in peace and harmony. The *Banner* believes that we are moved by these motives; and we again gratefully acknowledge this departure from the usual cant of the “virtuous,” who think the social question a disgusting and obscene subject to discuss.

CLERICAL THUNDERBOLTS.

There are other clergymen besides Beecher who are given to perpetrating breaches of etiquette from the pulpit, some of whom, perhaps, equal, if they do not rival, this now world-renowned divine in the breadth of their peculiarities. Beecher talks about the blear-eyed Jew, Paul, and of knocking the bottom out of hell; but hear what Rev. George Dawson, the celebrated English divine, who is now traveling in this country lecturing upon “The Wives of Great Men,” recently said in Freemason Hall, London, when he was speaking about a Unitarian Convention. In his remarks about what Unitarianism needs to give it life he said, among other things it needed nothing so much as “a little wholesome vulgarity;” and again, of a prominent church in the same city, where the Ten Commandments are printed in large letters upon its walls, that, “One of the first things the Churches ought to do is to burn those Commandments.”

It is also well known that almost the whole of Spurgeon's notoriety comes of his being given to the same kind of departures from the well-established rules of religious decorum. In a recent sermon to his own congregation, he is reported to have said: “And those of you who labor for your livelihood complain of the high price of mutton, for which you have to pay ten pence per pound, while I offer you the Lamb of God for nothing, and you refuse to have it.”

But something a little more nearly related to our own purposes is reported of another clergyman much nearer home. The Rev. Mr. Muchmore, in the Presbyterian Church at Nineteenth and Green streets, Philadelphia, in speaking of the curses to Christianity, said: “The worst curse from which Christianity suffers is that arising from the efforts to be respectable, and the worst curse of this Church is respectability.”

Some of the Conservatives among Spiritualists make a terrible hue and cry because we have so much to say about respectability having become a disease among them. To such we recommend the timely words of this fearless divine. We also call attention to a lengthy editorial, which we reprint in another column, from a leading paper of the same city upon the same subject.

IT'S ALL A MUDDLE!

Under the Catholic regime, which elevates marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, and which does not admit of divorce save on very distinctly specified grounds, some chance is given to women who are so unwise as to desire to supplement the bond of love with the bond of law. We say unwise, for the woman who demands any church's or any magistrate's aid to secure her *fiancée* to herself *solus*, expresses, in so doing, doubts of her power and of his truthfulness; and the natural result of the expression of such doubts, does, in many instances, only evoke that unfaithfulness which all marriage laws were invented vainly to prevent. But, under Protestant rulings, which take all the shapes of Proteus and are as changeful as the colors of chameleons, woman has little chance of obtaining justice either by love or law. Every one knows that in this country there are no laws so much dishonored as those of

marriage. It is only fitting that such should be the case. The main reason why such have ever been imposed in any country and under any form of religion, has been in order to foster invidious distinctions between woman and man, mainly for the purpose of circumscribing the personal sovereignty of the former. But our intent is, in this article, to show how doctors differ with regard to the signification of the same, and to prove how one-sexed and unjust they are as regards their application. We shall base the comments we propose to make on the following article which contains the rulings of two judges on the question of woman's ante-marriage incontinency. It is taken from the *N. Y. Times*:

"Judge Westbrook, of the Supreme Court of this State, sitting at Special Term in Albany on July 9, disposed of the divorce suit of Henry G. Waldron, of Waterford, vs. Martha E. Waldron. Henry was introduced to the young lady in September, 1873, at the house of her mother, and the acquaintance subsequently ripened into an engagement. Unpleasant rumors coming to his ears he sought an explanation, and she finally succeeded in convincing him that the rumors were groundless. The parties were married November 17, and the next day Henry turned to his home, while the new-made bride returned to the residence of her parents in Massachusetts. The cause of this sudden separation was explained when on the 2d of February she gave birth to a child. Henry then commenced an action for divorce, on the grounds that the marriage had been procured by the fraudulent representations on the part of the woman. The matter was duly referred, and the woman herself responded to a subpoena and gave her testimony in the matter. She testified that for two or three years before she met Waldron she had maintained an improper intimacy with one Nelson Crane of Cohoes. On this showing Judge Westbrook granted an order in the following terms:

"On motion of John H. Atkinson, attorney for plaintiff: Ordered, That the marriage between the said plaintiff, Henry G. Waldron, and the defendant, Martha E. Waldron, was obtained by the fraud of the defendant, and the same is utterly null and void and is hereby dissolved, and the parties, plaintiff and defendant, are free from the obligation of marriage with each other. It is further adjudged that the infant child of said parties be committed to defendant, and that the defendant pay the plaintiff \$50 of the cost of this action."

It is a well-settled rule of the ecclesiastical law, which has been followed in this country, that ante-nuptial incontinency alone is no ground for divorce. In a leading case in Massachusetts (3 Allen, 605) Chief Justice Bigelow said:

"No misconception as to the character, fortune, health or temper, however brought about, will support an allegation of fraud on which a dissolution of the marriage contract, when once executed, can be obtained in a court of justice. Nothing can void it which does not amount to a fraud in the essentialia of the marriage relation. And as mere incontinency in a woman prior to her entrance into the marriage contract, not resulting in pregnancy, does not necessarily prevent her from being a faithful wife or from bearing to her husband the pure offspring of his loins, there seems to be no sufficient reason for holding misrepresentation or concealment on the subject of chastity to be such a fraud as to afford a valid ground for declaring a consummated marriage void."

On the other hand the rule applied by Mr. Justice Westbrook, that a marriage may be declared void for ante-nuptial pregnancy of the defendant by a stranger, existing at the time of the marriage with the plaintiff, is sustained in this country by authorities in California and Ohio as well as in Massachusetts. The leading case arose in California, and was decided by Mr. Justice Field, now of the Supreme Court of the United States. He declared (13 Calif. R., 87) that the concealment of the defendant's pregnancy operated as a grave fraud upon her husband, because his contract was with and for her, and referred to no other person, much less included a child of bastard blood, whose birth in wedlock would not only impose burdens upon the plaintiff but also clothe the child with legal rights which the husband could not have anticipated in marrying, as he did, in ignorance of the defendant's true condition. According to the same distinguished Judge, "a woman, to be marriageable, must at the time be able to bear children to her husband, and a representation to this effect is implied in the very nature of the contract." There are intimations in the books, however, that a marriage would not be annulled where the husband, knowing of the existence of the unborn child, married under the mistaken impression that it was his own.

We believe that instances have occurred in this State where the husband has applied to the courts to have the marriage annulled because his wife, previous to marriage, had given birth to an illegitimate child some years before he made her acquaintance. However, no case of the kind is to be found in the law reports.

Man, *solus*, has a difficult task to perform when he undertakes to make laws for woman. It is so in the instances before us. From them we get the following rulings:

1. Incontinency (with result in *future*) is good cause for divorce.
2. Incontinency (without result) is not good cause for divorce.

Here is richness. Let the barren rejoice and be glad, for under man's law it is a punishable crime to be prolific. Healthy, child-bearing women, if they marry under certain circumstances, commit a fraud; "mere incontinency," as Chief Justice Bigelow very properly calls it, in unhealthy impotent women is no cause for divorce. Thus man's law pays a premium for imbecility.

But we take exception to Justice Field's ruling. Under it widows will have to wait nine months previous to re-marrying, if "a woman, to be marriageable, must at the time be able to bear children to her husband;" for we presume that Justice Field's ruling refers to the present and not to past time. But what shall we say of the statement that—"There are intimations in the (law) books, however, that a marriage would not be annulled where the husband, knowing of the existence of the unborn child, married under the mistaken impression that it was his own"—except that in such instances man's law offers a premium for deception.

But the WEEKLY is a conservative paper and does not like to dilate upon the follies of the male sex. We are, therefore, glad to compliment the generosity exhibited by man and man's law in the last paragraph. We thank heaven that a woman, who has committed the legal crime of having had a child previous to her marriage, can hold a husband by law, for we are told "no case to the contrary has been found in the law reports." We feel grateful to man for this "let up" on the women; as for the other rulings, above-

mentioned, or indeed for the law on most subjects connected with marriage, we have long since, with regard to it, arrived at poor Stephen Blackpool's conclusion—viz., that "It's all a muddle!"

A MILD REMONSTRANCE.

The *Spiritualist at Work*, shorn of half its glory, is now published at Chicago. In defining its position on "The Social Question," it thus speaks of Victoria C. Woodhull:

We never saw Mrs. Woodhull but once, and then only for five minutes. We never voted for her; "was" her bitter opponent, and "am" still her opponent in all her views pertaining to the social or the sexual relations.

We, who are interested in the WEEKLY, are accustomed to meet with attacks of all kinds, and, as we neither ask nor give quarter, must expect now and then to be roughly treated. But we have a right to object when an innocent person of the name of Lindley Murray is dragged into our own proper quarrel and very cruelly maltreated, if not absolutely murdered, as in the foregoing extract. At the same time we are glad that we do not suffer "solus." In another part of the same article we find that the proprietor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is similarly misused. It appears that Mr. Jones asked Mr. Wilson to define his position on the social question. We are then told that

Mrs. Wilson was present. Turning to Mr. Jones she answered, with a *vim* in her voice, saying: "Yes, Mr. Jones, I think it is high time that you, as well as every other man, defined 'their' position on the social question."

The article then instructs us that "Mr. Jones winced sharply under this sharp blow from Farmer Mary;" and we think that if he had any respect for our language he had reason to exhibit some suffering under the infliction.

But probably many of our readers will desire to know the position of the *Spiritualist at Work* on the social question. Here it is as given by its editor and proprietor:

Question No. 1.—Are you in favor of a community life? We answer, no. We fully believe in the monogamic law of marriage, and the family compact or circle, as the only true social relation.

Question No. 2.—Are you a believer in the promiscuity of the sexes? We answer, no, and in all our speeches, revelations, or writings you cannot find one word warranting this question, or that we advocate promiscuity or sensualism.

There is the platform of that paper on the social question. No community life and no promiscuity of the sexes; to those positions the *Spiritualist at Work* is pledged. What abstruse meaning may lie hidden under the phrase "promiscuity of the sexes" we leave to our readers to determine, but if it signifies that individuals are to change their sexes occasionally, we also shall object to that arrangement.

THE JUSTICE AND GALLANTRY OF MEN AND THEIR LAWS.

We do not know when we have seen an account of a more outrageous proceeding than the following, which we clip from the *Albany (N. Y.) Times*:

INFATUATED WITH CIRCUS PERFORMERS.—Another example is given of the manner in which silly young girls are sometimes infatuated by the glitter and tinsel surrounding a circus life. A few days ago the Great Eastern Circus, in its peregrinations about the country, called at the village of Groversville, Fulton County, N. Y., and two performances were given there. At the evening performance two girls, Mary Smith and Elsie Reid, young daughters of two of the most respectable and wealthy families of the village, visited the show and became infatuated with two of the persons connected with it. The girls found a means of communicating with the objects of their affections, and when the circus departed from Groversville for other places, it was followed in a few days by the girls. Yesterday it came to this city, and with it came the girls. About two o'clock this morning the girl Reid entered the Adams House with one of the men in question, who, she said, was her husband, and engaged a bed. They were accommodated; and in a few moments the girl Smith, accompanied by another man, entered, said she was from the Eldridge House, wanted to see her sister, and engaged another bed. This pair were also accommodated. A third person, whom it is alleged is also connected with the circus, was observed by Mr. Brayton attempting to clandestinely get to the rooms of the parties. Mr. Brayton "smelled a mice," ejected the person from the house, and this morning, as the men declared they were not married to the girls, he allowed them to depart, and, arresting the girls, took them before Justice Clute, on the charge of being common prostitutes. After an examination the Justice committed them to jail for a further examination, which will take place to-morrow morning. This is done to give time to the relatives of the girls to come to this city and reclaim them. If they do not, the girls will probably be sent to the penitentiary for one year.

"These girls if not reclaimed by their parents will probably be sent to the penitentiary for one year as common prostitutes." What a text is this upon which to discuss that phase of the social question which relates to the enforced ignorance that is maintained in the rearing and education of children upon sexual matters! Who is there that imagines that either of these girls had received any instruction at all about their sexual organs and functions? Is it to be supposed for a moment that either of their mothers ever informed them of the probable consequences of sexual intimacy with men? No; the idea that these girls under the rearing that they ought to have had would have sought out these circus performers and have left home and friends, when they knew what it would ultimately end in, is simply preposterous. What did they know about the law which makes the gratification of a natural passion criminal in woman, while the men with whom they consort are not involved? This legal insult which men thrust in the faces of women ought to sting all womanhood into rebellion, and women ought to meet and declare solemnly that they will hold no further sexual intimacy with men until this infamous injustice is wiped from the statute books of the country.

As the men declared that they were not married to these girls they were permitted to depart in peace, while the girls were turned over to the police! That these rascals could thus betray these ignorant girls is proof enough that their story about the girls having sought them out is false; but we suppose when the public excuses such conduct on the part of the popular preacher it must not be expected to condemn it in circus performers when "girls thrust their affections upon them unsought." We are not in favor of mob law under any circumstances, but if there ever was a case where two villains deserved to have been whipped, naked, through the streets, because there was no law to take cognizance of their conduct, we think this was one in point.

To whatever end these unfortunate girls may come, however, they ought not to be condemned—only to be pitied. The direct responsibility for their disgrace before the world rests with their mothers, who failed to perform their duties as mothers to them. It is more than likely, however, that these mothers will spurn them from their doors if they ever attempt to return. In the general sense, however, we ought not to condemn these mothers too severely. Behind them is the great social world which insists upon enforcing just those conditions and customs and laws which require that mothers shall rear their daughters in ignorance and refuse to them all knowledge upon sexual matters. Whenever we speak to the public from the rostrum we never fail to call the attention of mothers to these things, nor to warn their daughters of the shoals upon which they are liable to be wrecked. It is safe to say that, had these mothers or these daughters been constant readers of the WEEKLY for the last two years, this terrible calamity had never fallen upon their houses and families. Now, if anybody should be imprisoned on account of this affair, the circus performers and the mothers of the girls are the proper persons.

DOG-INTERESTEDNESS.

It is good to be merciful. The bible says—the merciful man is merciful to his beast, but that is no reason that Christians should stop there. Many a jockey loves his horse, and many a huntsman his hound, and there is no harm in their so doing. The late Thomas Corwin, in a tale he told to the Brooklynites, carried the above idea still further. It was rather smutty, but the brethren and sisters of that city, made no objection to that part of it, and why should the WEEKLY? He said that—"a neighbor of his, who was a monomaniac, took a very singular fancy. He believed that he was in the family way. His friends tried to combat the notion, but vainly. At length, a doctor was called in, who, perceiving that it was best to humor his patient, declared "that he was perfectly correct in his surmise, and that he would like to examine him with regard to his condition." He did so, and then declared that "he would be confined on the third day of March next." When the day came, the doctor, who thought it best to be on hand, and had received many letters earnestly reminding him of his duty, went forth to visit his patient. When about half way, he remembered that he had nothing that would represent a baby, and, seeing a wood-chuck on his route, he secured it and put it in his pocket. When he arrived, he found everything ready for him, and his patient in bed apparently suffering intense pain. "Be patient Tom," said the doctor, after examining him, "it will soon be over." Then, after a while, taking the wood-chuck out of his pocket and placing it in the arms of the afflicted monomaniac, "there, Tom," said he, "I told you it would soon be over, "there is your baby." The man revived slightly at the words, and, after gazing upon it, replied, "Well, it is not a very well-formed little one, but it's mine, Doctor, and I ought to love it." The Wagon Boy of Ohio, likened the democratic party to the hero of the above story, and "squatter sovereignty" to the baby. We have introduced it here in order to assert that there is no reason why a man should not take a fancy to a wood-chuck if he pleases, whether he be the mother of it or not.

We are led to these reflections, from reading the following report, which appeared in the *N. Y. Herald*, of Oct. 9, 1874:

A novel scene was enacted in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday morning. The case of Charles W. Walker, charged with cruelty to a dog in working the same in a cider mill, which has been postponed several times on account of the illness of the defendant, at last came up for disposition. The first witness called was James F. Goodridge. He testified that on the 13th of last month he visited the premises corner of Houston street and Broadway, and there saw a dog working what he understood to be a cider mill; that the brute's neck was abraded and bleeding, and he looked apparently exhausted. The next witness was Recorder Hackett. His Honor said he had seen the dog working; saw him look distressed; his breathing was quick and heavy, his tongue protruded, and there were many other appearances of suffering. "Have you had much experience of dogs?" asked counsel for the defense.

"Yes," replied the Recorder. "I have owned about three hundred, from a Newfoundland down to a black and tan."

"And how did you treat them?"

"Well, I played with them, fondled, caressed them, hunted with them, and so forth."

"And do you think there was any cruelty in the transaction spoken of?"

"I think there was."

Ex-Mayor Hall was next called. He said, in answer to the question, "Was he a citizen?" that it was a question of law. He had not registered yet, but hoped to before the books were closed. He was not in the cider mill, but was on the premises upon which the mill was run; he thought the dog was cruelly treated from the indication of fatigue and exhaustion which he saw on the animal as he passed by the place.

Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Tiemann was called for the defense, and testified that the dog could not have been very cruelly treated, as the weight of the dog run the mill, or at least it did so in his younger days.

Mr. M. P. Walker, the prisoner's brother, testified positively

that there never was an abrasion upon the dog's neck under the collar. The father of the defendant stated that they had used dog power for over twelve years, and for grinding apples. It was now in general use throughout the country, and that their dogs were so fond of working the mill that they had to keep them chained to prevent them from doing it outside of working hours.

After the examination of other minor witnesses, the case was submitted to the Court, and Walker was found guilty and fined \$25.

Only consider, a Recorder and two ex-Mayors testifying in the case of a misused dog, and then say if we err in coining the word, "dog-interestedness," in order to depict so grand a case of humanity and civilization. True, there is some disagreement in their statements. Recorder Hackett and ex-Mayor Hall appear to pity the animal; they plead its distressed condition; its manifest misery and its terrible exhaustion; whilst ex-Mayor Tiemann denies the alleged cruel treatment, and asserts that the dog, considering it was a working animal, led as good a life as such a dog ought to expect to live.

Unquestionably, the case has been brought forward under the auspices of Mr. Bergh, the friend of the lower orders of the animal creation. We have no objection to his causing the claims of dogs and horses to be respected, or of hedgehogs and rattlesnakes, if he pleases to defend them also. We also know that, in one case, he protected an ill-used child, and apologized to the public for so doing, promising, we believe, not so to offend any more. But in a city where four hundred thousand human beings live sweltering in tenement houses, breeding physical and moral pestilences, and thousands of ragged and ill-fed children are petitioning for public aid with more than the eloquence of a Cicero, we have a right to object to "dogology" until their cases are attended to; otherwise, we shall consider them justified in altering the refrain of the old song, and greeting one another in the streets with the words,

"Oh, Kaiser! don't you want to 'be' a dog?"

Alas! it is with us now as it was in Judea at the time of the great Nazarene. Our rulers pay tithes of mint, anise and cummin, but neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy and righteousness. We do not say that mercy to inferior animals is not a virtue to be cherished, but we beg for mercy to suffering humanity first. In a city whose death-rate is always considerably more than its birth-rate, where over one hundred thousand married couples are childless, and in which the committals for crime yearly number one-tenth of its whole population, something else requires the attention of our city magistrates, of greater importance than either pigeons, horses, or even dogs.

PALAUVER.

The New York *Graphic* thus discusses the social question. Our readers will perceive that it commences with admitting that it now "agitates the community." Thanks for that, it is a step gained, and an important one. Like Themistocles, the great Athenian, we say to the public—"Strike, but hear!" This is the article alluded to:

It is strange how almost every point in the great social question that now agitates the community touches directly on the cardinal principles of morality. It brings up most of the problems of social ethics for consideration. It puts the marriage relation in a variety of new lights. The position of home in modern society and the duties of husbands and wives are discussed with new zest in all circles. Mr. Tilton's reply to Beecher raises another topic. He has been severely criticised for forgiving his wife and continuing to live with her. He responds by saying that he knows of only one morality. What is right and pardonable for man is right and pardonable for woman also. A woman should not be condemned for doing what men do with impunity.

This is diametrically opposed to the current opinion of society. It certainly seems unjust, as the prominent advocates of woman's rights have stoutly maintained, to condemn women for sins which men commit with impunity. But it is a question whether the moral standards of the sexes are not different after all, and whether the average sentiment of society is not founded on a sound basis. The typical woman and the typical man are widely different beings. The passive virtues obtain in the former, the active in the latter. Man represents courage, but woman embodies chastity. The old Roman virtue represented strength, vigor, honesty, uprightness—qualities peculiarly masculine. The traits most admired in woman were purity, gentleness, refinement, grace. Cowardice, meanness, treachery, are unmanly; coarseness and unchastity are unwomanly. The difference in nature creates a different ideal and standard of judgment for the two sexes, and explains the difference in the verdict pronounced on their misconduct. Then, too, woman is the custodian of home. The lapses of man, however dishonorable to himself, do not necessarily wrong another man or society at large. But the misconduct of a wife may bring another's child into her husband's home, and thus strike a fatal blow at its integrity. The old instinct which led men to desire the perpetuation of their families and sacrifice everything for the sake of their offspring, impelled them to build every barrier and bulwark they could devise for the protection and purity of their homes. Everything depended on the honor of the wife. The present feeling, which lays far more stress on the purity of woman than of man, has its root in the necessity of the case and the reason of things. Any lowering of the moral standard, any loosening of the girdle on woman's part, would be destructive of home and subversive of civilization.

It is a compliment to woman to judge her by a higher standard of purity than man. And the friends of the sex will think twice before lowering the standard. What is wanted is not to judge woman by the lower and looser code of morals that is applied to men, but to lift men up to that plane of purity and moral elevation where they will judge themselves and each other by the highest moral rules. Mr. Tilton showed great kindness and magnanimity in his treatment of an erring woman. His conduct does credit to his heart. But the ethics of sentiment do not stand the test of the critical judgment. The sober common-sense of mankind, founded on the experience of ages, is essentially sound in its verdicts, and its seeming injustice usually has the sanction of truth.—N. Y. *Graphic*.

Even Christians will reject the doctrine that there are two moral standards applicable to the different sexes, at least until the new version of the old Bible is issued. As to the compliment the *Graphic*, well representing man, proffers to

woman, viz, "to judge her by a higher standard of purity than man," on the part of woman we respectfully decline it. To us it is both unsound and absurd. The sexes rise and fall together. If man is now in a most debased state sexually, it is because he has hounded woman first into the pit, and she has dragged him down too. Take off the oppression of ridiculous and one-sided laws, and we shall soon see a regenerated social and sexual world.

A CASE IN POINT.

Elsewhere in this paper is republished the article from the *Graphic* to which the following communication is an addendum. In commenting on it we noted and condemned the false ruling which oppresses women by demanding from her, not a greater moral purity, but a greater degree of unnatural sexual continence than it demands from her complement—man. The following letter shows that within a week advantage has been taken of the same position, not, we believe, for woman's benefit, but because it is flattering to the pride and tyranny of man.

THE MORAL ESTIMATE.

To the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*:

It so happened that just after reading the article entitled "The Moral Estimate" in Saturday's *Daily Graphic*, a friend brought me the account of the Perkins tragedy in Cincinnati. Mr. Perkins, it will be remembered, says in his statement that he himself had been unfaithful to his marriage vow, but that when he found that his wife had done the same thing, of course a separation between them was inevitable. Now my friend expressed great indignation at this, and thought it highly unjust that the man should consider the offense unpardonable in a woman and not unpardonable in himself. But, as the *Daily Graphic* says, was he not paying the highest possible compliment to the woman? He felt that the slightest stain upon her was a matter of supreme importance. He thus placed her on a plane far above his own. The incident, perhaps, is a trivial one, but it was so *apropos* of your article that I thought I would write it to you.

MERCANT.

There is no law, ecclesiastical or civil, which admits a difference in the degree of guilt between the husband and the wife, above-quoted, and we defy the clergy or the lawyers to produce one. Judged even by the ruling of the Nazarene, a man guilty of adultery has no right to punish a woman who has offended (if it be an offense) in a similar manner. Woman has no reason to feel grateful "for the highest possible compliment" which treats what is called "a stain upon her as a matter of extreme importance." Such a false and shameless discrimination between the sexes in the matter of punishment for similar offenses was never invented in order to confer honor upon woman, but to foster and feed the jealousy and selfish lust of man. In these days women are beginning to be aware of that fact, and do not desire the longer continuance of invidious distinctions between women and men with regard to incontinence, adultery, prostitution or any other of the sexual aberrations.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IN PORTLAND, ME.

This famous lady, on the 1st inst, addressed an audience of over a thousand people, in which the best intelligence of the place was represented, in City Hall for the use of which our city officials compelled her to pay twenty-five dollars more than the regular price. Was it because she is a woman? Whether it was or was not, shame on them.

Her friends here were pleased to observe the close attention paid to her remarks which occupied an hour and a half of rapid, graceful and earnest delivery, compelling every one, however much they might dissent from her views, to accord her the praise of being a most eloquent speaker as well as a refined and cultured lady.

She handled her subject "The True and False in Society" in a fearless manner, denouncing the false in most scathing terms, and portraying the true in the holiest and most beautiful imagery. She gave every one something to think of, and we venture to assert that hundreds left the hall better men and better women, for having listened to this much slandered but irrepressible woman, whose advice every mother will do well to reflect upon and put in practice.

Prejudice against her died an easy death in her winning presence, and we prophecy that in the future, Victoria C. Woodhull will be a welcome and popular speaker whenever she chooses to return to Portland.

BONNY.

[The State Sentinel, Trenton, N. J., October 9, 1874.]

WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN.

Our sanctum was honored yesterday by a very pleasant visit from Miss Jennie C. Clafin, who is in the city to make arrangements for Mrs. Woodhull's lecture this evening. We were agreeably surprised by the warm, genial manner in which this real lady entertains those with whom she comes in contact, and we must confess the hour or so she spent in our sanctum, chatting and laughing in her own peculiar style, was a very pleasant event to us. She is genial, sociable, graceful and easy in her manners, and being highly educated is competent to make every one feel comfortable while in her presence.

[The Sunday Press, Philadelphia, October 11, 1874.]

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and her sister, Miss Jennie C. Clafin, are now honoring Philadelphia with a visit. Mrs. Woodhull comes to deliver a lecture at Horticultural Hall, and Jennie accompanies her in the capacity of business manager. The latter came into our sanctum yesterday in the jauntiest manner and attired in the jauntiest of costumes. She wore (among other things) an alpine hat, which she took off as business agents always should, and revealed her wealth of blonde hair, which was cut short and business-like. After her business concerning Mrs. Woodhull's lecture had been transacted, we ventured to inquire her opinion respecting the Brooklyn libel suits which have grown out of the Beecher scandal.

"Please don't interview me," she replied. "You had better see Mrs. Woodhull; she can tell you more about it."

"Well," said we, "it is all the same; our reporter will call upon her at the hotel."

Subsequently a reporter saw Mrs. Woodhull, when the following colloquy ensued:

Reporter—Mrs. Woodhull, you are popularly supposed to be pretty well informed about the Beecher business. What do you think will become of all the libel suits which have grown out of it. Will they be prosecuted?

Mrs. Woodhull—No, not a single one of them. The whole matter will be allowed to blow over after a while.

Reporter—Half the people of the whole country seem to think Beecher guilty.

Mrs. Woodhull—Yes, nine-tenths of them, my dear sir, they acknowledge it to themselves. They feel it to be true away down in their hearts, but many have their reasons for not admitting it publicly.

Reporter—It was reported that you and Miss Clafin were induced to go to Europe last summer in order to be out of the way during the Beecher trial. There was no truth in that, I suppose.

Mrs. Woodhull—The story was preposterous. Why, when we were imprisoned for printing the original expose we had the penitentiary staring us in the face. The sureties on our bail-bond were several times frightened into delivering us up, and yet when our position seemed the most hopeless, we could at any time have been released, had the suit against us withdrawn, and been paid \$100,000 if we would only have published a retraction of the scandal. The offer was repeatedly made to us. When we refused such a bribe, under such extraordinary circumstances, it is absurd to suppose that any amount of money could silence us afterward.

BOOK NOTICE.

"SOCIAL LIFE; or, a Story for the Times," is a new book by Marion Todd. We understand this is the first attempt of the author in dressing her own charming and original thoughts in the glowing heightened colors which fiction and romance are supposed to give to imaginary life; yet here we would add "the more pity 'tis 'tis true." Always radical and keenly sarcastic in her utterances, both as a writer and upon the rostrum, Mrs. Todd here gives her most forcible thought, and with the grace and ease of one used to the business, brings forth all the closet skeletons of domestic and social life, setting them down before our unwilling gaze in all their naked deformities.

All should buy and read it; it is a true picture, painted from real life. It can be forwarded from Port Huron, Mich. at 50c. per copy.

L. E. BAILY.

MARION TODD:

Dear Friend—As a whole I like your book, "Social Life." Though it seems a hot-bed flower, hurried early into our cold world, yet it blesses by its eager fragrance, some hearts all the better, perhaps, for its unstudied inspirations. The soul of it is generous. It believes in nature and the wise law of mated love.

Some of its pictures are very touching, and come to the appreciative reader as the improvisation of song from out an imprisoned fullness that sings all the sweeter outside of rule. Go on with your faith work, starved soul; care little how it is backed, if it is bread that feeds the inner hunger. To many it will be as manna in the desert of our social life.

J. O. BARRETT.

SOCIALISTIC.

GOD HELP HER.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. C. CLAY.

God help the wretch who nightly drags
Her life along the dreary flags,
In sin, in hunger, and in rags.

God help her, when the bitter rain
Beats on her like a window pane,
And almost washes out her stain.

God help her, when, with naked feet,
She gropes along, and bows to meet,
The cruel corner of the street.

God help her, when, with tearless eye,
She looks into the blackened sky
And strikes her breast and asks to die.

God help her, wandering to and fro,
Without one Christian grace to throw
A beam upon her sullied snow.

Poor child of good and child of ill,
Too weak for her misguided will,
God help her, she's a woman still.

A SIDE ISSUE.

The following article, which is copied from the *Weekly Plain Dealer*, of Cleveland, Ohio, dis cusses the subject of the late work of Andrew Jackson Davis, termed, "The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love." We do not, of course, indorse the views given in it, but rather present it as a solemn warning to all conservative Spiritualists who presume to meddle with delicate social questions:

"THE WOODHULL PHILOSOPHY."

"One effect of the Beecher scandal is to call a flock of fowl birds out of their gloomy retreats and set them to cawing and flapping over the nauseous morsel, just as crows and vultures are attracted by the carrion carcase. As we unloaded our morning mail to-day, out bounced a small, inoffensive-looking volume, bearing the title, "The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love," by that hoary-headed, bespectacled old seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, 'author of twenty-seven volumes of "Harmonical Philosophy." We shall expect to become very familiar with this sort of stuff from now on. The long-haired set great store by this Beecher scandal. They gloat over it; press it to their lips; hug it to their bosoms; shed

tears of joy over it. Why? Because somewhere down in the depths of their flabby consciousness is the idea that it gives consequence and warrant to their 'philosophy.' Every case of scandal which has 'a woman at the bottom of it,' and a distinguished man as a conspicuous party thereto, brings grist to their mill. 'Look,' they say, 'here is a couple who believe in, and practice, our system, although affecting to loathe it in every-day life.' When the 'harmonial philosophy' has carried the day and is the recognized social code, then adult people will all do as the Plymouth pastor and the wife of Mr. Tilton are alleged to have done—that is, if they want to. Happy the philosophy whose triumph is the establishment of *crim. con.*, adultery, seduction and sexual debauchery as among the commonplaces and proprieties of society!

"The Woodhull philosophy, of which Andrew Jackson Davis' 'Conjugal Love' is but an exemplar, has its branches and off-shoots, of course, but free love is its corner-stone. We shall not enter into an exposition of this sweet morsel; but it will do no harm to see what is really aimed at by these seers and social reformers. If we might hope with Slender, in the play, that 'upon familiarity will grow more contempt,' then, indeed, would decent society profit through the frequent exposure of these pestilent doctrines! Philosophers of the free-love school are looking to a social revolution on the marriage question. They hold that it is no more a husband's right to know what his wife's relations with other men are, than to say what the King of the Cannibal Islands shall or shall not have for dinner. Neither is it the right of the wife to establish any surveillance over the husband in this regard. They say that the marriage relation 'as a bond or promise to love another to the end of life, and forego all other loves or passionate gratifications, has outlived its usefulness.' They coolly suggest that the system which obtains in the farmer's economy should be introduced into social affairs—*i. e.*, that children should be raised in accordance with the laws governing the breeding of horses, cattle, pigs and poultry, *without reference to the marriage tie.* Superstition of marriage by some such socialistic theory as this they believe to be as certain as was the downfall of slavery. 'People,' they declare, 'should be allowed to adjust their love relations precisely as they do their religious affairs, in complete personal freedom, changing and improving them from time to time according to circumstances.' In short, to crowd all this social nastiness into a nutshell, it amounts to just this, that men and women should be encouraged and permitted to emulate the sexual freedom of the beasts of the field."

Of course it is incorrect to connect the radical social reform demanded by the WEEKLY with the ameliorations of the present system proposed in "The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love;" but the world will not recognize any difference between the propositions on the subject made by radical and conservative Spiritualists. Society, like a soldier undergoing a flogging, objects equally to the use of the whip, whether the lashes be laid on light or heavy. Unless it means war with the world, conservative Spiritualism must taboo all questions affecting the regeneration of the race.

GAZELLE, Neb., 1874.

Dear Weekly—Once more let me thank you and the angel helpers for furnishing the progressive mind with light so clear and food so substantial.

We are laboring alone in districts where, judging by the present stupidity and prejudice with which many wrap themselves about, it must take ages of quiet growth to burst the dumb shell and let the real appreciative soul step forth in true consciousness of its own worth and possibilities. "Oh, Mother Nature! why dost thou permit thy little ones to learn so much folly, so many things to be unlearned through deep suffering and long, hard lessons?"

Dear ones, may your course ever be onward and upward as nations wait at your feet; some to love; some to curse; others to determine from your experience whether it is safe to dare be free. There is another class—I shall not presume to give them a name—who, lacking the ability to reason, fairly and perceive truth for themselves, gather up the garbled filth and trash of unreliable press and rumor to form their opinions from. How the press again abounds with it! What a desire is manifested to crucify somebody! How principles are forgotten and persons handled! We sympathize with the individuals now arraigned before the public, not because they were more guilty than others perhaps, but, on the contrary, because they are really farther developed and more ready for the change. Let their tongues speak what they may, and their hearts quail ever so fearfully before the scathing fires of pretended respectability and public sentiment which enlightened people already know is a farce and a sham, they know as well as the world outside that a change is needed and will come; that custom must yet admit that it is better to live true lives than false ones; that truth is preferable to a lie, and that our future progress and present happiness demand it. We are aware by experience that this is no time for weak joints or faint hearts. Whoever flourishes a WEEKLY now knows this; and we can but say shame upon the pretended progressionist or reformer who, through envy or any other selfish desire, will villainously use their influence to lie down co-workers, or put a stumbling-block in the way of philosophical investigation of all the ills and wrongs that beset the pathway of sick and suffering mortals.

Yours in the cause of truth and right, now and forever,
MRS. L. T. F. DAVIS.

Mr. Beecher—What is charged against you as a crime is essentially the highest effort of virtue that you ever made or could accomplish—a rebellion against the ignorant and unnatural *dicta* of the society you—we—happen to live among—an obedience to the great, high, enduring law of nature! These are not crimes; they are the noblest daring of which a man is capable. Those conventional stupidities! What truly great man would not disown them, whether that man found himself in the past ages or the present? whether

called upon to tolerate the arena of Rome, the bull-rings of Spain, the Smithfield burnings, the Juggernauts, the Hindoo pyres—in short, any of the brutal and unnatural insanities that have prevailed in any age or any country.

I need not tell you that it is the characteristic of a little man to be borne away by whatever immense stupidity may pervade his age and nation. The stupidity of shackling two human beings together when just entering life—of compelling them to perpetual enslavement of each other—of accepting or extorting from them a lie that they will continue to love each other, and love nothing else, during the term of their natural lives! Well might the noble bard exclaim:

"Curious fool, be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?"

Society is, indeed, a "curious fool." You saw this gigantic stupidity—you saw another, too, for you are not an unthinking slave—that another great law of the Supreme is violated in this unnatural condition forced upon us. You saw that in that especial period of a man's life approaching the close; it—you immaculate society—consigns him to barrenness. Nature gifts him with the faculty of procreation for half a lifetime longer than it is accorded to the woman who owns him; and this great, stupid conventionality declares open war with nature, and tells him he must murder this faculty, submit to the law of barrenness in obedience to a woman's ownership—and at the same time, too, when infancy has tenfold charms for him.

All these things you knew to be crimes against nature and nature's God, yet you endorsed them, gave the weight of your genius and your reputation to them. Now your cherished serpents uncoil themselves and hiss at you with all their stings, and you must submit to whatever they may inflict on you; because even now, when they aim at your moral life-blood, you have not the manhood to turn round and help to wring the necks off them. D.

Wordsworth says:

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

SOCIAL SORROWS.

We have not space to record the social miseries constantly recurring; every city, town and village apparently contributing its weekly quota to swell the amount of the same. To prove our statement to be correct, we give merely the headings of one week's reports, as furnished by the *Illustrated Police News* for Oct. 8.

A Heinous Crime—Terrorful Success of a Diabolical Plot to Destroy the Evidence of Illegitimacy.

The Escaped Nun—A Fiend in Female Form Compasses the Deaths of two Innocent Maiden Ladies—Scene: Godstowe, Oxfordshire, England.

An Elopement Extraordinary. (Warminster Township, Bucks county, Penn.)

The Brooklyn Broil—No End to the Interest in the Scandal—Beecher's Parishioners insist that he must vindicate Tilton's plans.

Alleged Abduction—An Eastern District Romance. (Brooklyn, L. I.)

Wiles of the Wicked—A Devil's Den in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. (Country girls trapped in an intelligence office to supply houses of prostitution.)

A Remarkable Story from Alabama—Congressman Schloss and his Wife each try to Kill the Husband of their Daughter.

An Elopement, and a Bridegroom Convicted of Abduction. (Randolph county, New Jersey.)

Tragic Ending of an Adulterous Alliance at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A Toledo Girl Arrives Almost at the Matrimonial Altar, When she Changes her Mind and Gives her Lover the Slip. (Ohio.)

A Colored Wedding Interrupted by the Flight of the Bridegroom, who Sends a Four-word Request—"Meet me in Hell!" (Mobile, Alabama.)

A Depraved Girl—A Mother's Tears and a Daughter's Shame. (Memphis, Tennessee.)

A Prince Consents to a Divorce from his Wife—Re-marriage of Both to Other Parties—Subsequent Complications. (St. Petersburg, Russia.)

A Pitched Battle Between a Couple of Foolish Females for a Man. (Oldham, England.)

Steady Increase of Insanity in England—The Poorer Classes the Victims. (Sir H. Take.)

A Dashing Young Widow's Two Seances—How a Brooklyn Capitalist got out of a Bad Scrape. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

How a Port Huron Girl ran away from Home and became a Trapeze Performer. (Port Huron, Michigan.)

A Felonious Intruder on a Young Lady receives a Warm Welcome from her Father. (Louisville, Kentucky.)

Almost a Parricide. A Son Stabs his Father Three Times with a Jack-knife. (Milville, New York.)

Atrocious Outrage on a School Girl near Albany, Illinois.

A Foolish Man Loses his Wife. (Rutland, Vermont.)

Story of a Diabolical Murder—A Wife Implicated in Killing her Husband. (St. Omer, France.)

A Bloody Child Bride. How a Mountain Desperado came to his Death at the Hands of his Brother's Wife—A Honeymoon in Jail. (Burksville Circuit Court, Kentucky.)

A Heinous Crime—A Father Arrested for Abusing his Family—Is Charged with the Seduction of his own Daughter. (Cleveland, Ohio.)

Bloody Work in Chicago. A Young Girl nearly Murdered by her Unnatural Stepfather. (Chicago, Illinois.)

A Gray-haired Sinner—Sheriff Jones Elopes with his Discharged Maid-of-all-Work. (New Albany, Indiana.)

What a Husband Saw under his Bed—A Chief of Police's Mode of Treating a Wife and her Paramour when Detected. (Green Island, N. Y.)

A Lovely Wreck—The Sorrowful Story of the Ruined Life of a Chicago Lady. (*Chicago Times*.)

A Beecherizing Baker. The Matrimonial Troubles of a Dough-Thumper in Delaware, Indiana. (*Indianapolis Journal*.)

The above are all to be found in the *Illustrated Police News* of the 8th of October.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GOOD SIGN.

The liberality of Spiritualism, which recognizes good in all sects, and asserts progression for all human beings, is beginning to bear its legitimate fruits. The lines of demarcation that were, even at the beginning of this century, so carefully drawn around each petty sect, are melting under its beneficent influence. Not only sects, but great religions, are preparing to come together, as witness the titles of the following works, written undoubtedly by liberal Christians:

"The comparative study of religions is a fruitful theme for books of late. Among recent ones are Dr. J. M. Arnold's 'Islam, and Its Relations to Christianity'; Dr. Benisch's 'Judaism Surveyed,' and Rev. R. B. Smith's 'Mohammed and Mohammedanism Lectures before the Royal Institution, 1874.'"—*N. Y. Herald*.

Fancy a Christian doctor heading a work "Islam, and Its Relations to Christianity" in the time of the Crusades. Yet it is certain that there are people in this city liberal enough to patronize a Mosque if one was established in Broadway. We have a Joss House in New York, why should we not have a Mufti and a Mosque? Only fancy a Muezzin standing on its cupola, and calling the Wall street sinners three times a day to prayer. Come you speculators and men of means, now is your time, out with your money-bags and supersede Beecher with a Mufti from Constantinople.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN BOWMANVILLE, CANADA.

A very arbitrary exercise of municipal authority for the suppression of free speech recently occurred in Bowmanville. Hon. Warren Chase, a prominent American Spiritualist, delivered a course of lectures in that town on the subject of spiritualism, the tone of which did not please some of the bigoted "orthodox" people who heard him. A number of narrow-minded fanatics determined to prevent his lecturing on Sunday, Aug. 30, and accordingly got up a requisition to the Mayor, asking him to refuse the use of the Town Hall for that purpose. That official yielded to their request, though he must have known he was exceeding his duty in so doing, by presuming to set himself up as an authority in religious matters and pronounce as to what creeds shall be tolerated and what proscribed. It is not necessary to be a believer in spirit communion to condemn in the strongest terms the intolerant spirit shown by the requisitionists and the Mayor who complied with their outrageous demand. It is an assault upon the principle of liberty of conscience and speech, which is one of the proudest heritages of Canadians—an unjust discrimination against a religious body because they are at present few in numbers and weak in influence, so far as Canada is concerned. As a matter of law, of course no one has an absolute claim for the use of public buildings for Sunday services; but, as a matter of custom, the privilege is always granted, in country towns, to denominations having no place of meeting of their own. We are safe in saying that the Bowmanville Town Hall would not have been refused to an Episcopalian, a Catholic, a Methodist, or a Presbyterian for the purpose of explaining the tenets of his faith. Then why should it be closed against a Spiritualist lecturer; and who constituted the Mayor of Bowmanville a judge in matters of religious faith, with authority to decide what belief is sufficiently orthodox to be encouraged by granting it special privileges denied to others? The action of these Bowmanville bigots is noticeable more on account of the persecuting spirit displayed, than the extent of the injustice inflicted. Men who would descend to such a petty, contemptible course would, if they possessed the power, crush out by persecution those whom they can now only annoy and irritate. They would re-enact the Blue Laws of Connecticut, and drive all independent and liberal minds, who refused to be measured by the Proustes-bed of their narrow souls, out of the country. The time for that sort of thing has gone by. The Mayor of Bowmanville and his abettors in this fanatical proceeding may be very good, pious people according to their lights. The only trouble with them is, they were born about two hundred years too late.—*The National, Toronto, Canada*.

HOROSCOPE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

[*Boston Sunday Herald, October 2, 1864.*]

Reader, our only motive in penning the following remarks upon our worthy President, is to see how far astrological rules would be borne out in his case with regard to the coming election.

According to statements made by the Press (and we believe them to be correct), his birth took place February 12, 1809; but we are not in possession of the hour of the day or night when the birth took place, though very often a tolerably

correct judgment may be formed from one's stature, complexion, etc. Under these circumstances, we are led to the conclusion that the birth must have taken place very early in the morning of that day. From this fact his personal appearance would correspond well with having the celestial sign Sagittarius, rising somewhere during the first five degrees. Hence, the good, benevolent planet Jupiter becomes the ruler of the horoscope.

Saturn was just above the ascendant: Venus formed a good aspect with the ascendant. The moon was leaving a sextile of Jupiter, and was within orbs of being in square—an evil aspect to Mars. The Sun was in good aspect with Mars, and Mercury in good aspect with the eccentric Herschel. Jupiter is the ruler, and the most prominent planet—that is, better dignified than any other planet. Hence, the principal ruler of the disposition and qualities. Jupiter makes him magnanimous, faithful, honorably aspiring at high matters. In all actions a lover of fair dealings, desiring to benefit all men—affable in conversation, liberal and hating all sordid action; just, wise, prudent, grateful and virtuous.

The place of the Moon in a cardinal point renders the mind eager to manage in public affairs. Fond of distinction, ingenious, acute and capable of great learning, though the Moon's aspect to Mars makes him sometimes rash and blunt in remarks. The aspect of Herschel makes him very odd, original, eccentric and rather romantic—fond of things out of the track of custom. Inwardly despises many of the outward forms of society, and having intense, acute and powerful feelings, hard to find out.

Persons born under Jupiter are ever destined to be fortunate. We believe that the finger of God points to Abraham Lincoln as the right man in the right place to put down this wicked rebellion; and, further, we believe that he will be elected at the coming election, on the 8th of November next, from the fact that Jupiter, his ruling planet, will be transiting over his ascendant in his own house, astrologically speaking.

The transit of the evil planet, Mars, in opposition with his ascendant, plainly shows that the struggle will last until the month of April, 1865, about which time the foes to the Union camp will be compelled to lay down their arms. In December of '64, and again in January, '65, some deep, base plot will be got up against the person of the President, shown by the transit of Mars; and that planet shows danger by pistol shot or by some infernal machine. During these months more than ordinary caution and watchfulness are highly necessary.

We could increase our remarks in regard to the personal danger, but believe that forbearance in this case would be a virtue.

THOMAS LISTER.

BOSTON, Sept. 29, 1864.

EDUCATIONAL.

A controversy, brought about by the rejection of a female student of medicine by the examining board, has brought forth a letter from Prof. Huxley, the concluding paragraph of which contains the following suggestive language:

"We have heard a great deal lately about the physical disabilities of women. Some of these alleged impediments, no doubt, are really inherent in their organization, but nine-tenths of them are artificial—the products of their mode of life. I believe that nothing would tend so effectually to get rid of these creations of idleness, weariness, and that over 'stimulation of the emotions' which, in plainer spoken days, used to be called wantonness, than a fair share of healthy work directed toward a definite object, combined with a fair share of healthy play, during the years of adolescence; and those who are best acquainted with the acquirements of an average medical practitioner, will find it hardest to believe that the attempt to reach that standard is likely to prove exhausting to an ordinarily intelligent and well-educated young woman."—*Burlington Daily, Iowa.*

CORRECTION.

I deeply regret that a change of a word in my article was made. I did not say "Sodomy is horrid," although we can agree that it is; but that was not the word I wrote. I said "Celibacy is horrid."

Please correct by inserting this note, and oblige
Yours truly,
W. F. JAMIESON.

[On referring to Mr. Jamieson's manuscript, we find the word used was as represented above, and we tender him our apologies for the error.—EDS.]

THE SITUATION.

Let craven cowards shirk the fight,
And treachery sneak to dens away;
Let guilty falsehood shun the light
Of e'en the stars' remittent ray.

The brave shall breast the danger nigh;
The innocent unfaltering stand;
The faithful lift the banner high
That bears the motto: "Free the Land!"

While holy truth, with sinless head
Uncovered, to the front shall run;
And with her own white hands shall spread
Her record to the shining sun.—*Boston Index.*

The advocates of the "New Money System" are opposed to Senator Cameron's bill on Finance, defeated in the Senate at the last session:

Because it would increase the power of the money monopolists by loaning more currency to them:

Because it would loan this increase without charge, whilst the producers of the wealth of the country are ready to pay at least four per cent. per annum for its use:

Because it would increase the volume of currency without providing a means of absorbing any excess:

Because it proposes to issue more money without fixing its value as the Constitution requires:

Because, in a word, it violates, greatly to the injury of the people, the spirit of that portion of the Constitution which requires Congress to coin money only for the use of the whole people and not for a favored few.

The friends of the "New Money System" want— That there should be no monopoly in money except by the government for the good of the whole:

That Congress should authorize the issue of as much money to be loaned on government bonds, or individual wealth backed by the government, as will enable laborers to be paid in legal tender greenbacks for their services—not only those in centres of industry, but those most remote as well—and as much as will enable the traders of the country to buy for cash, so that the difference between cash and credit prices may be saved:

That Congress should create an interchangeable bond to absorb the excess of money, when industry cannot use it, at about four per cent. per annum:

That Congress should regulate the value of money, and in the only way it can be regulated, viz.—by fixing the interest, and at a rate not exceeding the annual rate of increase of the wealth of the land.

Papers, hostile as well as friendly, please copy.

E. M. DAVIS,

President of the Radical Club of Philadelphia.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18, 1874.

Dear Weekly—As you are in sympathy with all movements which tend to benefit humanity, I will tell you something about a meeting I attended Sept. 16. It was called to organize a society for the protection of women, and is known as the "Good Samaritan's Society." Mr. Haas has donated a commodious house, pleasantly situated, on condition that the society shall be strictly unsectarian. The home is called "The Shelter." All women who are out of employment can find a home there until a situation is procured for them. The class of unfortunate women who are stigmatized as "fallen" women are also welcome, without being questioned in regard to their past life. They can remain at the Shelter until a situation is provided for them to earn an honest living, or they can leave the Home whenever they feel disposed. No society has ever been organized on so broad a platform before. It is strictly unsectarian. Every Sunday afternoon the public are invited to the Shelter to enjoy a season of conversation, when men and women from every denomination are invited to speak. The meeting on the 16th was largely attended. The praying women turned out in goodly numbers, armed to the teeth with sectarian weapons. When the second article was read, recognizing the fatherhood of God, the motherhood of Nature and the brotherhood of man, the captain of the praying band objected to the phrase of "the motherhood of Nature," as it was so much like the Spiritualist doctrine. An old lady in the corner cried out in a squeaky voice, "We worship but one God; the Bible says nothing about the motherhood of Nature."

I was surrounded by the praying band, and heard these Christian remarks. They called us heathens; said we were worse than prostitutes; that God ought to strike us dumb. They trembled with rage, and one old lady had to be compelled to keep the peace, her daughter holding her down by force. But the heathens were calm and earnest; for most of them had passed through the hell that the Christian women were struggling with, and were now ready to work for humanity. The sixth article was to the effect that if any of the inmates desired the services of a priest or parson, they should not be prohibited, but such services should take place in the room of the party so desiring. One of the heathens took this opportunity to say that it was not safe for a lady to have a parson visit her in her dormitory. Silence reigned for a second, and then the religious war raged fearfully; but, in spite of the force and fight, the resolutions were adopted, the non-sectarians carrying the day.

When the praying women found they could not control, they withdrew from the society in a body, plainly saying, by this act, if we cannot save souls our way, they may go to hell. We feel relieved that this bone of contention is removed from our midst, and are encouraged to struggle on in the work for humanity.

ONE OF THE HEATHENS—L. M. C.

7 PELHAM SQUARE, Brighton, Sussex, England, }
Sept. 20, 1874. }

My Dear Victoria—Some very tender thoughts toward you have passed through my heart and brain this morning, and I desire to tell you that personally I believe I am a truer friend to you than ever. If prayer can avail to help you, then I hope still to aid you. This morning I was looking over your "Elixir of Life," in which I see many true statements with regard to the cause of death in our world. I rose from my knees after prayer on your behalf filled with the strength of that passage: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." And remember, whatever we have honestly done, however mistaken, according to our highest convictions of right at the time, we shall not suffer for, except as the sin of ignorance.

When I last saw you in New York I expected to have returned ere this, but my life has been brightened here in England. Hoping your excursion may recruit you greatly, believe me with love your faithful friend,
MARY HAY.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Sept. 26, 1874.

Mrs. Woodhull.—The freemen of this town are heartily glad to hear of your return in good health and vigor. And we pray as fervently as earnest wishes can pray that you may live one hundred years to be the fearless champion of truth. Our first and early love was for the good old Boston Investigator. This love is not in the least diminished, but rather intensified, by our late and hearty love for WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

And now just a word to Liberals everywhere. What does freedom amount to that does not include personal freedom? What is worthy the name of free discussion which excludes discussion upon any subject pertaining to human happiness?

And now, freemen of America, as long as we have a paper which furnishes a medium for thought, no matter how radical, see to it that every person in America knows that there

is such a paper. Let notices of the WEEKLY be posted in every post office, printed upon the fences, stuck up in the depots and all places of public gathering, until there shall be no person in the land capable of reading but what shall know that there is a paper printed in New York which dares to advocate freely the rights of man. Let no paper lie idle upon your table, but see to it that every member of Congress, every State Senator, every county official—in short every thinking man and woman in the land is furnished with a copy. I know of but few scientists who have given the WEEKLY a fair trial but who acknowledge it to be one hundred years ahead of its time. Let us bridge that hundred years by united, vigorous action.

Do some still ask what does the WEEKLY teach? This is my answer: 1. Justice, love and truth to woman as a condition; good, healthy children, and consequently noble manhood and womanhood as a result. 2. Political purity and economy. 3. Religious common sense.

J. I. FERRON.

SPIRITUAL.—The course of lectures just concluded at Wilson's Hall, Webster City, by Capt. H. H. Brown, State lecturer of the Iowa Spiritual Association, were delivered in a masterly manner, showing conclusively that he has the spiritual cause at heart, and labors fondly and diligently in its interest. Although we cannot fully coincide with the spiritual philosophy as disseminated by its advocates of to-day, there are argument and manifestations in its favor that are hard to overcome, and we say in this connection that some that were heretofore very skeptical on spiritualism, are now equally unsettled on orthodox questions. The subject on Sunday evening was "Philosophy of Death," and Tuesday "Biblical and Modern Spiritualism." Mr. B. is a fluent and voluminous speaker, and handles his themes with ability second to none. He goes to Fort Dodge from here, and we would be glad to welcome him back at any convenient season.—*Webster City Argus, Iowa.*

PASIGRAPHY signifies that universal written language which has so long been dreamed of but never realized. Yet a serious attempt is now being made to introduce it by Dr. Bachmaier, of Munich. He has succeeded in giving numerical equivalents to about five thousand common words. He also denotes nations by numbers, and earnestly seeks the establishment of "universal characters, by which all the nations of the world may understand one another's conceptions, reading out of one common writing their own mother tongue." The same numbers express the same ideas in all languages. The task looks like a herculean one, and the world will wish the doctor absolute success, without pausing to think of the difficulty which may attend the learning of the system after it is perfected. Think of traveling in Europe, meeting a Turk, and writing on a card 4-40-44—which may be made to mean "Fork over or fight!" As a language it will come into fine play after the Republic of the World has been inaugurated!—*American Journalist.*

MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY A HUSBAND.—Burlington, Vt., came near having a murder Thursday afternoon. The parties were man and wife, named Henry and Bridget Day, both quiet and of good reputation. The former is an Englishman about forty years old, while his wife is about twenty-five years of age. The wife was found, by a policeman, lying on the floor in a pool of blood, insensible and apparently lifeless. Her sister was with her and handed the officer a hatchet with which she said Henry had struck his wife. Day claims that in the exercise of his authority as a husband he administered a trifling punishment by knocking her down.

THE purity of the moral city of San Francisco is tarnished. The Supreme Court has decided that immoral Chinawomen have a right to dwell here. How can we have the face to allow Mr. Johnson to go forth with his views of California and invite people to emigrate to this land of sin? As immorality is entirely confined to the Chinese and to the female sex of that race, we may be able to exist, but the dreadful thought haunts us that immorality may spread—it may spread.—*Figaro, San Francisco.*

MISS CATHERINE BEECHER, eldest sister of Henry Ward, is afraid her brother won't have "justice done him in the civil courts." "Justice" is the very last thing his friends ought to wish to have dealt out to him. As an attorney once said to his client who was accused of murder, in reply to his question whether he thought he would have justice done him, "I'm afraid not, for I see three men on the jury who are opposed to capital punishment!"—*Earlville (Ill.) Transcript.*

SOCIETY has the delirium tremens, and, like that unfortunate ecclesiastic, Laocoon, is perpetually unwinding snakes. It drank its full of the wine of sentimentality, got maudlin on the lees, and then took so many morning cocktails to cure its katzenjammer that delirium tremens came on; its stomach is as weak now as its moral purpose is strong. The fact that it is still unwinding its snakes shows that it has not yet thoroughly recovered.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE "EMOTIONAL INSANITY" PLEA SUPERSEDED

Mr. Thomas Collins, a gentleman not unknown to fame, appeared before the "Big Judge" in Cincinnati, a few days since, on the charge of striking Billy Patterson with a bear mug. In reply to the question if he had anything to say Mr. Collins address the court as follows:

"I inherit a tendency to sadness—the remains in me of positive hypochondria in my father and grandfather; and in certain moods of reaction the world becomes black and I see very despairingly. If I were in such a mood to speak as I feel, I should give false colors and exaggerated proportions to everything. The manifestation is in such contrast to the hopefulness and courage which I experience in ordinary times that none but those intimate with me would suspect one so full of overflowing spirits and eager gladness to have within him a cave of gloom.

"My confidential friend, Billy Patterson, understood this, and at times earnestly reproved me for indulging in it. It happened that when in one of my despairing moods I struck my confidential friend, Mr. Billy Patterson, with a beer-mug because he wouldn't set 'em up, and with this statement I submit my case."

The "Big Judge" looked at his prisoner over his glasses, under his glasses, then through his glasses, and then without his glasses, and finally seeing that he had a man of genius to deal with, reserved his decision till some future time.

MRS. MAGRUDER HAS PRAYERS.

[MAX ADELER.]

I happened to call at Magruder's the other morning on my way down town, and, as I knew them well, I entered the side door without knocking. I was shocked to find Mr. Magruder prostrate on the floor, while Mrs. Magruder sat on his chest and rumbled among his hair as she bumped his head on the boards, and scolded him vigorously. They rose when I came in, and Magruder, as he wiped the blood from his nose, tried to pretend that it was only a joke. But Mrs. Magruder interrupted him: "Joke! Joke! I should think not! I was giving him a dressing down. He wanted to have family prayers before breakfast, and I was determined to have them after, and as he threw the Bible at me, and hit Mary Jane with the hymn-book, I soused down on him. If I can't rule this house I'll know the reason why. Pick up them Scriptures and have prayers! You hear me, Magruder? It's more trouble regulatin' the piety of this family than runnin' a saw-mill. Mary Jane, give your pa' that hymn-book."

WORSHIP OF GOLD.

(A PARODY.)

Let us sing the praise of Gold,
Blessed treasure! All-extolled!
Bringing on its blessed wings
Life to all terrestrial things.
Wheresoe'er its light is shed
Sorrow lifts its drooping head;
And the tears of woe that start,
Turn to sunshine in the heart;
Gold, divine! All things are thine,
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy magic spell doth call
This fervent joy and praise from all.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—*Frank Leslie*, of the 17th inst., depicts a New York prisoner making the following pithy reply, on being called on for his defense: "Now you've got me. 'Ye see, Judge, I've bin layin' nineteen months in the Tombs waitin' trial, and I raily forgit the circumstances of the case."

WE request our captious correspondent, who would not credit the man-eating tree of Madagascar, to purchase the N. Y. *Graphic* of October 9th. It contains drawings of so many carnivorous plants, that we have come to the conclusion that cabbages live on mutton.

AN eight-hour man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the front stoop reading a volume of travels. "Where is my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife; "I began to get your breakfast at 6 o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at 2 P. M."

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to be investigating Spiritualism. On the contrary, the only medium patronized by her son, the Prince of Wales, is said to be the medium of exchange.

A CHICAGO reporter has just won his spurs by an article headed, "Desperate Bloodshed—The Murdered Man not Expected to Live?"

A FAMILY in Akron, Ohio, has in it a little boy about four years old and a little girl about six. They had been cautioned, in their strife against hen's eggs, not to take away the nest egg. But one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother, mother, Susie's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

A GENTLEMAN whose nationality will become apparent in the sequel, and whose profession was the driving of vehicles, being desirous of conciliating a passenger and excusing the stubbornness of his quadruped, remarked, "He has quare ways, yer anner. What wud ye think av a baste that wud do the likes av this? Won day he swalled a half a soverin, an' all we could get him to give up was sivin-an'-six, all through conthrariness."

A CITIZEN of Portland was walking down town one morning, when a stranger addressed him: "Do you know where the Post Office is?" "Yes," answered the Portlander, affably, and walked on without further parley. After proceeding for about ten steps he looked back and inquired in his turn: "Why? Do you want to know?" "No," replied the victim, with earnestness; and then, the account having been balanced, the two shook hands and gravely walked off.

HEBER had a wife who knew how to put things on the table. Scripture says of her: "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, be; he asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

THE VERMONT STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION will hold its next Annual Convention at St. Johnsbury, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 16, 17 and 18, 1874. Good speakers will be in attendance. Board at the Avenue House at \$1.00 per day. Return checks issued to those who pay full fare one way over the Central Vermont Railroad to attend the Convention. A cordial invitation extended.

Per order of Committee,

A. E. STANLEY, Sec'y.
LEICESTER, Vt., Sept. 21, 1874.

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.

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

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.

ERNEST J. WITHEFORD, 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Miss Nellie L. Davis will speak in San Francisco, Cal., in December; in San Jose, during January. Permanent address, 235 Washington st., Salem, Mass.

SEWARD MITCHELL desires to inform his correspondents that he has removed from Cornville, Me., and his present address is West Littleton, Mass.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the renowned healer, who has met with such unbounded success in our principal cities, in casting out devils, in healing the Palsied, the Lame, Deaf and Blind, and, in fact, all known Diseases, is now meeting with the same success in healing by his Magnetized Powder, which he will send to any part of the globe on the receipt of \$1. The doctor can be addressed at Vineland, N. J.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS of New York have changed their place of meeting. The Conference now assembles every Sunday at 2 P. M. at the Harvard Rooms, 42d street and Sixth avenue. At its last meeting a proposition was made by Mr. Farnsworth, suggesting the propriety of holding regular meetings there throughout the day, and engaging speakers to instruct the people with regard to Spiritualism in the morning and evenings. We are glad to add that the idea seemed to meet with general approval.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD is engaged to speak in Putnam, Conn., during October. Would make other engagements. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

THE First Grand Prize Medal was unanimously awarded to J. W. Bracket, for best piano fortes "of superior workmanship, new application of material and improvements in construction," over all competitors, at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association, held in Boston. Judges: Benjamin J. Lang, John K. Paine, Theodore Chase, Joseph B. Sharland, Charles J. Capen. Warerooms and factory: 387 Washington street, Boston.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH'S engagements are as follows: October, New Bedford, Mass.; Dec., New Haven, Conn.; January and March, Boston; 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.

[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.,
ASFNATH C. McDONALD,
DAVID HOYLE,
Address Mrs. A. C. McDonald, Sec. B. C. P., 75 W. 54th St., New York.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

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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The New York News Co., New York City;
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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AND TENNIE C. CLAFLIN, Editors and Proprietors.

COL. J. H. BLOOD, Managing Editor.

All communications should be addressed
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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

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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.

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Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

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

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

Spring Valley, N. Y.

JOHN A. VANZANT.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3, 1869.

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

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

T. P. RICHARDSON.

Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

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

JOHN FOX.

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

