

James Allen Will

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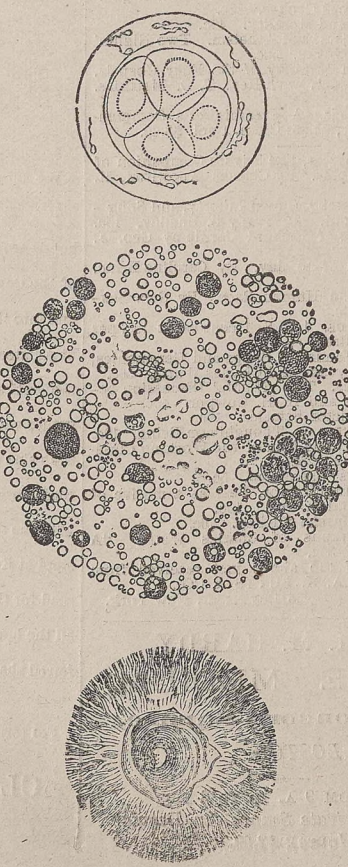
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BY AND BY:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK III. CHAPTER II.

Once again far away from the earth's teeming surface, and aloft in the familiar regions of the upper air. Not this time bent on some enterprise of science, enjoyment or humanity; not to seek intercourse with the sublimated occupants of the spiritual world; but solely to hold commune with his own inmost self, apart from all disturbing influences of circumstance and man, did Christmas Carol, possessor of manly youth, beauty, courage, skill, strength, knowledge, millions and a soul, soar aloft to find in meditative abstraction the duty imposed upon him by his newly-revealed endowments.

As he floated swiftly upon the eddying currents of that mid-winter season, unheeding whither they bore him, so absorbed was he by his own thoughts, he found those thoughts taking shape and varying as never had they done before. Thus, at one moment he found himself assailed by visions of all sensuous delight, in which every ideal of excellence in nature and art seemed to be subordinated to the lower self, impelling him, in an access of voluptuousness, to cry, "Oh, Pleasure, I worship thee!" and to regard the world as a victim to be lawfully offered at the shrine of his own self-gratification.

Wondering whence these thoughts, so unfamiliar to him, proceeded, he chanced to glance at the magnetic register of his course, and found that he was poised over the historic land of all sensuous life; that land whose rulers had ever held that their country must be great, no matter at what expense of its neighbors; whose people had ever held that it was the function of all their rich endowments of wit and knowledge to minister to man's lower and animal nature; that land in which the moral sense and pure intelligence had never raised their heads to protest against the national selfishness, but to lower them speedily in agony and blood—the land of France!

Criss had learned from his angel friends that there is a mysterious link between the sympathies of the upper and lower worlds; and the discovery of his position showed him that he must now be under the influence of the class of ideas which have their root in the Gallic soil and temperament, and enter perchance into the composition of the heavens above them, and tinge the souls of its spiritual occupants.

Impatiently rejecting the suggestions thus infused into his mind, Criss urged his car onward, once more giving rein to his spontaneous thoughts. Finding a more robust sentiment animating him, and his patriotic emotions taking the place of all others, he glanced downward, and found by the white gleam of the snowy mountain ridges beneath him that he was passing over the land once of Tell, and now the gymnasium of nations.

Presently his reverie took a religious character, wherein he found himself plied with impulses to devote himself wholly to the cultivation of all that is beautiful in art and poetic in sentiment, in conjunction with the symbolism of the ancient faiths, and so to build up a universal temple, into which, constrained by its beauty of rite and mystery of doctrine, all men should hasten to enter.

"Absorbed in me, Self will disappear," said the voice that now addressed him, "and with self will go the lower loves—the love of country and of knowledge, the love of women and of offspring, and the MAN will appear in all his unimpeded might, and the world acknowledge a new Cæsar and Pontiff of religion and art."

Glancing once more at his index, he perceived that he had drifted across the Alps, and was being assailed by the spirit of Italy; that spirit of insatiable dominion, which seeks ever to subordinate mankind to one overpowering regime, to the utter destruction of the individuality and higher development of man.

"And even," mused Criss, "were I to choose such a career, and become exalted over all others, even to being regarded as a divine founder or regenerator of such a system, unless mankind were the gainer thereby, it would be as nought and worse than nought; for though I win all to myself by virtue of the powers vested in me, nothing can convert the loss of others into my gain. Man I am and will be, and with

man I must suffer or rejoice. 'Consecrate my talents to God?' Even that may be but another name for pride and self-seeking.

"So farewell, oh, Rome! who in time long past forced upon man Law, and made him pay dearly for it—even his all here; and in time later forced upon him Dogma, and made him pay for it yet more dearly—even his all here and hereafter—pay with body and soul in time and eternity. Well, indeed, doth the Laocoon, noblest of thy relic-marbles, represent Humanity struggling in thy once fatal coils!"

And now the blue mists of the Mediterranean and its border lands of sunshine began to disappear, as the moist south-west currents, coming up from the restless Atlantic, bore him toward the home of the north-east trade wind; and his soul, still kept open to receive whatever influences might pour into it from the surrounding world of spirit, found a new vision growing before it. This was a vision of times when men no longer suffered themselves to be ruled through the lower or more sensuous part of themselves, or suffered interest or love to dim their sense of justice and truth.

For now Criss' car had drifted over the great Teuton fatherland, where the air was inter-penetrated with pure and keen intellect, ever on the alert to know what was true, and holding nought as divine—contain what it might of beauty, use or even of goodness—unless it put Truth first, and made all else subordinate to it.

This was so consonant to the ordinary tone of Criss' mind, that he was surprised at the elation he felt on coming into contact with this new sphere. But he presently learned to ascribe it to the contrast which these fresh influences made with those of France and Italy, which had so recently affected him. Not that he despised physical pleasure—he had too much happy animal health in him for that; or failed to appreciate intensely all beauty in sentiment and art—he had too much soul for that; but the spiritual airs which emanated from Germany found a perfect response in his intellect, inasmuch as they encouraged him not only to place truth first, but to reject as intrinsically hideous and pernicious whatever in life, in art or in religion was not established upon a basis of pure science, at once verifiable and harmonious with itself. "Here," said Criss, "I strike the key-note of the modern civilizations."

And now, as in search of the fast-sinking wintry sun, he rose higher and higher, and was carried by the winds that came from the Steppes of Tartary once more over his own English home, influences of various kinds from far and wide, but already harmoniously blended together, seemed to gather round him. Viewed through their medium, the land of his adoption appeared to him as a vast digestive apparatus, receiving and assimilating all things that were cast into it, and by virtue of its sound constitution, converting all into good living substance. At the basis of the system of thought now presented to him, Criss found the clue to the character and history of England—the courage to be free and to use her freedom, a courage founded upon faith in the divine harmony of the universe and respect for the rights of every individual soul.

Contrasting the dominant idea of the Church of the Emancipation with that of the old mediæval sacerdotalism, he saw clearly that England owed all her success in extricating herself from the terrible dilemmas of the past—dilemmas social, political and religious—to her sense of equal justice alike to persons and to periods. As no individual, however great and high, was suffered to dominate the rest, so no age, however great its achievements or sacred its traditions, was suffered to rule another age. England had gained much in advance on her past before she could convert her national church into an universal fane, beneath whose dome every mind developed by culture could find free expression for its own perceptions of truth and opportunity of submitting them to the general judgment.

Catching sight, as he glanced downward, of the great city lying far below, and desecrating in the midst of its blaze of lights the dim outline of its cathedral, Criss found himself thus apostrophizing the sacred edifice:

"And thou, St. Paul's, on whose lofty summit I have been wont to pause from my flights through the air and alight, noblest, externally, of earth's citadels of the soul, and, within, gem of England's richest art—thou, St. Paul's, core of the throbbing of this great city, thine is the glory of symbolizing the victory of this people over man's worst, man's sole enemy, his own fears of the imaginary—fears which banished God from the living world to the remote past, and delivered man over a prey to the terrors of superstition; fears which magnified the spirit of evil until it took many gods to be a match for one devil; fears now happily cast out by knowledge and the trust that comes of knowledge."

"Beneath thy capacious dome, once restricted to a name and a sect, England's sons can now meet, united in heart and method, no matter how diverse the conclusions of their intellect. Not until they found grace to withstand the wiles of priests who divided and creeds which confounded, and to regard the best human as the most divine, were they adjudged of Providence worthy to complete and crown thee their chiefest temple. Greater even than thy physical beauty is the moral beauty that now surrounds thee, St. Paul, at length, after long ages, thus happily completed!"

Recalling the reproach anciently brought against England as a land of gamblers, Criss saw in the discontent once so prevalent but the outcome of the general yearning toward a higher ideal of life and faith; while in the slowness of the advance toward its realization he saw an illustration of the national patience.

This triune combination of endowments—patience, self-reliance and a high ideal—had he perceived in the recent centuries, though often in the dark, ever been working toward the end now happily attained; until it has come that England still maintains her ancient prerogative of teaching the nations how to live; of showing to the world that the practical can be lawfully wedded to the ideal, work to faith, science to reverence, and that the most fatal of errors consists in the attempt to divorce them, or to deny them the fruition of their proper affinity.

And as he thought of what such spirit and such work had done for the world and for England, and what a power of work was, as Avenil had said, stored up in the wealth wherewith his own hands were filled, he felt his spirit going out in eager aspiration for some worthy end to which he might devote himself—an end which would involve the redemption of at least a portion of earth, or of earth's children, from some inherited curse.

As thus, under the influence of English airs and feelings, he soared in thought toward the noblest aims, so, as if by conscious sympathy, his car rose higher and higher in the empyrean, and his thoughts uttered themselves in poetic rhythm: or were they indeed voices that he heard around him, as of an invisible chorus, accompanying with angelic gratulations his high-born resolves? Criss would not gather up his analytic faculties to inquire, but left his mind open for the ideas to enter freely without effort on his part and without seeking for their source. Afterward he might, if his memory retained them, commit them to writing; but at the time itself it was his wont to do nought to break the spontaneity of their flow. Having aimed at keeping his mind in tune with the holiest and the best, what need of further effort to make it produce sweet music? Or what else was needed to win the angels into sweet converse? Nay, had he not even but now been rejecting all promptings of the lower parts of his own nature, all temptation to use for his own gratification the manifold resources of earth's various provinces so freely put at his disposal, and finally resolved to bring his own inmost into consonance with the greatest good to others? What wonder, then, if, in the access of his ecstasy, it should seem to him as if the angelic dwellers in those rare and sublime spheres came and ministered to him?

If Criss had doubts, they were soon resolved; for soon the invisible chorus became visible, and his old friends from the ethereal spheres flocked around him. And foremost among them was the tall angel, now no longer alone, but with his wedded sunshine clasping his arm and ready to listen with bright and arch intelligence to her beloved's utterances as he opened to Criss some of the mysteries of the perfect life.

"If by conventionality you mean the worship of the outermost," he said, in reply to Criss, "we have none such among us; at least, these higher spheres, in which I and mine dwell. For, with us, all possess a law of their own inmost, to which alone allegiance is due. We reverence matter, as that of which we and all things are composed. We reverence sensation and perception, which are faculties common to all. But we adore our own inmost, for that is to each the manifestation of the divine personality."

"Yes, we are affected by the course of events below. We do not understand how it comes about, but, somehow, good done or thought on earth radiates or vibrates sympathetically to us, and draws us nearer to the scene of it, while we recede from willfulness and evil."

"It is a mistake to suppose that anything can subsist without a physical basis. Whatever exists is something, unless it be a mere effect. And whatever is something is material and actual. The spiritual is but an effect or operation of the material, even as the emotional is; the diviner effect of an entity already divine. For matter is divine in its origin and infinite capacity for development, involuntarily as well as evolutionarily. Differences are in degree, not in kind. There is no real without an ideal; no ideal without a real. The most sublimated among us owns kindred with the grossest elements of earth, for we have a common basis. Herein, doubtless, consists the secret of our mutual sympathy."

"The Supreme? Ah! who can tell? Even could you penetrate the abysses of yon flaming orb and drag his secret forth, you would be no nearer to learning what the Supreme is. Yet, by way of illustration, the sun can help us somewhat. Once upon a time the sun filled with his physical, bodily presence all the space over which our system now extends, and yet more, uniformly diffused and homogeneous in constitution. It was the all, and in all, and no other personality or entity existed therein; for it contained in nebulous potentiality all that you and we are, or can be, in body and soul."

"The illustration I perceive in your thought is a fair one, and this shining cloud may be likened to the *spat* discharged by the oyster in clear water. Though to all appearance but a cloud, it contains the germs of the whole future brood. Artificial appliances enable you to magnify and discern the young creature existing in perfection, though so minute. But scarce any appliance short of infinite perception can detect the capacity for future development lying hid in the nebulous cloud of space."

"Well, this cloud contracting and changing, gradually withdrew its actual presence from the outermost portions of the vast arena, depositing, as it did so, the materials for those other individuals which we now behold as worlds. But, though withdrawing itself in one sense, its influences of power and attraction, of heat and light, still permeate and govern them all as beings distinct, yet dependent; beings not made, not begotten, but proceeding. In it and of it they live and move and subsist; and the intelligence upon them, constituting their flower and fruit, best fulfill the intention of their being when they acknowledge their oneness with the rest of the universe, and strive to fulfill to the utmost the laws which provide for their well-being and happiness."

"You are perplexed, and know not whether it is of the sun or of the Supreme that I speak. The Supreme is the Infinite—beyond force, beyond mind, beyond being, beyond doing, beyond language, beyond ideas; while the sun, though a complete individual in itself, is but one of many, one member of a great family, a part and not the whole. Remember that whatever there is in you or in us now in our present state, that, in some form or other, was in the original nebula out of which we are formed, that nebula being but a portion of the infinite, detached from the parent mass, and provided with the capacity necessary to enable it to evolve a perfect individuality of its own. Call it sun or call it Supreme, you must believe that whatever exists consists of something, or you make God a negation. Matter is not contemptible. It is as the root to the flower; and the flower of matter is the



soul. Matter, therefore, is the basis of spirit. It is the basis also of duty. On yonder earth, to which you belong, lies your highest, your sole duty in the present."

Here Criss suddenly found himself alone, but in the presence of a smile that seemed to beam upon him and warm him to the heart; a smile as from an unseen face, until, as he descended toward the earth, it clothed itself in features which at first he took for those of his tall angel friend's angel bride, and then for those of the fair girl he had left shedding passionate tears on the slopes of Atlantika.

On approaching the surface of the earth and examining the configuration of the land, he found that the currents had wafted him near to the ranges of the Lebanon. At this he was greatly excited. Lebanon! Palestine! Jerusalem! the home of his own race! Away, then, quick, to the city of his ancestors; the cradle of all the mid-time religions!

"Ancestors! Parents!" thought Criss. "Ah, me; why is it that I have no near kindred to call beloved, to please and to be proud of? Ah, if I could only find some, however poor and destitute, to share—nay, to claim—all this wealth, which to me is but a burden; for if such live, surely it is theirs rather than mine. Oh, if my father still exists—no other parent can—what joy to find him and tell him that a portion, at least, of her he loved still survives! I wonder why I have never before yearned toward an earthly parent, least of all toward an earthly father. Of a possible mother I have sometimes thought with longing, but never of a father, save of the supreme Father of all. Can it be that the very absence of the tender relations of humanity has served to throw me into the arms of an ideal and spiritual father; or that in kindness I have been compensated for the loss? It has not been unknown before that one deprived of sweet parental reciprocities has been caught up, as it were, in spirit, and made one with the divine soul of all; driven by the absence of the longed-for real with sweet compulsion to the ideal. I am sure that my father must have been of noble spirit. At least, I will endeavor so to live, that, be he noble as he might, I shall not be unworthy of him. Now to descend into Jerusalem."

#### CHAPTER III.

In a city of the importance and extent of Jerusalem, an arrival, whether by land or air, attracted no attention. Alighting in the courtyard of what he perceived to be one of the principal hotels, the Royal Arab, which he selected on reading its sign from aloft, as likely by its name to be frequented by Central Africans, Criss was presently installed in quarters deemed sufficiently luxurious for a young man traveling alone in an aeromotive. He dined by himself in the public salon, and during his meal read the day's papers. These, he found, were much taken up with the revolution in Bornou, and expressed fears that it seemed likely to extend through Soudan, even to Abyssinia, hitherto reckoned an invincibly conservative part of the empire, on account of its being the primary source and foundation of the Imperial family and system.

But what most excited his interest was the account of an interview which had taken place on the previous evening between the fugitive prince and the Soudan bondholders' committee, in which much bitterness had been expressed on both sides toward the intervening State of Egypt as the secret fosterer of the insurrection. The Jewish journals, too, one and all, seemed to have jumped at an opportunity for exhibiting the bitterness still remaining from the ancient feud between Israel and Egypt. As the press of Jerusalem was known to be devoted to the interests of the capitalists, it was easy for those who were familiar with local politics to guess that some special and definite purpose lay behind this new outburst of animosity. What that purpose might be, Criss knew not, but he knew that the allied States of Palestine and Soudan were restrained from joining in an attack upon Egypt only by the fact that Egypt was a member of the European confederacy, and, in the opinion of the grand council, had committed no fault worthy to justify an appeal to arms. Egypt might be a bad neighbor, but the law cannot be invoked to transform such into good neighbors, in national, any more than in individual life. A similar difficulty arose many years ago on the abolition of duelling among private persons. Ill-conditioned people ventured upon conduct from which they had previously been restrained by fear of the consequences. Egypt knew that she could not be called to account for mere churlishness. For the law to interfere, she must behave very much worse than she had yet done.

Finding himself in the same city with the Crown Prince of Abyssinia—for such was the title of the heir to the throne—Criss became desirous of making his acquaintance, but without revealing himself. He perceived that his accidental connection with the late Emperor and possession of the sacred gems, to say nothing of the mysterious link apparently existing between their families, placed him in a position to exert considerable influence; but he felt that to be able to use that influence for good, he must retain his secret until some supreme and fitting crisis for its revelation.

He was thus in some difficulty, for he could not seek a formal introduction without giving a sufficient reason; and to give as a reason his meeting with the prince's father would be to expose himself to questionings respecting the property the Emperor carried off in his flight and committed to Criss' care, as already related. Moreover, Criss was ignorant whether the knowledge the Emperor had shown of his name, as owner of the diamonds, was shared by the prince, or any of the Jewish upholders of his crown.

This last consideration led him to suppress his given name of Christmas, and enter himself in the hotel book simply as Mr. Carol, of London. He would learn the character and prospects of the prince before committing himself in any way to him. But how, then, was he to obtain the desired introduction?

After much cogitation, he bethought himself of his friends at Atlantika, Nannie and her relatives, the Hazeltnes; and he decided that he would approach the prince for the purpose of learning his opinion respecting the possible danger to

them through the known hostility of the insurgents. However, it was reserved for accident to do what he required without putting himself forward in any way.

Criss had not ordered any coffee after his dinner; nevertheless, the waiter brought him some. Immersed in his reflections, Criss did not perceive that he had got what he had not ordered, until the waiter came and, with many apologies, took it away again, saying he had brought it by mistake; it was ordered by the other gentleman.

Taking no notice of the incident, Criss continued to reflect, until recalled by some conversation at a neighboring table, the only one besides his own now occupied, for the rest of the diners had gone out to smoke in the veranda.

"I should like to see the gentleman the man took for me and gave my coffee to," said the occupant of the other table in a tone of more asperity, it struck Criss, than the circumstances warranted—a tone, apparently, of one not accustomed to be crossed.

"He sits yonder, your highness," replied the master of the house, who had come in person to explain the waiter's mistake, while the attendants remained standing in a group near the entrance to the salon, evidently, now that Criss had looked up to see what was going on, curiously examining the two visitors.

The stranger looked toward Criss, and their eyes met in a steady, scrutinizing gaze.

Presently the other said, manifestly with the design of being overheard:

"Have you apologized to that gentleman for your mistake? No? Then I will do so."

And getting up, he approached Criss with an air of mingled dignity and deference.

"The servants, in excuse for the blunder they have made about our coffee, plead a resemblance between us, which they declare to be extraordinary. But perhaps my Arabic speech is lost upon you?"

Criss rose as the stranger addressed him. The two young men fastened their eyes intently upon each other. The group of attendants involuntarily drew near. The resemblance in face, figure and voice was so extraordinary as to strike both the bystanders and the young men themselves. Criss, however, thanks to the Greek infusion in his blood, was of a fairer complexion and a more refined and spiritual expression. Both were dressed in the prevailing costume of Europe.

"No apology is necessary," answered Criss, in the same language, "unless it be for the liberty I have taken in bearing any likeness to you. But pray do not remain standing. I am a stranger, a traveler just arrived, and shall be happy to take some coffee in your company."

"A stranger? a traveler? and from where, may I ask?" said the other with a curious eagerness, taking the proffered seat at Criss's table.

"From England, my home. But I presume, by your addressing me in Arabic, that I am not speaking to one of my own country?"

"No, but to one who admires and respects your country," said the stranger. "I am an Abyssinian by descent, and, like yourself, a stranger and a traveler, having lately left my own land in consequence of the troubles there. You, probably, feel little interest in them. It seems strange, though, that two persons of such different origin should be sufficiently alike to be mistaken for each other."

Criss remarked that he believed he had some Oriental and Southern blood in him, which might account for the likeness, and added, that he took a great interest in Central African politics, and that not merely because he had friends settled there, for whose safety he was concerned, but because he had himself seen a little of the country, and conceived a respect for the character of its royal family.

"By your general look and mode of speech, I should certainly have taken you for one of my own people," returned the other, in terms which Criss recognized as almost identical with those which the late Emperor had used to him.

The stranger went on to ask him about his calling or station, and Criss expressed himself as being often amused at being taken for a courier, as his fancy for aerial yachting—a taste not uncommon among English gentlemen—caused to be the case; and added, that the last occasion on which this occurred was in passing over Bournou during the outbreak of the insurrection, when he had given cause for the supposition by stopping over the post office and letting down a line for mails.

"And since that where have you been?"

"With my friends in England," said Criss; "but I ought to introduce myself in form. I am an Englishman on an aerial cruise. My home is London; my name Carol." And Criss colored a little, conscious that the unwonted candor of his advances was contrived in order to get the other to declare himself.

"I, too, am a traveler and a gentleman," said the stranger, "and I have already said that I belong to Soudan, and am here through family and political misfortunes. Excuse me for saying," he continued, with a slight smile, "that you appear to me to be one who has never experienced a sense of misfortune. But I should not therefore judge you as incapable of sympathy."

"Misfortune of my own," returned Criss, with emphasis, "I have never known. Misfortune of others it is my greatest happiness to sympathize with, and, if possible, to alleviate."

"You, probably, have never lost parent, place or fortune. I have lost all three. At least, I fear the worst for the first."

"Do you mind telling me all?" said Criss, already prepossessed in the stranger's favor, and divining that the other was only desirous to be certain that his confidence would not be abused. "Fortune and place are not irrecoverable at your—at our age; but a parent—a father—ah! that is a blessing I have never known. But you speak of his fate as if still in suspense."

"I am already known to too many in Jerusalem," said the stranger, "for it to be a secret much longer, and I am pre-disposed to give you my full confidence. It is rare to meet

an English gentleman who has visited my capital. If my father be living, I am Crown Prince of Abyssinia; if he be dead, I am, nominally at least, Emperor of Soudan and Abyssinia."

At this Criss rose, and respectfully taking the hand of the stranger, was about to touch it with his lips; but the prince withdrew it, saying:

"Nay, such homage is with us reserved for the Emperor himself. I hope, though almost against hope, that he still lives."

Regaining possession of his hand, Criss kissed it solemnly, saying:

"Emperor of Soudan and Abyssinia, I proffer the homage that is your due. Your father, the late Emperor, is no more!"

"You speak positively! How can you know this?"

"The Emperor escaped, wounded and alone, in a flying machine. Crossing the Sahara to Algiers, he committed himself to the care of the British Minister there. The Minister and his physician did their best to save him. He died of his wounds two days before Christmas. I was there when he arrived, and knew the fact. I knew who he was, for he gave me his confidence as I tended him. The Minister will certify it to you whenever you afford him the opportunity."

"Alone! wounded! My poor father! Were you present when he died?"

"No; immensely to my regret, I was compelled to be in England on that very day. But I was with him until the latest possible moment, and at his request had promised to return the instant I was free. I seemed to have won his confidence. He remarked my resemblance to his family. But I never saw him again. The Minister sent to inform me of his death."

"It is scarcely credible that he should have guided himself so far in safety, even had he not been wounded. But your account of his escape tallies with the fact that he was last seen entering the tower where the crown jewels are kept, for I know that there was an old flying machine in a chamber at the top, kept there as a curiosity, I supposed. But now it seems as if he had a purpose in keeping it there. Yet I never was led to think he anticipated revolution. How strange is this accidental meeting with one able to give such information!"

"As strange," said Criss, "as the coincidence of my lighting upon this particular country and city, and entering this particular hotel, at the moment of your being here. Yet all these coincidences would have led to nothing but for the servant's mistake about the coffee."

"And that, again," remarked the prince, "would not have occurred but for the likeness between us. But in what way, may I ask, is your arrival here accidental? Did you not mean to come to Jerusalem?"

Then Criss told him of his love for aerial navigation, and how that, being free from the necessity of working for his living, he spent much time in traveling. That on this particular occasion, having recently come of age, he had ascended in his car, in order to meditate on the best way of disposing of his life so as to be most useful in the world; and that, after being many hours at a great height in the air, carried about at will by the currents, he found, on returning to the earth, that he was close to Jerusalem, and having, as he believed, some Jewish blood in him, he resolved to visit the ancient capital of his race.

The prince took a lively interest in his recital, and said he envied him the liberty he turned to such good account. "But what," he asked, "is the resolve to which you came?"

"Nothing very definite, I fear," said Criss, "beyond a resolution to do my best."

"What blood have you in you besides Jewish?" asked the prince, somewhat abruptly.

"Mostly Greek, I believe," was the answer.

"No Egyptian, or anything to lead you to sympathize with Egypt?"

"None whatever. Next to the land of my home, my sympathies are all with the two races I have named."

"I am glad to think there is no barrier to your serving me. I consider I have a claim, since you served my father."

"I will serve you with my whole heart," said Criss, "provided I serve mankind by doing so."

"I recognize the propriety of the reservation. It proves your English training. I have no vocation to be a tyrant; at least, I think not. But those Egyptians ought to be punished. They are the cause of my troubles now, as they have been of all my country's troubles for the last five or six thousand years."

And, started on the topic which constituted a deep sore in his mind, he rapidly recounted the wrongs done to Abyssinia by Egypt, the catalogue of which he declared to be treasured up in the memories of all good and educated Abyssinians. And thus, talking far into the night, he told Criss how, in times long gone by, the mountain strongholds of his country had been a refuge for the kings of Egypt when driven out of their own land by the Bedouin Hyksos; and how the shepherd kings in their turn had been driven out when, refreshed and regenerated in their highland retreat, the successors of the refugee Pharaohs had descended with an army into Egypt, and recovered the land from the Arab invaders. How that these kings, again, had sought universal dominion, and overrun the world, from the Indus to the Niger; in their ingratitude enslaving Soudan itself, which had proved so good a friend to them in their adversity. And how Soudan, rebelling, at length forced Egypt to acknowledge its independence. Then he told him how, reinforced by the Greeks, Egypt, under Psammiticus, had once more forced its way even to the Nubian Meroe, when it was compelled to give up the contest and retire to its own limits.

"Its own, do I say?" he exclaimed with vivacity. "Egypt has nothing of its own; not even the soil of its land. Were it not for the sediment which the Blue Nile has for myriads of ages been carrying down from our mountains, Egypt would have no geographical existence. It would be but a patch of the sandy desert. It is to the Nile that flows, clear



and bright, from the great lakes far to the south, and to the Nile that we yearly load with rich earth, that this ungrateful land owes all it ever possessed, even to its own existence. And now it refuses us a transit for our goods through its canal, except at an exorbitant cost, and will not let us construct a second one. It refuses us leave to make a railway through its worthless plains, but forces us to carry our produce by ferry across the Red Sea, and transport it by railway through Arabia to the Persian Gulf, before it can reach the Mediterranean; for even this is cheaper than the transit through Egypt. Then, by means of its agents, it fosters seditions and revolutions in our country. The Jews, too, hate it, even more, if possible, than we do. From the days when their ancestors were enslaved by it, and the days when it cut down the forests of Lebanon to build the navy wherewith to conquer India and the Mediterranean, to the days when the independence and prosperity of Judaea are assured in spite of its utmost exertions, the Jews hate it, even as the people of Islam ever hated the Jews. Why, Egypt levies high toll upon every item of the wealth that pours through it into Europe, from the rich provinces of Madagascar and Eastern Africa, or to them from Europe. Believe me, nothing but the fear of the Confederacy of Nations has kept us from destroying Egypt by force of arms.

"Oh, if ever I am restored to power, I shall take care that it be not again endangered by this ungrateful people! The Nile is ours. Every drop of its water, every grain of its fertilizing sediment comes to them from us; for they have no single stream of their own—no soil but barren sand. Let them beware! Vengeance will not tarry forever!"

[To be continued.]

### SPIRITUALISTIC.

#### AN APPEAL TO THE LIBERALISTS OF AMERICA.

The committee appointed by the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists to prosecute the Barnes will case, desire me, as secretary, to set forth to the Spiritualists and Liberalists of America the fact that this great fund of about three-quarters of a million of dollars, donated for the benefit of the orphan children of Liberalist parents within our State, is still in controversy. We confidently believe that a new trial will be granted and the will sustained, provided sufficient funds are furnished to fight the case properly against wealthy heirs, who are trying to wrong the orphan children out of their just dues. We need one thousand dollars immediately to pay necessary expenses, including the retaining fee of one of the best lawyers within our State, and whose services are essential.

I am authorized by the committee to state that the Court is authorized by law to finally order all necessary expenses to be paid from the will fund, whichever party is successful; hence all donations will be mere loans.

Will the friends of Liberalism see this large fund go back to distant heirs, from the lack of a little generosity, thus fastening a lasting disgrace upon us all for an age to come, and discourage other donations from being made in the same way?

Friends, we appeal to you one and all, in the name of Liberalism; in the name of humanity; in the name of the angel world, and especially in the name of the orphan children of Indiana, to give of your means in this time of need, to sustain the will of the late Robert Barnes.

Many a friend could, unaided, furnish all the money needed, and thus lay those having charge of this matter under lasting obligations; but a small sum from each will accomplish the same end. How many will heed this call?

Please send all funds to Dr. Allen C. Hallock, Evansville, Ind., and receipts will be forwarded.

The doctor—that staunch old Quaker Spiritualist—is giving of his time and means, far beyond his ability, to make the case successful. Who will help to carry the burden?

J. R. BUELL,

Sec'y of the Indiana State Ass'n of Spiritualists.  
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., October 24, 1874.

#### THE "GRAPHIC" CALLS ON FOSTER, THE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

Foster, the medium, is about thirty years of age. He is not an æsthetic looking man. He does not look like a Spiritualist. He looks more like a hotel proprietor or theatrical manager. He was subject to spiritualistic influences at the age of seven years, and at the age of thirteen he had developed into a full medium. Nine years ago Foster's gift first became known to the public, since which time he has been a public medium in England, California, Australia, and in every city of the Union. He is light-hearted and jovial, and doesn't seem to know or care much about the wonderful things which he does.

One night a total stranger to Foster called at his rooms, and said:

"Foster, I don't believe in your humbug. Now, you never saw or heard of me, and I will bet you twenty dollars that you can't tell my name; I do it to test you."

"T-w-e-n-t-y d-o-l-l-a-r-s," repeated Foster; "twenty dollars that I can't tell your name? Well, sir," putting his hand to his brow, "the spirit of your brother Clement tells me that your name is Alexander B. Corcorane."

Mr. Corcorane was astonished, and took out his money to pay the medium, who pushed it back with a laugh.

"One day," said Mr. Frank Carpenter, whom we met at Mr. Foster's yesterday—"one day a Mrs. Whitney, an utter stranger, came into Foster's room with a lock of coarse hair in her hand. It looked like fine bristles. Holding it up, she asked the medium whose hair it was. Foster took it in his hand a moment, pressed it to his brow, and exclaimed:

"By the eternal, this is Andrew Jackson's hair!"

It turned out that Mrs. Whitney's mother was an intimate friend of General Jackson, and that the bunch of bristles was really an heirloom from the head of old Hickory himself. One day Alexander McClure, of Pennsylvania, came into

the Continental Hotel with Colonel John B. Forney. Mr. McClure was very sad, for he had received news that his son was drowned at sea.

"What do you think about it, Foster?" asked Colonel Forney.

"Why, sir, the boy is not drowned at all," replied Foster. "He's alive and well, and you'll have a letter from him in a day or two, and then he will come home."

Two days afterward McClure met Foster, and said, with tears of gratitude:

"Why, Foster, you were right. My boy is all safe. I had a letter from him to-day."

Yesterday a representative of the *Daily Graphic* called on Mr. Foster at his rooms, 14 West Twenty-fourth street. He was accompanied by a shrewd and unbelieving friend, who wishes his name to be given as Mr. Coe.

As we took our seats at the table, Mr. Foster asked us to write the names of the parties with whom we wished to communicate on slips of paper. This we did, while nervous rappings were heard all around the table, on the floor, etc. The writer wrote two names on slips of paper and Mr. Coe wrote four. Each paper was rolled up so that the names were concealed from sight.

The medium took up one slip on which Mr. Coe had written James Thompson and asked:

"Is this one present?" (meaning the spirit of the party mentioned in the slip of paper).

"Rap, rap, rap." (This meant yes.)

Then we took the alphabet, and every time we came to a letter in James Thompson's name, "rap" came on the table, until it spelled out J-A-M-E-S T-H-O-M-P-S-O-N.

This name was unknown to the medium, and totally unknown to me. The paper was folded up, and how the spirits found it out is a mystery. Then the spirits went on to rap out how James Thompson died in 1868 of consumption—all of which Mr. Coe said was true.

After this Mr. Foster, through the spirits, went on to tell us how, where and when several parties, total strangers to him, had died. In some instances the medium would grasp his pencil and write a name which Mr. Coe or I was thinking of, and which had not been written by either of us.

The spiritualistic interview continued for an hour, during which time Mr. Foster was continually talking, laughing and smoking. The medium himself said he saw spirits about the room, but Mr. Coe and the writer failed to see them, though we came away satisfied that Mr. Foster is a remarkable person, and that he is able to tell persons astounding secrets in a most marvelous manner.

Two or three evenings before the interview above narrated another representative of this paper called on Foster in company with a number of friends. The writer was asked to write the name of a departed friend, together with the names of other persons, no matter whom, on one side of a slip of paper. This was done in such a manner that the medium could see neither the writing nor the movement of the pencil. He then took the paper, tore off the names in slips, one to a slip, and, folding each slip of paper into a wad, threw them all on the table. He then picked up the bits of paper, one after the other, asking each time, "Is this it?" and when he had reached the third piece three raps, distinctly audible, were heard, like the ticking of a clock. The paper was opened and read—"John Finnane."

"Place your head on the table, and if the spirit wishes to communicate with you he will signify it by giving five raps," said Foster.

This was done, and the raps were heard as before.

"Where did you die?" was asked.

A number of towns were named on paper, and thrown on the table, as before, and the place of the person's death, Chicago, was correctly indicated.

John Finnane was a reporter who died in Chicago some seven or eight years ago.

Hardly had the above test been concluded when Foster spoke out in his peculiar, half vehement, half stuttering way: "I see some one back of your chair, sir—close to you, there. Bill—Bill—Bill—Woods—Bill Woods. Who is Bill Woods?" This was addressed to the gentleman sitting directly opposite to Foster. The person addressed, very much surprised, said, "I knew Bill Woods. He is dead, and I was just thinking of him. The place of Woods' death was then correctly stated by the medium.

Next to this gentleman sat another, a person well known in political circles. Foster suddenly turned to him and said: "Wilcoxson—is that the way you pronounce it? His spirit is here." The gentleman spoken to said: "This is most singular. Wilcoxson is right. Where did he die?"

Said Foster: "The power is in my arm; I will write." He seized a pencil and wrote, in a scarcely legible scrawl, very rapidly: "Died at Fordham." The gentleman shook his head. "Is it anything like Fordham?" asked Foster. "Suppose you write it, and on other pieces of paper write the names of other towns." This was done, and the bits of paper were folded up and thrown on the table. The correct slip of paper was indicated immediately—the name being "London."

"This is, indeed, singular," said our friend. "I this morning received a dispatch by cable, announcing the death of that person yesterday in London."

"What is this power which you have, Mr. Foster?"

"I scarcely know. I have always had it. It's a psychic force of some kind, I suppose. All I know is that I receive an impression and words rise to my lips of themselves. I see these spirits and describe them. I get a sense of their wishes. How the gift comes I do not know."

"Can you always manifest this power?"

"Not always, but nearly so. These sittings are very exhaustive to me. I cannot receive more than five or six parties in a day. If I attempt to do so, the result is a failure, either wholly or in part."

"Do you, then, believe in what is called Spiritualism?"

"Most unquestionably I do."

This terminated the interview.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

[From the New York Graphic.]

#### MARVELOUS SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

Aware in the past of your love of justice and fair play, I most earnestly solicit the use of your columns to reply to an article of Dr. G. M. Beard in relation to the Eddy family in Vermont.

I do not know Dr. Beard personally, but what I do know is that he may never hope to equal, much less to surpass, such men and savans as Crookes, Wallace, or even Flammarion, the French astronomer, all of whom have devoted years to the investigation of Spiritualism. All of them came to the conclusion that, supposing even the well-known phenomenon of materialization of spirits did not prove the identity of the persons whom they purported to represent, it was not, at all events, the work of mortal hands; still less was it a fraud.

Now to the Eddys. Dozens of visitors have remained there for weeks, and even for months. Not a single seance has taken place but some of them realized the personal presence of a friend, a relative, a mother, father, or dear departed child. But lo! here comes Dr. Beard, stops less than two days, applies his powerful electrical battery, under which the spirit does not even wink or flinch, closely examines the cabinet (in which he finds nothing), and then turns his back and declares most emphatically "that he wishes it to be perfectly understood that if his scientific name ever appears in connection with the Eddy family, it must be only to expose them as the greatest frauds who cannot do even good trickery." *Consummatum est!* Spiritualism is defunct. *Requiescat in pace!* Dr. Beard has killed it with one word. Scatter ashes over your venerable but silly heads. Oh, Crookes, Wallace and Varley! Henceforth you must be considered as demented, psychologized and lunatics, and so must it be with the many thousands of Spiritualists who have seen and talked with their friends and relatives departed, recognizing them at Moravia, at the Eddys', and elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of this continent. But is there no escape from the horns of this dilemma? Yea, verily, Dr. Beard writes thus: "When your correspondent returns to New York I will teach him on any convenient evening to do all that the Eddys do." Pray why should a *Daily Graphic* reporter be the only one selected by G. M. Beard, M. D., for initiation into the knowledge of so clever a "trick"? In such a case why not publicly denounce this universal trickery and so benefit the whole world? But Dr. Beard seems to be as partial in his selections as he is clever in detecting said tricks. Didn't the learned doctor say to Colonel Olcott while at the Eddys' that three dollars' worth of second hand drapery would be enough for him to show how to materialize all the spirits that visit the Eddy homestead?

To this I reply, backed as I am by the testimony of hundreds of reliable witnesses, that all the wardrobe of Niblo's Theatre would not suffice to attire the numbers of spirits that emerge night after night from an empty little closet.

Let Dr. Beard rise and explain the following facts if he can: I remained fourteen days at the Eddys'. In that short period of time I saw and recognized fully out of 119 apparitions seven spirits. I admit that I was the only one to recognize them, the rest of the audience not having been with me in my numerous travels throughout the East, but their various dresses and costumes were plainly seen and closely examined by all.

The first was a Georgian boy, dressed in the historical Caucasian attire. I recognized and questioned him in Georgian upon circumstances known only to myself. I was understood and answered. Requested by me in his mother tongue (upon the whispered suggestion of Colonel Olcott) to play the "Lezginka," a Circassian dance, he did so immediately upon the guitar.

*Second.*—A little old man appears. He is dressed as Persian merchants generally are. His dress is perfect as a national costume. Everything is in its right place, down to the "babouches" that are off his feet, he stepping out in his stockings. He speaks his name in a loud whisper. It is "Hassan Aga," an old man whom I and my family have known for twenty years at Tiflis. He says, half in Georgian and half in Persian, that he has got a "big secret to tell me," and comes at three different times, vainly seeking to finish his sentence.

*Third.*—A man of gigantic stature emerges forth, dressed in the picturesque attire of the warriors of Kurdistan. He does not speak but bows in the Oriental fashion, and lifts up his spear ornamented with bright-colored feathers, shaking it in token of welcome. I recognize him immediately as Saffar Ali Bek, a young chief of a tribe of Kurds, who used to accompany me in my trips around Ararat in Armenia on horseback, and who on one occasion saved my life. More, he bends to the ground as though picking up a handful of mould and scattering it around, presses his hand to his bosom—a gesture familiar only to the tribes of the Kurdistan.

*Fourth.*—A Circassian comes out. I can imagine myself at Tiflis, so perfect is his costume of "nouker" (a man who either runs before or behind one on horseback). This one speaks. More, he corrects his name, which I pronounced wrong on recognizing him, and when I repeat it he bows, smiling, and says in the purest guttural Tartar, which sounds so familiar to my ear, "Tehoch yachtchi" (all right), and goes away.

*Fifth.*—An old woman appears with a Russian headgear. She comes out and addresses me in Russian, calling me by an endearing term that she used in my childhood. I recognize an old servant of my family, a nurse of my sister.

*Sixth.*—A large, powerful negro next appears on the platform. His head is ornamented with a wonderful coiffure something like horns wound about with white and gold. His looks are familiar to me, but I do not at first recollect where I have seen him. Very soon he begins to make some vivacious gestures, and his mimic helps me to recognize him. It is a conjurer from Central Africa. He grins and disappears.

*Seventh and Last.*—A large, gray-haired gentleman comes out attired in the conventional suit of black. The Russian decoration of Saint Ann hangs suspended by a large red moire ribbon with two black stripes—a ribbon, as every



Russian will know, belonging to said decoration. This ribbon is worn around his neck. I feel faint, for I think of recognizing my father. But the latter was a great deal taller. In my excitement I address him in English, and ask him: "Are you my father?" He shakes his head in the negative, and answers as plainly as any mortal man can speak, and in Russian, "No; I am your uncle." The word "diadia" has been heard and remembered by all the audience. It means "uncle."

But what of that? Dr. Beard knows it to be but a pitiful trick, and we must submit in silence. People that know me, know that I am far from being credulous. Though a Spiritualist of many years' standing, I am more skeptical in receiving evidence from paid mediums than many unbelievers. But when I receive such evidence as I received at the Eddys', I feel bound on my honor and under the penalty of confessing myself a moral coward, to defend the mediums as well the thousands of my brother and sister Spiritualists, against the conceit and slander of one man who has nothing and no one to back him in his assertions. I now hereby finally and publicly challenge Dr. Beard to the amount of \$500 to produce before a public audience and under the same conditions the manifestations herein attested; or, failing this, to bear the ignominious consequences of his proposed expose.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

124 EAST SIXTEENTH ST., Oct. 27.

WEST EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Oct. 10, 1874.

*Editors Weekly*—It is with feelings of heartfelt pleasure that I sit down to give you a short history of the labors among us of Mrs. A. H. Colby.

Sunday, the 4th inst., was the closing up of her engagement with us as a lecturer. She has given in all thirty-two lectures, and each lecture seemed more interesting than the preceding.

When she first came here there was a feeling of strong opposition to the liberal element, notwithstanding the labors of liberal speakers previously. I do not think, of course, that the churches look upon us any more leniently, but a great many who never thought of spiritual things in a serious and rational manner before, have become convinced that there is a truth and a philosophy in them that appeal to the best and brightest reason of man.

Mrs. Colby is a thorough trance speaker, and, while in the superior condition, the teachings of those who have passed over on the other side flow in a stream of overwhelming eloquence, and with an irresistible power from her lips, causing one to feel the actual presence of the invisibles. We think no one can listen to her lectures without feeling elevated, and having his higher and more spiritual nature ennobled by the pure teachings from those who have tried the realities of the life beyond. She is attended by Mrs. Olive K. Smith, an inspirational singer of great merit.

As Mrs. Colby and Mrs. Smith are intending to travel westward this fall and winter we cheerfully and cordially recommend them to all who wish to secure the services of one of the most eloquent speakers on the continent, and to the warm friendship of all lovers of reform.

Yours for truth,

Mrs. T. D. GIDDINGS.

**A SINGULAR VISITOR.**—On Monday night last, after the family of Mr. Cannon, of this town, had retired to bed, Mr. Cannon was suddenly startled by the appearance at the foot of the bed of a female figure dressed in deep mourning, and closely enveloped in a shawl. Mr. Cannon accosted it, but instead of replying it moved rapidly but noiselessly to the cradle, and getting into it placed itself in an apparent sleeping position. This excited the curiosity of Mr. Cannon to such a degree that he got up out of bed, and started across the room, when the strange apparition suddenly vanished from his sight. Mr. Cannon says that he was wide awake at the time of its first appearance, and as a lamp is kept burning in the room, it could not have been the result of an optical delusion or the effect of a sudden awakening from a dream. The circumstances of the case have greatly excited the minds of the superstitious, and it is said the colored people cannot be prevailed upon to pass the house after dark. Mrs. Cannon has been quite ill since the strange occurrence. —*Seaford Citizen*.

#### THE WEDGE ENTERS OLD YALE.

Truths are wonderfully progressive entities. Reaching our world from the great Somewhere which is their source, they advance only to conquer. There is no possibility of confining them. Small or great, old or young, they are alike independent of man. It matters little who first introduces them. Men do not own them, but on the contrary, all sorts of men are used by them as instruments. The meanest tongue that wags may express a bold and sturdy truth which shall, in time, overthrow rulers and nations, unless they receive it hospitably. The wise men are no match for even the smallest truths. Who can resist that which "ever comes uppermost," and,

By injury stronger grown,  
Shall win its very foes to love,  
And make the world its own?

Truths are the locomotives and steam propellers of progress. They are constantly pulling men out of ruts, grooves and places where they are likely to become cabbages with fixed roots, and giving them a great start into new courses. Facts are the stubborn things with which truths clear the track—the "cow-catchers" and "rams" with which they either shove aside or split open all obstacles too big to be run over. Some truths are stern and relentless in their nature, others winning and persuasive. One of this gentler sort has lately visited the academical town of New Haven, and, seeing at a glance that the colleges are the life of the place, composedly assembled the leading members of the Faculty, and held a seance with them for the exhibition of a mental or psychological power with which neither the learned Professor of Latin, Chemistry and Molecular Physics, History, Civil Engineering, Astronomy, Sanskrit, Agriculture, Palaeontology, Political Economy, Mathematics, nor Logic seemed at all familiar.

The meeting was held at that temple of the exact sciences, Sheffield Hall, where, of all places on this continent, men think they know certainly what they do know. Witness the following from the *New Haven Register*:

#### A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION.

On Monday afternoon Mr. J. R. Brown, the "Mind-Reader," met by appointment, a number of gentlemen, in the philosophical lecture-room of North Sheffield Hall, for the purpose of exhibiting the peculiar faculty possessed by him of receiving impressions from the minds of others, under certain conditions. There were present during part or all of the experiments, Professors Thacher, Wright, Wheeler, Fisher, Brewer, Lyman, Marsh, Walker, Whitney, Johnson, Norton and Clark, Ex-President Woolsey, Tutors Phelps and Thacher, Mr. Thacher and three or four ladies. Nine experiments were tried, seven of which were entirely successful, and the other two nearly so, in one of them entire success being impossible. Notes were taken by Professor Brewer of each experiment at the time.

These nine experiments, interspersed with conversation, occupied an hour and forty minutes. It is believed that all present considered the experiments performed with perfect fairness and honesty. Mr. Brown promised nothing that he did not successfully perform. His bearing was modest and entirely unpretending.

In the evening at the house of Prof. Lyman a few experiments were tried, which were in some respects more striking than those of the afternoon, especially in the celerity and energetic accuracy of their performance.

This is a simple case of clairvoyant thought-reading which need not have astonished the Faculty of Yale had they not lost a decade or two in consequence of over close and exclusive application to the old-time scholastic lore. It is, however, the edge of a wedge which will open the way for the greater truths of spiritualism. The clairvoyance of Mr. Brown is evidently of the same nature as that of the celebrated medium, Foster, who reads written questions in sealed envelopes, by merely pressing them to his forehead for an instant; and answers all sorts of mental questions. But Foster has, in addition to the faculties possessed by Mr. Brown, the ability to see and converse with the spirits of the dead, that being only an increased development of the simpler clairvoyant faculty. This has been tested very thoroughly and is undeniable. The Yale Professors have, therefore, stumbled upon what may be to them the germ or seminal principle of the new philosophy exemplified by modern spiritualism. If they are logically faithful to the course of investigation which the thought-reading of Mr. Brown opens to them, they will not pause until they understand all that the spirits have thus far accomplished in the way of communicating with mortals. They will have to investigate the rappings, writings, table-tippings, levitations, materializations, and de-materializations which have become a part of verified history. Such future studies of the Professors may bear unusually important fruit, for they may lead to the introduction of Spiritual Philosophy, with a regularly endowed chair, as part of the curriculum of that time-honored institution. America is the cradle of spiritualism. Yale, being our leading university, should secure to itself the honor of declaring its independence of "our incomparable masters" over the water, and of taking the initial step in the adoption of a new course of study. To do this it must act promptly. The truth is abroad in the world, armed with the stubbornest of facts, to which all must sooner or later succumb. It is merely a question of time.—*Oneida Circular*.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### CORRECTION.

*Dear Weekly*—I see that you give credit to Louis, instead of Lois Waisbrooker, for the speech given at the Connecticut State Convention, published in your last number. The tendency to give man credit for woman's work seems to run in the atmosphere, for I am certain you intended no such thing. Please correct and oblige, LOIS WAISBROOKER.

##### THE PROPOSED SEA.

Considerable discussion is now going on in reference to the propriety of the proposed plan of the French Government of filling a depression in the Sahara Desert by allowing the entrance of water from the Mediterranean. Many questions arise as to the possible effect not only on the surrounding country, but also upon the regions north of the Mediterranean. Many fear that the warm winds, which now materially modify the climate of central Europe and limit the undue extension of the glaciers of the Alps, will be so much interfered with, as to reproduce the arctic temperatures of the so-called reindeer period. Others deny this, insisting that the increase of water surface will be too small to affect the winds, while the region about the new lake will experience a succession of showers, and will become comparatively fertile. Mr. Houyvet in a communication to the French Academy, remarks that the problem is not how to establish this sea, but how to keep it up. Suppose the sea to be established by means of a canal, it would lose every day an enormous quantity of water by evaporation without receiving an equal volume of fresh water. The water evaporated being supplied through the canal, the whole body would soon reach the maximum of saturation. A deposit of salt would be formed which in time would fill up the whole space of the interior sea. The projectors, however, think that rain enough would fall to prevent such a result, and what is now a sterile waste would become a fertile country.—*Exchange*.

[See the plan proposed for reclaiming this desert waste by Mr. Maitland in his historical romance of "By and By," now being published as a serial in the *WEEKLY*.—ED. *WEEKLY*.]

**WHAT WOMAN MUST DO.**—There is no doubt that during the agitation of the subject of wider political freedom to woman, that the all-important question of a reform in dress must be considered earnestly; and on this topic the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks: "If woman ever really intends to compete with man in the daily walks of life, she will, it is to be feared, have to make some serious alterations in her attire. There cannot be a doubt, for instance, that the heeled boots she wears are wholly incompatible with the activity indispensable to those engaged in business. No stockbroker, no solicitor, no person, in fact, belonging to any profession that

requires those engaged in it to be constantly on the alert, would for a moment allow himself to be shod in the excruciating and inconvenient fashion which it has pleased woman to adopt. There is something very striking in woman's attempts at the present moment to raise herself in the estimation of man, not only by means of school boards and other platforms of a like nature, but also by wearing such enormous heels to her boots that there is no saying to what she aspires. In fact, their enormity is ever on the increase, and woman will soon, not only reach the level of man, but considerably overtop him. As she thus rears her head toward the skies, man gazes in silent awe; but, at the same time, having had considerable experience in out-door exercise and real hard walking, he feels that woman is making a great mistake; that, unless she is careful, she will, too late, find she has permanently injured the anatomy of her foot, and will be left behind in the race on which she has entered with, but for this drawback, every prospect of success.—*Exchange*.

#### THE BATTLE OF CHANGE.

BY CHAS. MACKAY, L. L. D.

Great thoughts are heaving in the world's wide breast;  
The time is laboring with a mighty birth;  
The old ideas fall,  
Men wander up and down in wild intent;  
A sense of change preparing for the Earth  
Broods over all.  
There lies a gloom on all things under heaven—  
A gloom portentous to the quiet men,  
Who see no joy in being driven  
Onward from change, ever to change again;  
Who never walk but on the beaten ways,  
And love the breath of yesterdays—  
Men who would rather sit and sleep  
Where sunbeams through the ivies creep,  
Each at his door-post all alone,  
Heedless of near or distant wars,  
Than wake and listen to the moan  
Of storm-vexed forests, nodding to the stars—  
Or hear, far off, the melancholy roar  
Of billows, white with wrath, battling against the shore.

Deep on their troubled souls the shadow lies;  
And in that shadow come and go—  
While fitful lightnings write upon the skies,  
And mystic voices chant the coming woe—  
Titanic phantoms swathed in mist and flame,  
The mighty shapes of things without a name,  
Mingling with forms more palpably defiled,  
That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind;  
Then marshalling in long array their hosts,  
Rush forth to battle in a cloud-like land,  
Thick phalanx on those far aerial coasts,  
As swarm the locusts plaguing Samarcand.  
Oh! who would live, they cry, in time like this?  
A time of conflict fierce, and trouble strange,  
When old and new, over a dark abyss,  
Light the great battle of relentless change!  
And still before their eyes discrowned kings,  
Desolate chiefs, and aged priests forlorn,  
Flit by—confused—with all incongruous things,  
Swooping in rise and fall on ponderous wings—  
While here and there, amid a golden light,  
Angelic faces, sweet as summer morn,  
Which gleam an instant ere extinguished quite,  
Or change to stony skulls; or spectres livid white.

But not to me—Oh! not to me appear  
Eternal gloom. I see a brighter sky,  
I feel the healthful motion of the sphere;  
And laying down upon the grass, I hear,  
Far, far away, yet drawing near,  
A low, sweet sound of ringing melody;  
I see the swift-winged arrows fly;  
I see the battle and the combatants;  
I know the cause for which their weapons flash;  
I hear the martial music and the chants,  
The shock of hosts, the armor clash.  
As thought meets thought; but far beyond I see,  
Adown the abysses of the Time to be,  
The well-won victory of the Right;  
The laying down of useless swords and spears,  
The reconciliation ardently desired,  
Of Universal truth and might—  
Whose long estrangement, filling earth with tears,  
Gave every manly heart, divinely fired,  
A lingering love, a hope inspired,  
To reconcile them, never more to sunder.  
Far, far away above the rumbling thunder,  
I see the splendor of another day.  
Ever since infant time began,  
There has been darkness over man:  
It rolls and shrivels up! It melts away!

#### PEOPLE WHO WHINE.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they "have no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; and they whine, no one can tell why. Now a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.—*Exchange*.

#### BUILD BUT LITTLE.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Humanity is obliged to expend more time in destruction than in construction. The old institutions, whose rubbish we are trying to remove, are so huge and multifarious, it costs battle and bloodshed and years of waiting ere a space even



is cleared for reconstruction; and centuries only do the finishing. Nature has no such bleeding sacrifices when she changes embodiments. How willingly the landscape pales and bleaches before autumnal death. How hallowed the hour of departure to the serene spirit—how blessed the rest when it pulsates anew in a deathless form that images the divine of angels! How still the disintegration of the body, mingling with its mother elements to revive again in fresh developments of life and beauty!

Let Nature have her perfect sway. Add no extra cost. Make no more room than is needed. Tax not the energies to "keep up appearances" solely, frittering away the soul's dearest affections for that which "satisfieth not."

In some respects even the birds are wiser than the sons of avarice. A snug little nest under the leaves or tender grass is enough to nurture melodies that gladden earth and sky. A neat log hut in a clean, sunny glen, adorned with flowers and vines, has an attractiveness far surpassing that of the aristocratic mansions of the fevered city. A beautiful home with just room enough, redolent with loving voices, is the nursery of heaven.

Build but little. The house lasts not long. Do not compel our successors to consume the best portion of their life in tearing down our work when its turn of disintegration shall have come. Get as near nature as possible. Listen to its lessons of decay and resurrection. Love is the law of organization. Wisdom builds a simple, orderly, modern house, and love dedicates it as the "Republic of God."

### THREE NOBLE ACTS.

Most of Horace Greeley's friends censured him for bailing Jefferson Davis; most people, including Greeley himself, regarded Mrs. Woodhull's act of taking care of her suffering, divorced husband under the same roof with her second husband as shameful; and most people condemn Theodore Tilton for condoning his wife's fault. To me these three several acts shine forth as the brightest and noblest in the lives of the actors, and I believe future generations will so regard them.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 23, 1874.

### AGRICULTURAL LABORERS.

The terrible sufferings to which English agricultural laborers are exposed have been most keenly illustrated by a case reported from North Hampshire. We read that Mary Day, wife of a laborer at Lasham, near Alton, though sixty-seven years of age, had (it transpired at an inquest), for the last five years, for want of sufficient habitable accommodation in the parish, been compelled to live with her husband entirely in sheltered spots about the farm on which her husband worked. Latterly they had erected a hut, consisting of a few hurdles covered with straw, in a chalk-pit on the farm. The woman was taken ill, and her husband applied for an order on the parish medical officers, which was refused; but Dr. Leslie, hearing of the case, sent her a cough mixture. Subsequently her husband, on returning from work, found her shivering and suffering from severe sickness. His master sent her a little brandy, and went to see her; but she died in his presence. When the coroner and jury went to see the body, they found it lying where it had remained since death, exposed, and unattended night and day by any save the husband; and the only arrangement made by the authorities for the funeral was to have a coffin placed by the side of the body. Words, as the *Examiner* truly remarks, fail in a case like this. A fugitive murderer, a thieving tramp, a leper, a mange-stricken dog, might meet with such treatment; but this woman's husband is a man who works for his "living"—he is "a laborer in Christian England." Is it against a class of which this miserable couple are a possible outcome that English farmers, English lords and gentlemen, are prepared to fight to the bitter end?—*The Burlington Daily (Iowa)*.

### SHAKER CHRISTIANITY.

Those who believe that what is called Christianity is developed from the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are miserably mistaken. In his day, Jesus was the sedition of the streets of Jerusalem, and, were he alive now, and in New York, he would be, if he spoke as he did in Judea, the sedition of the streets of New York. The reason why the rich have usurped the name of Christians is, not because they are followers of Jesus, but because church building and church frequenting are profitable speculations. That is our preface; now we make room for the Shaker:

#### COMMUNISM.

"And all that believed were together, and had all things in common.—Acts ii. 44.

While there are many theories and notions too absurd for sound minds to credit, and others, to say the least, quite doubtful, there still remain many facts, beyond all peradventure. These are at once embraced by all truth-loving souls. Of such is the Scripture above-quoted. Believers in the days of Jesus were neither avaricious, nor monopolizers. Their love for each other cast out all selfishness, and their possessions flowed together. Their tender and mutual regard for the common weal allowed no one to call aught he had his own, in an exclusive sense, but they had all things common. The candid reading of Acts ii. 41, 42 and iv. 31-37, must convince all sane persons of these facts.

Nor will any one dare to intimate that these Christians did wrong in thus providing for the wants of each out of their common store. How natural that their overflowing love for each other should thus flow their earthly goods into an unselfish pile. In thus loving and living did they go beyond the law and the gospel? Did not, and does not each enjoin that we love our neighbor as ourselves? How then could or can such heart-searching injunctions be fulfilled short of doing just what these true Christians did? All this is conceded by those who ignore and indeed contravene their example.

But they say the peculiar circumstances of these early disciples demanded this community of goods. Such special

pleaders, not to say quibblers, are of the earth earthy. Like the old ox fable between the farmer and the lawyer, they say "and if," clinging to the letter and sticking to the devil's maxim, "circumstances alter cases." Destitute themselves of principle, such pharisaical interpreters try hard to construe communism out of genuine Christians, whose unfeigned love has left us this heavenly example. Not by constraint of great destitution and suffering did these beloved followers of the meek and lowly Jesus put their possessions at the Apostles' feet; but from their supreme love to their heavenly Father and Mother, and their fellow-Christians. He who, out of his own selfish heart, so misinterprets their motives, is little short of a slanderer. Some say, "Persecutions and destitution compelled the communistic practice." Commentators and preachers thus try to interpret away this blessed example and excuse the avarice of themselves and flocks. Persecutions never created a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

The profoundly learned Paul has testified that "the love of money is the root of all evil," that corrupt men suppose "that gain is godliness;" that such as "will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition \* \* \* piercing them through with many sorrows."

The cure for all this is not 'temporary circumstances,' but forsaking all for Christ's sake and the weal of his true followers.

This is simply what the Shakers do, which beyond all peradventure must be right. Did they refuse to do this they would not do as Christ and his disciples did, and of course refuse to follow him. As the principle is not only general but universal, all who fail to do likewise fail to love their neighbor as they love themselves.

In the next number I may show the blessings which flow from having things in common.—*Shaker and Shakeress*.

If the people who term themselves Christians were really believers in the whole Bible, communism would be established in Europe and the United States to-morrow. It was decreed by the apostles immediately after they received (according to the Scriptures) the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. It was never rescinded by the apostles. If it lapsed we are not informed that they in any wise consented thereto. It agrees with and is based upon the teachings of the Nazarene, who was throughout his life the iconoclast of the family arrangement, and whose money laws could only be perfected under a system which recognized communal interests as far greater than those of individuals.

[N. Y. Herald.]

### A REMARKABLE CASE.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER MATTER.

MINGAUT VALLEY, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1874.

On Saturday last an itinerant peddler entered the house of James Tolin, living near this place, and proceeded to display his wares to Mrs. Tolin, despite her assertions that she did not wish to buy anything. Mr. Tolin was confined to his bed and had been so confined for many years, being so crippled with rheumatism that it had been long impossible for him to leave his bed unless carried from it. After showing his goods, the peddler commenced a conversation, in the course of which he learned the helpless condition of Mr. Tolin. Finally he made an insulting proposal to Mrs. Tolin, and she indignantly ordered him to leave the house. Instead, he approached her and seized hold of her, saying, with an oath, that she was in his power, as her husband was as good as dead. Mrs. Tolin, being a delicate woman, ran screaming into another room. The peddler followed her, and, before she could escape by the door, caught her again. A desperate struggle ensued between them, and Mrs. Tolin was thrown violently to the floor by the powerful villain. Mr. Tolin had been all the time a witness of the struggle, lying powerless in his bed. At the sound of his wife falling on the floor, however, and her frantic shrieks for aid, he seemed to be endowed with supernatural power. Under the influence of that power he sprang from the bed he had been unable to leave for years. Seizing a heavy crutch that stood near the bed, he rushed into the room where the struggle was going on. Mrs. Tolin had succeeded in regaining her feet, but the peddler had grasped her around the waist, and was endeavoring again to throw her. As Mr. Tolin entered the room, the singular spectacle of a bedridden cripple hastening to the defense of his wife seemed to paralyze the scoundrel, and he stood staring as if in a trance at the approach of the husband. Mr. Tolin, nerved by unnatural strength, brought the crutch down over the head of the peddler and felled him like an ox to the floor. The next instant the excitement and superhuman effort that had supported the husband left him. With a shriek that told of the intense agony of the relapse, he clasped his hand to his forehead and dropped to the floor and almost instantly expired. Mrs. Tolin succeeded in getting the body of her husband back in the bed, and then started for assistance. She was obliged to go over a mile before she was able to obtain any. When she returned with several neighbors the peddler was gone. He had recovered consciousness and fled, leaving his pack in the house. When the news of the attempted outrage and the tragic death of Mr. Tolin spread throughout the neighborhood, the most intense excitement prevailed. Squads of men started in every direction, searching for the peddler, but as yet he has not been found. In the present feeling, if he falls into the hands of the populace, that he will be lynched there is not the slightest doubt.

### DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Among the Cape Codders—Harwich Port. Here is where the glorious camp meeting of Spiritualists was held last July. Here are men who fear no thought, women who welcome reform. Cape Cod was the old tramping ground of the Abolitionists. Many of the earliest battles for freedom were fought here. Garrison, Foster, Phillips, Pillsbury here sowed

liberty-seed. Here to-day live many retired sea captains with their families.

The Cape is noted for its pretty women and manly men. These people read, study, think.

I know it is not customary to praise the living, but to eulogize the dead. That is not my fashion. It is better to be just in censure and frank in communication.

Sociability is a marked trait in the character of the Cape Cod people. Happier days I never spent anywhere, although most of my life has been brimful of happiness; but these friends of the Cape made it fuller. Night after night I was kept busy attending the social parties that the ladies naively planned for the lone itinerant, an orphan, two thousand miles from home! There was the party of seventy in two sail boats that danced on the ocean billows one lovely September day away to a neighboring beach where quadrilles and jigs were enjoyed, and edibles. Owing to the great weight of my years I did not undertake the intricate steps of the mazy dance. Nevertheless, there were a few innocent and "amoozing" games, into the merits and mysteries of which I was speedily inducted. The lessons there learned can never be forgotten. Fun and frolic! More is needed by the lack-a-day world. This lesson the friends of the Cape can verily teach—how to think and how to recreate.

Captain Gilbert Smith, a veteran, not only of the sea, but of unpopular reforms, is cosily spending his declining years where he still may hear the ever-moaning of the deep—a clear-headed old gentleman, in whose mind the nonsense of theology long since was uprooted. Mrs. Smith has, with genuine hospitality, welcomed many a weary reformer.

Capt. W. B. Kelley is the soul of song; gaiety and wit are his almost constant companions; and, like most of the Spiritualists of this section, he is radical to the core.

Capt. Ephraim Doane, Hon. George Smalley, and others that might be named, make up the united band, owning a public building in which meetings are held.

Like practical Spiritualists, the Harwich Port Society do not neglect the children, or worse, hand them over to be craftily manipulated by Protestant or Catholic Jesuits. Interesting sessions of the Children's Lyceum are held Sunday evenings. The culture evinced by both children and leaders is a most cheering sign of progress. The clergy in Harwich and vicinity find themselves compelled to preach liberal sermons in order to keep abreast of the sentiments of their hearers.

Many of my plain Western friends would be astonished to find among these spiritualistic reformers so much elegance of attire. The ladies dress with richness and great taste. The fact that Harwich Port is but a few hours ride by railroad from Boston, may have something to do with its people following the fashions.

Though Cape Cod is doomed to be swallowed by the sea, sand by sand, its present inhabitants are in no haste to move. It is an event far in the future, but not so far as the Adventist bodily ascension in the air, for which approaching occasion many robes are ready. "Let her bridle"—(nautical phrase).

A SATIRICAL JUDGE.—There is something so caustic in the following anecdote that we borrow it from the *rac* London correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*: "The late Chief Justice Maule had brought before him a poor sailor charged with bigamy. The sailor pleaded guilty, and on being asked if he had anything to say why the usual sentence should not be passed, said: 'May it please your Lordship, my wife ran away with another man and left me with a family of children whom my duties as a British sailor hardly enable me to take care of without another wife. What ought I to have done?' 'Prisoner,' said his Lordship, 'I will tell you what you ought to have done. You ought to have employed a posse of police to pursue that eloping wife and to have established a case of *crim. con.* against her; you ought then to have gone up to the House of Lords and secured from their Lordships a divorce, and married again. You may say such a procedure would cost you five or six hundred pounds, whereas you have not so many pence. But, sir, that makes no difference. It is my business, sitting here as an English judge, to inform you that this is not a country where there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.' The story represents a bit of irony under which the costly machinery of the Lord's court in such cases makes way for the divorce court.—*Boston Investigator*.

THE height of Christian virtue, according to the *Detroit Free Press*, is to go to the cemetery with your wife and weep with her over her husband's grave. We anticipate something better than that, however. When the spirit of the first husband materializes, as it undoubtedly will in due season, let his successor clasp the hands of the reunited husband and wife, and, clapping the former on the shoulder, say cheerfully, "She's yours, old fellow. Bless ye, my children. Tah-tah." Talk about Enoch Arden! Who will do this thing?—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

A FRENCH medical journal reports the cure of the most refractory corns by the morning and evening application, with a brush, of a drop of a solution of the perchloride of iron. It states that after a fortnight's continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered nearly forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each little toe, was entirely relieved; pressure was no longer painful, and the cure seemed to be radical. Other and similar cases are reported as equally successful under the treatment.

JOHN MORRISSEY is betting on the election of Tilden, and taking all the bets that are offered, especially when the parties offer to bet two to one that Dix will be elected. Mr. Morrissey thinks that Tilden is sure to be the next Governor, especially on account of the present hard times. That is what he bets on, and there's a great deal in it.

A HARDIN county (Ky.) negro, 50 years old, has turned perfectly white, with the exception of a few dark spots about his face and neck.



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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1874.

## THE ULTIMATUM.

FROM THE SPEECH "TRIED AS BY FIRE."

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

## VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IN THE FIELD.

That the social question has taken a deep and firm hold upon the better and thinking classes of the community there can be no longer any doubt. The persistency with which it has been discussed by the editor-in-chief of the WEEKLY, both in its columns and upon the rostrum, is at last beginning to yield its legitimate fruit. People have come to recognize that it is something more than a mere vulgar notoriety that is urging her on to do battle for this cause, and that the most important problem for the consideration of the race is involved in it. So, while the half-way reformers are hesitating as to the expediency of supporting the demand for the sexual emancipation of woman, which is the sum and substance of her theories, the world's people are coming to the front to do what the others should have done from the first.

It will be remembered that in last week's number there were notices from the Philadelphia papers of her recent lecture in Horticultural Hall in that city. About a week after that lecture, as she was passing through Philadelphia, she was waited upon by a delegation of gentlemen and ladies who heard her lecture, and tendered, in connection with Miss Claflin, a complimentary testimonial in the Academy of Music, on the 16th of November, in recognition of the good that they have seen must follow from such presentations of the social question as that made in Horticultural Hall. It is not necessary for us to say that such recognition as this, from some of the best citizens—conservative citizens—of such a staid and proper city as Philadelphia, is a most welcome and cheering fact for us who have so long struggled against the taunts and defamations of those who ought to have been active supporters of the cause, but who, on the contrary, have put forth their utmost efforts to deprive us of the support of everybody and to destroy the WEEKLY—who had rather the cause should sink into an infamous oblivion than that it should attain success through any efforts of ours, simply because they are ours. It is a long road that has no turn; and if these people who have been pursuing us for more than a year, with a heretofore unknown maliciousness, do not some time meet with a sudden and unexpected corner in their route, then there is no justice in the immutable laws of divine compensation. We can well afford to watch and wait until these laws shall have reached them and meted out what they have invited upon themselves. In the meantime we shall go forward with the work that we have to do, with a pity, only, in our hearts for those who have been so foolish as to imagine that they could compass the destruction of a cause which the angels are bent on sending forward to a successful issue.

## THE NEW RELIGION—UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

## No. VII.

We have now examined the principal facts that we find existing as the frame-work of society, and have found all of them incompatible with the principle of divine justice—abstract justice, divorced from all theories and arguments of expediency, custom and law—that justice which must be the law of combination, construction and administration in any condition of society that shall have any right to be considered an ultimate condition. As to whether it is possible now or soon to inaugurate such an order upon earth depends wholly, first, upon whether men and women are sufficiently developed, intellectually, to perceive the difference between legal and natural justice, and, next, whether they are sufficiently developed, morally, to be willing to follow the bent of their intellectual perception. We do not propose to discuss whether these conditions do or do not exist now; but to defer it until we have shown, as we can and shall, that it is for the interest of all that justice be rendered to each and every individual—even for the interests of those who, at first thought, it would seem must suffer by the change.

There is, however, one more common fact, not really included in the relations of the people—industrially and morally, so-called—that perhaps ought to be considered before proceeding to the second and more important part of our subject. We refer to education. The system that has been in vogue could not have been better adapted to foster and make possible the present injustices in all our other relations than it has proved to be, if it had been specially devised for that purpose. It is true that this system has gradually developed in the right direction. It is true that scarcely a century ago there was no general system at all, anywhere; that all the common school education that the common masses could possibly obtain, was received through the voluntary combination of a neighborhood to obtain a teacher during a few of the winter months, the several families subscribing their several amounts for the purpose. It was only the sons of a few of the wealthy who could afford to go to college or other high school for a better education than was otherwise possible. Gradually, this voluntary combination extended until it became a community affair, and teachers were paid from the general fund raised by taxation; and this, in turn, is now assuming the form of compulsory attendance on the part of all the children who are between certain stated ages. All this has developed because the people have come, or are coming gradually, to recognize that it is not the parents only who are interested in the education of their children; indeed, that it is not they who have the deepest interest in the rising generation. Outside of whatever interest they may have (and, as has been demonstrated sufficiently, they frequently have none at all, keeping their children at hard labor when they ought to be at school) the community has a more direct and tangible interest; and outside, again, of the community, the children themselves have a right, higher and broader than either the parents or the community, which right it is both the duty and the interest of the community to have accorded to them fully. The growth toward this, in the public mind, has been slow and silent; but it demonstrates the truth, nevertheless, of the fact that we have often stated: that it is the duty of the community to see to it that every child born shall have the same opportunities on to adult age. It has not got so far as this as yet, in practice; but the near approach to it is the proof that this is the goal soon to be reached.

It requires only to be stated to be self-evident that, when every child in a community has the same advantages that every other child receives, one of the chief causes of the possibility for inequalities among the people will be done away with. Equality denies the right to one portion of the young of receiving special education by special means that forever after makes each of that portion superior in possibilities to every one of the portion receiving inferior advantages. At the very threshold of life there is a caste built up by this method that makes equality impossible. If it is good that any should be taught all there is known and taught it is better that the whole should be thus educated. Nothing can be clearer than this; nor can anything be clearer than that, if the whole were so instructed now, it would thereby make an immense stride toward equal conditions everywhere.

We are aware of the great hue-and-cry that is raised about the control of children being wrested from parents; but for all this we shall not hesitate at all proper times and places to declare that whatever is for the good of children, let it militate never so greatly against the present ideas of parental authority, is the best thing to be done; and not only best, but right. The parents who will be most likely to raise this objection should look back, only a few years, and remember how some parents then as stoutly objected to being compelled to permit their children to attend school even so little as three months in each year. "Haven't I a right to do with my children as I shall elect?" was not an uncommon expression. But this has been answered by the sober, common sense of the community emphatically, "No! You have no right to your children for any other purpose than to do for them that which will make them the best members of society when they shall arrive at adult age."

The very foundation corner-stone of the whole Christian theory, which is built upon the teachings of Christ, and

which is not wholly hypocritical pretense, is that the human family is one, and that all are brothers and sisters; but almost the whole Christian world, while making this profession, practices precisely the reverse. Christians do not regard other men and women, or even themselves, as brothers and sisters in any way beyond a mere theoretical play upon words, which haven't the slightest meaning in practice; nor do they even imagine that the children of those others, whom they profess are their brothers and sisters—are their own children—equally to be cared for and educated, with the fruits of their own loins. Nothing can be clearer than that the teachings of their professed Master should lead them to do just what we are going to show them it is their duty as men and women, regardless of any professed allegiance to Christ. We have never demanded for humanity anything whatever that the teachings and practices of the gentle Nazarene deny—nothing but what is a logical right, following from the fact that this is a great human family, in which none have rights superior to others, but in which all are equal.

Remember we do not say that perfect justice has ever been possible in all these things. We are well aware that society as well as every other department of the great universe, has evolved by a common law. Nor do we even say that this condition is quite possible now for all people; but we do say that there are people large enough, intellectually, and grand enough, morally, to render perfect justice to all; and it is to them that we appeal to inaugurate what is just and what is right. Every attempt ever made at a community life had its origin in the perception that it must be in a community of interests where justice for all can prevail. The very general agitations about, and the many movements toward communities, are proofs that the people are ripening for the general and final inauguration of justice into a common system for the whole world.

In such a system any one with even a very common perception will see that there could be no possible application of the objections that are raised against what we call a better mode of educating the young. Children will not be ruthlessly torn away from the affection and supervising care of their parents, as it is affected that they would be; but their education in all directions will be attended to by just that part of the adults who are best adapted to have the charge of children. Then there will be no isolated families living apart from everybody else; but people will live in organized communities of such size as experience will demonstrate as the best. If a million of men have been organized in an army and moved as if by clock work, why may not many millions of men and women be organized in a great industrial brotherhood, and moved still more harmoniously when the power of adhesion will be attraction and not force, as in the army?

Moreover, the proper education of children is something widely different from anything that has ever yet been practiced. It is something more than mere mental training; it is a combination of everything practical in life; it is the combination of industrial, physical, mental, moral and sexual development; all going forward together in harmonious growth. The curse of our modern education is, that during just that period of life when the body demands exercise more than at any other period, muscular exercise is almost wholly lost by the application of all the strength to study, mentally. In a system where all the different departments of the human body and mind are equally the subject of development, there never could be any such thing as "sex in education," about which there is so much wrangling among the "savans." Now, when girls or boys concentrate all their nervous capacities to mental studies, the other parts of the system are left without their proper stimulus, and of course the organization becomes one-sided; all the forces being turned into mental channels the other streams become dry, and they go into decay as a natural consequence. At the very period of life when the sexual nature of both boys and girls should be and is bounding with impulse, it is forced into mental effort and expended there, until this divergence from its natural channel becomes chronic, when of course their physical health suffers; becomes, perhaps, irremediably ruined. This is the philosophy of all the cases that are cited by the class who pretend that there is "sex in education" to maintain their theory. Sexual vitality can no more be entirely diverted from its natural channels, and the person remain in health, than the whole muscular energy can be expended in brain work and health be maintained; and when the people generally shall have been roused from the stupor in which it has been possible to make them believe that sexual power is derived from the devil and leads its possessor down to hell, and see, instead, that it is God's first and greatest gift to man, they will so utterly reverse the present practices and theories, that not one stone of the system will be left standing upon another that shall not be thrown down and cleared away for another system that shall be based in common sense, and treat all departments of human nature as of divine origin, and when naturally exercised as contributing to the divine purpose and economy.

Hence, in the coming organization of the race into the great human family, one of the chief corner-stones will be right education under directions for the young. Until this is perfected there can be no perfect society, since to form a perfect society out of unjustly grown children, would be an impossibility; while to be entirely just to all children would be to pave the way to a peaceful and gradual, instead of a bloody and violent, transition from what is, to what is



to come; all of which, whether it come by the former or by the latter method, will be the inauguration of the New Religion upon earth; will be the establishment of Universal Justice among men.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

The impression seems to have become general, from the regularity with which the WEEKLY is issued, that we no longer require the aid and pecuniary assistance hitherto so generously rendered us by the active friends of the Reforms of which it is the especial advocate, and our friends seem to have relaxed their efforts in the circulation of the WEEKLY and increase of our subscriptions.

Now, it is the experience of all publishers that the past year has been one of extraordinary hardship, requiring heavy drafts upon their reserve funds to keep their papers running. The universal stagnation of business has made itself severely felt through their subscribers, who have found it impossible to renew their subscriptions promptly, and through business men, who have had to curtail or withdraw entirely their advertisements. We have not escaped this experience, but have carried the WEEKLY along thus far without any especial call upon our friends for assistance; nevertheless we have sustained it with difficulty, and therefore we have now to call upon all who favor the cause to rally to the defense, and renew their efforts in the maintenance of this journal.

Let the friends in every city, town, village and hamlet make common cause with us. Let the WEEKLY be ordered at our club rates to the extent of all the funds they can raise, not only for friends, but for distribution. Let those who now receive one paper renew their subscription and order another copy, present the claims of the WEEKLY to all their friends and acquaintances, and solicit their patronage. We cannot afford to employ agents to canvass for it, but we feel confident its merits need only to be pointed out to the people and a personal application for subscription be made, to double our lists by the first of the coming year. We know there are thousands of earnest souls who have both the means and the will to help on the cause, and that it is only necessary that they know the WEEKLY, and that it needs their aid, to support it. That they may know it we now speak and ask your co-operation in presenting it to them. Will not each one of you feel it your duty and a pleasure to aid us in this manner? A general effort on the part of those interested and a prompt renewal of subscriptions that have expired, accompanied by a new subscription, will enable us to enter upon the new year with a full list and confidence in the continued success of the WEEKLY.

No Spiritualists, no friends of the cause of human progress, none who desire to advance their own best interests, can afford to neglect this appeal.

#### THE LADY OF ST. NICKOLAS.

Woman stands no chance whatever under Jewish theology. The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was the bitter tyrant and merciless opponent of Hagar, Rebekah and Leah, the first of whom was abandoned, the second denied, and the third hated by the three pious patriarchs who claimed to own them. But though she stands no chance in the Jewish heaven, where she is not mentioned either as a goddess or an angel, or on earth, where, from the time of Adam, she is decreed to be man's slave, she is, according to Jewish tradition, well represented in hell, as the following narrative testifies:

"Baring Gould, in his 'Legends of Old Testament Characters,' speaks thus of Lilith in his first volume:

"After his fall, Satan took to himself four wives—Lilith; Naama, the daughter of Lamech and the sister of Tubal Cain; Igereth and Machalath. Each became the mother of a great host of devils, and each rules with her host over a season of the year. Lilith is followed by 480 legions of devils, for that number is comprised in her name. According to some, Lilith is identical with Eve; she rules over Damascus, Naama over Tyre, Igereth over Malta and Rhodes, and Machalath over Crete."

"Baring Gould further remarks that Eve was Adam's second wife was a common rabbinical speculation; certain of the commentators adopted the view to account for the double creation of woman in the sacred text—first, in Gen. i. 27, and secondly in Gen. ii. 18; and they say that Adam's first wife was named Lilith, but she was expelled from Eden, and after her expulsion Eve was created.

"Abraham Ecchebelleuses gives the following account of Lilith and her doings: 'There are some who do not regard spectres as simple devils, but suppose them to be of a mixed nature, part demoniacal, part human, and to have had their origin from Lilith, Adam's first wife, by Eblis, the prince of the devils.'

"This fable has been transmitted to the Arabs from Jewish sources by some converts of Mohammed from Cabbalism and Rabbinism, who transferred all Jewish fooleries to the Arabs. They gave to Adam a wife, formed of clay along with Adam, and called her Lilith, resting on the Scripture 'Male and female created He them;' but when this woman, on account of her simultaneous creation with him, became proud and a vexation to her husband, God expelled her from Paradise, and then said, 'It is not good that the man should be

alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him;' and this they confirm by the words of Adam when he saw the woman fashioned from his rib, 'This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh,' which is as much as to say, 'Now God has given me a wife and companion suitable for me, taken from my bone and flesh, but the other wife he gave me was not of my bone and flesh, and therefore was not a suitable companion and wife to me.'

"But Lilith, after she was expelled from Paradise, is said to have married the devil, by whom she had children, who are called Jins. These were endowed with six qualities, of which they share three with men and three with devils. Like men, they generate in their own likeness, eat food, and die. Like devils, they have wings, and fly where they list with great velocity; they are invisible, and they can pass through solid substances without injuring them. This race of Jins is supposed to be less noxious to men, and indeed to live in some familiarity and friendship with them, as part sharers in their nature. The author of the history and acts of Alexander of Macedon relates that in a certain region of India, on certain hours of the day, young Jins assume a human form, and appear openly, and play games with the native children with human parents quite familiarly."—*Jewish World*.

There is some excuse for Catholic women retaining a belief in the bible, but none for Protestant women. The Roman Church, saturated with the purer philosophy of the ancient Grecian and Roman faiths, which accorded high honors to woman, early saw the failure of Judaism in that particular, and elevated the Virgin Mary to the rank of a goddess. Throughout the dark ages, under its rulings, women occupied two positions. The celibate woman was almost deified, and ranked high above those who thought fit to use the sexual functions nature had given them. To this day, with the Catholic, the nun takes precedence of all her child-bearing sisters. But the ruling of the Catholic Church did not terminate with the above distinction; for other women paid for it, who were deprived of all temporal power, even over their own persons, and only granted superior excellence in the moon, or in the heavens above, which amounts to the same thing. In consequence, the ladies of the knights and nobles felt the benefit of the better position, and were held as too sacred to be touched or locked at, while the wives of the serfs and commoners, wholly helpless under the latter ruling, were treated as beasts of burden, plowed with, sold at markets, and could, under Saxon law, be flogged by their husbands with sticks that were not thicker than the thumbs of their owners.

But woman, in Catholic countries, is at least under law, and, we believe, under a more merciful law, than that which is called "the inspired law" of Moses. In Protestant communities, woman has no distinct status. There custom and law is her tyrant. In the United States she is torn to pieces by almost as many various rulings as there are States; and there is no bond so much dishonored as the legal bond of marriage. Although her political power is not recognized, she is not deprived of her right to vote by law, but by custom. Why? Because Americans would be ashamed to make a congressional law defining her present servile position. But the rule of custom is a far greater tyranny than the rule of law. Under it society does acts which it would be ashamed to embody in words. Mrs. Tilton may not be Mr. Tilton's chattel, but he has affixed a money value on her as a chattel, and sued Mr. Beecher for damages to that amount. Were Mrs. Tilton an individual with the full rights of a human being, it would be an act of folly for the law to award one adult human being money for damages done to another adult human being. Change the sex, and the monstrosity of such a ruling would appear at once. Charles thrashes Bill within an inch of his life, and therefore the law awards Bill's partner, Tom, damages. The curiosity of the business is that the above robbery, which refuses to accord to woman a money payment for damages done to her person but awards it to another party, is presented to woman as another evidence of the peculiar care man has for her, and as a proof of his earnest desire to defend her from his unwarranted importunities. It is to be hoped, however, that no woman who has come to years of discretion is duped in this particular. However women may differ as to the subject of the use and uselessness of legal marriages, it is believed that the legal assessment of the money value of their persons, payable not to themselves, but their owners, must open their eyes to their legal status, which is that of "femmes couvertes"—that is, merged or hidden women—*alias*, legal nonentities or slaves.

There should go forth from the women of this country one general demand for an exact and national definition of their positions, political, religious and social also. At present, in one State they vote and hold office; in another, they vote under certain restrictions for certain positions; in another, they are fighting for similar rights; and in another such demands are sternly denied. In one Church (the Catholic) they receive, if celibates, the highest spiritual honors, and form separate communities; but they must not publicly exhort, and, under Archbishop Manning's rule, are not permitted to sing before a promiscuous congregation. In another Church (the Episcopalian) they may sing, and are encouraged to do so, but exhorting is forbidden. In a third (the Presbyterian) the law appears to be that it is wrong for a woman (Miss Smiley) to preach, though it is not censurable for a minister (Mr. Cuyler) to invite her to occupy his pulpit. In a fourth (the Methodist) women may talk and sing and rant and roar

till they are black in their faces. In social affairs, woman, it is true, not unfrequently gives the tone to the churches and to society generally. People are apt to think promiscuity is wrong. Well, it is, when it is poor, but taht is not the case when it is rich and powerful. In ancient times, Aspasias and Cleopatras gave the law to Athens and Egypt. In more modern times, Katherine of Russia, whom Byron terms "the greatest of all empresses and —s," was almost deified by the black and white clergy of Russia, and the proud Boyards buried their faces in the dust in her presence. Remembering the moral condition of Spain under two of its late queens, Catholicity cannot boast of its superior sanctity in that particular; and even the staid Protestantism of England must feel sheepish when it looks at the Dukes of St. Albans and Richmond, and remembers how abjectly she honored their progenitor, the merry monarch, Charles the Second, the son of the Martyr of blessed memory. But, notwithstanding the fact that woman cannot be entirely deprived of her natural power in social matters, the art of man and his desire for sway, have induced many foolish women to permit their poorer sisters to be ruled out as aliens to humanity, who are guilty of no greater crime than he is himself. And thus, for the wretched mess of pottage of a shadowy superior excellence, many women are to be found, in this hypocritical age, who have thus bartered their birth-right and surrendered their own natural power over man in the domain of the affections.

So much for the undeveloped status of woman. So much for the thimble-rigging of politicians, the twistings and twinings of priesthoods, and the bold robbery of woman's social rights in the third particular. It is believed that all these are the results of the rulings of the Jew Moses, filtered through the ages. They are the dregs of the savage barbarisms of his time afflicting modern society. But as we suffer from one Jew, it is only fitting and proper that another Jew should step forward to mitigate the sorrows caused by his ancient countryman. To that end, we presume, Mr. Baring Gould, in his "Legends of Old Testament Characters," has put forth the history of Lilith, the Lady of St. Nickolas, and has instructed women that, though she be unheard of in the Jewish heaven, there is plenty of room for her, and she is well represented in the Jewish hell. If we believed in such a place, or had the least particle of faith in that intractable opposition to Omnipotence, the Devil, we should feel called upon to thank him for the information he has unearthed from the musty records of the past. We do not hesitate to assert that a defined position for woman in hell must have some advantages over her present undefined status on earth. Any way, we honor Lilith and her sisters, Naama, Igereth and Machalath, for rebelling against the Jewish dispensation, under which woman has so long been rated as a nonentity and a slave, and heartily wish them success in their efforts against it, in every particular.

#### ALIUM SED IDEM.

"Another, but the same." This was the ancient motto of the great State of New York, which, in colonial times, it received from Great Britain; and, therefore, it well becomes us in turn to exchange it, with our love, to our brother and sister Spiritualists in England. But we have another reason for so saying; it is because we recognize that the Congress of the British National Association of Spiritualists and that of the Universal Association of American Spiritualists are not morally sundered, although, geographically, an ocean flows between them.

For the above pleasant memories we are indebted to a writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* of London, for October, who informs us that:

"Members of the (British) National Association (of Spiritualists), at this Congress (held in London August 5, 1874), proposed to expunge all mention of sympathy with the doctrines of the Gospels from the principles and objects of the National Association of Spiritualists, 'because it is impossible to please everybody.' Mr. Morse, the medium, approved of this, and proposed that all mention of sympathy with the teachings of the New Testament be expunged from the rules of the National Association. No dissent from the proposition was expressed, so far as appeared in the report of the meeting in the *Daily News*, of August 6. The Association therefore tacitly accepted and proclaimed its adhesion to this astonishing principle."

The reporter (William Howitt) then proceeds to arraign the Congress for so acting, and hurls his anathemas upon it with all the cant of a Maw-worm and all the bigotry of a Torquemada. The letter, or sermon, of ten pages, of course terminates with special "vituperation" of the WEEKLY and its proprietors, instructing us, however, that "its arguments are reprinted in some of the English newspapers," the *Herald* and *Helpmate* being especially designated. As the latter part of this discourse abounds with coarse and false allusions and filthy and insolent personalities, we pass it, as is our custom in such cases, with contempt, only saying that when the writer comes to his senses, and ceases to degrade himself, the WEEKLY, like Priscilla (in a lingo he appears to understand), will have no objection "to instruct him in the way" of truth "more perfectly."

But we are glad to find that he is an exception to the Spiritualists of Great Britain. We have nothing but praise for the action of his countrymen in Congress assembled. In both countries vigorous efforts have been made by half-hearted Spiritualists to hang Spiritualism to the tail of the Chris-



tian kite, but we are glad to find that both in England and the United States they have signally failed. Spiritualism, already taking deep root in all continents and in all civilized countries, is far too grand to be the adjunct of any one faith. It is as free as love ought to be, and

"As broad and general as the casing air,"

and cannot be confined to any miserable creed. At the same time it anathematizes none. If it rejects them, it can afford to do so without vituperation, for it sees good in the Buddhist, the Brahmin, the Mohammedan and the Christian, and loves them all, although it refuses to bow down to the little celestial images they have set up for worship. This position no doubt displeases many who do not, and, we fear, many who will not appreciate the magnitude of the reforms it is already developing for the good of humanity. But it commends itself to the many for the very reason that it is displeasing to the few, and therefore it is no wonder that, in the general Congress held by Spiritualists, there is no force either in the United States or England that can be brought to oppose the impregnable position it has taken, which, as regards the various religions which afflict mankind, is—"Charity for all; malice toward none."

#### CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

Under the head of "Political Coverture," the New York *Independent* of October 29 thus describes the condition of married women under the law:

The word *coverture* is a technical term of law, referring to the old common law doctrine that the civil existence of a married woman is, for many purposes, merged in that of her husband, thus legally converting the two into one person, and making that person the husband.

Notwithstanding this terrible surrender of personality demanded from woman, the WEEKLY is blamed by many for objecting to marriage, which, at present, under any form, carries with it almost the annihilation of the personality of woman. In our opinion, under it her love is treated as a criminal offense, and woman is subjected by law to man for indulging in the same, and we might add, literally sold to man as a branded chattel, having a money value, pertaining to him alone, as we have shown in another article.

But we proceed to quote the *Independent's* idea of the political slavery of woman:

In this (the political) respect, women have been placed in the class of idiots, minors, aliens, and criminals. They have belonged to the proscribed class or caste of sex to which all political functions have been denied. The other sex has formed the privileged class or caste, and this arrangement has given to the world two permanent castes—the female caste of subjects without power and the male caste of despots with power.

The theory of this system is that woman, for the purposes of government, is fully represented by and legally unified with the other sex. Politically she exists, so far as she exists at all, in the person of the man—if a wife, in the person of her husband; if a daughter, in the person of her father; if a mother, in the person of her son. As a distinct individual, having a separate will and performing a personal function, she has no political being whatever. In this respect she is of no more consequence than the mote that flits in the breeze. Her whole individuality is so absolutely covered by and lost in the other sex that its identity is not discernible. Nothing is left of it—not a fact, attribute, power, or function—to show that it exists at all. Political *coverture*, as thus explained, is the political annihilation of one-half of the adult human race.

Thus our social system deprives woman of her rights, even the most sacred one, viz., that over her own person; and our political system forbids her, cruelly, unjustly and unconstitutionally, the power of righting her wrongs, and establishing herself in her proper position as the co-equal and help-mate of her partner—man.

We omit the three paragraphs immediately following, inasmuch as we, too, believe that the present condition of woman is a growth like that of all other earthly things, religions included. Her status in savage life was and is that of an absolute slave, the prey of the strongest man; we have no doubt that the Mosaic dispensation was an improvement upon the same; we know that Jesus ameliorated that also in the case of the woman he refused to condemn, though captured in the act of adultery. The deification of the Virgin Mary, instituted by the Catholic Church, next effected an improvement of the condition of woman in the upper ranks of society, and Protestantism has extended the same throughout all grades. But the old savage feature of the individual subjection of a woman to a man has yet to be overturned, and we believe that the rights of woman will be better secured by her being placed under the collective care of civilized society, herself being in power over the protection of the same as well as her help-mate man. For these reasons we can well indorse the conclusion of the article, which is as follows and needs no comment:

The suffrage movement in favor of women is an organized protest of thought and effort against the whole doctrine of political *coverture*. It seeks to overthrow it from top-stone to foundation. Its fundamental propositions in respect to civil government are those set forth in the Declaration of Independence. Its corollary from these principles is that the voting franchise and the office-holding franchise, by right of nature, by right of self-protection and by right of expediency, as really belong to women as they do to men. It makes a deliberate onset upon the venerable despotism of sex. It demands that the great doctrines which underlie the institutions of this country shall be fairly applied without any reference to the question of sex. It denies that Nature has imposed any disabilities upon woman which disqualify her for political functions. It affirms that political disabilities imposed upon her by the other sex involve an injustice which ought to be corrected. The philosophical principles and facts which constitute the staple of the suffrage argument in favor of women are sound and true unless the Declaration of Independence itself be a heresy and the whole theory of representative government be false. A self-constituted body of electors, distributing the offices among themselves, monopolizing all the powers of government,

consisting of far less than one-half of the whole people and excluding full one-half by a sex distinction, is to all intents and purposes an oligarchy. It may be called republican, but it is so only in respect to these electors. Outside of this favored circle it is a despotism as really as that of the Sultan of Turkey.

#### HINDOO LIBERALITY.

The WEEKLY is not afraid of anathemas. It can stand any amount of ecclesiastical cursing. Considering that cold weather is coming on, that would be rather pleasant than otherwise. A good solid condemnation from a Protestant cleric is amusing. Poor fellow, in most instances we know he is only the fiddler, the pews in this country dictate the tunes he is to play. But there is one thing we do fear, it is liberality. Here is a specimen of it from a Brahmin, we trust that the Christians will not pervert him:

The learned Bahoo Keshub Chunder Sen, whom I have met several times both in London and Calcutta, said in a discourse just previous to leaving England for India:

"The Hindoo, therefore, who believes in God, is a Christian. If purity, truth and self-denial are Christian virtues, then Christianity is everywhere where these virtues are to be found, without regard to whether the possessors are called Christians Hindoos or Mohammedans. Hence it comes that many Hindoos are far better Christians than many who call themselves so. The result of my visit is, I came as a Hindoo, I return a confirmed Hindoo. I have not accepted one doctrine which did not previously exist in my mind."—*Shaker and Shakeress*.

The Hindoos have a better right to the term "Christians" than any other people. Christna is really their god. They introduced him into polite society. The people who believe in the doctrines of the great Nazarene, if they obeyed them (which they do not) would merit the name Jesusites, but they have no right to steal the Hindoo thunder. We therefore honor Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, respect him for his liberality, and admire him for his constancy in determining to remain a Hindoo. As to his belief, we love its charity and catholicity, and were we not Spiritualists would desire to be Hindoos, cut after a similar pattern.

#### HARD WORDS.

To be willing to work and not to be able to obtain work is the cruellest of cruel cases. Considering that under our present barbarous systems of civilization, idlers and loafers of all kinds flourish, it seems dreadful that working men should be compelled to seek a living from what is called charity. The poet of the people, Robert Burns, himself a hard toiler, puts the case well:

Behold your poor o'erlabored wight  
So abject, mean and vile;  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To "give him leave" to toil!

Fearful as that quartrain is, it is nothing to that which succeeds it, which also has been and is now but too truthfully horrible:

And see his lordly fellow man  
The poor petition spurn;  
Unmindful—though a wretched wife  
And helpless offspring mourn!

Alas! what was the case then in Scotland, appears of late to have developed itself in the more populous centres of our own country; more especially in the city of New York, where, winter after winter, nothing appears, save a melancholy charity, to stand between many thousands of willing workers and starvation. But, though this be so, the defect can be by no means attributed to those workers, but to the miserable Moloch of political economy by which their valuable labors have been rendered useless, and to which they have been sacrificed. Be that as it may, it is no time to add injury to insult by suggesting that wholesale crime will be the concomitant of want of food among the people, as is done in the following extract:

It is going to be a hard winter, says the New York *Ledger*—a season of universal suffering for the poor. We cannot recollect a time when there were so many persons out of employment. With the increase of idleness there always comes a corresponding increase of crime. People will do well to guard their houses with extraordinary precautions. Robberies and thefts will be the order of the day. Our prisons and work-houses will be filled, and an unusual number of criminals will still be left outside. A little precaution against their depredations will be found much more effectual than the expenditure of large sums in their pursuit. Look out for them.

Such talk is more especially deplorable, when it is considered that many philanthropists and philosophers are of the mind that the soup-eaters are far more valuable members of society, and far less reprehensible, than the legal soup stealers in our community.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Anti-Pope, Xenia, Ohio.*—It is believed that there will be no compromise in the religious war in Germany. The Pope and the Kaiser are a couple of "infallibles," and cannot be expected to agree together. Bismarck's religious policy is very simple; he is willing that the Germans shall patronize any church forms they please so long as they make the State their God.

*B. W. F., New York.*—If the development called Spiritualism is established without a battle, it will be the first great religious change that ever met with so peaceful an experience. Should it be so, we shall not attribute the fact to human improvement, but to the divisions of credal sectarians, and their lack of faith in their various religions. Faith creates, as well as suffers, martyrdom!

*B. B., Jersey City.*—Jesus the Nazarene was unquestionably

a great medium. We are glad that the fighting peoples, who claim to be his worshipers, have baptized themselves not after him, but after the Hindoo god Christna.

*Free Land, Rochester, N. Y.*—Hertzen, the Russian reformer, declared that the agricultural laborers of Europe would be indebted to the moujik of Russia for the freedom of the land; and Prof. Newman, in a late article on "Ancient and Modern History," says that the late imperial edict has raised the serfs of Russia into free laborers, "having rights in the soil and a status the English peasant might envy."

*Skeptic, Jamaica, L. I.*—We believe that it is Dr. Bellows' church which is termed, from its striped appearance, "The Church of the Holy Zebra;" and latterly a writer in the New York *Herald* has dubbed the Catholic Church of St. Bridget, which lately received Lieut. and Mrs. Fitch with clerical honors, the Church of St. Toady. To them may be added the Temple of Venus in Brooklyn and that of Moloch in Jersey City.

*G. Folsom, Cleveland, Ohio.*—The first National Labor Congress met at Baltimore in 1865; it advocated a union of all laborers, white and black; some four years after fifteen colored delegates were admitted to its congress, held at Philadelphia.

*Dramatist, Burlington, Vt.*—There is a marble monument to Shakespeare in Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey, but the dust of the poet lies in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Probably the anathema supposed to have been written by the poet, and certainly chiselled on his monument there, prevented its removal. It was:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest is the man who spares these stones,  
But cursed be he that moves my bones.

*Historicus, San Francisco, Cal.*—We have a few copies left of the proceedings of the Spiritualist Convention at Chicago; as you say, "the time will come when they will be printed in larger type on better paper, and become an important item in our national history." But the real radical Spiritualist movement was commenced before that convention, at Vineland, New Jersey.

*B. W. M.*—The social and sexual movement is not without many advocates in Germany, France and England. In the latter country a pamphlet on the subject has lately been issued, and entitled "The Free Love Question Explained." It is published at 31 Museum street, Bloomsbury, W. C., London.

*Equal Rights, New Orleans, Louisiana.*—It cost the Union many millions of dollars and many years' war to turn a thousand Indians and half-breeds out of the peninsula of Florida. General Sherman can probably give an estimate of what it would cost to subdue a million of negroes in the Southern States, when the swamps are turned into natural fortresses, and the policy of the bands that garrison them is to refuse fighting and rely upon predatory excursions for a subsistence. It seems to us that the time is rapidly approaching when we shall have to choose between "war or justice" in our Southern complications.

*Skeptic, New Haven, Conn.*—As you say, "it is a pity that Christianity cannot live among us without robbing its neighbors." If the modern kingdom of Christ was what Jesus said it ought to be, viz.: "not of this world," his followers would repudiate the exemption of their churches and conventicles from taxation with contempt, and not steal your money and try to foist their God upon you, contrary to the Constitution of our country, into the bargain.

*C. Wilson, Stepney, G. B.*—John Morrissey, who was an honest pugilist before he became degraded into a member of Congress, thus records his opinion of American legislation: "I never have stolen any person's money either at the game of cards or at the game of legislation, at which latter game there is even more corruption than at the gaming table, as I can say from experience, having served the country four years as a member of Congress, and having long been intimate with the ways of sporting men." Such is our experience here, how is it with yours in Great Britain?

Victoria C. Woodhull lectured at the Academy of Music Wednesday evening and Thursday afternoon and evening. While she is a plain speaker on plain subjects she tells more truth in her way than any other lecturer, without regard to sex, we have ever been permitted to hear. While the masses may turn upon her course and self with disdain openly, they are secretly planning in their hearts how they may follow her. A mind crammed with intellect, as is hers, cannot fail to make a lasting impression, and every day the principles poured from her lips are gaining more foothold. Condemn her who pleases, she is advocating a cause which cannot be resisted, and which one day will not only be respected and become popular, but be advocated from every pulpit in the land and cherished by all who can read aright its principles.—*American Weekly Tribune, Reading, Penn.*

#### BOOKS.

ANCIENT FAITHS EMBODIED IN ANCIENT NAMES. By Thomas Inman, M. D. (London.) New York. Asa K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street, 1874.

The seekers after the truth, from the root of the matter, whether called Infidels, Spiritualists or Free Religionists, cannot afford to be without the "Ancient Faiths Embodied in



Ancient Names," even though Dr. Hodges deprecates the "penetrating into dark corners and disemboweling sacred mysteries." The work of Dr. Inman does this more emphatically than we have ever before seen done, by turning the Bible inside out in a system of evolution that begins at the beginning, plucks up by the roots, and shows old Jewry to have been identical with contemporary nature—worshippers in the name of God or bi-sexed divinity, masculine and feminine, in the *He-she* of the Lord, and dominant in the *Phallus* and *Yoni*, with corresponding angel in the Sun and in the Virgin, as variously conceived, as the Moon, Venus and other appearances personified; the King and Queen of heaven, as set forth in parables or words of the wise, and their dark sayings. Each Hebrew word is unfolded from its original conception, and thus we are brought face to face with God, as seen by them of old time. Says Dr. Inman: "I confess to have been staggered when I found cities called by names which, to our ideas, are grossly obscene." St. Paul might well say the first was natural and afterward the Spiritual, and that children must be fed with milk and not with strong meat to be found in the substrata of "God's Word."

In our Sunday and public schools the veil must be kept on when Moses is read. Even the later teacher must confine himself to the superficies of the parables, for there were many things to say in the evolution from wheel within wheel that noviciates could not hear if set forth in the sight of all Israel and the Sun. Paul spoke this wisdom of the initiations only among the perfect—the hidden wisdom of the scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven. But Dr. Inman "speaks right out in meeting." He shows that the later fathers "enforced the propriety of so modifying certain words, when transcribing from old copies, that the new ones should not offend the ear of the faithful;" in other words, they presented the word of God with all the modern improvements.

It is curious to see how holy men of old spake as the Spirit gave them utterance, many words being more or less significant in the various aspects of the godhead bodily, the Trinity inclusive; and Dr. Inman has set this forth in such wise that the wayfaring man cannot fail to see whereunto the Word will grow. True, the strong meat may prove too strong for the children, and so they be smitten with a very great plague while it is between their teeth, ere it is chewed, for so did it happen to the children of Israel when they would prefer the strong meat to the "what-is-it" or frost-cake in manna from heaven.

C. B. P.

## SOCIALISTIC.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

But how about this Free Love doctrine. Is it practical? Certainly. We propose as a preliminary step to make every woman and child entirely free from the control of any individual man; so much so that they will in no case be dependent upon him for food, raiment, shelter, education or reputation. The children from infancy to accountability are to be considered the wards of the government, to be by it reared and educated. The mothers also to be assisted by the general government sufficiently to enable them to rightly perform the office of maternity, and yet, financially, to stand on an equal footing with man.

What advantages are to be derived from this social revolution?

Every advantage which you and I have ever wished for society, and many still beyond. As a foundation for these advantages there will be reared a class of children who will be morally, mentally and physically more vigorous than our best children at present.

What proofs have you of this?

Many: Christ was a child whose antenatal conditions were good, hence his great mental and moral vigor. The same is true of all love-children whose mothers possessed enough firmness to disregard the buffets of our spurious society. Again, the Soldiers' Orphans Home, situated at Bloomington, Ill., contains at present 144 children. These children were, many of them, born while their fathers were in the army; and, aside from mental anxiety, their mothers were free and happy during the antenatal condition of these children. Now, what is the result? In physical robustness, in mental vigor, in moral integrity, these children are far superior to those of the same age reared according to the family regime. Their life here at the "Home" has been communal. True, they have been obliged to attend daily prayers; their Sundays have been prison days with the cold damp of superstition hanging gloomily around them. True, the serpent of Orthodoxy has intertwined itself among the flowers of their pathway, frightening away many innocent joys and sports natural to childhood; still the benefits of the communal life have been marked. The diffidence and awkwardness of isolated family life have been removed; the love which exists in a small degree among children of the same family exists in a large degree here among the different members of the entire community.

JAMES I. FERRON.

## EXPLANATION.

The friends of Dress Reform who have long been looking for a report of the Convention of the Free Dress League should have been apprised of the fate that befel the secretary's (*pro tem.*) minutes and accompanying brief remarks and documents, intended to have been immediately published. They were forwarded to me in season, and I hastened them directly to the WEEKLY, ordering copies of the paper that I might clip the account and send to various presses. After waiting some weeks I wrote to learn of the cause of non-appearance, and editors wrote me, that no proceedings of the meeting had reached them. Yet, they were carefully inclosed, directed, pre-paid and put in the Vineland, P. O.

It is not the first matter missed between that office, and the office of the WEEKLY. To my mind it is not presumable, that the letter was carelessly lost. I would have explained at once, but expected by that time the full report by Dr. Sara A. Vibert, of Somerville, Mass., was about to appear;

and knowing that must suffice for the public, thought only to inform the officers of the loss. That should have been done publicly, thereby informing all. May I be pardoned for not seeing clearer then.

The full report must be out soon, and I trust the providences, in the persons of many generous friends, will order many copies and distribute so widely as to atone for the influence of this delay.

M. E. TILLOTSON.

VINELAND, Oct. 23, 1874.

## HOME.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION THROUGH A. CRIDGE.

Home is the fundamental and first element of all human society. Home is the centre of attraction toward which all true souls tend. To make this home what it should be is the work of social reconstructionists. To make it more not less sacred, more not less pivotal, more not less the object and sum of life; to consecrate to home all our powers, instead of a mere fragment of them; to feel that whatever we may be engaged in it is but subsidiary to the beautifying of home—home for the heart, the affections, the love of the beautiful as well as for the physical man merely—this is the work to which the reformer in truth and in deed should pay special and almost exclusive attention. All reforms that centre not here are but fragmentary. To make home the centre of all effort—industrial, mechanical and intellectual—this is the true end and aim of socialism. Social reformers [of the more radical types] come not to destroy the home but to enlarge its sphere, so as to embrace all of life, all of love, all of liberty, all of humanity.

[From the Figaro.]

## A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER.

SALINAS CITY, CAL., Oct. 10th, 1874.

DEAR PA!—Since you have been gone we have had such a good time. Ma and me have enjoyed ourselves every minute. Mr. Martin who has a big nose, has been here too, all day. He is in the parlor with ma now, and gave me five cents to go up stairs and write you a nice, long letter. Ma was crying so when you went away, and you told her to try and be cheerful and lively till you come back, and that you wouldn't be away very long. She was lively just as soon as you had gone. Mr. Martin came right in and saw her face, and said there was a strawberry on her lips, and the only thing that could do any good was for some person to kiss her. I was going to kiss her but Mr. Martin said I might get a strawberry on my lip, so he would kiss ma for me. And he did, and she laughed and she slapped him, and said he was a wretch. But I think he is a nice man, only his nose is too long. Ma is afraid of robbers, and Mr. Martin's going to stay all night. This will be so nice, won't it?

Your little son,

GEORGE.

## DEFINITIONS.

QUINCY, ILL., Oct. 20, 1874.

Turning over the leaves of an old scrap book to-day I came across a curious and rather flat-footed statement of what was required to make an abolitionist of the olden time. As I lived in those days and suffered some part of the odium of their glory, I take a keen interest in this definition. The scrap looks like a clipping from the New York Tribune, and must have been printed about 1860. It is as follows:

"For nearly thirty years it has been a question in this country as to what constitutes an Abolitionist. It will be a satisfaction to many to have the question settled, and we accordingly take pleasure in copying the following authentic definition of the term from the Southern Literary Messenger, a respectable Richmond magazine: 'An Abolitionist is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake as a divine institution; who does not worship it as the corner-stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be erected; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance and sacredness alone to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an Abolitionist.'"

Now, noting in connection with the above your recent article—"A Side Issue"—and pitying the undeserved fate of the author of "The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love," and the undifferentiated Plain Dealing with him of the Cleveland editor whom you quote, I thought it might be useful, about these days, to define what constitutes a free lover. As an old-time stickler for true blue marriage, I insist on the real original article or none—no wings, nor modifications, nor side issues, if it is to be marriage and called marriage at all. I heard the late Dr. Bethune once exclaim, on this very question of abolition, in opposition to toning down a troublesome church anti-slavery resolution: "If I've got to take the toast, I want to take it dry!" So I will take mine plain, without milk or sweetening, if you please. There may be others who are bigger and better walking dictionaries and more expert in defining terms; but anyhow, as I have the above exquisite model before me, here goes:

A free lover is any man (or any woman—the slaveocrat fellow left woman out) who does not love marriage for its own sake as a divine institution; who does not worship it as the corner-stone of love and the foundation of both individual and conjugal liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition and sexual relation on which a free, just and permanent family government can be erected; who does not believe in it as the perennial fount of the most rigorous morals; as the purest well-spring of politeness and good manners; as the inspired origin of exalted sentiment, esteem and affection; who does not enjoy it as the highest heaven of sexual charm, the dearest dalliance that lovers can ever know, the supreme ecstasy that never dloys; who does not approve it for its unchanging durability as the one long-continued courtship, pursuing the even tenor of its way unspotted and undimmed from the blushing spring days of first and earliest love to the declining autumn of the sere and yellow leaf; who does not know it from tradition all the way down the ages as well as from experience as the

one sweet, spontaneous, reciprocal relation, equally yoked and equally burdened, wherein indulgence is always temperate, health always resultant, and woman always respected in her ever varying moods, left free to accept or decline attentions as she is attracted or repelled, and carefully environed with the best conditions for foster growth, embryonic development and safe nativity of offspring; who does not in his inmost soul desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth, as a means of building the best brains and developing, elevating and perfecting the human race, second in dignity, importance and sacredness alone to the Christian religion. He who does not love Christian marriage—the marriage of one man to one woman for life—monogamic marriage by priest or magistrate—with this love is a free lover.

Say—Barry, Hull, Chase, Andrews, Victoria and all the rest of the free elect—how is that for high, exact, relentless definition? You see the old standard of Christian morals is fixed and rigid. There is no margin for free play. You are either moral or you are not. You can't be hanged for a sheep, and not quite so hanged for a lamb. You must go the entire animal, or you are a goner yourself. It won't do to select a "rib" from the "critter" and then indulge in tenderloin elsewhere. One and one only is the rigorous command. Poor Beecher, you know, just for being the object of affections thrust on him unsought, was placed on the "sharp and ragged edge of anxiety and despair"—guilt edge, of course, or else it would not have been sharp and ragged. So, monogamists on the one hand and free lovers on the other, draw your chalk-mark somewhere and then toe it.

T. C. LELAND.

## WHAT IS THE LAW OF MARRIAGE?

BY WARREN CHASE.

Judge Westbrook, of the Supreme Court of New York, decided that a husband is entitled to divorce if he finds his wife, when he marries her, with child by another man, of which he was ignorant previous to his marriage. But suppose she should apply for divorce on the ground that she had found another woman with child by her husband at the time she married him, or that her husband should be liable for the support of that child, even at the risk of letting her own suffer, she could not get the divorce.

According to Judge Field (now of United States Supreme Court) "a woman to be marriageable must at the time of marriage be able to bear children, etc." How does this apply to women after a certain age and change in life, and to many who know they never can bear children, even though of proper age? Does the law require any equivalent in the man to be a husband? We know of nothing the law requires of man to be a husband.

Suppose a wife, under some pressure of circumstance, is, once only, sexually intimate with a man other than her husband, the husband can, on proof, get his divorce in any court competent to try the cause, but reverse the case and let the wife apply for divorce on similar grounds and she cannot get it.

The truth is, we have one set of laws and public opinions for husbands and another for wives, and always recognizing a right of property in the wife belonging to the husband. George Francis Train hit the nail on the head when he raised the question whether a woman has a right to blow her nose without consulting a priest or magistrate. If she has she (if married) certainly has no right to do it without the consent of her husband. He may blow his without consulting her, for he is not her property, but by law she is his, and of course has no right to use any part of her body, which belongs to him, without his consent, not even if her life depends on it. What if she dies, he can get another. Hundreds are dying daily for want of different magnetism than that of the husband which often poisons them slowly to death; but the inexorable law enforced by church and public opinion must be maintained, and wives be sacrificed to it—not for the good, nor in any way for the benefit of the husbands, but to maintain the holy institution in its purity. Why not let parties make their own bargains and govern themselves—both sexes alike and equally protected with equal rights in or out of marriage? A friend asks us what we think of these recent unions where parties assume the relation before witnesses and without a priest or officer of the law. They serve to agitate the question, and that is all the good there is in them, for the parties are subject to the marriage law of the State, however they get into it and however they try to keep out. The courts have decided that parties living in sexual intimacy as husband and wife are such in law the same as if married by an officer of the law, and the property is accordingly held and disposed of by the courts. Nothing will relieve us from the curse and blight of prostitution, licentiousness, criminality, vice and undesired maternity but the entire repeal of all marriage and divorce laws, and entire separation of the matter from Church and State, except so far as to protect by law all parties by their own contract, when written and recorded. We need a public record of the marriage contracts that parties make, with blanks for all parties to select and adopt, in which each can suit themselves; and where two agree to live sexually true to each other they can bind themselves to do so, and if they do not desire it they need not so bind themselves. It is none of the business of other parties, but their own. Each can reserve personal rights or surrender them, but both parties can be equally protected in that way as they cannot be under our present marriage laws. The law is wrong in principle and bad in effect, and should be repealed, and all reformers should unite to get it repealed and marriage placed where it belongs—in the general law of civil contracts. We need no especial law of marriage more than we do of religion. Let each person and each two persons worship as they please and fix their own social life. The opposition to this proposed system is based wholly on the depravity of our race—total with the Christians, and general with the advocates of our marriage laws, who are not Christians. Every person we have ever met on this subject thinks his or her condition above the necessity for the restraints of the law, but their neighbors are terribly depraved and unsafe to be



trusted with social freedom they, of course, would run at once into a loose and licentious course of promiscuous sexual relations if it were not for the marriage law and the moral code. It is curious, but true, that many of our opponents are gross, sensual, and promiscuous in practice, and yet claim that no law is needed for themselves. They are good enough to live without it, but they want it retained for their neighbors who live pure lives with it and would without it, while some of them are aware that our system of social freedom, with perfect equality between the sexes and the independence of woman, would deprive them of the chances they now have to impose upon females and run riot in sexual indulgence among the outcasts of society, and hence oppose on that ground the change and repeal of the law that makes the outcasts, and supplies them with the articles their depraved appetites require.

The recent liberal constructions of the marriage law cannot save it nor adapt it to the demands of the age. It must and will be repealed and equality established.

#### PALABRAS CARINOSAS.

FROM "INTERLUDES" BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Good night! I have to say good night  
To such a host of peerless things!  
Good night unto that fragile hand  
All queenly with its weight of rings;  
Good night to fond, uplifted eyes,  
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,  
Good night unto the perfect mouth,  
And all the sweetness nestled there,—  
The snowy hand detains me, then  
I'll have to say Good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,  
When, if I read our stars aright,  
I shall not linger by this porch  
With my adieu. Till then, good night!  
You wish the time were now? And I.  
You do not blush to wish it so?  
You would have blushed yourself to death  
To own so much a year ago,—  
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then  
I'll have to say Good night, again!

#### JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE INTERVIEWS VICTORY.

EXTRACT FROM "MY OPINIONS AND BETSY BOBBET'S."  
The young black African opened the door and says he, "Josiah Allen's wife and Betsy Bobbet, mom." He had asked us our names before he opened it.

Miss Woodhull was a standin' pretty near the door a talkin' with three wimmen as we went in. But she come forward immediately and put out her hand. I took it in mine and shook it a very little, mebbly three or four times back and forth. But she must have felt by that cool, cautious shake, that I differed from her in her views, and had come to give her a real talkin' to.

One of the wimmen she was a talkin' to had jest about as noble a lookin' face as I ever see, with short, white curls a fallin' all around it. The beholder could see by the first glance onto that face, that she hadn't spent all the immortal energies of her soul in makin' clover-leaf tatin', or in cuttin' calico up into little pieces, jest to sew 'em together agin into blazin' stars and sunflower bedquilts. It was the face of an earnest, noble woman, who had asked God what he wanted her to do, and then hadn't shirked out of doin' it. Who had grasped holt of life's plow, and hadn't looked back because the furrows turned over pretty hard and the stumps was thick.

She knew by experience that there never was any greensward so hard to break up as our prejudices and customs; and no stumps so hard to get round as the ridicule and misconceptions of the world. What made her face look so calm then, when she was doin' all this hard work? Because she knew she was a makin' a clearin' right through the wilderness that in future was goin' to blossom like a rose. She was a givin' her life for others, and nobody ever did this since the days of Jesus, but what somethin' of his peace is wrote down on their foreheads. This is the way Elizabeth Cady Stanton looked to me as Miss Woodhull introduced me and Betsy to her and to the other two ladies with her.

One of the other wimmen I fell in love with at first sight, and I suppose I should have been just so partial to her if she hadn't been as humbly as one of the Hottentots in my old Olney's Geography, and I tell you why, because she was the sister of H. W. Beecher. As a general thing I don't believe in settin' folks up because they happen to have smart relations. In the words of one of our sweetest and noblest writers, "Because a man is born in a stable it don't make him a horse." Not as a general thing it don't; so, as I remarked, I s'pose Isabella Beecher Hooker would have looked pretty good to me any way.

The other lady was smart and sensible lookin', but she was some like me, she won't never be hung for her beauty. This was Susan B. Anthony. Betsy Bobbet set down on a chair pretty nigh the door, but I had considerable talk with Susan. The other two was awful long discussin' some question with Miss Woodhull.

Susan said in the course of her remarks that "she had made the 'Cause of Wimmen's Rights' her husband, and was going to cleave to it till she died."

I told her I was deeply interested in it, but I couldn't marry myself to it, because afore gettin' acquainted with it I had united myself to Josiah.

We had considerable and agreeable talk, such as would be expected from two such minds as mine and hers, and then the three ladies departed. And Miss Woodhull came up to me agin kinder friendly, and says she:

"I am glad to meet you, Josiah Allen's wife," and then she invited me to set down. As I turned round to get a chair, I see through a door into another room where sat several other women—some up to a table, and all dreadful busy reading papers and writin' letters. They looked so business-like and earnest at their work that I knew they could not have time to backbite their neighbors, and I was glad to see it. As I took my seat, I see an awful handsome gentleman

settin' on a sofa—with long hair put back behind his ears—that I hadn't ketched sight of before. It was Theodore Tilton, and Miss Woodhull introduced him to Betsy and me. I then turned and silently put my umbrall in the corner and sot down. As I did so, Miss Woodhull remarked to Mr. Tilton:

"She's a strong Wimmen's Righter; she is one of us."

"No, Victory, I hain't one of you; I am Josiah Allen's wife." Then I sithed. And says I, "Victory, you are in the right on it and you are in the wrong on it;" and says I, "I come clear from Jonesville to try to set you right where you are in the wrong." Says I, almost overcome with emotion, "You are younger than I, Victory, and I want to talk with you just as friendly as if I was your mother-in-law."

Says she, "Where do you think I am in the right, and where do you think I am in the wrong?"

Says I, "You are right in thinkin' what a solemn thing it is to bring up children in the way they ought to be. What an awful thing it is to bring the little creaturs into the world without their votin' on the subject at all, and then expect them to honor you for it. You are right in your views of health and wimmen's votin', and et cetera; but you are wrong, Victory, and I don't want you to get mad at me, for I say it with as friendly feelin' as if I was your mother-in-law—you are wrong in this free-love business; you are wrong in keepin' house with two husbands at the same time."

"Two husbands! I was divorced from him; my husband and I found him perishing in the street, and we took him home and took care of him till he died. Which would the Lord have done, Josiah Allen's wife, passed by on the other side or took pity on him?"

"I don't know what the Lord would have done, Victory, but I believe I should have sent him to a good horsepittle or tavern and hired him took care of. I never could stand it to have another husband in the house with me and Josiah. It would seem so kind o' curious, something in the circus way. I never could stand it, never."

"There have been a good many things, Josiah Allen's wife, that you have not been required to stand. God and man united you to a good husband, whom you love. But in your happiness you shouldn't forget that some other woman has been less fortunate. In your perfect happiness and harmony—"

"Oh!" says I, candidly, "I don't say but what Josiah and me have our little spats, Victory; Josiah will go in his stocking feet considerable, and—"

But she interrupted me with her eyes a-flashing.

"What would you say to livin' with a man that forgot every day of his life that he was a man, and sunk himself into a brute. Leaving his young wife of a week to the society of the abandoned? What would you say to abuse that resulted in the birth of an idiot child? Would you endure such a life? Would you live with the animal that he had made himself? I married a man; I never promised God that I would love, honor and obey the wild beast he changed into. I was free from him in the sight of a pure God long enough before the law freed me."

I let her have her say out, for Josiah Allen's wife is one to let every man or mouse tell their principles if they have got any. And if I was conversin' with the overseer of the bottomless pit (I don't want to speak his name right out, being a Methodist), I would give him a chance to get up and relate his experience. But as she stopped with her voice kinder choked up, I laid my brown cotton glove directly onto her shoulder, and says I:

"Hush up, Victory," says I; "women must submit to some things. They can pray and they can try to let their sorrows lift 'em nearer to heaven, makin' angels of 'em."

Here Mr. Tilton spoke up, and says he, "I don't believe in she angels exclusively. I don't see why there shouldn't be he angels, as well as she ones."

I was tickled, and I looked at him approv'nly, and says I:

"Theodore, you are the first man, with one exception, that I ever see that felt that way, and I respect you for it." Says I: "Men as a general thing think that women have got to do up all the good business there is done. Men seem to get the idee that they can do just as they are a mind to, and that the Lord will wink at 'em. And there are lots of things that the world thinks that would be awful coarse in a woman but it is all right in a man. But I don't believe that a man's cigar smoke smells any sweeter to the Lord than a woman's would. And I don't believe a coarse, low song sounds any sweeter and purer in the ears of angels, because it is sung in a base voice instead of a solferino. I never could see why men couldn't do somethin' in the angel line themselves, as well as to put it all onto the wimmen, when they have got everything else under the sun to do. Not but what," says I, "I am willing to do my part. I never was a shirk, and Josiah Allen will tell you so. I am willing to do my share of the angel business. But," says I, in a generous way, "I would do it all if I only had time; but I love to see justice and reason. Nature feathers out geese and ganders equally, or if there's any difference the ganders' wings are the most foam-in' lookin'. Men's shoulders are made jest the same that wimmen's are; feathers would look jest as well on 'em as on a woman; they can cultivate wings with jest as little trouble. What is the purest and whitest unseen feathers on a livin' angel's hidden wing, Theodore and Victory? They are purity, goodness and patience, and men can grow these just as easy as a woman, if they only set out."

I had spoke real eloquent, and I knew it; but I felt that I had been carried away slightly by my emotions, from the mission I had come on—to try to convince Miss Woodhull where she was wrong, and so, after a few minutes' silence, I broke out agin, mildly, for I felt that if I gave way to anger or impatience my mission was lost.

"Another thing you are wrong in, Victory, is to think you can be lawfully married without any minister or justice of the peace. I knew that all you needed was to have it set before you plain by some female that wished you well; you are wrong in it, Victory, and I tell you so plain, and to show you that I am your well-wisher, I thought after I had convinced you that you was in the wrong, I would make you

this offer: that if you and Col. Blood will go home with Betsey and me, Elder Wesley Minkley shall marry you right in my parlor, and it shan't cost you a cent, for I will pay him myself in dried apples."

Says she, "I don't want any ceremony; I want the only tie to hold me to my husband to be love, the one sacred tie."

"Love is a first-rate tie," says I, mildly, holdin' onto my temper first-rate; "upwards of fifteen years ago I gave one of the most remarkable proofs of it that has ever been seen in this country" (and for a minute my mind wandered off onto that old revery, why did I love Josiah Allen? but, collectin' my mind together I spoke onward, with a firm, cast-iron principle.) "Still, although I felt that sacred tie unitin' Josiah and me in a double beau-knot that couldn't be untwisted, the first time we met, still, if Elder Wesley Minkley hadn't united us at the altar—or mother's parlor—I should have felt dreadful floatin' round in my mind. It would have seemed too curious and onstiddy kinder, as if Josiah and me was liable to fall to pieces at any time, and waver off in the air, like two kites that had broke loose from their strings." Says I, firmly, "There would be a looseness to it I couldn't stand."

She said that I would get accustomed to it, and that custom made many things seem holy that were unholy, and many things sinful that were pure in the sight of God.

But still I murmured, with a sad look, but firm as old Bunker Hill, "I couldn't stand it; it would seem too much like a circus."

"And then, agin, Victory, you are in the wrong of it about divorces. 'What God has joined together let no man put asunder.'"

Says she, "Josiah Allen's wife, if divorce were free tomorrow, would you get one from Josiah?"

"Never!" says I, and my best dress most burst open at the breast (them biases always was took up a little too snug) at the idee of partin' from Josiah.

"Well, what is it that would hold you so fast to each other that nothin' but death could separate you? Was it the few words you said before the minister?"

"It was love, Victory! love that wouldn't let me eat a mite, nor sleep a wink, if I couldn't put my hand onto Josiah Allen any time day or night."

"Then," says she, "why not give other good men and women credit for bein' actuated by the same sentiments? Those that God has joined together no man can put asunder. Those who are really married heart and soul, would never separate; it would only correct abuses, and separate those that man, and not God, had joined together.—*Western Hampden Times, Westfield, Mass.*

#### TURNING OF THE TIDE.

2,210 MOUNT VERNON STREET, Philadelphia,  
November 1, 1874.

Many of the sayings of the Nazarene are worthy of remembrance by the reformers and others of the present day, such as "The last shall be first;" "He that loseth his life shall find it;" "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." Many Spiritualists and professed Liberalists have rejected Mrs. Woodhull. The Beecher party imprisoned her. But conservative Philadelphia has welcomed her to her best halls, and the Continental has nobly entertained her; large audiences have listened with deepest interest to her plain-spoken words. But more than this; a number of prominent gentlemen have generously secured the Academy of Music, the largest and most elegant hall in Philadelphia, and have invited her again to address its citizens. The tide has turned. The rejected stone is to be the head of the impending revolution. The city that welcomed the revolutionists of the provinces in Carpenter's Hall in 1774, and the framers and signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, has shown its love of free thought and free speech in 1874. Is not Philadelphia to be the centre of the next great revolution? Who knows? But whatever may be in the future, the friends of radical thought will honor the noble men of Philadelphia for giving Mrs. Woodhull a full, fair and candid hearing, and that, too, in the Academy of Music, which will be done on Monday evening the 16th inst.

J. M. SPEAR.

HIAWATHA, Kansas, Oct. 15, 1874.

EDITORS WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Much is being said, much written, much thought about the greatest scandal of the world's history—Beecher-Tilton. Throughout the length and breadth of the habitable globe, wherever Christianity has found proselytes, men and women are inquiring if the social foundations of civilization and domestic happiness must stand or fall with the final public verdict which must, sooner or later, be rendered in the above case. The groveling licentiate; the esteemed devotee to church rituals, from the proud rubric to the three-leaved catechism; the drayman and the lecturer; the dairymaid and the fashionable ivory-clawer—all grades of society—are watching with intensest interest for a gleam of the holy light from that sanctum sanctorum, Plymouth Church. To a certain extent their happiness, socially, (and where else can we look for real enjoyment?) depends on the vindication of Mr. Tilton. If this gentleman must be maligned and crushed beneath the heels of the fleshly idol of Brooklyn, simply because this god has money with which to purchase more worshipers than other men, then whom so great that his stillets may not bleed?

A great social problem is about to be demonstrated. If Mr. Beecher has sinned in the wooing of Mrs. Tilton mankind wants to know it from a public standpoint. We are all stockholders in this problem, waiting for dividends.

Whether Beecher sinned in this, and whether Mrs. Tilton transgressed, is beginning to be a mooted question, especially since the promulgation of social freedom theories by Mrs. Woodhull. The organic law of our being is the most indisputable proof that sexes must unite in order to make a unit, happiness being the whole, individual desire the integral parts of that oneness. But as to how we shall seek the attain-



ment of this conjugality is the vitality of this domestic relation—in this is the life of society's best awards. Whether we shall marry and be given in marriage in order not to violate the man-made laws of society, and in nine cases out of ten find ourselves duped by the positives seeking affinity with positive forces; negatives with negatives; or whether we may not have intercourse without the immediate sanction of this human law, but under the guidance of a higher and nobler and unrepeatable law—the gift of our Creator—may not be determined in a moment. But one thing is incontrovertible; that which would render the greatest amount of happiness and the least amount of suffering, is the more pregnant with social good.

Americans are charitable yet observing; generous of kindly sentiment but not forgetful when wronged; slow to pass a verdict, though finally decisive. They view this monster of sensations, however, in a different light from that which they would have done a decade of years ago. Society is not so conventional as it was then, and in the light of all the horrible crimes that a shackled people who are living under the sanction of "holy wedlock" are forcing upon the public, it is not strange that the doctrine of freedom, as promulgated by its strongest votaries, is finding adherents by thousands. The dominant hypothesis that no one, however closely allied by human sanction, may rightfully interfere with another's self, whose entity is solely his or her own by virtue of God's dowry in his or her creation, is not without demonstration, since human intelligence—hence human law—is not to be compared with infinite wisdom—God's law. Any enactment that infringes upon divine ordinations is of its very essence an act of rebellion against Him who cannot err. The great question, then, that demands solution at our hands is, would there be less misery, less crime, less jealousy, less of everything that tends to make the very, very many domestic hells (where one would least look for them at that) under a free love ruling in society, than we now witness under existing laws?

Formal sanction of law cannot control the propensities of the mind; then marriage, as binding us to "live unto one alone," becomes void. But until men and women are educated to think themselves from under license that warps and twists and restrains the sensibilities, which, if free to make life enjoyable, would contribute so greatly to the general weal of mankind, they will remain disfranchised—the convicts of sexual penitentiaries. Yours, etc. S. LOUIS.

#### MARRIAGE IN CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has pointed out some curious features of the civil code relative to marriages in California. The law provides three distinct ways in which a couple may marry: First, a contract followed by a consummation; second, the old-fashioned method by solemnization; and third, by the declaration of intention, signed, acknowledged and filed like any other legal instrument. The first marriage under the third of these methods was recently made in Stockton, and has already created a very favorable impression as a convenient and inexpensive plan, as it requires no fuss or worry, no minister, no justice, no anything, but two parties to make a contract and acknowledge it before a notary. The law makes this marriage binding if it is followed by a mutual assumption of marital rights, as the fifty-fifth section of the code provides: "Marriage is a personal relation arising out of a civil contract, to which the consent of parties capable of making it is necessary. Consent alone will not constitute marriage; it must be followed by a solemnization or by a mutual assumption of marital rights, duties or obligations."—*Eardville Transcript*, Ill.

#### COMMENTS.

To superficial thinkers the third mentioned form of contract, if coupled with the right of release from the same, would seem to be all that could be desired. But it is not so. The law in all the States treats the woman who unites herself to a man as a criminal. She is legally punished for so doing in a thousand ways, the chief of which is, it destroys her individuality. The woman's war will not be won until Mary, whether married or single, is as full, as perfect a human unit at all times and under all circumstances, and so recognized by the law, as her partner or her Brother John. At present woman is a slave under the arbitrary sway of a couple of tyrants—law and custom. The latter, being less defined, is the more cruel and arbitrary of the two.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 16, 1874.

Dear Weekly—Once more the inspiration comes over me to take up pen for the cause of womanhood in the distant future. I say "distant future," for, to my awakened sense of the state of civilized womanhood in the nineteenth century, it seems the work of regeneration must extend far into coming ages ere we see the fruition of our hope—womanhood redeemed.

What has inspired me in this instance is a private letter from across the blue ocean, a letter of a "complaining friend," asking bitterly why I've not had a word to say of the "great social earthquake" that is not yet done agitating two continents. We had a tremendous powder explosion here on the Thames the other day; but I protest London was not so shaken by the blow-up of a whole barge of gun-powder, as is our sweet modern society by the revelations of the Beecher scandal.

Something has said to my soul concerning this great matter, *Requiescat in Pace*, and so I have, certain that the truth is mighty and will prevail. I have long since ceased to regard this social agitation as a mere matter of temporal and social interest, and have come to look upon it as neither the private business of Beecher nor Tilton, but as particularly the affair of God and the eternal ages. The evolution of God's truth is in it. Therefore, I've been complacently watching the progress of the war, neither shocked nor surprised over a single development. God's work will be done well. And here let me explain, I know not a personal God. I mean by God that supreme ruling power of the universe, which all reflecting souls acknowledge and worship.

The effects of this social eruption will be apparent when

the heavens are gathered together as a scroll, and time has become merged into eternity. The war is for woman, and, as sure as the world moves, woman is to achieve sexual justice from this beginning. No matter how "disgusting" the developments may seem—they do not seem so to any philosophic and pure mind—nevertheless, all the hidden leprosy must come out, all the clogging mud upon the social bottom is undergoing the dredging process, and it has got to come to the surface, no matter if it produce a stench unbearable in the nostrils of the over-refined. If the highest archangels can stand it, Mrs. Grundy ought certainly to be able to, provided she is not debarred her smelling-salts.

As for me, I only see one grand and glorious truth, shining as translucent and pure as Orient pearl in the midst of all the filth cast up in this supreme overhauling—the everlasting truth of "sexual freedom"—the unbiased right of a man and a woman to meet and mingle the pure essence of their being according to their mutual attraction. There stands the blazing truth, and around its divine altar are angels with flaming swords sacredly guarding it. In all the multiplied horrors of this thrice-damned scandal I only see that clear and beautiful truth. There is no need to pray for its consummation, the truth is eternal and will prevail. And so I sit in the midst of this strife and turmoil, even as Mary at the Master's feet, sure I have chosen the better part. I know there are hearts to ache, lives to be what ephemeral judgment calls blasted; but whosoever or whatsoever gets under Truth's Juggernaut must get mangled out of temporal shape. Were God possessed of the unreasoning mercy of pigmies, He might spare dear old Grandmother Grundy this "improper" spectacle. He might consider the "morals of our young men and maidens," and permit the rottenness to accumulate inside the whitened social sepulchre, just as a selfishly-loving mother, to spare herself the pang of correcting her child, breeds a monster in that child's soul to tyrannize over the future of both herself and it.

Modern society has ripened to that point of decay for the probing of the immutable lancet, and though we who have reflected have known of the existence of the poisoned gangrene, still, after the manner of rank hypocrites, we affect a horror and silly sensitiveness when the unsightly ulcer is at last laid bare, stripped of its thin covering of rose color and purified of its censer-swung clouds of social sanctity. When a soul is up so high in the mountains of truth that it can bid defiance to the rank odors exhaled from human imperfection, and see through all the great scheme of ultimate perfection, then indeed has the true philosopher's stone been touched.

The prophetic soul sees by the light of this social holocaust afar into the ages, when there shall be no more poor, defrauded women going about with the fangs of the wolf of sexual hunger at their vitals; when there shall be no more sexually disgusted women, the result, the direct and cursed result, of the infernal system of unbridled license called holy marriage; when there shall be no more sexual monsters in the shape of men, crushing out all pure essence of womanhood in their over-stimulated demand upon her. But when the free discussion of the fundamental principle of our common male and female nature shall have inaugurated the free use of functions as of all other; when the pregnant woman shall become the charge of all the world, and not a question asked as to how she came that way, so sure shall we be that she could not degrade her womanhood, and that she must be so through a mutual attraction and a mutual desire, which alone sets God's seal of purity upon the act, "though na gowned priest the kirk-rite said."

Oh how sickening is all the piled up virtuous indignation of all the hoary old sinners and half-fledged *rouges*, who put on such immaculate airs, and talk of "woman's chastity" from the standpoint of this Beecher affair! The common idea of chastity is the most perverted thing under heaven, for it simply means, in the feminine gender, suppression or abuse of the sexual function—suppression before the dogmatic law has licensed the abuse.

I am fully prepared to proclaim to all the world that my sexual nature is my own especial care and concern; that I hold it to no one's dictation; that I shall do with it as to me seemeth best, and that all interference with me concerning it I hold as an impertinent insult I will not brook. And further, I hold no woman chaste because she has kept one function of her being in utter stagnation till the green of it is over all her life, or let her sacred birthright to unhallowed license under the law, till the sources of her sweet womanliness are withered up and dry.

I've dared to look into this tabooed subject, and there I've seen such black and grained spots as will not leave their tint, and that, too, upon the bedizened face of vaunted virtue herself. I've reasoned within myself and have dug deep into the soil of principles till I've found the one pearl of great price—sexual purity—and I do not argue my right to sexual freedom; I know it, I proclaim it, I take it in the face of all the world! Stretch me on social racks, roast me on social gridirons, apply your social thumb-screws till every nerve quivers—I've been guided by the bright north star of truth to the promised hope which the world can neither give nor take away. There is no seat in all the social patronage to tempt me to forego the divine joy I feel over my bold stroke for freedom, my self-emancipation from the social slavery of sex. Do your worst, you cannot fix the scarlet letter on my breast!

Though society kick me naked into her pool of ostracism, I've seen the painted sham in her toilet chamber, and I know the sickening falsehood of her existence. But she cannot cheat me of the blessing of freedom I've taken from her secret skeleton closet, where in the dark she practices what she dare not preach, and hatches a Beecher scandal.

HELEN NASH.

We clip the following from the Cincinnati *Sunday Post* of nearly two years ago, because it has a direct bearing upon some phases of the social question that are being agitated now:

Believing that every one but those most interested had

stated their views in the columns of the daily newspapers, a *Post* man yesterday called upon several of the most prominent "landladies," with a view of obtaining their ideas in regard to licensing their establishments. The first palace of the *demi-monde* visited was that of Madame —, — Plum street. On ringing the bell the door was opened by a comely-looking woman who ushered the *Post* man into the reception room, a cosy little apartment fitted up in magnificent style, and tastefully adorned with elegant oil paintings. At his request, Madame — was sent for and shortly made her appearance.

The Madame is about four feet five inches in height, of pleasing appearance and ladylike manners. She has deep black hair, and eyes of the same color, exceedingly piercing. She was dressed in a highly fashionable, though chaste manner, and a stranger would never imagine he was talking to the landlady of such a house.

The *Post* man having made himself known to the lady, and stated his business, the Madame requested him to be seated, and said she would willingly state her views on the subject. In answer to the question—"Would you prefer to have your establishment licensed?" the Madame replied:

"Of course I would. As it now is, we are in danger of being 'raided'—hauled up in the Police Court and subjected to the most revolting cross-examination by the attorneys for the amusement of the officials and idle spectators in the court room."

Reporter—Why is it you keep a house of this kind?

Madame—We keep houses of this kind to make money. We cannot make it any other way, and without money you have no friends.

Reporter—How came you to be a landlady?

Madame—My history would take up too much space. When a girl I became an inmate of a house in this city. I saved my money, and am now in a position which can command friends and money.

Reporter—If your houses are licensed, will it not be of pecuniary advantage to you?

Madame—Possibly it may. The license will probably be placed at \$500 per year. Now, in one year I was indicted by the grand jury seven times, and each time required to pay a fine of \$100 and the costs, \$15 or \$20. You see, all that amount added up, will reach nearly \$1,000.

Reporter—What do the girls do with all their money?

Madame—Out of seven girls in my house now, five of them support their families, who live mostly in the country. Of course they (the families) are ignorant of the business in which their daughters are engaged.

Reporter—Do married or single men visit you most?

Madame—Why, married men, of course. If we had to depend upon single men for support, we would be "as poor as Job's turkey."

Reporter—In your opinion do men visit these houses from physical necessity?

Madame—By no means. Do you think men come here, order wine and get drunk, and stay here until morning to sober off, for "physical necessity?" No, indeed! They do it for their own amusement.

Reporter—Do your girls like this business, and would they marry if they had the opportunity?

Madame—There is not a girl in my house that likes the business. But what else can they do for a living? Men come in here and treat them as ladies, even better than their wives, but they wouldn't allow them to be even servants in their houses. Every girl in my house would marry if she could get a good husband, and she would make a true, loving, good wife, too. Why, since I have kept house, I have had six or seven girls marry from my house.

Reporter—How about the Police—do they ever come to see your girls?

Madame—Yes, the Police often come. You know they are privileged to visit these houses, and of course they take advantage of their privilege. I do not mean all policemen, for there are many good men on the force.

Reporter—Do you think these houses are necessary for the welfare of the city?

Madame—Yes, indeed they are. They lend more to the cause of morality than reformers will admit. If these houses were broken up the girls would themselves rent rooms and become street-walkers.

THAT a woman's existence is to all intents and purposes merged in that of her husband, is curiously illustrated by some recent developments connected with the Treasury Department, where it appears that as soon as a female clerk gets married the position is taken from her to be conferred on some unmarried woman—the government not recognizing that a married woman can have any desire for pecuniary independence. In consequence of this arrangement, the marriage of lady clerks has sometimes been adroitly concealed from the Department. The laws regarding married women are gradually improving; but it takes a long time for the distinct individuality of woman to be thoroughly understood and recognized.—*Toledo Sunday Journal*, Ohio.

(New York Mercury, Saturday, October 24, 1874.)

BAD FOR THE HUB.—Boston has a prohibitory law and claims to be the brains and the paragon of morality in all the country. Yet it is the drunkennest city in the world. With a population of 250,000 and a stringent prohibitory law, it sustains 3,300 places where liquor is publicly sold, or about one liquor store for every 75 inhabitants, while New York, without any such law, is content with supporting only one such place to every 215 of its inhabitants. The arrests for drunkenness during the year ending July 1, 1874, were 11,000 more in Boston than in Brooklyn, although the latter city has double the population of the former. All this goes to show that, in spite of its professed sobriety and unctuous protestations of superior morality, Boston is the drunkennest city in the Union.

A CELEBRATED writer says that if one could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.



## THE SQUARE THING.

The following improvement on those clerical marriage services, which demand "obedience" of the female partner, has been instituted in Georgia by our colored fellow-citizens.

The Atlanta (Georgia) News contains an amusing account of the marriage of two colored persons, Andrew and Susy, field hands, of unimpeachable Guinea blood, each of whom was over fifty years of age. With the utmost gravity the preacher began:

"Andrew, does you lub dis yer woman?"

"I duz so," was the reply.

"Will you promise to stick close froo time and 'tarnity, re-nouncin' all oders and cleabin to her for eber and eber?—Amen."

"I will dat."

"Will you lub, honor and 'bey—"

"Hold on dar, Ole Jack," interrupted the groom, with no little show of indignation; "'taint no use talkin' to dis nigger 'bout 'beying de wimmen folks enny, 'cept ole miss!"

"Silence dar, you owduptious nigger," roared the wrathful preacher; "what fur you go spillin' de grabity ob de 'casion? Dis yer's only matter ob form, an' in'spensible to de 'casion. Now don't you go for to open your black mouf until de time comes fur you to speak. Will you promise to lub, honor and 'bey (Andrew still shaking his head ominously at the obnoxious word) dis yer nigger, Susy, furnishin' her wid all tings needed fur comfort an' happiness, an' protectin' from sufferin' an' makin' smooove de path of all her precedin' days to come?"

"I suppose I mus' say yes to dat," said Andrew, meekly.

"Den I pronounce dese yer two couples to be man an' wife, an' whom de Lord has joined togedder let no man go for to put dem asunder."

Here an uproar arose among the blacks, betokening a dilemma entirely unforeseen by Old Jack. For, inasmuch as he had forgotten to require the usual vows of Susy, they insisted that, however firmly Andrew might be bound by the bonds of matrimony, Susy was still single, and the pair were but half married. The matter was at last adjusted by the preacher commencing the ceremony over again, by which means the couple were firmly united to the satisfaction of all.

An old man and his wife, who came in by the Central road the other morning, saw about thirty hacks at the door of the depot, and about thirty hackmen shouting "Hack!" at them. The man took it all as a high compliment, and turning to the old lady, he said—

"I tell you, mother, they think we are something great, or they'd never had all these carriages down here to meet us! I wonder how they knew we was coming!"

THERE are two things incident to this life for which no one is ever prepared, and they are—twins.

A HANDFUL of cayenne pepper in the boots will keep the feet warm. Another in the nose will keep that member warm, or at least lively.

"MARRY a widower! Not I!" said Matilda. "Babies are like tooth-brushes. Everybody wants their own. Furthermore, who wants a warmed-over man?"

WHEN they told an Indiana woman that her husband had been sliced up by a reaper, she impatiently replied—

"Well, take the pieces to the barn; I can't leave the gooseberry sauce just now."

SOME one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

WIDOW's weeds are not green: neither are widows, as a rule.

A MRS. OSLEN, of Salt Lake, makes public declaration that, in her opinion, polygamy is as good for women as for men, and that she would like three husbands—one to live with and love, and the other two to help support her.

A ROMANTIC York girl thought to Maud Mullerize and "rake the meadows sweet with hay." She stood over a yellow jacket nest as she swung her little rake. First jump from the scene eleven feet; distance to the house half a mile; time, two minutes.

THE Rochester Chronicle offers three cents per pound for poetical contributions, and writers are not limited as to subjects.

## BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF RICHMOND, IND., will hold their annual meeting in Lyceum Hall on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 13th, 14th and 15th of November, 1874. Good speakers have been invited, and a cordial invitation is extended to all. So come, friends, and let us have a good meeting.

FRIENDS in Chicago can find a pleasant home, with board at a fair price, at 49 Walnut street.

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.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH's engagements are as follows: 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.

C. W. STEWART may be addressed, till further notice, at McHenry, Illinois.

MRS. MURR, Clairvoyant, Business and Healing Medium, cures all diseases by the laying-on of hands. Also, magnetic, positive and negative pills guaranteed to cure any disease. Seances fifty cents. Mrs. Murr, 428 Nineteenth street, Phila.

DR. CHAUNCEY BARNES, the great Reformer, is stumping the country with the "Healing Balm for the Nation," the most important lecture ever given, to inaugurate a new form of government. Subject: "Clear the Political Track, all office-seekers and office-holders under the Government of the United States of America, for the coming man is on the march toward the head of your nation, with a new form of government in 1876. He will show how we can have lands and homes for all the poor in America; also how we can settle all troubles with the black, red and white races, and how the National debt can be paid within eight or ten years. Come one, come all! Lovers of truth, rich and poor, laborers, come forth! Woman's rights, temperance, Spiritualism, its true mission, and all other Reforms." Look out for him, and give him a hearing.

Warren Chase lectures in Cairo, Ill., the five Sundays of November; may be engaged for week evenings in the vicinity. He returns to Iowa December 1st. Parties desiring his services must apply during November, by letter, to Cairo, Ill., as he has open engagements for all the time, which he fills up when not receiving other calls. Address for December, Colfax, Iowa.

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. 53 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.

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.

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

PROF. LISTER, the astrologist, can be consulted at his rooms, No. 329, Sixth avenue. Address by letter, P. O. Box 4819.

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.

JOHN B. HUGGINS, of Kansas, is about to visit Cincinnati, O., and would like to make engagements to lecture at points en route. Address him at Wirtonia, Cherokee Co., Kansas.

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.

## [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.

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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.
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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.

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## **Testimonials.**

### **Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.**

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

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

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

Spring Valley, N. Y.

JOHN A. VANZANT.

### **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.**

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3, 1869.

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

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

T. P. RICHARDSON.

### **Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.**

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

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

JOHN FOX.

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## Condensed Time Table. WESTWARD FROM NEW YORK, Via Erie & Mich. Central & Great Western R. R's

STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
By 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.
Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	Chambers street.	7.00 "
Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	Jersey City.	7.20 "
Susquehanna.	3.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	Susquehanna.	2.43 A. M.
Binghamton.	4.40 "	9.20 "	Binghamton.	3.35 "
Elmira.	6.30 "	12.16 A. M.	Elmira.	5.35 "
Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	Hornellsville.	7.40 "
Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	Buffalo.	11.45 "
Ar Suspension Bridge.	1.00 "	10.00 "	Ar Suspension Bridge.	12.27 P. M.
Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
Ar St. Catharines.	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines.	2.00 "
Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	Hamilton.	2.55 "
Harrisburg.	3.53 "	3.53 "	Harrisburg.	3.53 "
London.	5.35 A. M.	5.55 "	London.	5.55 "
Chatham.	7.55 "	8.12 "	Chatham.	8.12 "
Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	Detroit.	10.00 "
Lv Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	Lv Detroit.	10.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.21 "	"	Ar Wayne.	"
Ypsilanti.	10.45 "	11.25 P. M.	Ypsilanti.	11.25 "
Ann Arbor.	11.00 "	11.43 "	Ann Arbor.	11.43 "
Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
Marshall.	1.15 "	"	Marshall.	"
Battle Creek.	2.03 "	AIR LINE.	Battle Creek.	AIR LINE.
Kalamazoo.	2.55 "	"	Kalamazoo.	"
Niles.	4.32 P. M.	4.40 A. M.	Niles.	4.40 A. M.
New Buffalo.	5.25 "	"	New Buffalo.	"
Michigan City.	5.45 "	"	Michigan City.	"
Calumet.	7.18 "	7.47 "	Calumet.	7.47 "
Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	7.30 A. M.	1.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.	"	Ar Prairie du Chein.	5.30 A. M.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	"	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	"	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	"	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
Denison.	8.00 "	"	Denison.	8.00 "
Galveston.	10.45 "	"	Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	"	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	"	Columbus.	6.30 "
Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	"	Little Rock.	"
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	"	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	"	Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
Cheyenne.	"	"	Cheyenne.	12.50 P. M.
Ogden.	"	"	Ogden.	5.30 "
San Francisco.	"	"	San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	"	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
Quincy.	11.15 "	"	Quincy.	9.45 "
St. Joseph.	10.00 "	"	St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.
Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	"	Kansas City.	9.25 "
Atchison.	11.00 "	"	Atchison.	11.17 "
Leavenworth.	12.10 "	"	Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.
Denver.	7.00 A. M.	"	Denver.	"

### Through Sleeping Car Arrangements

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

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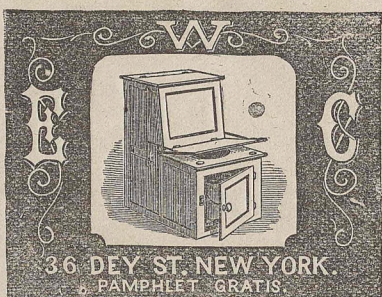
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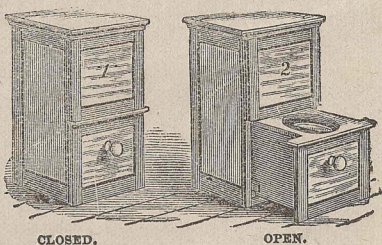
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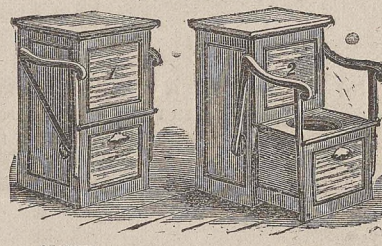


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