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BY AND BY:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK III. CHAPTER IV.

The first portion of that night, after parting from his new friend, was passed by Criss in that anxious meditation which possesses so much in common with earnest prayer; the latter part, in the quiet sleep which was habitual to him. But it was only when his mind had attained the goal of resolve that his body sank into the repose of sleep. Could it be that in this young and uncrowned emperor he had found his mission, and perhaps his relative, sole upon earth? The thought brought no joy to him, save in so far as it indicated a duty to be fulfilled, and a subject worthy of affection. What did trouble Criss was the frame of mind which misfortune seemed to have evoked in the prince. He could not conceive of himself as breathing out threatenings and slaughter against any individual under any circumstances. Much less could he comprehend the mood that personified a whole people and sought to inflict vengeance upon them as upon a personal foe. Surely, if no other duty presented itself to him, to mitigate the imperial ferocity was a duty worthy of all his solicitude. Criss felt that he was not altogether powerless to promote his restoration. Could the prince by such agency be restored to his throne a better man, nations would be the better for Criss having lived.

The morning's telegraphic intelligence from the revolted capital, gave a new direction to Criss' thoughts. The insurgent government was determined to punish the foreign settlers for their sympathy with the late dynasty and coldness toward the new regime; and an expedition was to start at once for the wealthy settlements of the whites in the mountains. Atlantika, as the leading district, was to be the first to suffer.

Criss' eyes became dimmed as he beheld in imagination the fair regions he had so lately visited, ravaged by war, their smiling homesteads blackened by fire and stained with blood, and their happy, prosperous occupants—ah!—and here a pang shot through him as he thought of Nannie, the passionate, wayward Nannie; she of the sunny smile and April eyes, who resembled the fairest angel of his sweetest visions—Nannie in danger, perchance a fugitive, alone and foodless, amid rough mountains and horrid infested woods, her wealth of golden hair streaming behind her, as on bleeding feet she fled from barbarous negro ravishers, and seeing no salvation on earth, gazing with wild looks into heaven as if thence only, even as once before, a deliverer might come. And shall she look in vain? No! thundered the heart of Criss, as, starting from the trance in which he seemed to have seen all these things as vividly as with his bodily eyes, he rose and hastened to prepare for an immediate start to Soudan.

His preparations consisted in paying his hotel bill and dispatching a telegram to Avenir, begging him to back with promptest endeavor any movement of the Council of Confederate Nations for saving the European settlers in Central Africa from the destruction with which they were menaced by the insurgents of Bornou, whither he was now proceeding. On leaving the writing-room, after dispatching his message, he found himself running against his acquaintance of the previous evening, of whose existence he had for the moment become oblivious.

"Forgotten me already?" said the prince. "You look as absorbed in your thoughts as if you, too, had a kingdom to recover."

"Your highness will pardon me," returned Criss. "The news from Bornou is bad for my countrymen; I am starting for the hills to see if I can aid my friends. I have little doubt of being able to return in a few days, probably three or four, and then I shall be at your highness' service for any good that we can do together." And Criss put a marked emphasis on the word *good*.

The prince gazed on him with a strange and almost troubled look, but did not immediately speak. As Criss divined, his thoughts were apologetic, for presently he said:

"Ah, that good, cool England has given you the discipline that is very difficult of acquirement in our ardent Soudan. I think that I must have an English counsellor—that is, when I am restored. But how long will it take you to get there?"

and what do you expect to do alone? I shall be very sorry to lose you again so soon. I could wish you to remain by me, for I feel strangely drawn toward you. Do you know what will constitute your chief danger if taken by the rebels?"

Criss shook his head.

"Your resemblance to me. I see it more strongly to-day even than last night. But you are the handsomer of the two. That Greek dash has done you a good turn; and I suspect you are the better of the two. You have been improved; I claim only to be improvable."

"Show yourself so and I shall love you and serve you truly," said Criss, his eyes beaming on the prince with an ineffable tenderness. "Show yourself so and you will have no cause to regret your present misfortunes, be they temporary or not."

"You speak to me as equal to equal. Pray, does every Englishman hold himself a king?"

"Many are more than kings, for they are superior to all dictation, save that of their own consciences. Is there aught of commission that your royal highness desires to intrust to me?"

"My friends are organizing a force to support me," returned the prince. "The only question is whether I ought to return and place myself at their head. They advise delay until they are stronger. I wish to do what is best for the country and the dynasty. This very day I hold a conference with the bondholders' committee on the subject; otherwise I should be inclined to beg a passage with you. Could you take me in your car?"

Criss was startled by the singularity of the coincidence, by which the son sought to return in the same conveyance which had aided the father's flight. But he only said:

"Best wait my return; I will tell you exactly how affairs stand. For the present, farewell."

The prince insisted on seeing him off. On beholding the Ariel, he exclaimed warmly in praise of its exquisite combination of diminutiveness, strength and elegance.

"Surely it is unsurpassed," he said.

"It is unequalled," replied Criss, and was about to start, when the prince said:

"Have you any arms?"

"None; only instruments and tools to meet various emergencies. I hate the idea of personal violence, and cannot imagine myself having recourse to it under any circumstances, not even in self-defence."

"That is because you have always lived in civilized and peaceful lands. Now you are going into barbarism and danger. People who behave as wild beasts must be treated as such. But whether as a weapon, or as a remembrance of me, pray accept and wear this pistol, at least until we meet again. If not for yourself, you may need it for others."

The last remark decided Criss, and buckling round him the weapon, which was an explosive multiplier of the finest make and utmost potency, he entered the car. As he was quitting the ground a thought struck him, and he said to the prince:

"Should it be needful for you to return, and I be prevented from coming for you, will you entrust yourself to the agent I purpose to employ?"

"I will trust you and your agent implicitly," said the prince, "only let me know the situation before I decide upon returning. The bondholders here have a claim to influence my movements."

Mounted aloft, Criss referred to his chart, his compass and his chronometer.

"Nearly thirty degrees south-west, and now nine A. M. At the rate of two degrees an hour. I shall not reach Yolo until midnight. There is no twilight there, and I must arrive before dark if possible. Now to see the direction and probable force of the winds." And he consulted his chart of atmospheric currents.

To his great satisfaction he found that by flying at a certain elevation, he would have the aid of a north-east current, which at that season of the year blew steadily and strongly.

Referring to his barometer, he ascended to the requisite height, where, putting on a high speed, he traveled in his course for an hour. He then took observations to ascertain the distance he had covered. The movements of the air at such altitudes are not to be judged by the corresponding movements called *winds* below. Beyond the reach of retardation by friction with the earth's surface, the great currents aloft sweep along, unimpeded, at rates which here would make hurricane and disaster.

"Four degrees in the hour," said Criss, joyously. "Oh, current, only hold thus, and before sundown the goal will be in sight."

#### CHAPTER V.

On the eve of the day which saw Criss hastening with all speed to the succor of his friends, were held two councils of war. One in the Bornou capital by the leaders of the insurrection; the other by fugitive planters from the white settlements, high up on the slopes of Atlantika, where, in a natural fortress of rocks, camp fires were kept burning to scare off wild beasts and temper the keen mountain air for the women and children who crowded, scared, around them. Now that the trial had come, the young women who had been so eager to add military practice to their other accomplishments, found their hearts fail them, and this so utterly that they quite forgot to resent the cool, matter-of-course way in which the men left them entirely out of their calculations in the measures they adopted for defense. Curiously enough, somehow, the men did not think the worse of the other sex for thus vindicating itself, for no reproaches passed between them on the subject.

It was known in the mountain that the insurgent forces might be expected at any hour. Of a prolonged resistance the whites were hopeless. They relied mainly upon the material aid, or threats equally efficacious, of the Council of Confederate Nations, to which they had dispatched an urgent appeal by telegraph. The council not being in session, it had to be specially summoned. This had caused delay. When met it acted with the utmost promptitude and energy, for it dispatched a powerful aerial squadron to

Bornou, with instructions to rescue or avenge the settlers, and destroy the capital, unless the leaders of the revolution guaranteed the liberty, lives and property of the entire foreign population of the country. With internal politics it was not to meddle.

On the mountain the consultation was about the appeal and the chances of its having reached its destination, and also of their ability to hold out until the arrival of succor.

In the capital the consultation was between the leaders of the revolt, who already were divided among themselves on two important points; one, the policy of incurring the hostility of Europe by ill-treating the whites; the other, the advisability of declaring the young prince emperor, in the event of his complying with certain conditions; and this whether his father were dead or not.

Criss had crossed the Libydan desert when he became sensible of a great diminution of his speed. He judged rightly that the heat of the Sahara had, by creating a current on its own surface, deflected or reversed the current with which he had been traveling.

He could not now reach the point at which he aimed before nightfall; and he was doubtful whether he could find that point in the dark. Descending toward the earth in search of the favorable winds which had failed him aloft, and which were likely to be prevalent on the Sahara, it occurred to him that it might be possible to hold communication with his friends in the settlement, and ascertain beforehand their precise situation. The vast development of the telegraphic system rendered it impossible that the insurgents should have cut all the wires, even if they had wished to do so, and there might be at hand means of communicating direct with the plantation, without risk of interception in the capital. He remembered that the central office of the hill district was close to the elephant farm, and under the supervision of Nannie's brother-in-law; and his telegraph-guide informed him that Atlantika, being the highest mountain of the range, was provided with the usual convenience for aeronauts.

The sun was setting low when the desert blasts became sufficiently lulled for the mist of sand to abate, and the atmosphere clear enough for him to scan the ground as he skimmed along near the surface. Soon he caught sight of a large white building, which he recognized as the place of a well. It was scarcely doubtful that it would contain also a telegraph station, for in that thirsty land a well is the only possible halting-place. The presence of travelers, however, might make it unsafe for him to descend and communicate.

Examining with his glasses the inscription on the roof of the building, so placed in immense letters for the benefit of aeronauts, Criss was pleased to find that he had not deviated in any wise from his direct course, and that the well was in a locality whose inhabitants owed much to the late emperor; for it was the well of Kehir in the country of the Tebu. But he had still two-fifths of his journey to accomplish.

A large caravan was halting at the well, such being even then the usual method of locomotion between the provinces of Fezzan and Darfur. Halting at some height, Criss perceived that the caravan was waiting for the night, to pursue its toilsome way. Camels, disburdened of their loads, lay about with their noses resting on the bales of goods, and beside them, in the shadow of their huge bodies, reposed the drivers. Evidently it was but a caravan of merchandise, and therefore peacefully disposed.

Approaching close enough to parley, Criss learned that a very large party even among the insurgents were believed to be favorable to a restoration; and in return for this news he told them the emperor was dead, and the young prince at Jerusalem holding himself in readiness to return and head his party.

In answer to his inquiries respecting the telegraphs, they, after an examination of the wire-labels, told him that he could telegraph direct to the plantation station below Atlantika, and they offered to dispatch any message Criss wished, if his journey was too urgent to allow him to come down and do it himself.

Criss said it was true that he was in great haste, but the message he had to send was in English, and therefore it was necessary for him to communicate it himself. Would they, therefore, be so good as to attach the wire he would let down to the wire which communicated with the Atlantika station, as he had a battery in his car?

This done, Criss sent two messages; one for Hazeltine himself, and another for transmission to the Summit, in case the settlers had deemed it expedient to form an encampment on the mountain. Criss did not suppose the settlement could be deserted altogether; and even if no one were present when the message arrived, it would record itself, and be legible to the first comer. As for the Summit telegraphs, they are constructed to call attention by exploding a signal. In both messages Criss requested that a beacon might be fired on the top of the mountain toward midnight, when they might look out for him. But he received no acknowledgment in return.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Even amid the dangers of the insurrection, Nannie, with her wonted willfulness, refused to regulate her conduct by that of the rest of the girls of the settlement. She laughed at their fears, refused to believe in the approach of any enemy, and declared that she would justify her nickname of Wild-cat, by remaining in her home after everybody else had deserted it. The body of settlers were already on their march up the mountain when her absence was observed by some of the neighbors.

"Where is Nannie?" they asked of her brother-in-law.

"She prefers to stay at home for once."

"But surely some one had better go back for her."

"Not if you want her to come," was his response. "Nannie has a way of pleasing herself. Our best chance is to let her alone."

They appealed to her sister, who with looks the reverse of cheerful, was riding in a covered wagon with her children. The only answer they got from her was:

"Nannie knows what she is about. It is pleasanter there than here, and I dare say quite as safe."



The neighbors looked at each other significantly, and said no more. As Nannie's relations did not show concern, it was not for others to do so. So they held on their way, none of the young men venturing to volunteer on a quest of such doubtful acceptance. Besides there was a general conviction that Nannie would follow them when she got tired of being by herself.

The night and the day passed without molestation, and the party had leisure to occupy and fortify a strong position high up on the mountain side, whence they could with their glasses descry the railroad from the capital, and any military demonstration that might approach from that quarter. Fortunately it was not the season for rains, and the fear of animals being less than the fear of the enemy, the camp fires were early extinguished.

So things went until toward midnight on the day after their arrival, and no Nannie had made an appearance. Then came an alarm. A bright glare lit up the mountain-top, yet a considerable distance above them, and by reason of precipitous cliffs, inaccessible on that side. While they were wondering what the light could mean, screams were heard; then a succession of shots; and presently all was quiet, and the glare died away. Some of the party had fancied they had heard a shot or an explosion in the earlier part of the evening. Conjectures were active for a time, but no attack or demonstration followed, and the alarm was not renewed. Only Nannie's sister had, with blanched cheek, whispered to her husband:

"I am certain that was Nannie's voice."

The alarm of the night was forgotten in the excitement of the morning, when train after train appeared moving up toward the station at the foot of the mountain, and bands of soldiers disembarked from them and formed into lines with the manifest purpose of ascending the slope. This was the signal for removing the women and children to a yet greater height, so that they might be out of the reach of injury by the expected assault. These had not been long up there, before they sent word down to say that they had discovered the cause of last night's alarm, for they had found the telegraph station on the summit burnt down, and the bodies of three negroes killed either by lightning or by gun shots.

Strange to say, the enemy instead of advancing made a long halt in their ranks at the foot of the hill station. Then, breaking into groups, they appeared, by their vehement gesticulations, to be engaged in hot controversy together. Presently, to the still greater astonishment of the settlers, they set to work deliberately to prepare a meal.

While the fugitives were marveling what the delay and apparent change of purpose meant, an aeromotive hove in sight, coming straight from the capital toward the mountain. Their best glasses failed to make out its character and occupants. Arrived directly over the insurgent camp, but considerably below the position held by the planters, the car stopped, and a conversation took place, which manifestly roused the interest of the troops to the utmost pitch. On its termination, the whole force broke into rounds of ringing cheers, and very explosions of shouts. The car then proceeded on its course, and approached the party on the mountain with the evident intention of joining it.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Nannie did not herself comprehend the feeling which made her remain in the settlement when every one else fled from it; but Nannie was one whose fancies were to her as inspirations, and who, when she had a fancy, felt that she must give way to it, or else go beside herself.

"It must be so, because I think it."

"I know it is true, because I dreamed it."

These were her usual formulæ. Talk to her of being reasonable, and her lovely mouth would curl with ineffable disdain, as she exclaimed:

"Reasonable! a woman's business is to feel, not reason."

With this creed she was born, and in it she had grown up, refusing all culture of mind, all discipline of habit; yet in native quickness of perception so far surpassing all around her as often to justify the contempt she openly expressed for their inferiority and slowness.

"Logs! They are all logs compared to me," she would exclaim when any other woman was mentioned as capable of doing anything whatever. And her bright eyes would flash, and her bright hair bristle, and every dainty limb quiver with excitement, as she asserted the thoroughness of her own womanhood, to the despite of every example that could be quoted in comparison with her.

Her outward resemblance to her sister was very great, but in character Nannie was the less self-considering of the two. Her sister was not incapable of being selfish by intention. Nannie was never selfish, except through the impetuous heedlessness which was apt to cause as much annoyance and distress to others as if she had intended to hurt them. All heart as she was, and was proud of knowing herself to be, she was not the less likely to be the cause of unhappiness to herself and those she loved, than if her heart had been under the dominion of a head, and that head proportioned in a way to shock all phrenological proprieties.

After the evacuation of the settlement, Nannie roamed about prying into the neighboring houses and gardens, fondling the deserted and wondering animals, and not hesitating to break a window and force an entry wherever she espied a cat or a bird gazing wistfully on the unwonted solitude. More than one tame elephant and other huge beast acknowledged her as their deliverer. Loading herself with provisions suited to their various tastes, she went through the avenues followed by a crowd of animals, whom she petted and teased by turns. Thus the time passed, until the second evening approached, and she began to tire of their sole companionship. So, finding herself back at her home, she took refuge in the telegraph office, a place she was always longing to explore, principally because her brother-in-law, dreading her reckless inquisitiveness, had strictly forbidden her to enter it.

Here at length, after committing various antics with the

instruments by way of experiment, being completely tired out, she fell fast asleep on a rocking chair, close alongside the signal tell-tale, and was soon far away in the world of dreams, a world that with her possessed a reality even more than the world of her waking hours.

Nannie had ever been a wild dreamer, and there was a perfect consistency between her dreaming and her waking characters; for, as when awake her fancies would ever insist on being transmuted into facts, so when asleep her visions revealed themselves in movements and utterances. In short, she was addicted to talking and walking in her sleep; and this through no morbid affection or cerebral disturbance, but solely through her being so intensely alive in every atom of her composition, that it was scarcely possible for the whole of her to be asleep at once. She suggested the notion of one of those zoophytic creatures, each piece of which, on its being cut up, becomes a living and entire animal.

Since her adventure at sea and rescue by Criss, she had become conscious of some change in her moods, both waking and sleeping. There were even moments when she felt her wildness vanish almost entirely away, and she soon discovered that these unwonted accessions of docility were contemporaneous with her reminiscences of Criss. Sometimes her sister caught her still and thinking for a minute or two together, and on twitting her with her seriousness, Nannie would color and exclaim:

"Oh, I daresay he is a log like the rest. I hate logs."

But who the *he* was she did not reveal.

On the present occasion Nannie was dreaming of her voyage through the air, and of the dark-skinned, bright-eyed young man who sat aloft in the rigging, leaving her the comfortable car all to herself, and patiently answered all her questions and listened to her fitful discourse. Then she dreamed of herself crying wildly in the garden on his departure, and declaring that he must be a log or he wouldn't have gone away at all; and then of her rage with herself for seeming to care, when in reality she did not care a bit and only cried, she did not know why; she supposed the tears came of themselves; she did not want them to come. And then, red and white with mingled emotions, she started from her sleep, crying out:

"Yes! yes! What is it? I am coming. Quick! quick!"

For the magnetic alarm beside her was sounding its sharp appeal, in token that a message had just inscribed itself upon the recording tablet.

Nannie was soon wide enough awake to remember where she was, and to guess what had happened. Darting eagerly toward the tablet, she found herself gasping for breath as she saw Criss' name, and then read his message from the desert well.

"Oh, those stupid, stupid people; to all go away and leave no one to mind the messages," she exclaimed. "Criss, dear, good, stupid Criss, coming to help us, and he will go floundering about in the dark, looking for the mountain; and there is no one to light the beacon or send his message on to the summit station. How I wish I had learned to use the thing. All the other girls here know it. Why did they let me grow up so ignorant? I don't seem to have ever been taught anything."

And here she stopped in her tirade and colored violently, for she remembered that it was solely her own fault in always persistently refusing instruction.

Then seizing the wire which communicated with the summit, she applied the magnetic battery to it; but in trying to use the instrument she puzzled in vain over the letters necessary to indicate the message. Then she cried with vexation, for she thought the settlers might already be on the top of the mountain, and it only needed that she should send on the message for them to fire the beacon for Criss' guidance. Her next thought was that perhaps they would not go so high up, and that the message would be of no use even if it got there through the absence of some one to receive and act upon it.

This last reflection quite overcame her patience, and, seizing the battery and the wires, she dashed them vehemently down, as stupid, useless creatures. Nannie did not know that though she could not transmit the message, she had exploded the message-signal on the summit.

Then sinking into the chair in which she had lately been sleeping, she meditated.

"I'll do it myself," she cried, starting up with a determined air; "I'll outwit them yet!"

She had not employed precisely the phrase that expressed her meaning, but it was natural to Nannie to inveigh against circumstances as if they were persons, and evilly disposed toward her.

Another hour saw Nannie, laden with matches and combustibles, resolutely trudging up the mountain by a path with which she was well acquainted, but which lay at a distance from that taken by the fugitives. It was quite dark, and she knew it would take her two or three hours to reach the top, but the thought of being useful to Criss sustained her, and she did not doubt of accomplishing her purpose by the time he had specified in his message. She was animated, too, by a sense of triumph over those who would have induced her to leave the settlement with them, and of the now proved superiority of her instinct to their reason.

Much of the track by which she had to travel was rough with sharp stones and tangled with creeping plants—impediments she had never discovered in her daylight journeys—and Nannie, in her eagerness to get on her way, had neglected to provide herself with shoes fitted for such work. By the time she reached the summit station, her little feet were bleeding from many a cut, her clothes torn and her body bruised with many a heavy tumble; but her big heart never faltered or let her fears prompt her to turn back, or even to join the fugitives, whom she perceived to be encamped at no great distance on another part of the mountain.

The station was in a little wooden hut, known as the chapel, from having been built several generations back by the missionaries, who had been instrumental in converting that country from Islamism to Christianity, partly for devotional purposes and partly to shelter persons caught in the storms,

which at that elevation are wont to be of tremendous violence. It was of dry pine and highly inflammable, as Nannie happened to know through the fierceness with which it had burned, and the difficulty with which it had been saved, when accidentally set on fire by a picnic party, at which she had been present as a child.

A few yards from the hut was a ledge of stone, on which it was the wont of excursionists to make their fires for cooking, and it was on this ledge that Nannie prepared to make the beacon required by Criss.

Wanting light to enable her to see in order to collect fuel from the surrounding thickets, she commenced by making a small fire on the stone. To her great dismay she found that, with all her searching and gathering, the utmost she could obtain was barely sufficient to keep this alive; and her idea of a beacon very properly involved a blaze that could be seen far and wide.

After a little while it surpassed her resources to maintain even this little fire. Rushing into the neighboring thickets she lighted match after match against any tree that she thought might be dry enough to burn. But all was of no use and at last, fairly beaten, she sat down by the smoldering embers on the stone and began to cry. Depressed by disappointment, a sense of her desolation and loneliness now came vividly over her, and to her other woes was added that of terror. That Criss might fail to carry out his design never occurred to her. She was entirely occupied with the idea of him hovering round in the dark, and feeling, as it were, for the summit whereon to alight.

But, hark! A sound! And her heart beat as she prepared to scream loudly in response to his signal. Ah! it is only the public clock of the settlement, far below and miles away, booming the hour.

Mechanically Nannie counted the strokes. "Twelve! Midnight! Why, he was to be here toward midnight. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

A thought strikes her. Another minute and the thought has become a deed. And now, with a fierce roar, the flames of the burning chapel are darting high into the air and lighting up mountain and sky with a bright and steady blaze, while Nannie is running and dancing around it, and laughing triumphantly and clapping her little hands, as if to encourage it. Nannie was no historian, or she would have known that she was not the first of her sex to set fire to a church for the sake of her lover. And not only was she no historian, but she did not know that her feelings for Criss partook in any way of the character of love.

A voice and a rush. "He comes! oh, he comes!"

And Nannie looked round in the direction of the sound.

Alas! no Criss, no lover; though needed more than ever as a deliverer now. Needed far more, even, than when on the brink of the burning ship she stood ready to plunge into the ocean. For the creatures that meet her gaze are hideous savages, grinning and glaring upon her, as half mad with drink and brutal passion they advance, three in number, toward her, with outstretched arms and fiendish yells.

They are negroes who have taken advantage of the disturbances to plunder, and retired to the mountain to carouse unmolested, and who have been attracted to the summit by the unusual sight of fire.

Shrieking loudly, Nannie darted from them, passing the burning hut so closely that the flames scorched her. Terror stricken and fleet of foot, she would probably have escaped, but the dense thicket brought her up and she could not get away from the light of the fire.

They were closing in upon her, as she still flew and screamed, when to their amazement they found themselves confronted by another whom they had not seen before, and who now darted between them and their prey, with imperious language and gestures, bidding them to forbear on pain of instant destruction.

The wretches were too infuriated to heed the speaker. Two of them turned on him, while the other continued the pursuit of Nannie, now too exhausted to fly further. Extreme measures were absolutely necessary? What matter whether anthropoid apes or pithecoïd men? Had it not lately been declared, and by one entitled to authority in that country, that those who behave like wild beasts, to say nothing of their looking so much like them, must be treated as such?

A couple of shots in rapid succession laid two of the assailants on the ground. In another moment the third had shared their fate; and Nannie, glancing round at the sound, recognized her deliverer, and, with a scream of joy, fell fainting on the ground.

[To be continued.]

I FIND in the papers two items which appear to me to possess thrilling interest. One states that "there is an epidemic among the goats of Asia Minor," and the other informs us that "Terra del Fuego is for sale." When I reflect upon the almost pathetic interest that is felt in this country in the sanitary condition of the goats of Asia Minor, and of the vast number of Americans who do not sleep of nights because of their great and irresistible yearning to buy up Terra del Fuego at auction; and when I remember that American newspapers lately have paid for several costly cable dispatches which informed them that Cardinal Antonelli's gout is better, and that the Earl of Yarborough was drunker than usual, I feel that if it wasn't for a free and independent press the people of this country would soon collapse again into darkness and ignorance and hopeless chaos.—*Max Adeler.*

FOUR children were lately born at a birth—two of them alive—in the parish of Cusop, Herefordshire, England. The curate writes that the father, a toll-keeper in poor circumstances, and who has already four children to provide for, though naturally confused, seems grateful.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND, the editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, is giving the world the benefit of his vast knowledge of women and clergymen. He gives his readers to understand that people who are ready to believe in the guilt of erring clergymen are sensualists. Last month he merely accused them of being fools.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



## 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.

(Chicago Times Correspondence.)

## SPIRITUALISM.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 6.

At the time of my last letter the most remarkable of the London media went out of town, but now they are returning from their summer holiday in a fair condition of recuperation, we may suppose. We are enrolled as investigators, of a rather uninformed, uncaptious type, ready with listening ears and receptive minds, we hope, for a deeper comprehension of the new philosophy of "isms" as existing to-day. On this side of the Atlantic the movements are ponderous, slow, weighty and select. In America they are meteoric, rapid, universal. Nobody cares for the automatic theological heaven any more. Spiritualism has the field. Newspapers are widening their doors for light as it comes. Editors themselves may not believe in modern spiritualism, but they give their columns as never before for the people to think out the problem as they can. Half the reading public are demanding to know what this thing is. "Insanity" and "ruination to body and soul from circle-sitting" is no longer a dread, as the result of investigation. Few of us are willing to admit that we can't stand a little tangible spiritual enlightenment. Very much talk of improbability now displays lack of judgment and breadth of vision, after the fact of telegraphy, photography (which requires the condition of darkness so much deprecated in spirit circles, as do most of the chemical experiments), the printing press, and so forth; yes, and psychography (the spirit photograph), perhaps destined to form an important link in the chain of evidence to establish the possible truth of inter-communication between the two worlds. Though the strange and startling manifestations of to-day are everywhere acknowledged as fact, not every one is ready to admit that these phenomena are the work of disembodied spirits. If we do not establish the spiritual hypothesis, what is it? What are the conditions? What has mesmerism, magnetism, psychology, and various other stepping-stones to do with it? Or the nerve force, as the intermediate link between the spirit and the body, and its connection with mediumship—are all questions standing before the light of science, waiting to be answered. One fact: the study of spiritual science is becoming the most important of the age, and since such leading minds as Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. G. S., one of the foremost naturalists of the day, and Professor William Crookes, one of the greatest living chemists, and others, are conducting experiments in the same spirit they bring to bear upon their other researches, we may wait, but no longer sneer at modern developments. Nothing but solid incontrovertible fact will satisfy such men. Unlike Huxley, and some others of the material scientists, who argue that the power is a dynamical emanation from material substances, or a blind force, they could not say—"If even it were true (Spiritualism), it does not interest us"—no more than they could think that moving chairs, tables, and occult sounds, were laboring under hallucination. Since this utilitarian age will demand external evidences, they are not to be despised. Having the privilege of an interview with Professor Crookes, we sought to learn something of the *modus operandi* or of the philosophy of spiritualism, as evolved in his mind; but he persistently confines himself in conversation to facts, only throwing out now and then a suggestion, opposite suggestions sometimes, turning every side in the utmost plausible speculations, and drawing out his companion's views more than committing very largely his own. Knowing, probably, that the world is waiting and watching with unusual eagerness his downright, pronounced opinions of the explanation of the phenomena he is investigating, he moves and talks more guardedly than he might. He says he finds there are things to discover, not only of the chemical, mechanical and physi-

cal processes of life, but some very subtle spiritual ones, which he must admit necessitates a revision of ideas in the scientific world. To sum it up, there is another subtle spiritual sense to be discovered. Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley and others of that school, say it is not possible, in the province of scientific inquiry, to find any method whereby the elements of the soul may be discovered. Professor Crookes thinks not so, and he is not content to rest on any threshold of possible discovery. He and other scientific men have already proved by actual experiment that no spark of electricity exists where these manifestations occur, and they are now perfecting experiments to show that there is also no mesmeric or psychological force, and are endeavoring to prove that psychic force is itself the agent of some intelligences which produce these wonderful manifestations. Professor Wallace says, in contradistinction to past views, that the existence of mind itself, although acting upon the brain, is not a force that the brain generates, but that the brain is stimulated by it; that the minute particles of nervous force do not generate themselves, but are the result of something superior to science, and which, he admits, belong to a realm not recognized by scientific scrutiny. The spiritualists maintain that this is soul which has its action in the brain; that this is spirit, a subtle essence, incapable of destruction; that the manifestations are from disembodied intelligences; that there is in these manifestations all the concomitants of individuality, memory, volition, conscience, character and peculiarities quite as distinct and palpable as those of the sitters. They say that magnetism, which we are accustomed to speak of vaguely as the medium of spirit control, has nothing to do with it. The force that spirits employ when they move minds is finer than magnetism, finer than the nerve force, finer than any fluid that has yet been discovered. They believe it to be the purpose of creation that intercourse should take place between the spirits of the departed and those left behind; that when the spiritual doors are closed, it is the abnormal condition. The more perfect and full man's life in the spirit, the clearer and purer ideas and thoughts has he on all subjects spiritual, natural and earthly. When he is released, it is only an enlargement of his previous life, and not a complete revolution in his state. But theories are many, and though often approximating to truth, the world is, just now, more absorbed in facts. "I wish," says Professor Crookes, "I had more time, outside of my routine of work, and had the opportunity the Americans have, of access to the different and wide-spread phases of mediumship. I should like to see the Eddy brothers. Will they come to Europe?"

The Eddy brothers, we replied, have never been outside of their narrow country domains, and to see them, I am told, one would suppose they never could get out. They are crude, primitive, unlettered, and well enough satisfied with their life as it is. One thing in regard to the Eddys interested Mr. Crookes—the rigid ordeal of scrutiny that is necessary to be undergone before a visitor can be admitted to the house. All applicants stand under a spiritual analysis, and many hundreds are rejected. A letter asking permission to visit them does as well as a personal application; they asserting that spirit impression decides the matter, and the essence of a letter is sufficient revelation of the character, or *le perisprit*.

Mr. Crookes referred to Robert Dale Owen, Lloyd Garrison, Epes Sargent, and others, with a great deal of interest. He has no English prejudices toward young and brilliant America. He showed us into the library and laboratory, where his wonderful interviews with the spirit "Katie King" took place, under the crucial test conditions of his own choosing, and described the conditions of the photographic seances, so much talked of, with the celebrated medium, Miss Cook. The library was used as a dark cabinet. A curtain was suspended in the door leading to the laboratory adjoining, where a few friends were placed, and where the cameras were arranged for experiments in artificial light. While Miss Cook, dressed in dark clothes, was lying upon the floor, with her head upon a pillow, deeply entranced, the spirit, Katie King, appeared in thin drapery of white and placed herself by his side, quite as tangibly as he wished under a magnesian light of intense brilliancy, and under the ordeal, this figure stood longer than he could bear the light. He had to close his eyes. She rarely spoke while the light was burning, but afterward, in a semi-light, she spoke repeatedly in an audible whisper. Her voice differed in degree of sound at different times. When being questioned as to the manner in which the apparition materialised herself, she said that she first entranced her medium, and then taking power from her aura, a subtle fluid, and with the assistance of spirits unseen by us, who gathered elements from the medium and from persons present who were mediumistic, and uniting this with a substance provided by themselves she was enabled to show herself. The pictures of her represent a very beautiful woman, with large, luminous eyes, a shapely figure of medium size, covered by a thin fabric, and bare feet. Her hair is luxuriant, and a rich, golden auburn, a curl of which was shown to us by Mr. Crookes, cut off by his own hands, and which was not yet melted away; also, he showed us a piece of fabric cut from her dress; thin, coarse muslin—what chemical properties produce this may suggest any amount of speculation—and the spirit lamp which he has so often seen in the hands of this apparition, and one other, at the seances of Mr. Williams and Miss Cook, the nature of which, he frankly says, he cannot understand. It looks like an oval mass of luminous matter, about six inches long by four broad, and about an inch thick. In some portions it seems to be crystalline, irregular, like a piece of ice smoothly broken. He has seen it fade, and has noticed the apparition approach the medium, and manipulate her hands, when the light would flash up with intense brightness, phosphorescent brightness. Mr. Crookes has held long conversations with this spirit, Katie King, an account of which he is to give to the world when time permits. Not the first line has yet been penned. He, with most of the world, is yet subservient to the bread and butter-question, and spiritualistic investigation is his pleasure not his profession. Professor Wallace has a book in press, which will soon appear, to be called, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." It will consist of "the scientific as-

pects of the supernatural," and "an answer to the arguments of Hume, Lecky, and others against miracles." A work said to be the most important which has appeared on behalf of spiritualism. In England, more than in America, there is an attempt at organization, association. It never can be a sect. Howitt says it is the universal, resistless, indivisible live-element of all nations, peoples and tongues. It needs no aid, no organization. If there were a combined presiding body, there would be despotic power to strangle truth and freedom.

## SO PIOUS!

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

## CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

"During the past season we have had social meetings of persons who valued the Bible, believed in God, and that Jesus of Nazareth is, in a special sense, a Saviour. We believe the Bible and modern Spiritualism are both from God, and absolutely in harmony."

Thus writes a correspondent to the *Banner of Light* of October 24. The letter confirms the declarations which I have made, from time to time, in the WEEKLY, that about the only difference between some Spiritualists and orthodox Christians is the acceptance of spirit communications in the present time. *Christian Spiritualists!* Better be "fish or fowl." Hybrids are at a discount. Spiritualists who "valued" the Bible. The correspondent might have added, "more than Spiritualism." "Believed in God"—they did. He probably meant they *value* the Bible and *believe* in God, present tense. He says they believe "Jesus of Nazareth is, in a special sense, a saviour." That is orthodox enough to suit any church member. Notice, the word "Saviour" is reverently spelled with a "u" in it. It is superfluous, but sacred. Not to spell Savior in that pious way would be to hit Jesus a dig under the fifth rib.

These New York Christian Spiritualists value the Bible. What for? Is it the amorous love ditties of Solomon that even the WEEKLY, with a notoriously bad reputation among the pe-ure (to give word pure its appropriate holy tone it must be pronounced in two syllables, it then sounds unlike anything in heaven above, the earth beneath, or in water), refused to print, for fear of soiling its pages. I would like to give a page or two of "elegant" extracts from the "valued" Bible. But as Christians suppress papers for obscenity that print such purity, the reader is invited to refer to the original "valued" fount of nastiness.

These Christian Spiritualists believe the Bible and modern Spiritualism are both from God, and absolutely in harmony. That is the "unkindest cut" Spiritualism has received since it was born. If they had said some of the best portions of the book are in harmony with it no Spiritualist would object to the statement.

All such laudatory expressions in favor of Christianity, Bible and Jesus by Spiritualists result in just such stultification. All such efforts have a backward tendency. Compromises with orthodoxy are usually compacts with hypocrisy. Thousands and tens of thousands of Christians are becoming disgusted with Christianity, with both the name and the thing it stands for, and are going into Rationalism, Free Religion and Spiritualism. A little observation and thinking show that Christianity is going to pieces, so far as ideas are concerned. As an organization it is strong. As a fashionable juggernaut it is grinding the working people beneath its ponderous society wheels. The Christian Spiritualists of New York city have jumped aboard this Christian car.

The Christian Spiritualist, in the *Banner of Light*, says of my good old "Elijah" with his mantle:

"We think, also, that Mr. Chase goes too far in condemning the Bible; but he meets the wants of multitudes of minds. Few persons have awakened so many; and we believe if he arrests their minds and convinces them of all that Spiritualism will illustrate, he will prepare them well for other inquiry."

"We confess that we ourselves have often thought that milder language would do more; but we leave that to the good Lord, who moves him to his work as well as we to ours. With 'charity toward all and malice toward none,' a few of us will have religious services hereafter on Sundays, and will meet for conference at half-past ten A. M., at Harvard Rooms, 6th avenue, corner of 42d street, where we would be glad to welcome any who value the teachings of the Bible."

If Bro. Chase tells the truth (and he does) that ought to settle it. But when were compromise people ever known to decide a case on its truthfulness? The joke of the matter is that they say the "good Lord" "moves" Warren Chase to "his work," going up and down the land advocating heretical teachings. Inasmuch as the "good Lord" does it, Chase is not responsible.

This Christian Spiritualist says "Mr. Chase goes too far in condemning the Bible." But then as the "good Lord" "moved him to his work"—a part of which is "condemning the Bible"—it follows that it is the "good Lord" that condemns the Bible, and not Chase, who is only the divine instrument in the hands of the Lord!

What a weak, pretty thing Christianity is, any way! But the effort to weld it with Liberalism in any form makes it appear still more insipid.

PORT HURON, Mich., Oct 28, 1874.

*Editors Weekly*—Benjamin and Marion Todd are here in Port Huron lecturing every Sunday before the Society of Spiritualists. Large audiences greet them, and are interested and instructed.

Benjamin Todd, as is well known, is a pioneer in the cause of spiritualism, and an able and courageous champion of social freedom; he has raised his voice for truth from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In California he is well known and respected. As a speaker he is just what is needed, and his boldness and originality of thought are gaining him respect among all classes of people.

His companion, Marion Todd, is a lady of refined intellectual culture, and her lectures are utterances of an earnest heart, and give much satisfaction to her hearers, some saying



that, although Brother Todd's lectures are very good, they like his companion's a little the best, which causes him to feel a little jealous, and I heard him say that when she could do better than himself he would quit.

They are engaged for eight months, and it is probable they will make this city their permanent residence. The society owns a hall, embellished with spirit paintings. One to the right of the speaker's desk, about six by twelve feet, representing the happy hunting-ground of the red man; one to the left, about the same size, representing a landscape and water scene in spirit land, and directly back of the speaker's desk is a finely executed painting, representing a beautiful female spirit in the act of descending to earth. These are the work of a much respected resident of this place, N. B. Starr, Esq., the well-known medium for spirit painting.

Mr. Starr has left his mark in this section of the country. His truthful portraits of loved ones gone before—of persons he never saw in earth life, and of whom no photographs are in existence—are numerous. He is an old man, and may soon leave for the other shore, there to live in immortal youth with all impediments removed from before his noble aspirations.

Yours truly,

JOHN L. NEWELL.

## SOCIALISTIC.

### COMMUNISM.

EDITORS WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Is it possible that Social Freedom can ever become a realization—a power for good under such influences as govern present society?

Beecher's experience answers, no. Woman's inhumanity to woman answers, no. The millions of gold and greenbacks hoarded by selfish hands answers, no. The centuries devoted to class building and class worship answers, no.

In private conversation we find many men and women quite ready to approve and applaud the theory of individual sovereignty—and the equality of the sexes; and quite as ready to acknowledge the entire failure of the Church-State system of marriage; and more, quite as ready to condemn said system as the principle cause of all our woes. But when Communism is presented as the broad, bright, genial plain, whereon the sovereign can exercise legitimate and unrestricted control; the only ground whereon man's self-love can freely and naturally expand into the fraternal; where the body-deforming spirit-cramping, health-destroying, crime-engendering, My, may grow into the beautifully rounded Our—Our domain, our circle, our children, our home, wherein dwelleth goodness; no strife, no anxiety but for our interest; no hatred; not even for the wrong, but love in abundance ever expanding, as the rill to the river—the only ground whereon Labor and Capital can be united and their jarings harmonized; wherein the ancient marriage institution can be safely and securely buried beyond the influence of any "toot" from the dead-raising trumpet; then, indeed, like the young man who thought himself pretty good, do they turn "away sorrowing;" and it makes but little difference whether "very rich" or poor, for the selfish "mine" and "thine" have become so incorporated in our very existence, that it overtops every humanitarian sentiment, and even spurns that which one, seemingly as "wisely as a serpent," would grasp with avidity.—competence in every department of being, without unnecessary care or competition, while enjoying our greatest blessing—labor—and leave the really converted sexual reformer an open advocate of legal marriage with all its conceded crimes and curses, as against Free Love with all its conceded virtues and blessings, provided the latter can be had and enjoyed, only by the surrender of the ever and ever worshipped My: my farm, my bank, my pig, my servant.

Now, what shall we do to be saved? It is well to preach sexual freedom. Every tongue in the land should preach it. Every ear that can hear should hear it, because it is Nature's method of Love's manifestation. But since the true method cannot be enjoyed because of present surroundings, then the prejudices arising from the traditional, the educational, the legal and the commercial, must each have a grave beside the marriage institution. It would indeed seem desirable that all the institutions that oppose or retard man's progress should be buried now and forever. But as all great reforms require time, and as in this case, we must create at least as fast as we destroy; it would seem that Communism—which must of necessity be the basis of the present reform movement—should have our largest and first attention. The saying, "build the cage before you catch the bird," seems appropriate here.

For a long time I have been looking the WEEKLY over in hopes to find some presentation of the subject that would attract the attention of those sorrowing ones above mentioned—some presentation of the advantages and blessings to be enjoyed by life in a community as compared with the present isolated, tormenting and expensive mode of living. Perhaps these jumbled thoughts will serve the purpose of arousing some one or more of Social Freedom's ablest advocates, to meet what seems to me an imperative demand.

LIBERTY, Michigan.

C. W. VINING.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANCIS BARRY.

LONDON, England, Oct. 21, 1874.

FRANCIS BARRY:

Dear Sir—Having just finished the perusal of the letter printed in the WEEKLY of Oct. 17, addressed by you to its editors, and deeming their reply to be neither an adequate nor a complete one (probably it was not intended as such), I feel impelled to give it (your letter) the more thorough attention, which it seems to me to merit, not only on account of the source from which it springs, but also because of the importance of the points which it discusses, although my distance from the scene of action will necessitate the lapse of considerable time between the publication of your letter and the appearance of my reply.

"What is the matter with F. Barry?" is the first question that you consider, and you begin by telling what is not the

matter with him. You emphatically deny that you are a "sorehead." Now, by the tone of private letters which I had received from you, and of your public utterances from August, 1873, up to, but not including, your recent letter, I had been compelled to believe that you were a "sorehead;" but the spirit of your last letter, added to your denial of the charge, convinces me that, if your head ever was at all sore, it has entirely recovered. Therefore, I cheerfully dismiss the idea from my mind, at the same time asserting that for its original lodgment there you must ask pardon of yourself, since you, and you alone, were to blame for it.

You next state that the real "matter" with you is that the major part of the "professed free lovers are half the time talking in favor of absolute freedom," "and the other half of the time in favor of 'true marriage,'" adding, at the same time, that, "right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable," you "do not acknowledge any one as a free lover who is in favor of 'true monogamy,' or 'true polygamy,' or 'true marriage,' or 'complex marriage,' or any other kind of marriage." This brings us directly to the consideration of the question at issue, viz., what is free-love? To answer this question satisfactorily we must first know what marriage is. The word marriage is legitimately susceptible of at least two constructions. By the one it signifies union caused by attraction. By the other it signifies the legal bond which joins a man and woman together, and keeps them together, willy-nilly, for the remainder of their lives to the exclusion of all other sexual unions whatsoever, with the single exception that, under certain circumstances described in the statute, a legal divorce is allowable. I assert that free love means the abolition of this latter sort of marriage, viz., legal marriage, and I assert further that he or she who believes in the abolition of marriage in the latter sense may uphold "true marriage" (meaning thereby marriage in the former sense) without weakening in the slightest degree his or her title to the name of free lover. If this is not the case, then Stephen Pearl Andrews (the ablest exponent of the free-love theory that I know of), and many other able minds connected with the free-love movement as long and as prominently as yourself not only do not belong in it, but have utterly mistaken its import.

I readily admit that the wiser plan in discussing this subject is to adopt one of these definitions for good and all, and to argue always from the same standpoint. I prefer this plan myself, and in this respect no fault can be found with you. The difference between you and Mrs. Woodhull lies in the fact that she, while defining marriage in her own way, and arguing therefrom, grants each and every other person the right to define it in their own way, and judges their utterances by their definition, while you wish to force every one to adopt your definition, and persist in judging their utterances by your definition. I ask you, "on your honor as a gentleman," if the above is not a fair statement of the case, and if it does not bear *prima facie* evidence, unsupported by further argument, that you are wrong and she is right. Mrs. Woodhull, in her writings, undoubtedly uses the word marriage in different senses at different times, but the context always shows to a careful reader which sense she intends, and to criticize her for so doing seems to me neither more nor less than a quibble in one as intelligent as yourself.

With you I say, that Warren Chase is no free lover, since he advocates compulsory contracts for mutual protection; with you I say that W. F. Jamieson is no free lover, since, if am rightly informed, he sanctioned a legal marriage by performing the ceremony; and with you I should say that Victoria C. Woodhull was no free lover, did I believe that in her heart she to-day accepts the doctrine which you quote from her Steinway Hall speech. But all her later writings show that, whether consciously or unconsciously, she repudiates that sentiment, although she has not done so in set terms, and you yourself said in the WEEKLY (I have not my file before me, and consequently I cannot give the exact date and words, but I give the substance, and the exact words can be found either among the March or among the April numbers for 1873) that her speech entitled the "Naked Truth" was the best argument for free love that had ever been made.

One word as to criticisms on Mrs. Woodhull. I would exempt no person, however worthy, from criticism. But see that it is just, especially when it is directed against one who is almost overwhelmed by unjust criticism, abuse and falsehood. Let the critics of Mrs. Woodhull (and I am one; for, though my admiration for her in most respects knows no bounds, I disagree with her in many things, especially in regard to her theories of law and government, which I think tyrannical in the extreme, save in reference to the marriage question alone)—let her critics, I say, present their objections in a fair and gentlemanly manner, and I, since I know her well, will guarantee for them her respect; otherwise I think she is justified in regarding them as beneath her notice.

In conclusion, allow me to touch upon a point which you often make, but which does not occur in the letter to which this is a reply. I notice that in many of your articles you, in company with Austin Kent and others, define free love as the sexual emancipation of woman. Let me avail myself of this opportunity to pronounce that definition both partial and incomplete. To be sure, the laws in relation to sexual matters are enforced much more rigorously upon woman than upon man, but the difference is in degree, not in kind. They are by no means a dead letter in regard to the latter, and, theoretically, they place both sexes upon nearly the same footing. Not many months since a respectable male citizen of the enlightened city of Boston was tried, condemned and sentenced for committing what the law is pleased to denominate the crime of adultery, and he is now serving his time out in a Massachusetts prison; and I dare say that many other instances of a like nature could be cited if necessity required. And I will venture to predict that, when this free love fight gets to its hottest, the male free lovers will find that the authorities will enforce the law with so much rigor that it at least will not add to their personal comfort.

Yes, free love does mean the sexual emancipation of

woman, and of man also; it is broad enough to include the human race. I appeal to you, sir, to use your great talents and vigorous logic in showing that the free love movement is not partial, but impartial; not exclusive, but inclusive; not sectarian, but universal. When free lovers generally declare this, their success is certain; unless they do so their failure is inevitable.

Yours sincerely,

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

### A SHORT SERMON—No. II.

Allow me to quote from the letter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton a passage so grandly true that I cannot pass over it with a mere reading.

Mrs. S. had reviewed the statement of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and among her notices of how he had disposed of such testimony as that of his sister, "Belle," is the following:

"Those who know Isabella Beecher Hooker must be equally surprised with his treatment of her. [Reference had been made to the gross injustice he had done Mrs. Tilton to save himself.]

"Brilliant, gifted and clear-minded, her excellent advice to her brother, to confess his life and justify it by his theories, which she had heard him many times enunciate, proves her a straightforward, strong character, but not a 'free-lover,' 'weak-minded' or 'insane.'

"I have known Mrs. Hooker," adds Mrs. Stanton, "well enough and long enough to testify that she is neither. But in the clashing of interests, ambition and revenge among men, mothers, sisters, wives and daughters are readily sacrificed to maintain a needed point."

Is society awake to Mrs. Stanton's words? Who will doubt her ability to decide this matter intelligently? And she has spoken her convictions when she says: We, because we are women, are "sacrificed" to man's greed for himself. I ask my sisters if this be true? Not all of you can appreciate the work that is going on, and the need you have of the work being done. Each one of you, wives, mothers and lovers—it is well to designate "love" as a separate condition until it seems to belong to marriage—are the centre of "rings," not so powerful as Mr. Beecher's, but as damning and as stultifying to your growth out of bondage.

One of my own sex, for whom I hold the highest respect, in so far as her true worth has been marred and defaced by the perfidy of the "great preacher," is now held up to the world by the man who was "Jesus Christ to her" for so long a time that all the brightest days of her life are shadowed by his presence, as an impertinence, as a thing he can put his foot upon without desecration to her womanhood, in which all womanhood suffers with her. In what consists his "greatness?" Is even genius, the thing we worship, and which men and women can so seldom lay claim to, used for a high purpose when by it, or because of it, he has wounded the dove that lay in his own bosom?

These revelations are like windows thrown open, whereby the sun shines into chambers long unused to the light of day. The vibrations of long pent-up feeling rends in twain the misty veil that hides the secrets of men's lives. It is laying bare the grim rock, over which the vines softly crept and stretched and intertwined upon the ragged edges of chasms yawning beneath, until the danger and the treachery hid under blossom and vine are all revealed.

I glance once more to the page made white by one woman's truth. It has caught the infection that fills the air. She loves the new gospel of humanity, and bids her soul divest itself of "perjury" henceforth forever, though all lives that she holds dear perish with her own. Though an "advanced thinker," she is not ready to accept the Beecher trait and frame a new code of ethics, in which truth must lie prostrate before the march of the kingly mind!

Thank God, we have such women and such men! There is enough heroism to counteract the cowardice; enough of spirit to overcome the flesh; enough of the love of truth to conquer self and keep alive the kindest embers of justice and freedom, which like the advent of Christ in the dawn of the Christian era, will establish a new kingdom in the earth. Witness the spirit that is alive and representing the masses.

In reply to a question of mine, in a letter to a correspondent, the question being: "Do you believe not that Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton in God's sight love each other?" I received this: "Yes, I certainly do think so, and I am so sorry they got found out by enemies! I simply utter the feelings of my heart, and I almost hate those who printed those scandalous things. Mr. Beecher is a precious soul I do believe in the sight of God; and the angel-world is on the side of both of them." (There must be war in heaven.) "At the same time they are of course very far from being perfect, but they have great loving souls! They have damaged themselves to such an extent it can never be wiped out, not wholly, and for this I am sorry, and mourn as if I was their brother, as I am."

This correspondent is a man of fine culture, once a resident of Brooklyn and a member of Mr. Beecher's congregation. He has always "loved him," and is only one of thousands who feel as he does, and are rightly represented by the passage I find in the WEEKLY of October 10th: "His magnetism, emitted from the pulpit of Plymouth Church, spread all over the land, touching all hearts in sympathy with his great impulsive nature."

This friend of mine and correspondent believes that Mr. Beecher loves Mrs. Tilton, and that his withering cruelty in the utterance of that sentence which must have fallen upon her heart like the thud of clouds upon a coffin, was only a little thing, uttered in self-defense! He believes, as the thousands do, that Mr. Beecher, who is our representative religious light of the age; who has cast out upon the tide of thought ideas drank in eagerly by thousands of thirsty souls, and has contributed more than any one else has done to the liberalization of the intellectual atmosphere—has not himself also been a trespasser upon the sanctity of the individual.

If this is not "man-philosophy," as Mrs. Stanton terms it, then what may it be called!



Look well to this sentence of Mrs. Cady Stanton: "But in the clashing of interests, ambition and revenge among men, mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, are readily sacrificed." Tell me if this be not true and every day repeated? The Glendenning trial is another example in which death terminates the "bitterness of death" to that young heart that could not bear the scathing blight of this thing which is denominated "society!" Glendenning is to-day walking the streets arm in arm with his brother ministers and the "best" people of his congregation because he is a man and the whole theory of society is in his favor.

Who shall fight this battle for us? Mrs. Stanton has painted in dark colors this slavery and degradation of women. "What a holocaust of womanhood we have had in this investigation!" is the bitter welling up of the sentence she pronounced upon it.

For more than two-thirds of a century negro slavery existed under cover of the covetousness and greed and love of power and ownership and Bible injunctions with which it was overspread, until it seemed to be native to the soil; and its deformities were so hidden that no one dreamed there were such writhings of soul hid away under what men called "prosperity." But the storm burst at last with terrific vengeance; the first prophecy echoing through the land, uttered by a single voice, was from the lips of an old man with whitened hair and bent form, who gathered his handful of troops at Harper's Ferry—the "John Brown, whose soul goes marching on!"

Woman's bondage, love's bondage, freedom impaled on "nauseated public opinion;" Beecher saving his own life at the expense of a woman a million-times weaker than himself, who was bewildered, tempest-tossed, yet refused to be a pet, a plaything, to be used or let alone at will, and went forth to vindicate the man she loved; legal marriage brought up by the guardians of public morals as the only safeguard, when its hands are gory with the blood of its victims; beautiful, talented, cultured women, whose social status rests upon so brittle a tenure that the arm of the law, in the hands of men to wield, may crush her at any moment; the "life of Christ," degraded to a mere stockholding operation under \$20,000 bonds at the beginning, and sifting through such slime and filth of greed and malpurpose, which investigation reveals, is to be set up to be worshiped, as Aaron called upon the people to bow down before the "golden calf." These and a long list of like "respectable," legitimate children of such institutions as the "Young Men's Christian Association," are weighing in the balance.

I call upon women, my sisters, all over the land, to form themselves into a league to pass just sentence upon a man who has shorn one woman of her chiefest glory, and left love, prostrate and bleeding, under his usurpation of her personal right to love the one who, through years of intimate friendship toward herself and the members of her own household, claimed the highest love of which she was capable, and then, as we have seen, nailed her to the crucifix, and has left her "to tread the wine-press alone."

God forgive him, but to me "his supreme renown" has forever passed away, and this crowning act of taunt and scandal toward one whom he once loved brands him forever the most infamous man of the nineteenth century.

CHARLOTTE BARBER.

VILLE DE TOLEDO, Oct. trante, 1874.

Madame Woodhull—With much pleasure have I read your journal, and I do believe victory will crown all your efforts for the redemption of woman in all the broad lands. Many fair days did I pass in La Ville de Chicago at a grand conventicle of Spiritists. Yourself had amazing strong amis—friends—at that place, a Madame Severance and La Man; and Mons. C. W. Stewart; also, M. Cephas Lynn, orateurs grandes and formidable. Never were such splendid harangues made. I do think the world has no greater orateurs, no grander reformateurs than M. Lynn and M. Stewart, for they speak *electric et magnetique*, and no force can encounter their *logique*. It is *charmante* and it is marvelous. I do think many *personnes* fail to comprehend Madame Woodhull, but that is the fate of all the *gent* of the world. Madame has at last struck the true tocsin when she teaches the *practicale* of social philosophy as well as the theory. I do know there are millions who require the knowledge of *sexive science*; and give that to them and hell will roar with dreadful anguish at the spectacle of woman redeemed. I do bid you go on. Victory for the pure and good demands a battle terrible. It is your place to fight, but your reward is certain. I pass from *cette ville* to the far South and West. I will have my supply of WEEKLIES for distribution from Chicago. Your friend the Lord Egmont is in Amerique, and bade me remember you to him and him to you.

I remain your servant, *tres humble*,

M. EULIS DE RAVALETTE.

GRAFTON, Mass., Nov. 2, 1874.

On reading the article in the last WEEKLY headed, "Opposed to all her Social Views," it occurred to me that if the statements there made, with, perhaps, some qualifications or explanations, which might present themselves on reconsideration, were printed in numbers, as in the article named (in the form of circulars, and furnished at cost to all social reformers for gratuitous distribution by the million) that it would give an impetus to the cause which could be done in no other way with as little expense and trouble.

I would be willing to pay for and circulate a quantity of them. It seems to me that there are few in any community who would not read a hand-bill headed, "What Mrs. Woodhull Teaches," from curiosity, if from no other motive, and that much prejudice would be dissipated. Thought and investigation would be provoked, and much good done. If this should be done there is one qualification in No. 9 that I will suggest, viz.—I would have it read as follows: "She teaches that the sexual act, when prompted by mutual love, is as divine as any in the whole range of the universe, etc."

Yours for truth, in order that the heavens may not fall,

THORNDIKE LEONARD.

KEWANEE, Ill., Nov. 1, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—I wish you could get your reply to Mr. W. on the "Social Question" printed on fly-cards in letters of gold, so they may be scattered everywhere, and "they that run may read." I want your views known, and then I know they will be appreciated by every woman in the land, at least.

In my labors for freedom I find prejudice so deep-rooted people won't read; but when made to understand what you are trying to do for them, exclaim: "Why, I thought so-and-so; I was told so-and-so by So-and-so;" and thus Madam Grundy and the pulpit rule the land—save some few wives that stay at home and learn of their husbands—and are afraid to let truth and error stand side by side at the same fireside, on the same platform, in the same newspapers.

I trust while I live freedom, justice and equality will be inscribed on my banner, and when I pass away my mantle may fall on my children, and they carry on this glorious work begun.

ANNA ATWATER.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER BEESON, the well-known advocate of justice for our Indian brethren, handed us the following preamble, resolutions and address for publication. When we consider that our Canadian neighbors can live at peace with the Indians, we see no reason why our people should not also. Earnestly desiring the arrival of the time when such will be the case on our Western border, we cheerfully insert the contents of the document he has brought us:

### PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The highest faith in any religion is that "GOD IS LOVE," and that "Love worketh no ill to its neighbor": therefore,

Resolved, That the frauds and the consequent waste of life and treasure through needless Indian wars ought to be immediately stopped.

Resolved, That a correct public sentiment, based upon a knowledge of existing facts, is all sufficient to sustain a Peace Policy concerning the Indians.

Resolved, That an Address be sent by a delegation composed of women as well as men to the General Council of the Tribes, which is to meet in the Indian Territory early in November.

### THE ADDRESS.

TO THE HEAD CHIEF AT THE INDIAN COUNCIL:

We, a portion of the people of the United States, come to you through the delegates who present this Address, to express to you our deep sympathy for your much-wronged race.

We want to tell you of our profound regret, on account of the failure of the combined efforts of the Government and the Indian Commission and of the churches to protect you from cruel outrage in violation of the most solemn treaties.

And, in proof of our earnest sincerity, our women as well as men have come to sit at your council-fire. They have come, not in the interest of any sect or party, but purely to demonstrate to you the desire which is daily becoming deeper and wider throughout our entire country, that a "PEACE POLICY" may be based in justice which shall abide unbroken forever.

For this end we desire that our people and Government shall recognize your *rights* to-day the same as your Fathers recognized the rights of our Fathers at the time when they were few and feeble in the land—to the full enjoyment of their Religion and Laws within stipulated limits.

We come to hold council with you for a mutual agreement as to the terms by which all existing difficulties and unsettled accounts may be equitably adjusted.

We are aware of the great sums of money which you spend in lawyers' fees and in sending delegates to Washington, and that, notwithstanding the talents used and the expense it is to your people, you have never obtained justice, and to-day you are as far from getting it by any means hitherto used as you ever were.

We therefore come to you, not to dictate to you with assumed superiority, but to unite with you in a common effort for human rights, well knowing that if we neglect or trample upon yours, we by so doing imperil our own. We are encouraged by the fact that the "GREAT SPIRIT," whom you revere, is the same as "our Father which is in Heaven," whom Christians worship.

We commend our brother and sister delegates to your care and confidence, in the full assurance that, with your co-operation and the sanction of him who the Scripture affirms is the "VERY GOD OF PEACE," and of the President of the United States, our success will be absolute and certain.

### AS TO THE QUESTION OF THE PERIOD.

There was deacon Smith and Lawyer Blot, with astute Doctor Fell, Old Mrs. Howe, with spinster Ann and Arabella Snell—They sat around a table once until a spirit came, Who made that table jump about as if it were insane.

'Twas Lawyer Blot's professional cheek gave courage to his speech "Whose spirit are you? Tell us all, I solemnly beseech!"

"On earth my name was Sammy Boyd," the restless spook replied, "I owned the tavern by the Forks, afore I took and died."

"And there I sold nice Gibson, and old Deacon Smith kin tell

How he an' all my custom liked that nice old Gibson well;

But on my soul afore I died was one thing weighed like lead, Yet 'fore I could divulge it to my wife, Sam Boyd was dead!"

"What was that thing," the lawyer asked, "that weighed on thee like lead?"

Come, tell us in this circle now—divulge, oh, spirit dread!"

The ghostly lips replied, "Alas! the item is not large,

'Twas the deacon's last two Gibsons I somehow failed to charge."

—Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN cannot say that she was ever really in love, and she has lived to be gray. There must be something wrong with her heart. —Exchange.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir—As the reported interview in to-day's Sun indicates that Dr. George M. Beard is in the field, I beg to remark that when he has made his whole statement and assumed full responsibility by his signature, I shall have something to say to him and the public.—HENRY OLCOTT.

The London School of Medicine for Women was opened on Oct. 12. No opening address was given. The staff of the school is composed mostly of gentlemen who are lecturers in other medical schools, and the list comprises names of well-known reputation from among the medical and other scientific professions. The school is now in full working order.

The body of Lady Dilke, who died recently in London, was burnt on October 10 at Dresden. The ceremony was performed in the furnace recently invented for burial purposes by Herr Siemens, and the relatives of the deceased lady permitting strangers to be present, a large number of scientific men attended the experiment. When the company had complied with Herr Siemens's request to offer up a mental prayer, the coffin was placed in the chamber of the furnace; six minutes later the coffin burst; five minutes more and the flesh began to melt away; ten minutes more and the skeleton was laid bare; another ten minutes and the bones began to crumble. Seventy-five minutes after the introduction of the coffin into the furnace all that remained of Lady Dilke and the coffin were six pounds of dust placed in an urn. The brother-in-law of the deceased was present.

"It is a noble sight to see a murderer dangling in the air," preached the Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Frankfort, Ky.—N. Y. Sun.

"It may be so, but it is not edifying to hear a murderer talk nor very sensible to print what he says." But here follows, from the same paper, an improvement upon hanging: "The semi-barbarous tribes along the Amour river, in Asia, are said to have a curious mode of performing capital executions. They give the culprit Chinese brandy until he becomes unconscious and then they bury him alive. Before he recovers consciousness he is, of course, smothered by the earth."

A NEW YORK astrologer predicts that President Grant will be impeached or die before completing his term of office.—N. Y. Sun.

Tall talk. Suggestive of the Ides of March, No. 2. Who is the soothsayer?

STATISTICS of the violent deaths which occurred in Italy during the year 1873, have just been published in Rome. They amount to not less than 10,190. 7,326 persons were killed accidentally, 828 committed suicide, 2,024 were murdered. Two were executed and two were killed in a duel.—Catholic Review, N. Y.

Yet, Catholicism has been all potent in Italy for a decade of centuries. Truly, if the scholars behave so badly, it does not speak well for the schoolmaster.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Nov. 4.

The temperance women of Poughkeepsie are wonderfully elated over the casting of 250 temperance votes in this city on election day. One band of ladies took especial pains to visit all the polls and entreat voters to cast their ballots for the temperance cause. Their names are Mrs. Hanks, of Brooks Seminary; Mrs. Welton, Mrs. Loder, Mrs. Acker, and Mrs. Seaman. At the Fourth Ward they crowded their way past the politicians and reached the Inspector's desk, where Mrs. Hanks, wearing a little white apron, inscribed "Vote for Temperance and Prohibition," approached ex-Alderman Clifford with, "Vote a good square temperance ticket, so as to protect us in our homes." The Alderman took the ticket, said he was in favor of temperance, and after the ladies left tore it up. In the Third Ward the ladies took particular pains to get the "strikers" to vote their ticket. They were treated courteously everywhere.—N. Y. Sun.

Try again, ladies; there's nothing better than attacking your governors "in flagrante delictu." Never mind the demoralization talk. Our polls are not much worse than our rum shops, and your Western sisters have stormed them also!

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

An Indian had been picked up drunk, and though it was proposed to let him go over the river, it was desirable to have him understand that no Indian has any more rights than a white man.

"Child of the whispering forest, son of the grassy plains, it grieves my spirit to see you here," said his honor. "Only a few more moons will come and go before you will be gathered to the happy hunting grounds of your brothers gone before. You are an aged tree. Time has shorn you of your strength. You can no longer chase the wild condurango and follow the roebuck. The buffalo grazes in front of your lodge, and your arm is not strong enough to draw the bow. The rumbling thunder and the sharp lightning make you afraid. Once you could not count the camp fires of your tribe, so many did they number; now there is nothing left of your tribe but yourself, two old army blankets, and a shot gun with the lock out of repair. Son of the forest, why is this thing thus, and what do you mean by coming into my trapping grounds and getting drunk?"

"The white chief has spoken many wise words," replied the Indian in measured tones, resting one foot on the edge of a spittoon. "My race has fallen like the leaves—been washed away as water washes out the marks of chalk. I stand alone. My camp fire has gone out, and my lodge is cold and has no mat. Kawnee-ke-kick has tears in his eyes when he looks to the West and no longer sees the smoke of many camp fires. Our great chieftains have fallen, our warriors are dust, and the wolf utters his lonesome howl on the spot where stood our big village. I am sad."

"The red man may go," said his honor. "I cannot give you back your dead; I cannot cover the hills and meadows with forest again; the wild fox and deer have sought the deeper glens, and no power can waken the warriors whose whoops rang from hill to river. Go back to your lodge; beware of the fire-water; keep in nights; vote early and often, and be virtuous and you'll be happy."

Or 150 postmistresses in Pennsylvania not one has ever proved a defaulter to the Government.



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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. 21, 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, in dually, intellectually and sexually.

## ATTENTION REQUESTED.

We send bills with the WEEKLY to those subscribers whose subscriptions have expired, or will expire with the next few numbers. Of course we expect every one receiving such bill will at once remit for another year or six months at least, feeling certain that none who have read the WEEKLY for the past years can afford to do without it now.

Should any of our subscribers feel unable to remit at once, who still desire the paper, we will continue to send it and give them a few months' time for the payment, if they will so request. Those who do not care for the WEEKLY longer will please notify us by postal card or request their postmaster to do so—a courtesy that will cost them but little, but be appreciated by the publishers.

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.

## IS THERE ANY SALVATION FOR IT?

We answer, unhesitatingly, yes! The Republican party, though badly beaten, is not yet destroyed. It has the means still in its own hands to retrieve its recent bad fortunes, and to re-establish itself for another decade at least. At its last nominating convention it offered only "respectful consideration" to a class of citizens upon whom it must now rely for life. Had it been just, had it performed its pledges in good faith to women, it would not now be lying mangled and bleeding beneath the Democratic heel. We imagine that it has been sufficiently leached of its arrogance to have a little common sense; and if it has it will, immediately on the re-assembling of Congress, pass the Declaratory Act, and thus enable the women to vote; and by their votes obtain a new lease of life.

## PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

The readers of the WEEKLY will miss the usual editorial article this week upon The New Religion—Universal Justice, and perhaps will wonder what could have caused an interruption in the series of articles upon this important subject which requires so careful thought, preparation and development. These articles being from the brain and pen of the Editor-in-chief of the WEEKLY, which must have been evident to all of its readers who are at all familiar with her style and subjects, the Managing Editor deems this a fitting time, as he had occasion to do once before under somewhat similar circumstances, to remind the friends of the WEEKLY and the cause of social freedom and woman's emancipation—and by virtue of being these, also the friends of Victoria C. Woodhull, as their most able, devoted and uncompromising champion and advocate—what part of the advancement of their cause they owe to this self-sacrificing devotee, and what it has cost her in physical health to render the service.

Eighteen months ago, when hounded from prison to prison by the minions of the law and the charlatans of the church, her strong constitution gave suddenly away under the torture that they were inflicting upon her, the news of her death, which at first prevailed, fell like a pall upon the hearts who loved the cause she had espoused. When this news was succeeded by the announcement that she had rallied and was recovering, multitudes of brave souls involuntarily exclaimed, "Thank Heaven!" while their letters and numerous telegrams that came pouring in, congratulating her upon her prospective restoration to health and labor, told emphatically and unmistakably of a love and devotion that could be called forth by no common individual engaged in any common cause; indeed, told that the hearts of the people involuntarily and unsought had turned to her as the one who had come to emancipate her sex.

Nor were those words always words merely. They were frequently accompanied by substantial relief, which was so much needed and was so timely, when almost the whole of her substance had been expended in defending herself against the unlawful conspiracy that at one time seemed as though it would certainly submerge her, but did not. All the powers of demoniacal darkness that the Church and State could marshal, were not sufficient to subdue one earnest woman, supported as she was, interiorly, by the guidance and assurance of the Spirit World; and, exteriorly, by a goodly array of such good friends on earth.

Now, however, the scene is changed. Victoria is again stricken down, but this time not by the hired assassins of the Church. The former was a sudden yielding after months of resistance to a direct attack from outspoken and known and natural enemies; but the latter is the result of months of still more desperate struggle against the malicious bitterness, the foul invective, the insidious, sneaking, slimy crawlings of the secret snake—the fawning sycophant—the Judas' kiss—the Italian stiletto that seeks the life, while professing the love of its victim. Struggling as she has always had to do since her first financial difficulty (caused by an open espousal of the cause of down-trodden labor, resulting in the withdrawal of the support of money-kings, which to a certain extent she had enjoyed)—this new and despicable enemy's foul mouthings everywhere poisoned the very air she breathed.

As has been frequently said in these columns, she has never drawn a dollar from the receipts of the WEEKLY for her support or use; but she has constantly contributed, first, from her private means, and next, when they were exhausted, from her current earnings in the lecture-field, to its support, all the time having a large family burden to carry upon her shoulders. Several times the WEEKLY would have had to suspend had she not had this resource to which to appeal for its life. Many times have the entire receipts of a night's lecture been telegraphed to the paper, so that it might appear upon its regular day of issue, and this, too, when there were enough unpaid and overdue subscriptions to have carried it along without any difficulty; and often when the funds were sadly needed by her for other, and, as some would say, more urgent and necessary purposes. But she has never hesitated to sacrifice her own comfort and that of those dependent upon her to maintain the WEEKLY.

A year ago a desperate situation stared her in the face. On the one hand was the WEEKLY, which was then being most niggardly supported by its patrons, and her own current expenses, while on the other there was an expensive criminal law-suit pending over her head, liable to fall any day. Without money she knew she would be unable to combat her enemies with any hope of success. So she buckled on her armor and went into the lecture-field with redoubled vigor to earn it, when fortunes were ready to be laid at her disposal, and a safe release from all legal dangers guaranteed, if she would consent to abandon her cause, and accept the position and perquisites of the course with which she has been branded all over the world by these fiendish maligners.

But what did she meet? Everywhere she went the very first thing that was thrust in her face was the foul slime which this sexless snake had shed in its hidden crawlings. People who had been friends were filled with its venom. Papers that had been courteous and complimentary, now treated her as a low, brutal and vulgar woman, while every paper in the country was saturated with the voluntary contributions of this creature and its confederate conspirators, the well-wishers of the cause who had been "raised up of

God to save it from ruin." But in spite of all their machinations, all these efforts to crush her failed. Wherever she went she obtained the ears of the people. She spoke almost everywhere to crowded houses and appreciative audiences, whose verdicts were so emphatic and complimentary that the press could not ignore them. Some who had the will to do so knew they could not lie her down, while others, convinced by her logic or won by her eloquent pleadings, gave her just the support that she so much needed to enable her to bear up against this private malice.

And she returned to New York with funds enough to fight out the legal battle successfully, though every person opposed to her had been plied with the favors of these "saviors of the cause," until they believed, really, that they would be doing God's service to rid the community of her by sending her to the Penitentiary. Judge, jurors and prosecuting attorney, her bondsmen—not a single one escaped them. But as the angels would have it she was vindicated, though in the struggle her nervous system received a shock from which she has never rallied. Stripped of every dollar she had saved, she was compelled, though utterly unable, to go into the lecture-field to maintain herself. The people anxious to save the cause, taking advantage of her routes, as published in the WEEKLY, flooded every place to which she was going with their vile stuff. Spiritual (?) lecturers, who were anxious to tell the world that they were not Free Lovers, were loaded down with it, and as they traveled, scattered it broadcast among the Spiritualists, and they, in turn, retailed it wherever they imagined that she would feel its envenomed stings. With all the prejudice wrought up against her, and with her shattered nervous system, she was compelled to labor with redoubled earnestness and power in her lectures in order to win over the hearts of her audiences. Where, before, it had been almost a recreation, at any rate a pleasure, to please and delight her audiences, it now cost an effort to reach them that she was not able to exert, and she gradually failed under the task. Beginning with suffering merely from a little nervous exhaustion after lecturing that prevented sleep, the exhaustion increased in violence, until in San Francisco, after one of the most extraordinary efforts she ever made, she was forced hastily to close her lecture and retire precipitately from the stage, with the blood spurting from her nostrils, to spend a night of horror such as none but those who have suffered similarly from exhaustive oratorical efforts can ever realize. To abandon lectures now became a necessity. Not to have done so would have been to have foolishly bartered away her life. Still she said not a word, took no step to prevent the miscreants from following her further, although to her unsullied soul and keenly sensitive spirit the arrows she was constantly receiving in her grieving heart drove her to the verge of madness.

She returned to New York, but she could not escape them. Industry is no name for the assiduous efforts that had been put forth there to poison the very air against her, so that she might breathe it and die. She gladly seized an opportunity that was presented her of going to Europe. Discovering this, a plot was concocted to prevent her departure by causing her arrest on the ship as she was about to sail, upon a trumped-up charge necessary to be made to effect the purpose. Like all other things of like character that have preceded it, this also failed to effect what they desired. She went to Europe, but care had been taken to furnish every passenger in the ship with "all the documents exposing the villainy that was on board," and no sooner had she landed in Europe than the first things she met were these same documents, which had preceded her to poison everybody with whom she sought to come in contact.

Thus all over this country and across the ocean has this hunted woman been tormented, until at last, utterly worn out in body and exhausted in nervous strength, she has again succumbed to the pressure which she could no longer bear. On the evening of the 30th ult., after an exhaustive effort on the rostrum, she was stricken down, and in her exhausted physical condition congestion of the lungs and liver supervened. She fought bravely against the attacks, and appeared again in Baltimore on the 4th instant, hoping to fight them off; but she could not, and she now lies suffering and partially insensible in Philadelphia, a victim to the infamous persecutions to which we have referred, perhaps never again to lift up her voice or drive her pen in behalf of the cause for which she has fought so gallantly, so long, and against such fearful natural odds, together with all the fiendish machinations that hell itself could conceive and execute.

She has been often importuned to say something in the paper, or to permit somebody else to do so, about these circumstances. She has, however, steadily refused, and this now appears without her consent; but how can her friends come to know of her condition unless they are told, or how can they be supposed to know the terrible ordeals to which she has been subjected unless they be made known? Under the present circumstances it is deemed a duty that is owed to the patrons of the WEEKLY, and to the cause and friends of social freedom, that they be informed before it shall be too late to have any saving effect. It is beyond human probability, even if she should recover now, that she will be able to do in the future what she has done in the past; and if this be so, those who have been thus far only half interested in the cause must rouse to a comprehension of the situation, or else see what they have pretended to cherish totter and fall from willful neglect. It is not her cause to which she has consecrated her life; it is the cause



of woman everywhere—woman's emancipation from a thralldom and slavery that has filled the world with disease, misery and crime—the cause of humanity, male and female, all over the world; and they who would make it appear differently would rather it should die than that any part of its success should come through or by her efforts; who imagine if they can succeed in harrying her to death, that their immaculate selves may rise “to the positions which she, who cannot open her mouth without somebody to fill it, has stolen from us, to whom they belong.” “She must retire to the rear and give place to us;” “she has done her work;” “she is nothing but an agitator.” If such language about her is not the raving of insane fools, then there were never any human specimens of that sort to rave. They may succeed in their schemes—they may worry her to death, deprive her of support, kill the WEEKLY and build themselves up over its ruins upon the foundation she has laid that can never be uprooted; but if they do, it will be because those to whom she was sent—her sex—receive her not, but look calmly on and see her die, who, having given her all for them, finally yields up her life, having been betrayed by the kiss of a Judas into the hands of her enemies, nailed to the cross, with the crown of thorns thrust on her head and the sponge of bitter herbs in her mouth, while from her sadly-smiling lips the prayer ascends, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

It is not the world's people only who at all times have need of having the truth told them in plain language. Sometimes it is those who are forever arraigning them who most require it, though it come like a two-edged sword. Sometimes those who make the greatest pretensions to the title of reformer need most to be transfixed upon the points of their own weapons. They only are safe near the front of the battle who can, besides the foe before them, see the traitors, skulkers and deserters in the rear in time to protect themselves from their designs. So if she, pushed onward by an unseen destiny, think only of the danger to be encountered in that direction, there are others near who will not shrink from parrying the thrusts of the daggers that are aimed at her heart by those who seem to follow from the opposite way.

#### TO THE MEMBERS OF THE RECENT WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

It is generally and popularly understood, and has been so declared by a goodly number of your body, that you are all so eminently and conservatively virtuous that the very idea of freedom for your affections, or for those of women generally, causes the blushes of shame to mantle your sensitive cheeks. We repeat that it is understood that you have no sympathy with anybody or anything that looks toward, or savors of, free love. This idea was so firmly fixed in our minds that we were almost horrified at the tremendous stride recently made by you in Chicago, when you permitted one of your body actually to discuss “Pre-Natal Influence,” a subject so intimately and ineradicably connected with its collateral of woman's sovereignty in sexual matters, that it cannot be entertained without constructively entertaining this latter subject. While sovereignty in sex is nothing more or less than sexual freedom, or free love, or freedom for love for women, and through them necessarily for man, you are all too sensible persons to require that we should even state that children who are begotten under any other conditions than free love—that is, under enforced love, properly lust—are not begotten under happy pre-natal influences.

But it is eminently proper and fitting that we ask you, each and all, of what use do you consider it to treat of and discuss pre-natal influence, while the way to secure the proper kind is absolutely blocked in the case of almost every woman; while almost every woman is practically bound to serve her legal master, sexually, whether she desire to render the service or not? You pretend to be horrified at the very name of a free lover; but you coolly talk to the world about a condition of things that can be obtained only through free love. You pretend to think Victoria Woodhull an abominable woman, while you as coolly as possible set to work to discuss a legitimate result of her theories, which neither you nor any living person can separate from them, or attain without them. You theorize about something you pretend to wish to gain; but she boldly tells you how to gain it, and herself practically demonstrates its utility—and for this you call her infamous. You are as hypocritical about social subjects as the majority of Christians are about religious subjects. Your talk, unless you mean something practical, is a barefaced pretense. Victoria Woodhull claims that woman is entitled by natural right to be emancipated from sexual servitude to man. This you practically deny, by denying woman's right to freedom for the affections. Your arguments are in piecemeal, with no logical sequence connecting them together; you accept the ultimatum of a theory, but reject the foundation upon which it must be built. She proceeds sequence by sequence from the foundation upward, insisting that the place to begin to build is at the foundation and not at the cap-stone. You pretend to believe the crowning work of nature is divine, but you take special care to denominate the methods by which it is created as obscene; too obscene and vulgar to be spoken about in polite presence, or upon public platforms, or written about in a respectable journal.

She maintains strenuously that a process by which any good thing is obtained is eminently a proper theme for any

kind of public consideration; and especially does she maintain that the fruit of humanity is the divinest product in the realm of creation; and that all the processes of its conception, development and growth are also divine; and, as being the highest act that man can perform, that it is worthy of the worship, nay, that it should command the adoration of every human being, and be to them so high and holy, so divine and pure, that even the thought of vulgarity should be impossible in connection with it. That there can be anything obscene about such a subject is an absurdity so palpable that we are astonished that it could ever obtain among sensible people. The subject is not vulgar, but the people who pretend to think it is and who shrink from the mention of it, and who blush at the thought of it, may be, and we are willing to admit that they are decidedly vulgar. So may it not be after all, that the vulgar people are those who denounce Mrs. Woodhull and her social theories? We tell you that the future will look back to this period in the evolution of the social question and pronounce those who cannot now afford to entertain the idea of free love, as the vulgar ones of this age. For your own sakes we commend this prophecy to your consideration before you again commit yourselves, in such a foolish and inconsistent way, to the criticism if not the contempt of the future.

#### THE HERALD vs. THE HERALD.

It is an old saying that “it is a wise child that knows its own father,” and so it would be much wiser than any who have ever yet been born; but one who is not so very wise ought to be supposed to know his own opinions. That there are, however, a great many pretendedly very wise men, so wise as to attempt to criticize Tyndall, Huxley and Mill, who do not know what their own opinions are, will be clear to everybody who will read the New York Herald for a space of a few days only. For instance, let the Herald of the 31st ult. and of the 8th inst. be read, and see how utterly irreconcilable are the opinions gravely laid down upon the same subject. In the former number it is asserted without comment that “every year science is more clearly displaying the awful truth that hereditary tendencies, accidents of birth and physical structure, are mysteriously interwoven with the moral nature of man. (Query: How many years will be required in which to prove that the moral nature of man is wholly a result of the enumerated causes, if the demonstration continue to be made?); while in the latter it is dogmatically stated that religion which cannot be demonstrated is the impulse to progression; and any attempt to undermine religion, as by Tyndall, Huxley and Mill, is an attempt at complete revolution and intellectual rebellion against the chief forces of history; and will result in paralysis; and is an act of treachery toward our rights and prerogatives.

Now let us ask the Herald if it put the moral nature of man under the analysis and care of science which is demonstrable, what will there be left in him of which religion is to have control? And when it has replied to this, we will then further ask: If science is every year demonstrating its power over more and more of the moral nature of man, which it admits that it is, how can it be possible that the same moral nature “is intrenched behind an impregnable fortress, beyond the reach of any logical needle-gun or mitrailleuse?” Or has religion nothing whatever to do with the moral nature of man? Perhaps the Herald can either explain itself or enlighten those who are in the dark about its ethics.

#### FIRST ONE AND THEN ANOTHER FALLS INTO LINE.

Almost from the first issue of the WEEKLY it has been maintained in its columns that the punishment of crime is an outrage upon human right and justice, and that there is no right inherent in man to judge of and reward the actions of man. At sundry times this proposition has been seconded by arguments to prove that there can be no such thing as responsible individual action, and, consequently, no such things as merit and demerit in human conduct. This theory has been soundly berated by the “philosophers and wiseacres” as seditious and tending to subvert the foundation of society, while to act upon it would be to remand the world to anarchy and make organic harmony impossible.

In No. VI of editorials on “The New Religion—Universal Justice,” the usual view of the subject was exhaustively presented. On the 31st ult., immediately following the appearance of this article, and as if desiring to adopt and conform to its positions, there appeared a remarkable editorial in the New York Herald upon the trial, conviction and sentence of Kullman, the would-have-been assassin of Bismarck, as follows:

#### THE TRIAL OF KULLMAN.

“The conviction of Kullman of an attempt to kill Prince Bismarck followed, as a matter of course, his confession. His statement was decidedly cool; he admitted that he had fired at the head because he thought it possible Bismarck might wear a shirt of mail, and explained that he wished to kill the Prince as the great enemy of the Catholic Church. After this the Court had little to do but to decide whether he was accountable for his actions, and the medical testimony thus became of especial importance. It is a singular case. Here is a man who is perfectly sane, who knows the dif-

ference between right and wrong, who is intelligent and educated, who coldly and deliberately plans and attempts the assassination of another, not because he has been personally injured, but because he believes his religion has been persecuted. Months elapse between the conception and the commission of the crime, which deprives the criminal of the excuse of sudden passion or temporary insanity. But when he is tried a milder punishment is asked for on the ground of his moral weakness. His maternal grandfather committed suicide; his mother died insane; his father was an habitual drunkard. These ante-natal misfortunes are offered in extenuation of his offense. The Court approved this view of his character and declared him responsible only to a limited degree. The sentence of Kullman was, therefore, comparatively light—fourteen years' imprisonment, ten years without civil rights, and to remain under surveillance for life, is not a heavy penalty for his offense.

“But the medical argument which the Court at Warzburg recognized as just, if logically carried out, brings us to the brink of an abyss. Is crime disease? Then criminals are objects of pity, not subjects for punishment. If the ancestors of a man make him what he is it is his fault if he is revengeful and treacherous, is it his merit if he is magnanimous and true? He did not choose his grandfather, and if hereditary passions impel him to deeds of crime which hereditary moral weakness cannot restrain, is he to blame for the evil that he does? No, it is the grandfather who is responsible, and it is he whom we should punish if we could. But this grandfather had a grandfather too, and so we follow that endless chain of cause and effect which finally passes out of human view in the mystery which surrounds the origin of evil. Yet it must be conceded that if men like Kullman are to have their crimes palliated by inherited taint then the firm foundations of all human responsibility become frail and shadowy. Men are only what the fates have made them. The world, however, cannot be governed upon such a theory. Excepting in cases of absolute and extreme insanity, it assumes that men have the power to do right or wrong, as they please, and it would avail nothing to the prisoner who is brought before Recorder Hackett to plead that he inherited murder from his father, or that his mother bequeathed him an irresistible desire to steal. Earthly tribunals cannot make these delicate subtleties elements of justice, yet every year science is more clearly displaying the awful truth that hereditary tendencies, accidents of birth and physical structure are mysteriously interwoven with the moral nature of man. It is the old problem over which the world, from the earliest ages, has puzzled and pondered in vain.”

We repeat, that for the Herald, the first of American journals, to dare even to broach such an idea, to say nothing about the negative argument in its favor, is almost a revolution of itself, while it points unerringly to an early revolution in the minds of the people upon this matter. “These ante-natal misfortunes were offered in extenuation of his offense, and the Court approved this view of his character and declared him responsible only in a limited degree.” “But,” continues the Herald, “the medical argument, if logically (practically, we suppose it was intended to say) carried out would bring us to the brink of an abyss.” What is this abyss? Why the query: “Is crime a disease?” of the Herald. This simple question an abyss! Why? Because if crime be a disease—which the Herald does not admit in so many words, but which it proceeds with the argument as if it were admitted—“then criminals are objects of pity, not subjects for punishment.” If this be an abyss, then the world had better at once hurl itself headlong into its depths, and for once act upon a common-sense, aye, a self-evident, truth. If, stating in a direct way what the Herald goes a long way round to reach, and for all mankind what it does in special cases, fathers and mothers make their children what they prove to be, are the children to be made responsible for their acts? To this proposition the Herald, as if forced by the logic of its own reasoning, replies by an emphatic No! But almost immediately afterward it loses sight of its own convictions, and proceeds to say that “the world cannot be governed upon such a theory.” Well, suppose that the Herald is right—that it may be impossible for the world to be governed upon such a theory (and Heaven grant that it may soon cease to be governed at all); but upon this theory the world can govern itself, and from the present anarchy begin to evolve on order of society which can grow into the great human family.

But how does the Herald know that the world cannot be governed upon this theory? Has it ever been tried? Not many years ago the Herald said, that the country could never be governed if it recognized that negroes were human beings. It admitted that they were human beings, but it would not do to treat them as if they were; in short, that they, while being men and women, blest with reason, must be treated as if they were cattle. But scarcely a score of years has proved that the Herald did not know what it was talking about. Failing however to profit by its experience, it now repeats its error, and as blindly again puts itself upon the record in a statement about criminals that, perhaps even a less number than a score of years, may prove to be as false and fallacious as the former was about the slaves. Then, slaves must be treated as if they were cattle to save this thing that is called Society. Now, criminals must be treated in the same way and for the same purpose.

It is, to say the least, not a very exalted tribute to American Journalism, that such bad logic, or rather such want of



logic, as the *Herald* exhibits in its treatment of the really vital questions of the day, should appear in the most prominent paper in the country. This however cannot be otherwise until an utter reversal is made in the practical application of theories; until the practice of attempting to compel people to adapt themselves to systems is replaced by framing systems to correspond with principles, with which the needs as well as the desires of the people are always in accord.

There is another view of the subject that is not any more flattering to the professed Christians, who are eternally prating about rewards and punishments, and who inflict the latter with more vindictiveness than any other people. The *Herald* is a great stickler for religion and treats every one contemptuously who dares to question the Divinity of Christ. What hypocrisy is this—in one column professing the most unbounded admiration for "the Master," and in another saying with the utmost nonchalance, that his teaching cannot be carried out. For did not this same Christ say to his fold, "Judge not lest ye be judged, for with whatsoever judgment ye judge it shall be measured to you again?" The court of justice in Germany is a great deal more Christian than the *Herald* and the other Christians in America; and it would be well for the whole set of mere professing people, to become a little more consistent; to cease having the name of Christ forever upon their lips, while in their acts and hearts they practically deny him with an oath. Had Christ been in that court, he would not have condemned the man Kullman at all. At most he would have said, this man is the unfortunate victim of bad parentage; let him be placed where he may enjoy all the benefits and luxuries of life which we enjoy elsewhere, and surrounded by circumstances that will not appeal to the unfortunate legacy transmitted to him by his parents, so that their bad works may not further affect adversely the peace and welfare of the community. Let these canting hypocrites look a little after their own consistency and a little less after the future welfare of their brothers and sisters, and the world will be the better for the change.

#### THE PRESENT POLICY OF THE PAPACY.

The Church of Rome is the positive element of modern Christianity. We do not consider it to be an exponent of the doctrines of the Nazarene by any means, because it is manifest that it accepts or rejects whatever it pleases of his teachings, or our money system would not be what it is, and Communism, as ordained by Peter and the other apostles, would be proclaimed by it and sustained by its disciples. Nevertheless, it is a wonderful organization, and, to its long line of seventy-six popes, all other dynasties are things of yesterday. If we deny its right to a longer existence among us now, we do not desire to deny its previous usefulness. To us credal religions, like those who believe in them, have their rise, progress and decay, and no belief has ever existed but has in some way or other forwarded the advance of our race. In the early times, from the sixth to the tenth century, the Church of Rome was the protector of the people against the tyranny of the kings and nobles of Europe, their instructor in the arts and sciences and the great conservator of their rights. That was the period of its lusty youth and vigorous manhood, and it wrote its name in legible characters on every country in which it existed.

But, after that period, in our opinion, it commenced to decay. Probably the main cause of its decadence was its vain effort to organize charity. It read the text "sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" incorrectly, by omitting the word "poor" and inserting "church" instead. Then it became corrupted with money. Offerings which at first were honestly put to their uses and given to the needy, in the tenth and later centuries were largely monopolized by the church. It was in vain that the three great and honest reformers—Jerome, of Prague; John Huss, of Bohemia; and John Wickliffe, of England—protested against such alienations of the charity of the people, they were attacked and condemned as heretics before and even after death. Of course, after their condemnation, the corruption increased, until in the sixteenth century the pride and insolence of power of the Vatican shocked human reason by the placing of a money value on crimes and by the sale of indulgences. Then arose a second batch of reformers headed by Martin Luther, and the power of the Pope was overthrown in a part of Germany, England, Scotland, Switzerland and other countries in Europe. In all, where it was not conquered, its authority was shaken. But, immediately after the above change, Ignatius Loyola brought about a reformation within the Church of Rome. He swept out the follies and the crimes of the Vatican with a besom of destruction. But his efforts were in vain—it was too late.

Previous to the sixteenth century, the Church of Rome in all countries stood upon the power of the masses, and maintained their rights against monarchs; but, after what is called the Reformation, its policy was changed, and it assimilated itself with the rulers against the peoples. The great French Revolution, in which the people attacked both priest and king, was the first innovation of this arrangement, and the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, in our own times, has annihilated it. Under these circumstances, the Papacy is again compelled to turn its face to the peoples for aid; with it republicanism rises in value, and the divine right of kings is getting below par. To the same policy, also, we attribute the following cable telegram, which appeared in

the New York *Sun*, of November 6, headed by that paper "An International Catholic Congress," but which, to the faithful, would appear better if introduced by the old Jewish war cry—"To your tents, oh Israel!"

"LONDON, Nov. 5.

"The chief authorities of the Church have decided to hold a great international Congress in London, with the object of maintaining the doctrine of Papal infallibility, reasserting the Pope's right to temporal as well as spiritual power, and proclaiming the bounden duty of all Christians to return to allegiance to Rome.

"It is said that this determination is the result of direct instructions from the Vatican, and some of the highest dignitaries of the Church will attend the Congress.

"Archbishop Manning, in a speech at Westminster, admitted that the spiritual influence of the Pope had greatly increased since the loss of his temporalities. If arbitration was ever to succeed war, the Pope would be the only possible authorized arbitrator.

"The Catholic world, he added, was threatened with a controversy on all the decrees of the Ecumenical Council. There was undoubtedly approaching one of the mightiest contests the religious world had ever seen. Therefore, it was necessary to fearlessly assert, through the free press of England, the Pope's rights and his pretensions to world-wide allegiance."

There is no mistaking the objects of the above call; they are plainly—very plainly—stated; the grave question is—How will the hundred millions of Catholics propose to maintain the temporal power of the Pope? how can they maintain it, save by the sword? If by the sword, can the deposed potentate of Rome, who has been deprived of his temporal sovereignty by a second-rate power, like Italy, rely upon the faith existing at the present day? In the fifth century, the fiat of the Papacy raised seven millions of men to wrest Jerusalem from the Saracens. The people flocked in crowds under the standard of the Church, and the nobles by thousands contributed not only their swords, but their fortunes, to the enterprise. To the Catholics, the Pope is as much more than a king as an infallible god is greater than a fallible monarch. That is, in theory he is so—in practice he has already proved different. Previous to the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, when the Papacy was endangered and called for aid, two hundred millions of Catholics and their faith were represented in Rome by one regiment of zouaves. It may be that the mountain will only give birth to a mouse, as before.

It is the belief of the WEEKLY that the present sad moral and physical condition of humanity is attributable to the lack of the vital spiritual element—termed faith. This is the case, not only in Christian nations, but among all peoples. The ancient system of credal religions of all kinds and classes, has had its day, and is ready for destruction. We are, therefore, glad to hail this movement of the Catholic Church, which will force the issue. But if the Pope desires the aid of the peoples against potentates, he must, through the priesthood, do manifold battle for the rights of the peoples. The freedom of the land, the utter condemnation of usury or interest, and absolute communism, are all advocated in the bible. Although we do not believe that the Papacy can win, the airing of these subjects would do a world of good, and enable the people to conquer in futuro. That it has already entered upon the work of popular instruction the following article, which is taken from *Harpers' Weekly*, of Nov. 14, 1874, testifies:

"In its conflict with modern civilization, the Roman Catholic Church is availing itself of the help of the workingmen of the world. The Catholic workingmen's clubs of Germany have become so numerous that they have attracted the attention of the government. Some of them have been suppressed. In a recent Catholic publication their objects are stated thus: It is 'the great end of our workingmen's associations to cause the laborers to draw near to Jesus Christ, to make him look upon the humble Artizan of Nazareth as his only true friend, and to seek in the Church the practical solution of those perplexing problems which are connected with their state of life. In a word, they must strive to give the laboring classes a thorough Catholic education, first their children in the schools, then the youth by patronizing and forming for their benefit pious associations, and lastly, by organizing, under the guidance of the Church, societies and model reunions in which the men, bound together by a common interest, may work more effectively for a common end, their own and their religion's triumph.'"

We have previously suggested some of the "perplexing problems connected with their state of life." Anything that the Papacy will do to enlighten workers in regard thereto ought to be thankfully accepted. If, in return, it should ask the German workingmen to lend their aid to re-seat Pío Nono in Rome, or to tumble the heretic Kaiser Wilhelm out of his throne, why should it not do so? But then rises the question, Will the audacious monarchs remain quiet while it is remodelling its legions, and laying its congressional plans for their overthrow? We think not; and it appears from the above article that our surmise is correct, inasmuch as we are told in it that "some of the Catholic German workingmen's associations have been already suppressed," and it is far from improbable that their fate may foreshadow the fate of their Congress also.

Thus we see that faiths, which have been of service in their youths, in their old age are now only to be noted by the contentions and strifes which they engender in the hu-

man family. Driven by destiny to their natural terminations, they are impotent for good works, and only able to generate turmoils among mankind. As with Catholicism so with Protestantism. We do not hesitate to declare that the most deadly foe to American liberty exists in the Y. M. C. A., and we have good reason to say so, having been called upon by its agency to suffer for the truth. But when Catholicism goes, Protestantism, which is the fungus which has rotted that once noble tree, will fall with it. Then will the world have reason to recall, with grateful thanks, the noble prayer of the French philosopher Quinet, and re-echo the words with which he terminated his history of the Roman Church:

"Spirit of greatness and power, Spirit of the future, who are not wholly shut up in Rome, but who livest and workest also in the heart of all races at this moment; who overflowest, at this day, like a river after the rains of autumn, every known form, every particular church, every symbol old and new; who art not the exclusive possession of any nation or any priesthood; who dost shine forth in the lay—at least as brightly as thou dost in the ecclesiastical—world; who wouldst have thy church not merely a chosen tribe, but all humanity; teach us then at last, that which it appears to be out of the power of credal religions to effect, viz., not to hate, but to love, one another!"

#### A CANDID ADMISSION.

Justice and candor are the attributes of the Boston *Investigator*, the oldest and probably the ablest exponent of materialism. We are therefore glad to reprint its admission that it is more friendly to Spiritualism than to Christianity. There are good reasons for its decision in the matter. Spiritualism is more charitable than Christianity. It has no goats, and can condemn none to permanent punishment as did the Nazarene. Of course, under such circumstances, the *Investigator* is justified in making the following distinction between Spiritualism and "credal religion."

We rather like the Spiritualists, however, for their liberality and friendly disposition, and prefer them and their doctrine to church people and Christianity. But we are skeptical as to Spiritualism, though we hope not unreasonably so. With our Materialistic views, we have no faith whatever in any such being as a "disembodied spirit." It is contrary, we think, to the unvarying order of Nature, which, as it renders mind dependent upon matter, teaches us that mind cannot exist independent of matter. Hence Materialism, and not Spiritualism, seems to us to be the true doctrine, because founded in Nature.—*Boston Investigator*.

One word more. We would respectfully notify our contemporaries that, as Spiritualists, we are Materialists also. The only difference between us and scientists being, that we can by the evidence of all our senses recognize matter in form so rarified that it cannot yet be tested by our gross mundane instruments. But although, as a body, our scientific friends refuse, at present, to indorse our opinions in the matter, we have no power or even desire to condemn them for the position they have taken. More than that, we cheerfully recognize that the Tyndalls and Darwins are aiding us in our work, as well as the Wallaces and the Crookes, for in any and every way the soul of Spiritualism is progress.

#### AN OBSESSED PRESS.

The New York *Daily Times*, of Nov. 2, 1874, in a leading article under the heading of "Spirit Vale," discusses the subject of the Eddy manifestations. From the Protestant "no ghost" standpoint, it must be confessed that they are knotty subjects for elucidation. But we do not propose to answer the same *seriatim*, but merely to glance at its termination, for, like a scorpion, it carries its sting in its tail. Here is its conclusion, which we consider to be both important and reprehensible:

"They (the Eddys) will do well not to venture from their 'happy valley,' however, for the New Englanders, who do not believe in them and who have a decided objection to most of the repulsive and vulgar phenomena of 'materialization,' may do them a mischief. Rumor already hath it that the mother of the Eddy's was a lineal descendant of a Salem witch who was condemned to death in colonial times but 'somehow escaped and sent her spirit on through mortal veins.' Let the Eddys beware."

The WEEKLY deprecates the spirit exhibited in the above extract, which is both mean and vindictive. It does not do so with fear but with contempt. Such threats might have done service in the dark ages, but are quite out of place in the present period. As to the "Salem witch" part of the effusion, that is simply disgusting. It is not too much to say that such suggestions as are contained in the above are a disgrace to the press of New York.

#### THAT DREADFUL BELL.

So the New York *Sun* very properly terms the fare-indicators now compulsorily carried by the conductors on many of our city (N. Y.) railroads. By what right the insolent corporations who own them thus seek to degrade the general public into spies and thief-takers we are at a loss to discover; but the moral effects they must produce no magistrate can be at a loss to determine. The old adage says: "Give a dog an ill name and hang him," and if the delicate presentation of these abortions, termed bell-punches, be not virtually stigmatizing and branding as thieves the employees who are compelled to use them we err in judgment. But he who wears the shoe feels best where it



pinches, and therefore we gladly make room for the following statement from one of the more injured parties in the affair; we say "more injured," because for an above given reason, we hold that the general public is also grievously injured and insulted by their adoption:

The bell punches were introduced on the Sixth avenue horse cars on Wednesday morning. Twenty-five conductors refused to take them and resigned. "Most of the others," said a conductor, "will resign as soon as times improve, as we hope they will under the Tilden government. Every time we ring that bell it says 'thief' to every person in the car. Men who were honest before will steal now, on the plea that the game is better than the name alone. The bell punches are no real protection to the company. No conductor, however dishonest, would attempt to steal on the dull trips. It is in the morning and at night, when the cars are crowded, that the 'knocking-down' is done. In the crush and confusion at these times the punch is no protection. No passenger can tell whether the register is correct, even if he takes the trouble to count the bells, which it is not probable he will."

The deterioration of the masses of mankind is the natural result of the false system of industrial economy we have inherited from Great Britain. As a people Massachusetts has yet to learn that her children are more valuable than bales of cloth. The lettering and numbering of mankind, common processes nowadays in factories and elsewhere; the annihilation of reciprocity between employers and employees, and the uses of such terms as hands, operatives, etc., which nominally reduces men and women to things, are all parts of the same system. Of course under the operation of it human beings deteriorate, but what is the money value of human beings in comparison with that of horses, as estimated by the learned Malthusians and politico-economical philosophers of the present era?

#### DOCTORS DIFFER.

All credal religions, outworn and useless, exert baleful influences on society, but on no subject are their effects so deplorable as in the matter of education. Below we quote the opinions of three scientists with regard to it. Professor Huxley sits on the fence prettily, drawing a fine line between religion and theology, but, as lawyer Peal says in "Pickwick," "how the blazes" Professor Tyndall, after his arraignment and condemnation of Christianity as the foe of science, "can do such kind of head work is a mystery to us." Herbert Spencer, we are glad to note, takes the opposite view of the case:

Professor Huxley, in one of his essays, draws a clear and strong line of demarcation between religion and theology. He declares himself in favor of teaching religion in the public schools, while opposed to the teaching of theological dogmas. Religion, he says, is a matter of the affections; theology a matter of speculative belief. Religion aims at producing an honest allegiance to all that is right, and good, and true, while theology demands assent to propositions. Professor Tyndall shares the same views. Herbert Spencer alone, of all the illustrious group of contemporaneous English scientists, seems to regard religion as an unnecessary, if not a disturbing element in modern thought.

In this matter of education we hold that no people are more to blame than Spiritualists. Although there are one hundred thousand of them at least in this city, they have not one school, and their lyceum is a miserable affair. Do they understand that in the present age the battle really is being fought for the possession of the children? If theology is to be introduced into the public schools of Christian nations, the priests ought at least to return to the heathens the godless systems at present in use among us. In all probability we have derived our alphabet from the Africans of Egypt, whilst we know that for our decimal system of numeration we are debtors to the Asiatics. Let these be returned to the donors, and Christian systems be established in lieu of the same, for if theologians are to rule, they can only look upon them as pestilent heresies.

#### RETRIBUTION.

The Spanish Inquisition was a logical outgrowth of the Catholic Church. In the days when it was first instituted men had faith, and acted up to the requirements of that faith. Not alluding to the case quoted, we may say that in our days also, and in the United States, an inquisition of a similar character has been established. Its workings are not so cruel as those of its prototype, but we believe them to be infinitely meaner and quite as detrimental to the liberties of our people. Its chief agent, Anthony J. Comstock, a man well qualified for the position of chief inquisitor, who has made himself notoriously conspicuous in carrying out its decrees, has, it appears, at last got himself into trouble. Here are the particulars:

Anthony J. Comstock arrested Charles Conway, of 318 South Fourth street, Williamsburg, in Newark on Saturday night, on charge of taking letters from the Post Office which were addressed to other persons. Commissioner John White committed Conway, and at the prison door Conway, with a small pocket-knife, cut a gash several inches long in Comstock's cheek, laying the flesh open to the bone. Comstock snapped all the caps on his revolver at Conway, but the weapon would not go off. Conway was secured by the prison officers and locked up. He said that Comstock had taunted him on his committal all the way to the jail, and that he intended to mark Comstock for life with the knife.—*N. Y. Sun.*

We do not by any means justify the assault made by the victim upon his persecutor, who, Conway says, "had taunted him on his committal all the way to jail," but we do desire to hold up to public contempt this specimen brick of the Y. M. C. A. who, if the above report be true, was malicious as well as exultant over his legal triumph. We would also call attention to the fact of the character of the Bibles the members of the Y. M. C. A. carry about them on their persons. Of course a member of that association would not do that which it is not lawful for outside sinners

to do, and therefore we take the liberty of making the inquiry whether the "Celt" "Navy" or Derringer edition of the same be the one without the compass of the law?

#### ZION'S TRUMPET.

Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the "Coffee!" If the following urgent call from Alpena, Michigan, does not bring the young rams, hop, skip and jump into the fold we do not know what will:

#### CLASS SOCIAL

At Rev. A. B. Allen's House, Wednesday evening, Oct. 21. Invitation to Everybody.

Mrs. Allen's Sabbath School Class gives an Oyster Supper, Coffee, Cake, etc., which will be served by the dish.

An immense amount of Mail from the distant countries of China, Japan and Ethiopia.

Post Office open from 6 to 9. Auction and lots of Amusement.

#### BY ORDER OF THE GIRLS.

Shade of the Pilgrims, whither are we drifting? Talk about the narrow way, strewn with thorns! Pshaw, that's all moonshine. Our modern Protestant clergy have carpeted it with flowers and lined it with post offices, gambling-houses and lottery-shops. We do not object to reasonable amusements, not conflicting with law, and should be delighted to see the boys and girls of our churches "dancing before the Lord with all their might," as David did when the ark was brought into Jerusalem. But, as reformers, bearing the burden and heat of the day, we resolutely decline to put faith in such modern apostles as Henry Ward Beecher, when they prate about the troubles of a Christian life from a platform on which they stand covered up to the chin in roses. The fact is, things have been reversed since the time of the Nazarene; it is the doubter and disbeliever that has to foot it in the narrow way; and while the doors stand wide open for the rich, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to obtain a seat in one of our fashionable city churches.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

TRENTON, Oct. 22, 1874.

#### EDITORS WEEKLY:

A small band of brethren and sisters have organized a Spiritual Association in old orthodox Trenton, N. J. We are but few in number, but firm in purpose, and determined in will to battle for the truth, believing our cause to be just and that the spiritual religion will yet be the only religion of the world. We feel confident that the spirit world will sustain us. We are yet a poor society, and if any of the friends of progress are willing to aid us in any way it will be most thankfully received.

Our motto is "Freedom, Justice and Equality," and our platform will be free for the discussion of all reform questions.

President, Dr. Thomas B. Thorn; Vice-President, Mrs. A. Britton; Treasurer, Enoch Thomas; Secretary, William Hibberts.

#### THE LECTURE BREAK-DOWN.

Without slight to any public reputations, we are justified in saying that the great lecturers have worn out their profession. The greatest of American lecturers was Henry Ward Beecher, and he retained, long after most of his colleagues, the power of filling our City Hall. Mr. Beecher's reputation has met with a trial the past season, but we take it that the immediate effect upon his platform power was not injurious, since as many would be attracted by curiosity as repelled by alienation. We doubt very much if Mr. Redpath seriously thought at the opening of the season that the scandal had damaged his chief star, as a business investment. But Mr. Beecher scarcely filled the Opera House. Dr. Chapin did not fill the City Hall by a good deal, and Mr. Gough we hear of in a Methodist vestry. Mr. Redpath has been obliged to cancel his engagements, even the concert troupes not saving him from a loss. Making all allowance for the dull season and family retrenchment, we must conclude that the great star lecturers, who have perambulated the country for fifteen years, who have created a profession, and created also the business of lecture-brokerage, have lost their attractive power.—*Springfield Republican.*

#### "THE ORATOR OF WINEBAGO LAKE."

(From Oregon Daily Statesman.)

Of late honors have been coming in thick and fast upon our friend and correspondent, Addie L. Ballou. She is now engaged to address the literary societies of Oregon City, Eugene, and several other intellectual centres in Oregon, and will soon be drawing great assemblies in California. Wherever she appears, let it be remembered that this brave, eloquent and pure-minded woman is an American soldier; has been under fire in the battle-field; has walked in ghastly hospitals, and camped in the bivouac of the dead. When fully aroused, and feeling the friendly sympathy of her audience, she is, without exception, the most eloquent woman-orator we ever heard; Anna Dickinson is like a school-girl reading her composition in comparison; and Kate Fields an airy gossamer, in contrast with the Roman-like woman, who, a few years ago, was running bare-footed in the lingering camps of the Winnebagoes and gathering inspiration from their poetic traditions. Last Sunday night, at the Opera House, she stood forth like another "Anna, the Prophetess," when the prophetess was young, and fairly launched her sonorous sentences upon the spell-bound audience in a

manner that we have never heard equalled by woman-kind. Our friends elsewhere may depend that we are not over-estimating the powers of this extraordinary and brilliant woman; all that has been said of her has been substantially deserved.

(From the Daily Oregon Statesman.)

#### DEAD IN HIS BED.

Only a man dead in his bed—that is all! Stark, stiff and rigid—white face to the wall. Came out of yesterday, somewhere, to here—Well, no; don't think he'd friends anywheres near. Wanted employment—that's what he said; No work to give him—next thing he's dead. What did he die of, Sir? Can any one tell? A fit, did they think it was? Last night he was well. Heart disease? May be. What was his name? Don't know; didn't register, sir, when he came. Laud'num, they said it was; there on the stand—No, stranger; don't reckon he held a fair hand. Suicide? Yes, that's what the Coroner said—Scooped out, was what put the thing in his head. Money? Guess not, Sir. Why, he hadn't enough To pay for this hole in the sod, of the stuff. Friends, did you ask? Oh, yes! some time or other; Reckon, of course, the boy once had a mother. Rather rough on him, Pard; but where's it to end, When you're panned out of cash, and can't count on a friend? Down to the calaboose—that's where they took him; Good enough place when a man's money's forsook him. Fun'ral? Just you see that express at the corners! County don't pay for no hearse, nor no mourners. Well, stranger, you've got me! Can pray, if you will—Rather late in the day, when a man's dead and still. Strikes me it don't count, to this, under my spade; And as for the rest of him—stranger, that's play'd; No offense, Sir; beg pardon. But, strikes one as fair, And a pretty sure way to get answer to prayer—Better give a poor devil a lift while he's here Than wait till he's passed in his checks over there.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

#### PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE:

From St. Johns, Mich., Sept. 8th, Sylvester Hoyt, Esq. He was born in Connecticut, May 2, 1823. I have had the pleasure of many years' acquaintance with him and his excellent family. Bro. Hoyt was a lawyer of ability, a clear, logical mind, and eloquent political speaker. He was a gentleman of easy, graceful manner, resolute, doubtless, from long practice in his profession. He was a staunch Spiritualist and an excellent social companion.

He leaves a wife and three children—one son and two daughters. His companion writes me: "It is true Sylvester has left us to plod on alone, physically, but he is still with us spiritually. I am going to fight the battle of life as bravely as I can."

My mind is carried back to those summer days in Michigan when my ascended friend and myself held long and frequent conversations on the Spiritual philosophy. Numerous were our conjectures concerning the geography of the spirit land and the mode of travel between this world and that; for our conclusion was that there must be such a world distinct from this. He has gone forward and will explore. A few years more and we will follow. Blessed thought, there is no death! This is comfort to his family. To his companion, the assurance that he is still cognizant of earthly scenes, will tend to inspire her with renewed zeal in the reform field that commanded so large a share of Sylvester's and her energies, and especially that of the enfranchisement of woman.

The Masonic fraternity, of which Mr. Hoyt was an honored member, laid his earthly casket in its last resting-place.

W. F. JAMIESON.

#### A TEST OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

A gentleman relates the following as having occurred in this city, and being well acquainted with the parties concerned:

"A couple who were contemplating marriage were agreed on all points excepting that of religious belief. The lady was a devout member of the Roman Church, he being a Protestant. Both deemed it important to find a common ground, yet neither was willing to cross the wide gulf of separation without their reason being convinced. As the result of many discussions, a test was agreed upon. The lady conscientiously believed that her priest converted the wafer and the wine absolutely into the body and blood of our Lord, and that it became as purely such as was his own bodily presence at the last supper. She readily assented that if reasonable evidence should be offered her senses that this was a fallacy, she would be married as a Protestant. They attended Mass together. The ceremony proceeded with all its solemn *empressment*. The toll of the bell brought the decisive moment. The priest was lifting it to his lips.

"Hold!" said the gentleman. "You are quite sure that is the blood of Christ as purely as that which coursed through his veins?"

"Surely," replied the priest; "it is quite impossible it should be otherwise."

"Then you may proceed at your own risk, for before you so miraculously changed it I poisoned the chalice."

The priest turned pale, and returned it untasted. His power over the ruby wine and over the pale, trembling devotee before him were alike at an end.—*Church Union.*

STEPHEN GIRARD'S will prohibited clergymen from ever entering the doors of Girard College. At a recent visit of the Knights Templar of Boston to the institution, one of the Knights, a well-known physician who wears a white necktie, was passing in, the janitor accosted him, saying, "You can't pass in here, sir; the rule forbids it." "The hell I can't," replied the physician. "All right, sir," rejoined the janitor, "pass right in."



## HOW TO HELP THE WORLD.

How long will it take to improve the race, and get man to that elevation in manners that he shall harmonize with his fellow man, by pursuing the course we do? Religionists under the training of their God, and their cheap theories, have been thousands of years playing in real or burlesque buffooneries, and have accomplished for man's happiness just nothing. And for the last quarter of a century reformers, under the training of unseen manipulations, have been at work to improve man, not the conditions under which he pursues life, which is all that has ever been in man's way. Yet our improvements have simply been new schemes to run in old ruts—spirits doing just what gods have always done, and that is, flailing away at man to make him better, and thereby to accomplish his redemption. Let us see if this is the work to be done in order to render man happy, and make this world a paradise. Just so certain as it is, these unseen engineers had better give up the business, and, if it is not, we had better give them up, for they are lying to us. I set it down as a mockery to my being for any spirit or God to pretend that he can tell me better what is right than I can tell myself. This going about to ask the unseen what is right or wrong has been the disease of ages, and is just the measure that threatens the world with more danger than any other. For it is under this tutelage that all persecutions in all ages came in, and foolish men and women been as frantic, as ignorant in the service of an unseen power, about which they know nothing, except as itself has told them. Of course it would hang out a showy sign. It matters little what name, only that it be consequential—Jehovah, Jove, or God; controlling or guardian spirits: Swedenborg, Webster or Parker; and there is a miserable sample of the last named in the message department of the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 19—a disgrace even to all pretensions.

Just listen to this phraseology: "We have always instructed you to hold tight on to that same marriage law until you have something more stringent than that, for God knows you need it," etc. "We" ("big Indian me"). Poor Parker, if this is the veritable Theodore, has sunk below an amiable disgrace. If any reader would care to know what such a "disgrace" would be, I will say something that can show, with some appearance of plausibility in it. I am not going "to hold tight on to" anything with no show of truth in it and this pretension to being Parker has not, but is quite as good as anything that has ever claimed to own his name. Why should I not ask a spirit "if there was not some wrong in my eyes being blue and my hair brown?" It is quite as sensible as most of the intelligence we get from those spirits who assume that they have the job of reforming this world. It is a fact that all spirits have lived in this mode of being much as we do—few, perhaps, any better. Then why, in stepping from this plane, should they put on an importance and swell to such monstrous proportions, coming to us with swaggering pretensions that they have been commissioned to manage the affairs of man? Who eats the pudding can best tell whether it suits him, not the cook or steward; and who lives in this world can best tell its adaptations. Mankind seem never to have struck the right vein, or to have asked the only pertinent question. It is not why man is not constitutionally and organically any better than he is; but it is why the present constitutional and organic man cannot please himself; why the life of the individual is so foreign to the wishes of the individual. It is not whether the individual has an inharmonious organization, for that would be impossible, since organization is that fitness in parts that goes to make up the completeness of a whole. Besides, such a supposition can give no relief to the man; for the organization can never be improved short of an entire remodeling. And, on the other hand, be the organization what it may, either good, bad or indifferent, it has only to repeat itself to be always in harmony. It is, therefore, the question "why there must perpetually be mingled with man—thought and feeling—some discordant note claiming to be first and foremost in occupying his attention and in directing his movements?" Talking of the indiscreetness of man helps nobody; for if every man's coat had a hole in it, a knowledge of this fact would not mend a hole in mine. If we cannot suggest man's difficulty and its relief, all had better be dumb. The proclamation of great principles is just what can never relieve man. He is already chilled by sitting under some pretentious shadow. Man wants himself free from ought that twits him of being a pensioner or a dependent, which all theories now do. It is the easy and unobstructed uses of the man he is, and not a different man, that he wants. Man should learn to live the man he is before he writes out his principles of living. And even then he should be sure that they were worth writing. For myself, I would not write a string of ideas, for I should not know what to do with them myself, nor would I give the task to somebody else to find out. I want an existence with no claims on it but those which enlist my devotion. In this respect I am satisfied that I do not differ from others. If everybody were to shape their lives by my ideas, it would not help matters. The only effect of a rule based upon my notions would be to upset the soul who should attempt to follow it. To be right, personal harmony is the first and last step with man. There was no noise or confusion in building the temple at Jerusalem, for the stones were all fitted at the quarries, each for its place, and there will be no trouble in getting a harmonious world from the pre-harmonies of the individual. Each individual being right with him or herself, the real basis for a universal right is found. I have written as others do, on abstract questions, to improve man, and it has been much like making a great universal stew to please every appetite. I now find it better to leave every man to be his own cook.

When man is satisfied he is not quarrelsome. If the individual is right there can be no wrong society. We now make society the parent of the individual, as if it existed first. Our society is but the reflex of the false individual that itself has made; for it is not primarily that he wants a better self, but that he wants the self he is in simple undisturbed harmony. Unless the individual is self-poised, social equilibrium can never be found. First the harmonious person, then the beautiful

society. To put the individual into the possession of society to harmonize, would be much like putting a feather into a whirlwind to keep it still. It is not so much man's fault that he is not harmonious as it is the fault of the measures he pursues to find harmony. The tree shaken by the wind is not at fault for swaying to and fro, for it is the wind that is at war with its perpendicular. And man's rules (the best he can invent) will always be at war with his soul's spontaneities; for abstract rules, however good, are but screens, from the concealments of which unseen influences war on the inherent rights of man, and hold him obligated to foreign claims, obedience to which he can never give without losing all hold of himself; for all disturbances are felt away back in the spirit soul, not in the shell it tenants, and this spirit nature cannot be reached by objective rules; substance like itself only can war on it. Any amount of reform in society, by the invention of new terms for its existence, would fail to help the race, since society is the composite of individuals, and could never get beyond the quality of that which was the only importance in its structure. Hence society is just as right as it can be, made up of the material that constitutes it, and that is, falsely educated and falsely managed individuals. If man will critically analyze the conditions that surround him he will find that society is but the tool of a power that he has little understood. Give, therefore, to that we call society all the improvements in laws and regulations we please, and we shall find that we have only upset present follies to replace them by others; but we have gained nothing for the individual, for he is still out of fix, and needs to be in, before anything is right. The man is pursued on the basis that he is inharmonious by choice. What an absurdity!

Unhappy because he loved to be! Really, this is the gist of all preaching, whether from the pulpit or the rostrum. Hence all that we consent to call reform has ever done has only been to switch the through train (the personal soul) off on a side track, where it must lie over without realizing anything but accumulated numbers in the same wretched dilemma. And this is just what all new issues have invariably done with man before this age. And, dear good men and women, we have consented to call those sharp tricks progress when they are but novelty. For thousands of years man has been progressing in this same way, and is now no nearer realizing the fruitions his soul yearns to enjoy than was the man of thousands of years ago. And why? Because he has been looking, hoping and striving for improvements to his nature, instead of resolutely insisting on the harmonies of just the nature he has; for were he to get beyond his essential nature, he could not carry his appreciations of such an existence with him. All appreciations grow out of the facts that cherish them, and these he has. Hence the measure of adaptations only can meet his wish; not some extravagant and chimerical possibility which he may foolishly suppose will elevate him above himself—just what he can never want to be, nor where he can ever want to go. Man cannot bend his nature; it is a fixture. And all the rules to which this nature can conform will be those simple suitabilities that invite it to repeat itself, which can never make a wrong. To repeat anything else would be a lie. The laughing child has no rule, and unless interfered with is happy. So man, had he not by unseen geniuses, been fooled into making laws and prescribing terms, thereby ignoring every personal wish and every interested soul-feeling, besides authorizing everybody to pick up his rule and pitch at him for any lack of conformity, had been happy too. These prescribed terms by which we propose to pursue life have become so complicated that the very star performers of the age only propose to get relief from them by increasing their compensation, and giving them more absolute scope. Life is everywhere, in all grades of being, a spontaneity. And man (the highest form of organized existence), unembarrassed by abstract claims, would never transcend the unmixed pleasure a pure life would give him. It is only as man is disturbed and bewildered that he ever goes astray—as the faithful needle from the pole may veer by disturbing causes; not from any love of waywardness, but in prospecting to find what it can love; for man is never more at home than when he loves, since love is not only the wedded substance, but the teeming life of the human soul, manifest to the conscious selfhood, just as the beauty and fragrance of the flower is the demonstrated nature of the plant that bears it. The nature of man is never bad nor ever wrong. But when fettered and bound by abstract claims, hedged in by incongenial surroundings and borne down by oppressive influences, the man loses his balance and is not responsible; for just here his life is as far from pleasing himself as it is from pleasing others, and annoys him more in the ratio of its approximate nearness to himself. If we call such a life that for which the individual is accountable, we may make him responsible for the next cloudy day.

That man has never lived who has known what to do with a puzzled existence. He may imagine that he must do something with it, but he can never tell what. It is this floundering about under the pretentious claims of abstract rules, unnatural management, and interfered with on every hand, that makes man the man he seems: a something over which he would hourly weep if it would relieve him. Let it be noted that man is never denominated bad when he is in personal harmony, or when repeating the artless self he is. Consequently all that ever made a devil (bad spirit or bad man) was in living in discord with his nature; in being, not like, but unlike himself. And this kind of existence began first in the unseen, and is as much an existence without reason or cause as it is one without harmony; and it is this pressure on this world that educates and forces men and women to unnatural lives. We may browbeat and cudgel society until doomsday, remodel and improve our theories hourly; yet the race will be no better for it. Has not this been the business of every age, and at each successive step? Tell me if the heart of man has gained anything by it? Our trouble is not with each other, not with society, but with an ensnared and bewildered existence we called our own—an existence that is warred upon from a source that we have

never dared to have the effrontery to question. Our surroundings in the unseen are uncongenial and oppressive, keeping up inharmonies all through us, and so shaping objective being that it in business ways seems to join in the general war on man; for all the conditions that conflict with us are those we never made nor never wanted. We shrink from inharmonies, as the mercury in the tube shrinks from the cold. Those faithful sentinels of living aura in the delicate nerves of man and woman every way interwoven with the external form, never tell an untruth with regard to our unseen surroundings, while all other mediums may be made to serve the interests and craft of those who use them. The nerve aura never reports to man falsely, for they never fail to carry back the radiant smile to the conscious soul, when congenial loves from the unseen signal our spirit natures through them; and they retire in a cold shiver with an equal fidelity when other surroundings are in the ascendant. We are conscious of loving harmony, and of earnestly and uncompromisingly protesting its opposites by disliking it. Man has every way shown his opposition to wrong, yet he seems the victim of it. To fight an inharmonies will beat us, for it would make us just like it. This very course has reduced a striving and contentious world to a common level in spirit, whatever appearances may claim for it in other directions. To retire in spirit from all strifes and contentions will secure the soul in harmony. While I make it my business what others do, I shall have more than my share of business; while I shall be confounded with what I call their angularities: when I live in the harmonies of this especial personal creation, without assuming foreign responsibilities that I can never make my own, I am content. Let each do as much and the world is right.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1874.

E. WHEELER.

"ROLL 'EM THROUGH."  
A NEVADA INCIDENT.

[JOHNNY BARTHOLOMEW'S DASH.—The passage of the train from Reno yesterday morning through the burning tunnel, the other side of the American Flat, will have to stand recorded as one of the most brilliant, as well as fortunate, dashes ever made under such circumstances.—*Gold Hill News*, Oct. 18, 1873.]

I ain't very much on the fancy  
And all that sort of stuff,  
For an engineer on a railroad  
Is apt to be "more on the rough."  
He don't "go much" on "his handsome,"  
I freely "acknowledge the corn,"  
But he has to "get up" on his "wide-awake,"  
That's "just as shure's you're born."

Now I'll tell you a little story  
'Bout "a run" we made for our necks,  
When we thought "Old Gabe" had called us  
To "ante up our checks."  
We came 'round the curve by the tunnel,  
Just beyond the American Flat,  
When my fireman sings out, "Johnny!  
Look ahead! My God! what's that?"

You bet I warn't long in sightin'—  
There was plenty for me to see,  
With a train full of kids and wimmen,  
And their lives all hangin' on me—  
For the tunnel was roarin' and blazin'  
All ragin' with fire and smoke,  
And "Number Six" close behind us:  
"Quick, sonny! shove in the coke."

"Whistle down brakes," I first thought;  
Then thinks I, "Old boy, 'twon't do,"  
And with hands on throttle and lever,  
I knew I must roll 'em through!  
Through the grim mouth of the tunnel—  
Through smoke and flame as well—  
Right into the "gateway of death," boys;  
Right smack thro' the "jaws of hell!"

The staunch "old gal" felt the pressure  
Of steam through her iron joints;  
She acted just like she was human,  
Just like she "knew all the points."  
She glinted along the tramway  
• With speed of a lightning flash,  
With a howl assuring us safety,  
Regardless of wreck or crash.

I s'pose I might have "jumped the train,"  
In hope to save sinew and bone,  
And left them wimmen and children  
To take that ride alone.  
But I tho't of a day of recknin';  
And whatever "Old John's" done here,  
No Lord ain't goin' to say to him then  
"You went back as an engineer!"

## FIVE DISAPPOINTMENTS.

PRELUDE.—When a man undertakes to enlighten his fellow men, it is not evidence of deepest sincerity to have his truths presented from a masked battery. If he choose the savage mode of warfare, and place himself behind a tree, he must remember there are other trees, and he cannot complain should a similar position be assumed by the assailed. But, if Jasper, to whom I now respond, will unmask, so that he can be seen, I will most willingly do the same.

The said writer, who appeared in the WEEKLY of the 18th July, has undertaken the very laudable task of enlightening Spiritualists in general by presenting what he is pleased to term "The other side of Shakerism," averring that the statements made by a seceder from that body of Spiritualists who had spent nearly a life-time among them, was entirely too mild, and "truth demands more to be said." He undertakes to ventilate them fully from facts gathered from a disappointed Englishman of a very brief residence in one of the smallest Shaker communities. He accuses us, the body of Spiritualists, of overrating the Shakers and dealing in "second-hand furniture." After thus showing our weakness, he proceeds to repeat the offense of which he complains by accepting the statements of this sadly-disappointed English



gentleman, and these he demands we should accept as facts! It is well known by those who have investigated the subject that the Shakers were the first Spiritualists of this century. They had, in a manner, become intoxicated and inflated with it, and sobered down again, nearly a decade before the first thump was heard at Rochester, and might, if they would, claim to be the head of the concern. It would not be magnanimous in us, of only a few days' conversion, to pluck from their heads well-merited laurels, and carry them off on ours. Jasper now advises us to cut ourselves loose from the Shakers, because, forsooth, the latter prefer the narrow to the broad way. The Shakers say they are striving "to enter in at the strait gate." The difference, then, between Jasper and the Shakers is, he prefers the broad way, risking the death to which it leads, whilst the Shakers prefer the narrow way, because it leads to spiritual life. This is the affirmation of Christ, who really is the head of all Spiritualism. The knotty question now for Shakers to decide is, whether it would be wiser to follow Jesus in the narrow way or Jasper in the broad way? But the animus of his spirit is discoverable where he says: "We seek the harmonious and temperate exercise of all our faculties, whilst they inculcate self-abnegation." He proposes to be a moderate drinker at this fountain, but the sin of the moderate and immoderate drinker differs only in degree when the same motive actuates both; so that neither have a right to claim membership in the temperance lodge. It is just so with what he is pleased to term "life's best gift to man," which he says Shakers abstain from; but, if I understand Shakers rightly, he charges them falsely when saying they "cruelly withhold the exercise of this best gift from their fellows." The teachings of such as have occupied "our rostrums" are very fair on this subject. They do not object to Jasper nor any other person making a proper use of this "good gift." They deny themselves wholly for the same reason that Jasper does partially, and that is to raise themselves from brute to manhood, and from manhood to angelhood, and thus increase their ratio of bliss both here and hereafter, abridging nobody's liberty. Those on the plane below Jasper, who make an immoderate use of "this best gift," have the same cause to reproach him for abridging their liberty by preaching partial self-denial that he has for reproaching those on the plane above him for preaching total abstinence. We should be careful whilst contending for our own liberty, that we abridge not that of others.

Jasper informs us that the Englishman from whom he gathered his facts was deluded into the Shaker net by the Spiritualists, and in the experiment had met with five sad disappointments. From the exhibit, it would seem that the gentleman went to the community of Shakers from improper motives—for bodily ease and creature comforts, which, from my understanding, is of secondary importance with the Shakers. This is their testimony; I cannot say how far facts bear them out: They say that spiritual advancement, life and existence must always occupy the foreground. But he seemed totally oblivious to the fact that in communal life something like equality must exist. It is quite clear that if no one in the community worked before breakfast, none would be prepared; and if breakfast-getters must work by five o'clock A. M., why not our English friend also? But Jasper says: "What did he find? Money-making, thrift, economy, effort, early rising, short time for meals—say ten to fifteen minutes—hurry to work, little time for conversation or reading; and this constituted disappointment No. 1."

If this English gentleman could only have had the waiting-maid to bring to his bedside a cup of coffee before rising—say six o'clock; then the hostler to bring him a horse, saddled, to ride out and take the morning air; then be called to his mutton-chop and hot rolls at eight, to eat and gossip an hour; then read the morning papers till ten; then at some nice employment an hour or two before dinner and an hour's snooze after—disappointment No. 1 would not have arisen.

His next difficulty is want of books. Two hundred volumes to forty persons old and young were not enough to suit him; but the grand objection it seems, was, they were select subjects and select authors. One would think a pious Englishman would not have made that an objection. But the elder informed him mildly that "we do not expect to study the things of the world as we did when we were in the world, but draw our minds away from earthly things and concentrate them upon heavenly things." This was an eye-opener. He exclaimed: "So ho! is that it?" And he suddenly discovered that this had the tendency to lessen worldly correspondence; and then to show his writings to others was a little too much for English patience to endure—besides, it was "abridging liberty, a subtle tyranny to be fought in every shape and form." Although this does not tally with the "avarice and worldly greed" before charged upon them, it was sufficient to cause disappointment No. 3, and which also involves the gist of disappointment No. 4.

No. 5 was occasioned by the discovery of the excessive hours of labor. He does not tell us whether the workers were driven thus by a task-master, or whether it was freely done by the interested members to sustain themselves and the indigent and children among them. When Bro. Jasper shall have enlightened us on this point, we will be better able to pass or not condemnation upon it. But it seems the whole was too dear a price for an Englishman to pay for a little "millennial experience, holyisms, pureisms, celestialisms," etc. Judging by what Bro. Jasper has written for him, it seems clear as noonday that these pure, holy, celestialisms had not been in his "bill of fare;" were not what he went to the Community for; and, to draw it mildly, we should think that the little hive of industrious workers did well to get clear of such a drone. Bro. Jasper says for himself that "Shakerism has been making capital of its belief in Spiritualism, but has no more claim to it than other sects." But unbiased Spiritualists think differently, especially seeing it began with the Shakers and remains with them yet.

If Spiritualism ultimately prosper and become of special service to humanity, it must embrace community in form, somewhat similar to those of Shakers. And it is not wise, it is not a good way to win them over to our progressive ideas

and way of thinking to assail and ostracise them, seeing they have existed a century. Then let us pause in our effort to obliterate them until we shall have done something for suffering humanity that will make as good a show of permanence as that which the Shakers of to-day exhibit. Let us remember the advice of a wise man: "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself, as he that putteth it off." KENTUCKY SPIRITUALIST.

## A NEW VERSION.

The life of Christ, by a Jew, would be something novel; ought to be something worth reading, and here is the fragment of such a work presented by Dr. Isaac M. Wise, the learned rabbi of Cincinnati, under the title "The Martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth." Dr. Wise directs his efforts, in this historic and critical treatise on the final chapters of the gospels, to proving that the "Christian story is a big bubble;" that "dogmatic Christology built upon it is a paper balloon kept afloat by gas;" that "the trials of Jesus are positively not true; they are pure inventions;" that "the crucifixion story as narrated is certainly not true, and it is extremely difficult to save the bare fact that Jesus was crucified;" that the gospels are "a mountain of ghost stories, childish miracles and dogmatic tendencies." The method he undertakes to reach this result is by a close, learned, lawyer-like examination of the texts of the four gospels, an investigation into the facts, as gathered from rabbinical and other literature of old days, and a remarkable special pleading that exhibits the evangelists' stories as inconsistent fabrications. To Paul Dr. Wise attributes the creation of Christianity as a dogmatic religion. He says that "all the religious precepts in the gospels, and a good many more, are derived from the Old Testament, and compiled in the author's 'Judaism; Its Doctrines and Duties,' without any Satan, ghost stories, miracles and improbabilities," hence, "we have a perfect right to expect the acknowledgment that our book is superior to the gospels."—*Springfield Republican, Mass.*

## THE SCANDAL SUITS.

Mr. Tilton's counsel in the civil suit for \$100,000 damages against Mr. Beecher, received a notice from Mr. Beecher's lawyers yesterday that they should appeal to the General Term from Judge Neilson's decision denying their motion for a bill of particulars. This will checkmate the proceedings for the trial of the case on Monday, unless Judge Neilson then decides that the trial shall proceed, subject to the decision on the appeal. The General Term of the City Court is a session of the three Judges, and as they have already concurred in the decision and the published opinion, it is probable that there will be no change in the record. The lawyers for Mr. Beecher can then appeal to the Court of Appeals, and perhaps delay the suit for a year. The progress of the action will depend upon the order of the Court on Monday, but an appeal in such case in the usual practice of the Court, would put the action off the calendar for the term. The General Term of the City Court will not be held until December, and unless a special session of the Justices is called, the appeal will not be heard until that time. Judge Neilson has filed the usual order of the Court in relation to his decision on the motion of Mr. Shearman. It contains the denial, and the reasons for it that were given in the opinion.

After the appeal was recorded by the clerk of the court yesterday, Judge Neilson sent Mr. Tilton's counsel a notice ordering him to show cause on Monday why the civil action should not be delayed until the appeal was decided by the General Term. Mr. Morris will argue this on Monday, and the Judge will decide whether the trial shall proceed. The ground on which the appeal was based is that the motion for a bill of particulars was denied by Judge Neilson on the plea that the Court had not the power to grant it, and on this question the General Term is to pass.

District Attorney Winslow yesterday sent word to Francis D. Moulton to appear in the City Court on Monday to plead to the indictments against him for libeling Henry Ward Beecher and Edna Dean Proctor. At the same time the District Attorney will move to have the dates for the trial fixed.

The extended time which Gen. Tracy, Miss Edna Dean Proctor's counsel, gave to ex-Judge Fullerton to answer the complaint in the suit for damages against Mr. Moulton expires on Monday, and the answer will be made on that day. The impression of the lawyers on both sides is that the civil suit against Mr. Moulton will now take the lead in the trials, and will be closely followed by the criminal indictment for libelling Miss Proctor. After this, the delays in the cases in which Mr. Beecher is interested will be over, and the suits and trials will proceed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

From the People's Press, Carthage, Mo.

It is evident that the South and West will have a majority in the next House of Representatives, for Missouri and Illinois, with other southern States, will increase the ratio in spite of the ravings of a subsidized press—bought with British gold.

Whether the East will have the good sense to profit by the sad experience of the South in the last great struggle, and submit quietly to the decision of the majority, let go her hold upon the South and West, and upon our National Legislation, is yet to be demonstrated; but it is evident that "labor's redemption draweth nigh," and the question for every thinking man who has the interests of his country and humanity at heart is to ask himself whether it shall be accomplished peaceably, or "like the decree for the abolition of slavery be written in blood."

Very truly, &c.,

A. W. ST. JOHN.

A NASHVILLE preacher's little boy was reading a religious work the other day, and coming across the word "matrimony," was somewhat puzzled as to its meaning. Turning to his brother, who stood near by, he asked what it meant. "What do you think it means," was the reply. "Well, I don't know; but if it don't mean hell, I don't know what it does mean," responded the sprightly urchin.

## THE BROOKLYN SCANDALS IN COURT.

Theodore Tilton, Francis D. Moulton and their counsel, entered the Brooklyn City Court promptly at 10 o'clock Monday, Nov. 9. Judge Reynolds presided and with him sat Judge McCue.

When the case Tilton against Beecher was called, counsel for Tilton answered—"Ready!"

Ex-Judge Fullerton (counsel for Tilton) asked that an early day be appointed for trial, and Judge Reynolds appointed Wednesday, Nov. 18.

At a consultation of Mr. Beecher's counsel, it was decided not to consent to trial of the cause before Judge Reynolds, on the ground that the Judge was adviser to Tilton in the Bowen case. It is expected that Judge Neilson will preside.

Counsel for Moulton filed an answer, yesterday Nov. 9, in the United States Court, to Edna Dean Proctor's suit for \$50,000. On the same day in the Brooklyn City Court, after the civil calendar had been called, District Attorney Winslow asked that Francis D. Moulton be called upon to plead to an indictment for misdemeanor, and that a day be set for his trial. He suggested the third Monday of the present month.

Ex-Judge Fullerton.—The Court is not probably aware—if not it can be made aware—of the fact that a civil action is pending in this case for the same alleged libel in the United States Court, and I believe that the rule has obtained in this court, as well as in every court, that where such a state of affairs exists, the criminal cause is postponed until after the civil is tried, and I therefore ask that this criminal action be stayed until after the civil action is decided.

After some conversation between the presiding judge and ex-Judge Fullerton, Judge Reynolds said: We have set down one trial for this month, and, if it is tried, it will be as much as we can do.

## BOOK REVIEW.

"Nathaniel Vaughan: Priest and Man." 8vo, pp. 404. Written by Frederika MacDonald, and published by Asa K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street, New York. The scenes are laid in an English village, and the hero of the above work has a better title to be called a priest than to be called a man. He is an ascetic, who has struggled (vainly) to surrender his humanity to his creed, and suffers in consequence. In strong contrast to him the writer presents us with a picture of a cheerful old free-thinker and humanitarian in the person of Mr. Fabrice.

There is another male character, Hugh Braham, a protegee of Nicholas Vaughan, who apostatizes and goes over to the camp of his free-thinking opponent. We give the interview between the priest and his youthful pupil, in which the former upbraids the latter for so doing.

The clergyman's reception was not encouraging. Hugh Braham, on entering the dark library, so full of memories for him, felt the old reverence for this man steal back upon him. He had looked up to Nathaniel Vaughan as God's representative; and now the influence which could no longer subdue his intellect crushed his heart. Obeying the impulse of a warm and generous nature, he knelt before the man who did not rise to greet him.

"Do not waste such displays on me," said the priest bitterly; "I know how to value these theatrical exhibitions. You have already given me too many of them."

Stung to the quick, Hugh rose rapidly. His every gesture was an offense to Nathaniel Vaughan. What right had this basely-born lad to that unconscious grace of carriage. He should have been vulgar and awkward in his bearing to suit the state of life into which it had pleased God to call him.

"Sir," said Hugh, struggling to repress his emotion, "I know I have offended and disappointed you; but, indeed, it has not been from carelessness or insincerity. I have only desired and sought the truth."

"You take a strange path," said Nathaniel Vaughan. "Besides, you are in no wise called to seek for truth. God having revealed it in his Church, your duty is to accept and obey it—a thing more difficult to the stiff-necked and arrogant."

"It wouldn't be difficult to me," said Hugh, exasperating his companion by springing to his feet, instead of sitting timidly still and demure, as became a village clown. "I only want to know what I am to accept, and obey what is truth, in fact. Once let me be sure of it; once let me know for certain that God is my master, and not the devil, and I'll obey him my life long. But then I can't get at that conviction except through my own conscience."

"You have chosen another arbitrator than conscience," said the priest, his lips growing white and a bar of red burning out across his brow.

"Indeed, no," was the eager answer. "If you knew how terrible it was to me to see the rock of my security crumbling, you wouldn't think it. Indeed, indeed, self-interest would have prompted me to silence my doubts and misgivings. But that would have been despicable. The more I questioned and studied and thought, the more all I imagined I believed melted into thin air; I did not forsake my faith—it forsook me, and that because I wanted to grasp it more firmly."

"Presumptuous fool! And so, because you cannot grasp the counsels of the Almighty, you reject them?"

"Sir," said Hugh, tossing back his hair and fixing his liquid, hazel eyes upon the priest, "I was presumptuous, though I didn't know it, when I thought I knew all about the counsels of the Almighty. Now I don't think that; I don't imagine that I can grasp them; but if I don't know what they are, I can tell at least that they are not unjust or cruel or puerile. If I find that acts or words attributed to God are such as I should condemn in my fellow-man, I'm quite sure those words and acts don't belong to God, never mind what authority maintains it."

"Who are you that you should determine the judgments of God?"

"I don't attempt to determine them. I say that all men who have presumed to do so have deceived themselves and



others. I can only know the source of goodness through what my own moral sense tells me is good, and understand what is hateful to him by what my moral sense shows to be bad. What other guide have I?"

God's revealed law, as written in his holy Word, and taught and explained by his Church."

"Bear with me," pleaded Hugh. "How am I know that God has revealed his will in this Book or Church? Where their doctrine coincides with my own moral sense, there is no evidence of special revelation; and where it outrages and defies my conscience, I cannot but repudiate it."

"Silence, blasphemer!" said the priest, with kindling eyes; "are you to choose for yourself when you are to obey and when refrain?"

"No," said Hugh, his young face flushing with earnest warmth; "I am to obey the law in every case—God's law—to do the noblest, and seek the truest, and think the highest, I am capable of. Well, that's what I mean to try for, and to do it I must reject what seems petty, and false, and base. My old creed appears all that to me now—a religion, indeed, fit for little children. Now I'll trust the hereafter and superhuman to God's management, and not bother myself about what isn't my business. If I can make man happier and better on this side of the grave, and work for this world with all my might and main while I'm in it, I ought to be content, it seems to me, to leave the future alone until its time comes."

The above extract is a fair specimen of the argumentative part of the work, but it also abounds with very pretty natural descriptions of English village life. The heroines of the book, Marion Fabrice and Faith Daintree, are well contrasted, the former being a child of nature, while the latter is marred by the art of the priest by whom she has been educated. The fatal effects of credal religion, so often exhibited in the families of clergymen, are well portrayed. In our opinion the subject is one that demands examination, and therefore we hail with joy the just exposition of the sad results of the ascetic piety of the priest, Nathaniel Vaughan, and earnestly trust that the work will receive, what it most certainly merits, the hearty approbation of the public. No progressive library or lyceum ought to neglect to obtain a copy of Nathaniel Vaughan.

#### MRS. WESLEY.

John Wesley had will enough to be a president or a king, and could govern men well; but whenever he had anything to do with women he broke down. They were mysteries he could not solve. All his affairs with women were fiascoes. He came out here to Georgia to preach the Gospel, and became acquainted with Sophia Cumston. She was a young girl who wore long curls, danced, and did not dislike the suppers that follow balls. Now, it is a good deal for one man to undertake to do for a woman—to be her tutor, pastor, master and lover.

But Wesley did it. Finding her lover to be of an ascetic turn, Sophia clipped her curls and became a sweet little Puritan. By-and-by, when John Wesley thought it was time to marry, he did one of those foolish things that only very wise men can do. On board the ship that brought him over were some elders of that pious German sect, the Moravians. He referred the question whether he should marry Sophia to these Moravian elders. Sophia didn't like it, and it wasn't likely that she should. So there grew up a coolness between them, and as coolness began the curls grew longer, and as it went on she began to dance, and, last of all, she took another man and married him. Wesley didn't like that, and when she presented herself for communion refused her. At last, having made America very hot, Wesley went back to England to cool. Sometimes he would still think he had the gift for marriage, and sometimes that he had not; but at last, in an evil hour, he married a widow lady. After marriage everything went well for awhile, as it always does; the barometer always stands "set fair." But it began to fall, and by-and-by it got stormy.

Sometimes she opened his letters and found letters from women on their spiritual affairs—and you know what curious letters women will write about their spiritual affairs—letters in which they would quote from the Song of Solomon things which Mrs. Wesley could not spiritually discern. And by-and-by Wesley wrote her some letters, letters which were singularly injudicious, because to tell a woman all you think about it, you know, is very injudicious.

So it went on, but we will draw the curtain there, because it is said that the lady went from hard words to what often follows them. Some years afterward she went off and never came back, and Wesley wrote in his diary words concerning that event which have not been equalled since for conciseness: "I did not leave the woman; I did not send her away; I shall not send for her to come back." That ended the married life of John Wesley.—*The Capital, Washington, D. C.*

#### BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

THE New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold their 8th Annual Convention in Association Hall, Washington Market Building, Front street, near Green street, in the city of Trenton, on Saturday and Sunday, November 28th and 29th, 1874, for the election of officers and the transaction of other important business. There will be three sessions each day, commencing at 10 A. M., and 2 and 7 P. M.

The established reputation of this Association guarantees the divinest thought from some of the best speakers in the land. People from all sections of the country are equally entitled to a voice in our deliberations. Come and be with us.

L. K. COONLEY, President,  
53 Academy st., Newark, N. J.

D. J. STANSBERRY, Secretary,  
277 Mulberry st., Newark, N. J.

E. J. WITHEFORD, trance and physical medium. Public seances Thursdays and Sundays at 8 P. M., at 409 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

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

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.

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

CHAS. H. FOSTER, the renowned Test Medium, can be found at No. 14 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City,

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.

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.

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 4839.

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 MICHIGAN STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their Ninth Annual Convention in Stuart's Hall at Battle Creek, Michigan, commencing on the second Friday in December, 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M., and continue its sessions until Sunday evening, December 13. The platform will be free for the discussion of all questions tending to instruct and improve the mind and elevate humanity. Good speakers are expected to be in attendance, and a cordial invitation is extended to all speakers and mediums. Let there be a grand rally of the Spiritualists from all parts of the State and also of adjoining States. The Spiritualist Society of Battle Creek will make an effort to entertain (free) as large a number as possible. Arrangements will be made with the hotels of the city for reduced rates for those who prefer their accommodations. Come one, come all, and let us reason together.

E. C. MANCHESTER, President.

BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 2, 1874.  
Spiritual papers please copy.

#### SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.

Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York, is engaged to deliver a course of six lectures on "Universology" in Boston. They will be delivered in Parker Memorial Hall, on the evenings of November 16, 17, 23, 24, 30 and December 1. A "call" was addressed to Mr. Andrews by prominent citizens of Boston to secure his services, among whom were Wm. R. Alger, Prof. W. D. Gunning, A. W. Stevens, John Wetherbee, Sydney H. Morse, C. A. Bartol, Prof. E. Whipple, E. H. Heywood.

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

CAPT. H. H. BROWN AND FANNIE M. BOWEN-BROWN, who have been successfully lecturing and holding seances in Iowa for the last six months, have arranged their plans in the same State as follows: Along the line of the C. & N. W. R. R. and its connections during November; over the S. C. & P. R. R., and its northern and eastern connections, in the first part of December, and the latter part of December and January along the C. & R. I. R. R. Parties desiring their services can address them at Mo. Valley, Iowa. After Jan. will go East if desired.

#### [CIRCULAR.]

#### BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PANTARCHY.

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

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

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

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

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

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

#### PROSPECTUS. WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate.
2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land.
3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.
4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making.
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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 28 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.
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.	8.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	Susquehanna.	2.43 A. M.
Binghampton.	4.40 "	9.20 "	Binghampton.	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.	5.35 A. M.	5.55 "	Harrisburg.	3.53 "
London.	7.55 "	8.12 "	London.	5.55 "
Chatham.	9.40 "	10.00 "	Chatham.	8.12 "
Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	Detroit.	10.00 "
Lv Detroit.	10.21 "	10.10 "	Lv Detroit.	10.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.45 "	11.25 P. M.	Ar Wayne.	8.55 "
Ypsilanti.	11.00 "	11.43 "	Ypsilanti.	9.27 "
Ann Arbor.	11.15 "	1.00 A. M.	Ann Arbor.	9.50 "
Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
Marshall.	1.15 "	1.35 P. M.	Marshall.	1.35 P. M.
Battle Creek.	2.03 "	2.55 "	Battle Creek.	2.55 "
Kalamazoo.	4.32 P. M.	4.40 A. M.	Kalamazoo.	4.40 A. M.
Niles.	5.25 "	5.45 "	Niles.	5.00 "
New Buffalo.	5.45 "	5.45 "	New Buffalo.	6.02 "
Michigan City.	7.18 "	7.47 "	Michigan City.	6.25 "
Calumet.	8.00 "	8.00 "	Calumet.	8.00 "
Chicago.	8.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Chicago.	8.45 "
Ar Milwaukee.	8.55 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	5.30 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.
Ar La Crosse.	6.15 P. M.	7.00 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	8.15 A. M.	8.15 P. M.	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	5.40 P. M.	6.50 A. M.	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	8.00 "	10.00 "	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
Denison.	10.45 "	12.01 P. M.	Denison.	8.00 "
Galveston.	11.00 P. M.	6.30 "	Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	5.00 A. M.	7.00 P. M.	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
Columbus.	7.30 P. M.	7.45 A. M.	Columbus.	6.30 "
Little Rock.	8.50 A. M.	12.50 P. M.	Little Rock.	7.00 P. M.
Ar Burlington.	11.00 P. M.	8.10 A. M.	Ar Burlington.	7.45 A. M.
Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	8.10 A. M.	Omaha.	12.50 P. M.
Cheyenne.	11.00 P. M.	8.30 "	Cheyenne.	8.30 "
Ogden.	11.00 P. M.	8.30 "	Ogden.	8.30 "
San Francisco.	11.00 P. M.	8.30 "	San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	4.45 P. M.	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
Quincy.	11.15 "	9.45 "	Quincy.	9.45 "
St. Joseph.	10.00 "	8.10 A. M.	St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.
Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	9.25 "	Kansas City.	9.25 "
Atchison.	11.00 "	11.17 "	Atchison.	11.17 "
Leavenworth.	12.10 "	12.40 noon.	Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.
Denver.	7.00 A. M.	12.40 noon.	Denver.	12.40 noon.

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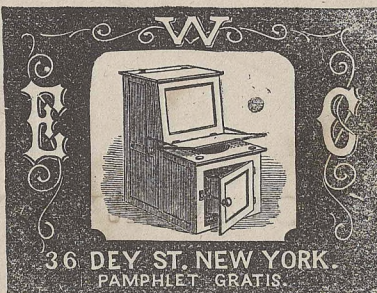
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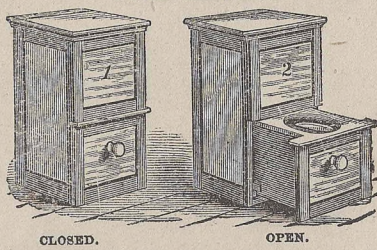
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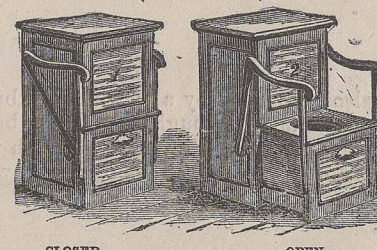


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