

# WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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BY AND BY:  
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

In his care for the remote, whether in time or in space, the near was not forgotten, and poverty and sickness, which, in spite of all the advances made by civilization, will still occasionally thrust their ugly heads into view, found in him an ever ready and sympathetic alleviator. In the early days of his married life he had hoped to interest Nannie in some of his local charities, but had been compelled to give up the idea. She could scold people for being bad managers, and, by something more direct than implication, praise herself; but her sympathies seemed incapable of the extension necessary to constitute charity. As she could not with any advantage accompany Criss on his rounds, and resented his absences, he had gradually withdrawn in a great measure from making them, leaving his work to be done by deputy—an office gladly undertaken by the benevolent Bertie.

Of Criss' wealth and the employment it gave him, Nannie had long been jealous; but now her jealousy extended itself to his home occupations, which he carried on in his study. Not that she was excluded from this department, for Criss delighted in being able to glance from his work to her, as she sat on the soft carpet playing with the little Zoe; but, unluckily, it occurred to her one day that he could not be thinking entirely of her while occupied about other matters.

"Please explain, Nannie," he said, one day, on her persisting in reproaching him for his engrossment. "Please explain exactly what it is you wish of me; for I am really at my wits' end to understand. Is it that you wish me to cease to be a man, engaged in work worthy of a man, and to become a woman, with thoughts for nothing but love?"

"Yes," said Nannie, stoutly. "I want you to think of nothing but me—and little Zoe; but not much of her, or you will make me jealous of my own child."

"Nannie, there was once a poet who wrote to his lady-love:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more."

What do you think of the sentiment?"

"I should have been jealous of 'honor.'"

"You mean for honor, for his honor."

"No, I don't. I mean what I said."

"There was another poet, who described a wife of whom her husband was so fond that he could not tear himself from her side to fulfill the duties to which he was in honor bound. One night he awoke from his sleep to find her sitting up and murmuring, as she reflected over the career and character he was losing for her sake:

"Ah me, I fear me I am no true wife."

Would you like to be regarded by your husband as being 'no true wife,' when you seek to detain him from his duties?"

"I should have liked that man," she said. "He loved his wife as a woman ought to be loved. He would have owned me to be true woman, if not true wife."

At this moment Criss' attention was called off by the sounding of the telegraph signal. Before he was aware what she was about, Nannie had snatched a heavy ruler from the table, and rushing to the apparatus, with a tremendous blow smashed it to pieces.

"There!" she exclaimed, to Criss. "You may think yourself fortunate it was not your head. It may come to that yet, for your treatment of me."

Criss had learned the futility of bandying words with her when such a mood was on her. Fearing for the safety of the child, he placed himself between her and it, and summoned the nurse.

"Go at once to Dr. Markwell's," he said, when the nurse arrived, "and give my compliments to him and Mrs. Markwell, and say that I shall be much obliged by their allowing you and the child to stay there until some other arrangement can be made."

"And when am I to see it again?" asked Nannie, as the nurse disappeared, and Criss closed the door after her.

"Well," he said, with simulated indifference, "I should

think a week or two will probably see you over this attack. It will be time enough to think about it then."

And he set himself to examine the mischief done to his apparatus.

"I shall go after my child," exclaimed Nannie, darting toward the door.

"You cannot leave the room. I fastened the door as I let the nurse out. Your violence suggested the precaution."

"I won't stay in the house to be outraged."

"No one wishes you to do so. But you do not leave it until you are in your right mind, and then desire to do so. It depends entirely on yourself when that may be."

"Do you consider me mad, then?"

"You force me to wish sometimes that I did."

"To wish that I was mad?"

"Yes; I should then be able to account for your behavior."

I would rather have you mad than bad, heart-broken as it would make me."

"What does the doctor say about me?"

"He thinks that whatever you may be at present, you are endeavoring to drive yourself into insanity."

"Is that Mrs. Markwell's opinion, too?"

"She says you are no more mad than she is."

"What, then, does she ascribe my conduct to?"

"Uncontrolled willfulness and inordinate vanity."

"Nothing else?"

"Not that I knew of."

"She is right, so far; but she omits the principal cause."

"May I know it?"

"You do know it. I have told you often."

"Tell me again."

"Love for you."

"Love for me makes you pain and distress me by such conduct!"

"I can't help it."

"Nannie, answer truly. Do you try?"

"I have no time when my feelings move me. You don't know what it is to have feelings."

"I know what it is to have feelings for others. You make me fear that yours are only for yourself. Are you the happier when you have given way to what you call your feelings, and made me wretched, and yourself ill and ugly with passion, and driven your child away—"

"Ugly! me ugly!" And she ran to a mirror and took a rapid look at herself; and then, finding the survey satisfactory, she rushed close up to Criss, and gazed with the most exquisite, winning look imaginable into his face, and in a pleading tone asked:

"Am I really ugly, Criss dear? I don't think I am. Do you?"

And putting her arms round him, she clasped him tightly to her.

"Is it, then, because you believe no man can resist you, that you act in such a way?" he inquired. "Believe me, Nannie, even you may try your power too far. You have done much to prove to me that even my patience is limited."

"Why, what would you do?"

"Set you and myself free from a tie that has become a bondage."

"Yes, I know that is what you want. But I won't let you. I would murder her and you, and myself, too."

"Her! your child?"

"No, no, the woman you want to get free from me for."

"Oh, I see. You prefer that we should continue to be miserable together than be happy apart."

"You don't deny, then, that there is a woman for whom you wish to give me up. I thought you had some motive for trying to kill me by your unkindness."

"Why should you give me credit for acting from motives when you deny doing so yourself?"

"Why should you care about other women when you have me?"

"It seems to give you great pleasure to think that I do so."

"I think it because you can't help liking women. You like me too well not to like women."

"Oh; and so you would behave better to me if I was less agreeable to you as a husband?"

"Yes; it comes so natural to you to be nice with me, that I cannot help thinking you must have learned it with others."

"I see. I shall have to imitate the example of the knight

who always clad himself in his armor before caressing his wife, for fear she should find the process too agreeable."

"I know what men are. You don't deceive me when you pretend to be thinking only of my good. You will send me out of my mind by it, and then you will be sorry." And she began to cry.

"There is one thing, Nannie, that you have never yet got properly into your understanding—that I took you to be, not my master, but my mistress. So long as you strive to be both, you shall be neither. That is positive and certain. You have but to choose."

"May I choose now?"

"If you please."

"I—don't—want—to be your—master."

"You declare it faithfully, and will not try in future?"

"Yes," she said, in a low, penitent voice, gazing down while she spoke, and taking the measure of her own exquisite little foot, as, protruded from beneath her dress, it lay close alongside of his.

He was silent awhile, pondering the propriety of giving her another trial, but feeling that she had not yet really repented of her recent outrageous behavior.

Finding that he did not speak, she said, coaxingly:

"And you will let baby come back?"

"Certainly, the moment you give me reason to feel sure you will continue to be good."

"I am good now."

"For how long?"

"Until I am provoked again."

"That won't do. The child shall stay away altogether, rather than grow up to have its character ruined by witnessing an evil example set it by its mother."

"You will not rob my child of its mother!" she exclaimed, wildly.

"On the contrary. I wish to save you to your child."

"Are my promises nothing?" she inquired.

"You are as well able to judge of that as I am. How have you kept them hitherto?"

She hung her head, conscious that she had used words as counters, to be put aside as worthless as soon as her game was played.

"I shan't know what to do all day without my baby," she murmured.

"Yes, we shall miss it dreadfully," he remarked.

"You won't care," returned Nannie.

"Well, not so much as you, because I can go and see it occasionally."

"So can I," said Nannie; "I shall go now."

"That is quite out of the question."

"Why?"

"Because I have given orders to the contrary."

"What do you mean?"

"Nannie, I had a most terrible shock one day not long ago. I overheard, when out walking, some people talking about us. One said to the other, 'How is it one sees Mr. Carol about so little now?' I dread to tell you the answer; but it may do you good to know the impression you have produced in the neighborhood."

"I am not afraid. What was it?"

"Oh, poor fellow, he is afraid to leave his mad wife."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Nannie. "It is nothing but a story you have made up to excuse yourself for going about without me."

"So far from that being the case, it is the greatest disappointment to me to find you object so to everything I have to do and every person I have to see, that I am compelled to leave you at home. But where do you imagine that I want to go without you?"

"I know."

"Will you not enlighten me! Of course, I should not have told you of that conversation if I considered you mad."

"It is no matter what you consider me. You like the society of other people. That is enough for me."

"But not in the same way that I like your society. Life has many kinds of pleasures and engrossments besides love, which, by operating as distractions, serve to perpetuate and intensify love. Foremost among them are the charities and amenities of social intercourse, friendship and intellectual converse. I take as much delight in these as ever; but I have withdrawn from them all in the interests of your happiness."

"And quite right, too. It only makes you despise me for

*Mrs. S. S. S. S.*



my ignorance when you go among what you call intellectual people. As for friends, I don't see what you want with them when you have got a wife."

[To be continued.]

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 31, 1875.

*Dear Weekly*—I am constantly coming across long, eulogistic, leading editorials in the newspapers over the country, concerning Dr. E. H. Clarke's late ebullitions on "Sex and Education" and "The Building of the Brain." The said leading editorials never fail to lean toward the learned doctor's side of the question, and to point prophetic finger to the good time coming when women will settle down to the truth (?) of his theory, that God Almighty originally intended to draw a radical line of inferiority between the sexes, and that inferiority to be all on the feminine side.

There is nothing so tickles the self-esteem of the average man as to have good authority—Dr. Edward H. Clarke, for instance—for believing in and asserting his superiority over woman. Dr. Clarke is the right man in the right place for the average masculine to pin his faith to, and his dogged persistence in his exploded theory is commendable. There is nothing like knowing you are right and then going ahead. And there is no doubt the erudite and philosophic and scientific masculine Clarke has a most frightful list of "female complaints" to build his ticklish theory out of. I have no objection to any man dealing mercilessly with the results of our pernicious social system and holding up the deteriorated female of the present to the just criticism, not to say ridicule, that her dilapidated and forlorn state merits; but I do most heartily object to the presumption on the part of any man that, because nine-tenths of my sex are hopelessly and repulsively depleted and exhausted physically, as the result of ages of stupid misapplication of natural laws and persistence in suicidal customs, women are consequently incapacitated to compete with men. Fatal results should lead a thinking mind in search of fatal causes.

If there is aught of sufficient potency to wake the average female up to a knowledge of herself and functions, it is the bombastic assumption of such men as Dr. Clarke to fix her in a cramped and uncomfortable "spear," according to their idea of her needs and capacities. But I'm about hopeless as to the average woman of to-day, and am well nigh at the conclusion that she is not worth saving. Were it not for the helpless unborn, the powerless victims of the average woman's stupid and wicked indifference, I'd never again lift my voice in protest against the shams and abuses of modern society of which woman is the chief victim, and through her the entire race.

Dr. Clarke persists that "there are times" when girls are too sick to study. There's no use mincing the matter, we all know what he means. Reasoning from the wretched results, 'tis the greatest wonder in the world that a girl is ever fit for any sort of effort, mental or physical. The disadvantage she labors under from the moment her mother makes the fatal discovery she has given birth to a woman child, from the—I had almost said devil instead of Lord, for the devil seems to preside over female evolution—are such that, were she not originally created with a constitution "like a horse," she would not now be fit even for the "chief end of woman"—marriage and maternity. What a joke she is on maternity! A ghastly, grim, gaunt and hideous joke on the sweet and sacred office of motherhood! And when men gush so bravely and sloop over so fluently about woman in her sphere as wife and mother, they simply don't know what they are talking about; they have only in view a faithful, patient, self-sacrificing, devoted minister to their lowest needs, and the majority of them that are husbands are ready to curse the ease with which their wives slip into their sacred (!) "crown of maternity." They would like their wives to minister unto them without burdening them so often with consequences. And what specimens of a natural (?) consequence the average "true woman" produces? I don't wonder Dr. Clarke thinks we are all too sick to study? Now, if he would only be consistent and say the average womanhood of the day is not fit to pave that place "where the fire is not quenched and the worm dieth not" with infant skulls, in short, that the best use she can put herself to is to go hang herself, while he himself puzzles his great brain a little as to why these things are thus, methinks he would be doing the world a service.

This may seem bitter, especially to the "so-called delicate and refined" of my sex. Well, I am bitter! It is quite enough to make a woman-loving woman bitter to look around on the heaped-up female weakness and impotence, and, knowing the cause of all, to contemplate her sex's utter indifference and persistent idiocy, and then stumble in the dark against a man like Dr. Clarke who asserts that we are periodical invalids, when he should know that 'tis abuse of her nature alone that has turned woman's periods, like the point of a knife, against her health and happiness.

Let Dr. Clarke be entirely consistent and teach husbands and fathers that there is one week in every four when their wives and daughters need absolute rest and freedom from care, and see how soon he would have any practical masculine followers. 'Tis only because he flatters man's assumption, that he is the especial object of Jehovah's partiality, without in the least interfering with his demands on woman (for Dr. C. only insists that we are too sick once a month to study) that the learned savant has so many noble tobacco consuming and whisky absorbing editors on his side, with their double leaded editorials.

Any woman of average health, all her functions in as healthy tone as possible under our false system, knows that Dr. Clark, don't know what he is talking about when he makes his assertions. Give girls the same early start on the road to health and happiness that boys have; quit the everlasting, infernal, murderous nonsense about lady-like propriety, womanly modesty and feminine gentleness and delicacy, at least until such time as those terms are not another name for supreme stupidity, superlative ignorance and awkwardness, and all sorts of female complaints generally;

start a girl out on a righteous, royal road to a knowledge of herself and her functions; then give her freedom to hold herself sacred unto her highest knowledge, and not impose upon her a cursed submission of herself unto an exacting, domineering, ignorant, lustful man; let her be impressed from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot that health—perfect, unbounded, overflowing health—is the chiefest charm of womanhood, the truest image of God—in short, that a woman without health is a disgrace to her sex; fill her devotional soul with a realization of that canon from the Most High, that 'tis the worst of crimes to become a wife and mother without health for her marriage portion and knowledge of herself for her safeguard against the furious license of the marriage relation; then take our present false, fatal, demoralizing social system, turn it wrong side out that she may see the inmost part of its uncleanness, its wrongs, its shams and abuses, its womanly sacrifices on respectable, sanctified altars of damned custom; women laced, trailed, braided, pinned, puckered, powdered, puffed, flounced, buttoned, stuffed and legislated to death, after a miserable life of periodical invalidism;—then, from these premises, let her reason out a girl's salvation in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

Boys could not live in the cramped and stifled atmosphere that girls breathe; 'tis only superior stamina that has enabled womanhood so long to overcome the inroads of cruel customs. Put boys under the physical restraints that girls are under, and they would require a stronger rejuvenator than periodicity to keep them in health and spirits.

Let Dr. Clarke cease to look for his examples of womanhood and evidences of feminine capacity in a social hot-bed of a fashionable boarding-school for "young ladies," and put his laboring brain to a better use, getting at the unstable foundation of all the ill female flesh is heir to; let him take the woman of average health (for, as the world goes, the best of us are nothing but "poor critters,"—'tis the divinely possible woman I have in my mind's eye, not the wretched, fashion-ridden abortions of this day and generation—and the worst of it is the most of them are utterly powerless to help themselves, or reproduce a superior type, which makes the stupid assertion of bombastic donkeys all the more unendurable)—I say, let our Dr. take his samples of endurance from the ranks of average healthy women and girls, and then see if periodicity sets them back in the race for brains alongside of boys and men. Even under all the physical drawbacks, the average healthy girl or woman is scarce disturbed in her nature by its monthly revolution which regulates her temperament.

How much about ourselves could we tell Dr. Edward H. Clarke that he has never dreamed of! And the main point to make with him is, that we are no more inclined to be sick once a month than he is inclined to be just in his conclusions. Just as abuses of their manhood, from age to age, have operated to make men sexual monsters, so abuses have rendered woman's functional nature all out of tune. Women do not need Dr. Clarke to tell them what ails them any more than men need Dr. Mary Walker to tell them what is the matter with their manhood, or why they leave so many suspicious-looking empty bottles of peculiar medicine in bureau drawers, at hotels all over the country. Come right down to the matter of transmitted disease, and the "sins of the parents," the average girl will hold her own beside the average boy; and her brain not suffer more if she studies during her periods than does the brain of a boy after his periods of unnatural excitement and abuse. A girl has a natural outlet for the pent-up, suppressed sins of her parents in those very periods, while a boy, under the influence of his abnormal nature and the restraints of our sacred (!) social system, must crucify nature for relief.

Let Dr. Clarke seek for the causes of all our miseries, instead of building an insane theory of masculine superiority out of a conglomerated mass of "female complaints," resulting from male and female stupidity for ages.

HELEN NASH.

348 FOURTH ST. (Room 6), San Francisco, Cal.

*Dear Victoria*—I am informed that since my departure for this coast, some persons have been filling your ears with assertions of my enmity toward you, and that you now regard me as "the secret head of the conspiracy to injure you."

It is certainly very strange that when I left New York for Detroit last fall, as soon as my back was fairly turned, the miserable hounds, who are always ready to bark at the heels of a supposed foe, instantly began to howl against me; and now I no sooner leave for this coast than the same is repeated. Deeds I have thought spoke louder than words. I have never besmeared you with flattery, or acted the part of a toady, but I have always ranked among the boldest and most outspoken of the defenders, not only of the principles we hold in common, but of yourself, as their most prominent advocate. Witness my lecture in Boston; indeed, everywhere that I have been called to speak, and your enemies have never even looked to me for recognition, but, on the contrary, when — was mailing his filthy pamphlet by the dozen to others, none were sent to me save the solitary "specimen number;" and when — was in Boston he coupled my name with yours, associating us with every vile insinuation, and the "champion of humanity" people have gone out of their way to cover me with their foul-mouthed slander. Yet it seems this is not enough, and you must turn and question a friendship I had deemed fully and truly proved. The revelation of your sentiments reached me at a time of severe trial and affliction, and added the last sting to the agony I endured. I can only say in conclusion that nothing you could do or say could make me your enemy in thought, word or deed. We are both fighting against dreadful odds, with bleeding hearts, impaired health, with, in short, nothing left us but a grand cause and an indomitable will. I would not be your enemy, for I am like yourself, a mother; the work you have done for woman down-trodden and enslaved, the toy of lust, the jest of the depraved, demands from me earnest co-operation and commands my gratitude. Victoria, let your thoughts turn backward to the

old days of trial, to the night we spent together, you and I watching Tennie while she slept, and questioning what doom the future had in store for the Colonel in his gloomy prison, for you, for us; ask yourself could I be true to you then, in the darkest hour, to be false now, when the promise of the dawn illumines the social firmament. On minor points it is impossible for individualized and strongly marked characters always to agree, but rest assured, where the "forlorn hope" is needed, I shall be there, loyal in act, undaunted in will. Yours always, LAURA CUFFY SMITH.

#### A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from his manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Paupers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less.  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May beclothe the golden ore  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Satin vests can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar  
Ever flowing out of stone;  
There are purple beds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
While he values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellows then.  
Masters—rulers—lords, remember  
That your meanest hinds are men;  
Men of labor, men of feeling,  
Men of thought and men of fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine  
In manhood's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,  
There are little wood-clad hills;  
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
For to Him all vain distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth and fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same.  
By the sweat of others' foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice;  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right.  
God, whose world-wide voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Links oppression with its trifles  
But as pebbles in the sea.

—Industrial Age.

APHRA BEHN'S RETREAT, }  
Jan. 13, 26th year of Hydeville Revelation. }

*Dear Victoria*—A spirit, assuming the female form, was rehabilitated upon this planet at San Francisco on the fourth of January, 1875, through the parental mediation of James and Anna Richardson, living together as avowed free lovers. In the notice of this birth, published in *Common Sense*, the Spiritual Journal of this coast, are these words: "This child was desired and was deliberately begotten in defiance of established usages." Persons of notable spiritual worth are the particular parents of this, to them, new-comer. (I designate them "the particular parents," to distinguish them from the general parentage constituted by humanity.) Suavity and amenity mark the gentle beauty of Anna's countenance. Her eyes, large and violet in hue, are replete with ingenuous expression. This plastic negativity of character is pregnant, however, with a religious firmness that impels her to the life of a radical reformer, and inspires the uncompromising assertion of her iconoclastic opinions. I have had, in her presence, clairvoyance of psychic imagery of engrossing interest. When within the sphere of her magnetism, panoramic visions of scenes in the French Revolution have been disclosed to me. I have seen about her, as she entered my chamber, such spirits as Buzot, Petion, Vergniaud, Barbaroux, Louvet; have heard ringing shouts of the stirring triad—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—and have beheld the presentment of that procession wherein a fleshly and breathing goddess of reason is borne aloft, while religious symbols, grown vapid and meaningless, are trampled under foot. In her peculiar psychometric influences upon me, Anna, with outstretched finger, seems to be sternly pointing to these pictured memories of this great proletarian effort; not solely, as it were, to remind me of the awful history, but as if reverting to her own personal past; as if her inner nature bore the indelible imprint of a conspicuous part enacted then. I have been deeply impressed that a spirit whose valiant action in this contest against the aristocracy of church and state, made her "greater than Brutus," the divine Charlotte Corday animates to-day the physical frame of Anna. Should this be so, the returning spirit has marked its carnal investiture of this century with the characteristic individuality of its former existence. Not only in mental and moral attributes, but in physiognomy and person, Anna strikingly resembles the portraits that we have of this heroine. Her present love-mate, James Richardson, is of a sensitively poetic and artistic temperament, recalling that Andre Chenier who sang so thrillingly of Charlotte's heroism, and followed her, after the lapse of a year, to the guillotine.

May it not well be that two such earnest spirits are re-incarnated in these typical individuals, to love and work together for the same great purposes for which they lived and died in other days. The deadly blow aimed at tyranny, in the person of Marat by Charlotte Corday, was prompted by



the same spiritual impulse that now instigates the public enunciation of free-love principles by Anna Richardson, and incites in her a life of open protest against the errors of society.

Anna's first sexual experience was legally sanctioned by marriage, but inharmony supervening, she left her lawful master for the more congenial companionship of her present lover. The spontaneous satisfactory affection of these two is an inspiring witness to the power of freedom in promoting love, though they are not of that school which believes that lovers should be wholly absorbed in one another.

These great souls have not hesitated to mark their thorough adherence to their principles by the public announcement of the coming of this tangible result of their free-love contact; and have heartily consented to my wish to promulgate, through your columns, this significant event to sympathetic thinkers.

I know of many of my sex, claiming a theoretical interest in free love, and prone to enjoy secretly whatever experience it may bring them, who would not dare to admit publicly that they permit their liberality of sentiment to determine their action. I am proud to avow myself a practical free lover. I believe that the truest life is that which illustrates in the overt actual, the invisible perfection of the ideal. By that which is true to me in thought, I regulate my external conduct. This inconsonance of mental persuasion and outward behavior, an interior homage to truth, and an exterior conformity to social superstition, was exemplified in the life of that talented but inconsistent reformer, Madame Tencin. It is one of the inexplicable anomalies of human character that this woman, a worshiper of liberty and one of the originators in France of republican ideas in the age of Louis XV., while practicing free-love privately, should not have recognized, like Ninon de l'Enclos or Anna Richardson, the nobleness of boldly leading a life of social freedom. Through one of her sexual alliances, Madame Tencin gave birth to D'Alembert, the French Socrates. Afraid of public opinion, she caused the infant to be placed upon the steps of a church, where he was found by a glazier's wife who reared him. Afterward D'Alembert, one of the greatest intellects, and celebrated for the constant practice of the noblest virtues, boasted that he was a child of nature, born outside of marriage and society, and happy to continue there, beyond the sphere of its corruption.

Anna Richardson, in the very opposite spirit to that of Madame Tencin, proudly heralds to the world the coming of this babe of dissent. This is a noticeable incident in this period, when womanhood is in the birth-throes of a new civilization. Let us hope for this infant that she may become an exceptional and representative woman, who, uncontaminated by the world's bigotries, will gratefully recall the propitious circumstances attending her birth, and with more reason than D'Alembert, exult that she was begotten under the inspiration of free thought.

I, too, born out of the pale of marriage, and glorying in my illegitimacy, am gratulant in announcing the advent of this messenger of love and freedom.

FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

#### OUR DOCTRINES IN ENGLAND.

The most popular of the satires published in England as Christmas books is one styled "The Coming King," which treats of the movements of the present Prince of Wales. In it the Proprietor of the WEEKLY is thus alluded to:

"When'er a rumor rose against her Grace,  
Touching her love for cigarettes and cups;  
When it was whispered she did not eschew  
The doctrines that Miss Woodhull had proclaimed  
In Jim Fisk's city, in debased New York."

The New York Herald, of Jan. 25, instructs us that the above brochure was rapidly bought up; and, though issued at one shilling, some of the copies were purchased at the rate of two guineas each.

#### A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 29, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—I feel sure you would be pleased to hear from one of your devoted adherents here that there are a few congenial souls who truly sympathize with you in your noble and God-like work—viz., to effectually reform our present state of society, both morally and physically. I have, through the kindness of a Spiritualist, an old friend of mine, carefully read some half-dozen copies of your valuable paper, and am satisfied that it is the only organ, either in this country or America, which fairly and logically discusses that falsely-called indelicate though all-important subject, "our sexual relations."

For the last eight years I have seen quite sufficient to prove to a demonstration that our present so-called marriage system is hollow and a sham; in fact, nothing more nor less than "legal prostitution."

I am quite aware that some of the most advanced minds of America oppose the doctrines of free love, making that and the term free lust to convey the same idea. Now, I firmly maintain against all opponents that "free love" and "free lust" are not one and the same thing; but that, on the contrary, they are diametrically opposed to each other. I was much disappointed to find a charming writer on natural theology quoting from one of your speeches with the express intention of confounding you "out of your own mouth." He, in substance, writes as follows: "Even Mrs. Woodhull will allow that a large majority of those who have been married in the orthodox churches, both in this country and America, have no wish whatever to separate, but are mutually and lovingly attached to each other." Now, I fully and freely admit that it is quite possible that this may be true, although, for myself, I am strongly inclined to dispute it; but whether it is so or not, I maintain that instead of that being an argument for upholding our present social system, it undeniably proves that all those cases which he refers to are living evidences of the uselessness of our legal, and of the glorious effects of a "free love" marriage.

By far the largest number of our opponents are quite in-

competent to give us any information on the subject, for many of them profess to be too much disgusted to even pollute their mouths by mentioning the subject. Those people, by the way, have the unblushing assurance to call themselves followers of that divine man, Jesus Christ, who said to the self-righteous Pharisees who desired that the woman taken in adultery, in the very act, should be stoned, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

Then it is said again: "Let us have true love between the sexes, not free love!" How absurd; as if it were possible to conceive of love being true unless it is also free. Shakespeare, that great painter of human nature, beautifully expresses the "love marriage" thus: "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment."—Sonnet, No. 95.

Swedenborg, also, in his beautiful treatise on "Conjugal Love," clearly shows that only when the affections of the sexes are mutually reciprocated have they a right to sexual intercourse. I am satisfied in my own mind that our detestable priest-made marriage law is the cause of such a large number of falsely-called married men, preferring the society of other women to that of their wives, or, to write more correctly, their concubines. Who, I ask, can wonder that so large a portion of our mothers should give birth to children physically and mentally deformed—children conceived not in love but in hate. Oh, it is a sad thing to know that so many "undesired" children are born. Now, all this might be prevented if sexual impregnation never took place except at the consent and desire of the female; because if the male, through any means, compels the woman to submit against her desire, then I say that he has committed a rape, notwithstanding that the parsons, "by their office," have through a bit of legerdemain made them "one flesh."

Dear Mrs. Woodhull, you will, I am sure, believe me when I inform you that both myself and friends are rejoiced to know that you are in a fair way of recovering from your late sickness. May the great Father of the universe send you angel friends to comfort and support you in your great and noble work. Should you ever be led to visit England, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing one of your charming addresses. There are a good number of Spiritualists and Secularists here, but although they for the most part are free from the pernicious effects of priestcraft, they seem to lack sufficient manliness to break away from the conventionalities of society. They are fearful of offending that hydra-headed monster, "public opinion." The people have been too long led by the nose. Why longer pay men to do our thinking for us? Let us act, act in the living present, fearing the anathema of neither bibles nor priests. I have read with much pleasure an able article on free love by that great writer and thinker, Robert Dale Owen, in your issue of November 23, and thoroughly indorse it. Apologizing for trespassing so much on your valuable space, believe me,

Yours fraternally,

JOHN WATSON.

The following men and women (I don't like the terms ladies and gentlemen) have kindly added their names as a testimony of their appreciation of your great services to mankind: Bessie Williams, Aaron Franklin, Sophia Franklin, J. W. Chamberlin.

CLYDE, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1875.

Dear Weekly—Please accept my tardy mite. How I wish I could increase it a thousand-fold! It is said, "Those whom the gods love, die young." I'm sure they must love you, dear WEEKLY; yet I pray that you may not die, or not, at least, until you have fully accomplished your grand and glorious mission. But I do not know that my prayers will be of any avail, as "the prayers of the wicked avail nothing;" and I am very, very wicked, dear WEEKLY—so wicked that pure and virtuous (?) Madame Grundy sometimes almost has spasms when I come in contact with her, especially if I offer her my hand. Now, I do not blame the old lady at all for putting on that "I am holier than thou" air; for I think she has just as good a right to view me from her stand-point as I have to view her from mine. Yet, with all my deep sinfulness, I intend to pray with all my might for her and her family (for she is intensely "married" and has a large family, and there is something "queer" about the whole family, for when they are not married they want to be, and when they are they want to be divorced). I intend to pray that the beautiful child, "Freedom," may yet be born in their souls. But, poor child, I sometimes tremble for it, for fear it might be strangled in its birth. Yet will I hope and pray; and if the beauteous child ever does find a birth-place in their souls, I know that they—even they who now affect to scorn and despise—will then smile upon me as "radiantly as a May morning."

I have been unable, as yet, to obtain any new subscribers for you, but my heart is not utterly sick with "hope deferred." Some of the excuses for not aiding you in this your hour of need are ludicrous, some disgusting; but the saddest and most sickening of them all is, Victoria's extravagance! Don't you think the dear soul is actually accused of "putting up at first-class hotels!" just as though first-class women shouldn't put up at first-class hotels. Oh, Shame, where is thy blush? Now, dear WEEKLY, don't you think it would be advisable for Victoria to adopt the "Uriah Heep" policy—be very "umble," and put up at third or fourth rate hotels? It would be such a nice thing for her enemies to make capital of. The highest honor a grateful people could confer has twice been given to U. S. Grant—and even a "third term" talked of—for the brave (?) battles he has fought, the noble (?) victories he has won. But his extravagance is not even thought of by his friends and supporters; while our brave and beloved Victoria, who has dared to come out and stand alone—all alone—for the truth's sake, who has suffered and sacrificed so much, and who has already fought a grander battle than U. S. Grant has ever even dreamed of, must be denounced for "putting up at first-class hotels." Again would I ask: Oh, Shame, where is thy blush? Just as though earth itself, much less first-class hotels, afforded anything too good for one who has done so much for poor humanity, especially when she earns it herself, and at so

dear a rate, and pays her own bills! Such complaints from Victoria's avowed enemies would not be surprising; but when they come from those who have claimed to enjoy the reading of her paper and the falling of truth-pearls from her very lips, I must say I am sorry and surprised that they have read and heard to so little purpose. The out-look is fearful, as our good brother, D. M. Allen, says, when we see the vast amount of pretension, ignorance and prejudice to be met and overcome. Yet I am sure we shall win; for does not Victoria lead the way? and have we not that grand old warrior, staunch and true, Parker Pillsbury, with us? Then have we not that true friend of woman, that brave and persistent battler for her emancipation, Warren Chase, to ask questions—questions that they dare not attempt to answer, because they well know they cannot, without giving up all their claims. Then there is that glorious Helen Nash, with many, many others. Yet it is not upon one or all of these that we should depend, so much as upon the principle of freedom itself. Oh, I am not at all discouraged; and as "Helen" says, let there be no turning back because of ignorance and persecutions.

Yours, to battle to the best of my ability for the privilege of blowing my own nose, for the privilege of using every organ and faculty of my being as seemeth to me best; finally, yours for all natural rights, without the interference of Mother Grundy, Church or State.

HERMIA RUSSELL.

THE Spiritualists of West Winfield, N. Y., and vicinity held a two-days' meeting in Music Hall, on Saturday and Sunday, January 2 and 3, 1875. Dr. E. F. Beals called the meeting to order, and announced the platform free for the discussion of spiritualism, humanity and reform. The speakers were, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Lynn, Mass., and Prof. C. D. Farlin, of Watertown, N. Y., and Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., a clairvoyant and test medium. The sessions were well attended, and the speakers listened to with marked attention, showing an appreciative and thoughtful audience. The fact that the meetings have caused considerable talk here shows that good seeds were sown, which we hope will yield abundant harvest. The conference meetings were entertaining, and the music good; and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the meeting was a success.

A clergyman who was present volunteered to tell what he knew about spiritualism (two weeks later), but chose to do so in his own pulpit. Dr. Fairfield challenged him to an open discussion of the subject, which he positively refused to accept, but invited all to come and hear him. We conclude from this that the heaven is working in the hearts of the people; yea, even in the hearts of the clergy.

AN ATTENDANT.

#### UNCOMMON GOOD SENSE.

The following notice of a birth appears in No. 34 of *Common Sense*, of San Francisco, California. Both the inserters and publishers of the same deserve to be commended for their bravery; for more knowledge can be gained from one proven fact in social and sexual matters, than from a dozen theories. This is the notice:

"Born in San Francisco, Jan. 4, 1875, a daughter to James and Anna Richardson. During a wedded life of four years, Mrs. Richardson (then Anna Smith) being in delicate health, lost two young babes, which experience, with other considerations, induced her to become again mistress of herself, as she was prior to marriage. This child, which was desired, and was deliberately begotten in defiance of established usages, bids fair to live and to be a blessing and a benefit to its parents."—*Common Sense*, San Francisco, Cal.

#### THE MARRIAGE BOND.

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

This is a Christian bible injunction. If it is of binding force, ought not its converse to be equally binding?—viz., What God hath put asunder let no man join together.

I hold that love, and love alone, constitutes marriage; that this marriage of love "makes the bond, not the bond the marriage;" and universal Christendom, virtually, though unwittingly, subscribes to this truth, inasmuch as all ceremonies or laws for the solemnization and legalizing of marriage are never applied before, but subsequent to the expressed wish of parties between whom it is understood that this marriage of love already exists. Again, "God is love," and also "Love is the fulfilling of the law"—Bible testimonials. If so, then the existence of mutual love constitutes the God-joining, while its absence is equal proof of the lack of such joining. If it is a crime to put asunder those who are thus joined of God, can it be less a crime to join or hold together those who, from lack of mutual love, are God-sundered or not joined of God? If, then, the love, or godliness, forsake the parties, what becomes of the bond? Are they then joined of this God of love when there is no love to constitute "the fulfilling of the law?" If in this latter case the mundane powers that be assume to continue the legal bond, are we not justified in suggesting that they "beware lest haply they be found fighting against God," or against love, which is God, and also the only fulfilling of the law i.e., the higher law of love.

What less than an act of presumptive ignorance is it to require finite, changeable beings, such as we are, to promise that which, from our very nature, we cannot be sure that we can possibly fulfill? Every separation—except by death—and every application for a divorce, is but a standing, solemn protest to and against this manifest stupidity! Certainly it would seem to be time that we began, at least to suspect that love is not a thing to be commanded, bought, sold or retained by promises; but depends on qualities possessed by those we love, by which our senses are addressed, and over which we positively have no control.

T. LEONARD.

GRAFTON, Mass., January 15, 1875.

DENMARK is going to abolish the rights of primogeniture and all titles to nobility.



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1875.

## EXPLANATION.

It is due to friends in the West to explain why Mrs. Woodhull did not fill her engagements at Lincoln, Nebraska City, Omaha, Council Bluffs and Des Moines. She lectured in the Opera House at Topeka, Kansas, on the evening of Feb. 1. The hall was very cold which so affected her still weak lungs that she came nearly breaking down several times during the evening, and only concluded her address by the greatest effort which left her prostrated. The following day a terrible storm arose and prevailed all the next night, the temperature continually growing colder. When we arrived at Omaha on the morning of the 3d, on our way to Lincoln, the thermometer indicated twenty degrees below zero, the wind blowing a perfect gale. This stinging atmosphere she could not endure a moment; to take it into her lungs was to strangle her. It would have been madness for her to have attempted to lecture anywhere, so she wisely concluded to give up the trip and hasten to a more genial clime, and wait until the cold spell should break. She will fill her engagements in Michigan as advertised elsewhere.

## TO ALL RADICAL REFORMERS.

The readers of the WEEKLY are aware that, under the pressure of the exigency and contrary to medical advice, Victoria C. Woodhull, about a fortnight since, again essayed to continue her public ministration on the all-important reforms demanded by this paper, in the lecture field of the West. We are sorry—very sorry—to add, that she has again returned to the city, having been unable to endure the terribly cold spell that has prevailed all over the country since the first of February. Under these circumstances, we appeal again to the generosity of the friends of true reform, to not withhold any pecuniary aid that they can consistently extend us in this crisis. Those who are posted on the subject believe that in a very short period, a path will soon be opened for the WEEKLY which will make it an established success. It would be so now, if its so-called Christian foes did not resort to the most vile and underhand means to curtail its sales in the larger cities of the Union. But, we trust, in a short time to be able to expose their methods of operation, and we feel sure that the exposition will be sufficient to terminate all that species of warfare.

The time has been, when the proprietors of this paper had other methods by which to obtain the funds necessary to sustain the WEEKLY than by lecturing, but of those means they have been cruelly deprived by the unjust rendering of the laws of the United States. Our readers know that a petition is now before Congress setting forth the same, and asking a recompense therefor. In early times, although the WEEKLY has rarely paid its expenses, the generosity of our subscribers was never appealed to. Not only the paper but costly books on the various reforms were then distributed to reformers as free almost as air. Neither do we appeal now for aid to the WEEKLY as a paper, but as a most needed instrument to carry forward the good cause that is dear to all our hearts. Knowing this to be the case, we feel no hesitation in addressing all true reformers on the subject, and impressing again upon them the necessity and duty of lending once more their cheerful, earnest and generous efforts to keep the flag of all the great reforms of the age floating, as ever, foremost in the fight for the rights of woman, and for the consequent advancement of all the human race.

## JUST OR UNJUST?

We have never objected to, or avoided, but have rather courted criticism about any act with which we have been connected. We have a right, however, to insist that a true basis for criticism be had, and proper use made of all the facts that go to make up a case that is criticized. We were recently called before the courts as defendants in a case, where the judge ruled that a proposed witness for the plaintiff was disqualified because the person was an Atheist; and we have been severely taken to task for permitting it to be done. It is set down against us as abetting the abridgment of free speech and individual rights.

Now, this must be fair or unfair according to the circumstances under which it occurred. We shall not attempt to decide the question, but we will present the facts upon which the decision ought to be based, and let our readers and others interested judge for themselves, merely requesting that each of our critics consider and answer this question before deciding himself or herself competent to criticize us: Suppose that you were unjustly accused of murder, and that your vindication or conviction depended upon the testimony of a person whom you had good reason to suppose would testify falsely, and whom you knew would testify against you, would you not make use of any technical legal points that the law might offer to exclude the testimony of such a witness?

If you, each and all, say that you would make no attempt at defense by excluding such testimony, when the law gave the right, then you become competent critics of us in the case at issue. The principle involved is the same, although whatever this person might have testified to could not have affected the point at issue in our case, since every incident relating to it had transpired long before this individual knew any of the parties to the case. It was impossible that he could have known anything about the facts upon which the case rested. The desire that prompted this person to go upon the witness stand was not to testify to any pertinent fact, but to vomit another mess of filth upon the community similar to that upon which he has expended a year's time in gathering and vending—libels foul and villainous, many of which he knew had been denied by the very persons whom he quoted as his authorities, who, if put upon the stand to testify, would utterly repudiate and deny all connection with the allegations. But the allegations have nevertheless been, with this knowledge in his possession, persistently repeated, just as if their authority had not been denied by the alleged authors themselves. A person who will maliciously do such an infamy (a clearer case of malice could not be thought of), which is so much more infamous than a false oath could be conceived to be, would not hesitate to testify to anything that might be necessary to make a case against parties toward whom he might be maliciously inclined.

Suppose this party had been permitted to testify without the usual formula, and he had done so falsely, is it not clear that there would have been no recourse for us? He could not have been proceeded against for perjury, because he would not have been under oath, and perjury in the eyes of the law is testifying falsely under oath, and this person was fully aware of all this, and, as we believe, would have used it to have given vent to his malice against us. Hence we feel entirely justified in not having permitted this individual to testify upon such unequal conditions as these, the opinions of our critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

But to the case. The complaint, in this instance, alleged that Woodhull, Claflin & Co., in May, 1871, received from plaintiff four hundred dollars for investment; but that, instead of investing the sum, it was fraudulently converted to their own use. Upon this complaint the Court granted orders of arrest. In the trial the Court held that, as the case was brought in this way, upon orders of arrest, it had to be decided upon the truth or falsity of the alleged facts upon which the arrest was asked for. In other words, if the jury found from the evidence that the money was invested, and that there was no fraudulent appropriation, then their verdict must be for the defendants. The defendants proved that the money was invested and lost, and they proved by complainant's own witnesses that she had been so notified at the time of the loss. As there was no evidence to offset this, of course the jury found for the defendants.

It is, therefore, established, that we were falsely arrested and held to bail, and put to any amount of inconvenience and expense without a shadow of law—just the same as any malicious person might go and make a similar complaint against our critics and have them imprisoned and put to the same inconveniences, illegally.

But now mark the connection between this case and this would-have-been witness. In his foul printed libels, he refers to a case which is cited as one among many, where it is alleged that "she" (Mrs. Woodhull) "swindles women," thus: "and any number of New York lawyers have been studying how to collect \$400 for another." Had the case been a just one, would it have puzzled New York lawyers to have taken legal steps for its collection? Every one must see the inconsistency of an affirmative answer.

But a Rhode Island lawyer was hunted out who did study up a way in which he thought he could collect it. It was thus: He learned that we contemplated going to Europe, also the steamer, day and hour upon which we proposed to sail. He then had his client make the necessary affidavit alleging fraud, and obtained the orders of arrest. These, the

officer's were instructed to hold until we were all on board the ship and it was about to sail, when they were to appear on the ship and arrest us, and in the event of our refusing to pay the demand, then raised to \$535, to take us off the ship and to jail. He probably thought that, rather than be thus deprived of the voyage and lose our passage, we would pay the demand whether right or wrong. But he reckoned without his host. We obtained news of his intentions and defeated them in time to make our voyage as proposed.

And this is the case about which our critics are interesting themselves, because we, being illegally assailed, saw fit to use legal means of defense. We can assure them that whenever we are illegally assailed through the processes of law, obtained by improper methods and affidavits, we shall take whatever means the law offers for defense.

Upon principle we defend the proposition that every person has a right to give testimony, but we also defend the proposition of the right of any necessary means of defense against persons who are known to have discarded all principles, or what amounts to the same, to have sacrificed them all to further their malicious designs against those who are defending themselves. The right of self-protection lies at the base of all other rights, and so long as we are put upon the defense in such ways as we have been, we shall not surrender it, nor ignore any rights that the law may give us to defeat the malice of our enemies. Let it be remembered that the evidence excluded in this case could not by any possibility have affected the verdict. It was sought to be given with the hope that some foundation could be established for vending malicious libels in a more public manner than had been previously possible; it was not to better the case for the plaintiff, but to blacken, if possible, the names and characters of the defendants. So far as the law is concerned, under which the evidence was excluded, we are utterly opposed to it, and will do whatever we can to have it repealed; but we are equally opposed to the law that makes it possible for one person, by making a false affidavit, to maliciously obtain the arrest and imprisonment of another; but we are no more opposed to either of these laws than we are to that made for the collection of debts, which attempts, by legal methods, to regulate what should be left to the individuals concerned. We hope and trust that all these remnants of the barbarous ages may soon go down together into a common oblivion, and the honor and self-respect of the people be permitted to become their own vindication in all the affairs of life. Then there will be no oaths required of Atheists or others, nor will there be any loose laws that will permit those who are willing to swear falsely to vent their spleen by illegally resorting to arrests and imprisonments to enforce the payment of unjust or trumped-up claims.

## THE BROOKLYN BATTLE.

In reply to the many who are somewhat acquainted with the basis of the facts regarding the relations that existed between Mr. Tilton and myself, and who are insisting that I shall not rest another moment under the insinuations cast upon me by him in his evidence of Tuesday of last week, I ask them to be patient; I am the one more deeply interested than anybody else, and if I can afford to wait for my justification, others can surely afford to do so with me. I am aware how indignant many of my friends feel on account of the slurs cast upon me, and through me upon the cause of social freedom by Mr. Tilton. But I have learned that the laws of immutable justice always eventually bring the truth and the right uppermost; and I can better afford to let them run their course than to possibly abort their purposes by attempting to interfere to forestall their judgment.

I decided before the trial began to not interfere in any manner with its progress. If Mr. Tilton thinks that, with the rendering of the verdict, this case will be concluded he will learn his error possibly too late to avert the doom that he is inviting upon his head. The infinitely greater and more important part of this case will be undecided when this trial shall have closed. It is in the verdict that shall follow the one which this court will render that I am chiefly concerned. The mere present is nothing when compared with the infinite future. He may struggle now to make the shadows he has cast upon my name and fame heavier and darker; but when he shall stand unveiled, as stand he shall, he will blush as deeply for his present efforts as he now pretends to for what has passed.

After this trial is closed, I shall have a plain, simple statement of facts to make, in which there is set forth the truth in detail about all that has occurred since the 22d day of May, 1871, in which any of the parties to this scandal were involved. That statement will be all that is required to confirm the truth or expose the falsity of Mr. Tilton's testimony regarding his relationship with me. Wait patiently for it as I shall wait to give it.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

## VICTORIA C. WOODHULL'S APPOINTMENTS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalamazoo, Feb. 12; Grand Rapids, 13th; Big Rapids, 15th; Greenville, 16th; Ionia, 17th; Lansing, 18th; Bay City, 19th; East Saginaw, 20th; Flint, 22d; Port Huron, 23d; Ypsilanti, 24th; Battle Creek, 25th; Jackson, 26th; Adrian, 27th; Hillsdale, March 1; Coldwater, 2d; Elkhart (Ind.), 3d; South Bend (Ind.), 4th.



## WHAT IS TRUTH?

This is the well-known question that Pilate put to Jesus, and we are not told that the latter answered it. Yet it is the question of questions, of all peoples and of all ages. When men can fully solve it they will be Gods. But though in its fullness it is to us unanswerable we can essay partially to elucidate it. Two presses during the past week have endeavored so to do. The one affirmatively the other negatively. They are the New York *Herald* and the *Christian Union*. After we have quoted their remarks pertaining to the subject, the WEEKLY will discuss the same from the standpoint of Spiritualism.

Our readers must not expect, however, to be very much enlightened upon the above subject, for from time immemorial, men have had, and we suppose will have, very superficial views of the matter. The consequence has been and is, that they have returned, and probably will return, different answers every time the question is asked. But what they lack in knowledge they make up in obstinacy and bigotry, so that at no time and in no civilized (or even savage) community will the inquirer fail to receive hundreds of absolute and varying replies to the question. The best of these are ambiguous if not contradictory, like the definition of God by the wise ancients, Plato, of Athens, and Archimedes, of Syracuse; the former of whom declared the Deity was "A Being whose substance is truth, and whose shadow is light;" while the latter, being a mathematician, asserted that "God is a circle, whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere."

We do not believe that the moderns have much improved upon these definitions of the Deity, although there is a grand mistiness in both answers, which in either is not a blemish but a beauty. Neither do we think our contemporary, the New York *Herald*, has much advanced human knowledge upon the subject of absolute truth, although we admire the liberality with which it has presented it to the notice of the American public. We find under the heading of "Pulpit Topics for To-day" (Jan. 31) the following passage, to which we refer:

Somewhat akin to the first-named topic ("Limitations of Spiritual Knowledge," by Dr. Moran) is an inquiry by Dr. Porteous as to "What is truth, and who possess it?" We don't believe that any doctor in the church or out of it can answer that inquiry except by the monosyllable God. Truth is too broad, and deep and high to be possessed absolutely by any man or any set of men, and the most that any of us can obtain is a small slice off the great loaf.

There you have it, gentle readers. It is not very satisfactory. But, after reading it, we can say of it what the Scotch sailor "Sandie" said of the owl which he palmed off on his sweetheart "Jennie" in lieu of a parrot. She complained that it was not one of the pretty painted birds she expected from the East Indies, and her lover replied: "Why, Jennie, lass, ye say true, he's no very beautiful, but look at his een! see what a power of thocht there is in 'em!" So say we of the *Herald's* definition; it is not very diffuse, but there is a power of thought in it.

The second attempt at elucidating what is truth we find in a letter in the same paper, over the signature of "William Coventry H. Waddell." It may be termed an attempt to answer the question negatively, so that by reducing its dimensions and proving what is not, we may eventually arrive at a just conclusion as to what is—truth! Here is the statement of the *Christian Union* as to "What is not Truth!"

The *Christian Union*, Henry Ward Beecher editor-in-chief, has "abandoned" the doctrine of endless punishment, because enlightened Christian feeling declared "that it could not be true," and that "the time can hardly be distant when it (the church) will wholly reject the doctrine." But the admissions are accompanied by the still more startling expressions that "although enlightened Christian feeling" has risen to this exalted truth—viz., that everlasting punishment "could not be true;" that this truth is not in accord with the letter of Scripture; thus: "The appeal from the enlightened reason and moral sense of mankind to the letter of Scripture has never been successful, and never can be."

From this we have a right to infer that, in the opinion of the *Christian Union*, the Scriptures, or those portions of them that assert the doctrine of eternal punishment, "could not be true;" and, consequently, are not the truth. Now, if all other credal religions will put what they call "their sacred writings" on the same pile, and the world would burn them as the housekeeper and the bachelor Samson Carasco did Don Quixotes' books on chivalry, we believe that we should narrow down considerably the dimensions of the question, "What is truth?" Probably, however, it would be as well not to destroy them, for the Bible, the Veda's, the Koran, and all works of similar character, doubtless contain among their errors many excellencies, which have been, and may yet be, of great benefit to mankind.

Now for the WEEKLY's definition; and we mean to come at it with a circumbendibus. What is Truth? Well, in the first place, we do not believe that the truth is an article that has ever been monopolized. Unless the truth be "money," we do not believe that it has ever been restricted to the "seed of Abraham." To the honest Chinaman it is Buddha; to the honest Hindoo it is Krishna; to the honest Turk it is Allah; and to the honest Jesuite it is Jesus. To the honest Pagan it was Jupiter, who was a very good God in his day; and to every man—everywhere—it is the highest aspiration of his highest development—that, to him, is truth.

Oh! when will mankind attend to their earthly duties, and leave the dwellers in the heavens to form their own family arrangements, and take care of themselves. Had our

forefathers but done this, what mountains of misery, what seas of human gore would have been spared to humanity. But we did not make and do not rule the world. All human excellencies have been obtained by suffering. This ever has been the case, and is the case now. Socrates must drink the hemlock, and Jesus must be crucified for the advancement of our race now as of yore. The ignorant may still cry against those who would take off them the chains of the past—"Crucify them! Crucify them!"—and prefer the scoffer Aristophanes and the robber Barrabas to the real benefactors of mankind.

## "DRAT THAT BOY, BAILEY!"

The above exclamation can be found in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." Bailey, an errand boy mentioned therein, was noted for his impudence. On one occasion, the writer tells us, he swaggered into Poll Sweedlepipes', the barbers, and throwing himself into a chair commanded the astonished tonsor to shave him. Although Bailey had no beard—not even down on his chin—poor Poll obeyed with fear and trembling; and Sairey Gamp, the nurse, when she heard of the occurrence, uttered the exclamation with which we have headed this article, viz.: "Drat that boy, Bailey."

The above scene returned vividly to our memory on reading certain portions of the testimony of Theodore Tilton in the trial between him and H. W. Beecher. We especially refer to that memorable picture drawn by Mr. Tilton of his interview with Henry Ward Beecher, in which he says he charged the latter with having seduced Mrs. Tilton; and, more especially, to the concluding part of the same, in which, according to the *Herald*, Mr. Tilton asserts that the Plymouth pastor asked him the following question:

May I go once again, and for the last time, and see Elizabeth?

Under the circumstances, if they be correctly related, we think that our readers will agree with us that this was about the "steepest" question that ever was asked; but it is more than matched by an action attributed to H. W. Beecher by Mr. Tilton, which occurred some time after at Mr. Moulton's house, and we preface it by saying that Mr. Moulton was very sick at the time, and not expected to live:

I (Theodore Tilton) went to his (Mr. Moulton's house) one day and a servant girl came to the door and told me that Mr. Beecher was up-stairs; while she was talking Mr. Beecher came down-stairs and met me in the parlor; he told me that Frank was lying at the edge of the grave; he said, "Frank is very sick, and I am afraid he will die, and if he dies, Theodore, what will then become of your case and mine?" He said to me, with tears in his eyes, "Theodore, Frank has saved my life, and I would willingly give my life to save Frank's;" and he then put his arms about my shoulders and kissed me on the forehead; he then departed hastily.

If such a kiss could ever have occurred, for the life of us we could not determine how to catalogue it. Was it a pastoral salute, or a fraternal, or the kiss of peace. It could not possibly be a paroxysmal kiss! The only place in which it would seem right to place it would be to range it with the lie chronicled by Mr. Moulton, and call it the "kiss sublime." But the effort to schedule it is too great for our feeble powers, we cannot do justice to it. We, therefore, mentally retreat from the too vast undertaking, and again re-enter the barber-shop of Poll Sweedlepipes; hide our shortcomings by re-echoing the words of the immortal Sairey Gamp, and conclude with saying "Drat that boy, Bailey!"

## THAT CHALLENGE.

Every one admired the bold challenge of the Brooklyn Pastor to all people to bring forward all that each and every one of them knew that militated against his character; but, if the following extract, taken from the *Herald* of Jan. 30, be correct, "a change has come over the spirit of his dream." We do not assert this to be the case ourselves, but present to our readers the testimony we have quoted on the subject:

The Brooklyn public has been partly aware of Mr. Beecher's desire, through his counsel, to keep Tilton off the stand. There was no opinion in favor of Tilton testifying or going to the wall. A great many people thought he ought to speak, because the issue was between himself and one other person. Even Mr. Beecher's partisans wondered what reason or policy existed in favor of Theodore's enforced silence.

Henry Ward Beecher may well find from the comments of the *Herald* and *Sun*, and other important dailies, that something more will be required in his case than merely an adroitly won legal acquittal. If the statements of Messrs. Moulton and Tilton be false and slanderous they must be proved to be so to the satisfaction of the public; if, on the contrary, they be proved truthful and correct, a simple liaison will be but one in a long list of crimes charged against H. W. Beecher. It is our belief that the public is determined to know the truth of the affair which has so long agitated society. It will not submit to be hoodwinked by any subterfuges, legal or otherwise, and any compromising will condemn all parties concerned.

## INFALLIBILITY.

The New York *Herald*, of Jan. 30, contains a special telegram giving a synopsis of the pamphlet of 100 pages just issued by Archbishop Manning in reply to Mr. Gladstone on the subject of papal infallibility. It commences with the statement that—

He [Archbishop Manning] maintains that the Vatican decrees have not changed the conditions of civil allegiance. The allegiance of Catholics is as undivided as that of any

other Christians. Questions of conscience alone could divide it. The recent decrees have not extended the power of the Pope.

From this we learn that "questions of conscience" can divide allegiance. It is important to potentates, then, to inquire who is to decide as to what are "questions of conscience." The WEEKLY maintains that, of late, the Pope has rendered opinions on such subjects freely; and furthermore, that to Catholics, there is no appeal from his decisions. We are next told that—

The Ecumenical Council in no way touched the relations of Church and State. Its decrees merely declared doctrines which were already matters of faith.

Infallibility might have been previously a matter of faith, now, however, it is likely to become a matter of practice, which to temporal rulers is objectionable.

The Pope cannot, therefore, either by virtue of these decrees or his supreme authority, make any claim upon his adherents of a nature to impair the integrity of their civil allegiance. To impair civil allegiance would be contrary to that law. The spiritual authority of the Church was indirect in its operation on temporal affairs.

Where does Archbishop Manning obtain authority to limit the power of an infallible Pope, as he does in the first sentence? What Catholic could rebuke the head of his church should he do an act contrary to divine law. Interdicts have impaired and would impair civil allegiance, and yet they have been freely used by many Popes, and are not indirect in their operations. But, to continue—

It [spiritual authority] indirectly condemns and declares not binding such temporal laws as deviate from the law of God, and therefore impede the attainments of salvation. In regard to the supposition advanced in an argument, that the Pope might attempt to depose the Queen of England, the writer remarks that, as the Queen is wholly withdrawn from the Catholic Church, every condition is wanting which would render such deposition justifiable.

Here again the Pope claims power to judge what temporal laws deviate from the law of God, and he exercised that power in the matter of our Public Schools. As regards the Queen question, policy at present may dictate forbearance; but, if policy dictated otherwise, how then? Again,

The Archbishop declares that the European Powers have entered into a systematic conspiracy against the Church, and warns them that they are thereby wrecking themselves.

This we believe, and it inaugurates in Europe the religious revolution treated of by the WEEKLY. The clay pots refuse, and wisely, to keep company with the iron pot. A fallible Monarch can hardly be expected to welcome an infallible Pope in his dominions. We assert it is good for the peoples that the old firm of "king and priest" are not likely to dissolve partnership without fighting, and that out of their dissensions will arise both temporal and spiritual liberty for the masses of Europe.

In conclusion, he says Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet invites Catholics to rebel against divine authority and "encourage schism, heresy and deadly sin."

In these days the words—"schism, heresy, and deadly sin"—frighten none but weak minds. The Church of Rome has shown of late no courtesy to the Anglican Church. According to the latter, Archbishop Manning himself is a criminal, and is guilty of the spiritual "act of adultery" in introducing himself in the diocese of the Anglican Bishop of London. Other Catholic noblemen of England, as well as Lord Acton, will have to choose sides in the matter, for a mixed allegiance must be offensive both to the Queen and the Pope.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R., Toronto, Canada.—We are not certain who was the author of the poem you allude to, but think that it was the production of Herrick.

B. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We cannot instruct you as to H. W. Beecher's present position with regard to eternal punishment. His creed, written, it is said, by himself, affirms it, but his paper, the *Christian Union*, denies it, as you will perceive by an extract given in one of this week's leaders.

R. H., Galveston, Texas.—To loan money at any interest whatever was held to be a crime, and was punishable both by ecclesiastical and civil law in every nation in Europe until the sixteenth century. Our present money system, which is based on the legalization of usury, is but little more than three centuries old.

M. S. W.—The conversation you allude to took place between the two poets Sylvester and rare Ben Jonson in the time of Elizabeth. They challenged each other to make rhymes to their own names, and the former began thus:

I, Sylvester,  
Kissed your sister!

To which the latter, not admiring the statement, replied:

I, Ben Jonson,  
Kissed your wife!

"That doesn't rhyme," said Sylvester; "I know it," replied rare Ben, "but it's quite true, nevertheless, and truth is better than poetry."

S. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.—We teach our young men how to bear arms, and how to use them. He who thinks that the dumb tools they misuse will not demand living food in the near future is a fool. To cultivate the spirit of war is to breed war.

Spiritualist, Jersey City, N. J.—The phenomena, which are the base of the new development, are needed; the faith,



which is already arising out of the same will remodel the civilized world.

*M. R. S., Chicago, Ill.*—The revolutions demanded by the people of all classes are marching together, both here and in Europe; industrial, financial, religious and social. They are all component parts of one grand whole.

*Jerry Thompson, N. Y.*—We cannot tell you by what authority the ton of coal has been shortened 224 lbs. in weight. The constitution says: "Congress shall fix the standard of weights and measures;" and, in our opinion, it is the duty of the Attorney General to see that you are not defrauded in measure.

*H. R. M., Paterson, N. J.*—Chastity has long been complimented by the poets. Shakespeare treats of it in *Coriolanus*. That hero terms Valeria.

The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome. Chaste as the icicle,  
That's curbed by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple!

But some think, to use a French proverb, "the game is not worth the candle." The only men who have the right to honor chastity in women are Catholic priests and shaking Quakers.

*Economist, Saratoga, N. Y.*—The moral condition of the city of New York is exhibited in the list of births and deaths, published weekly by the *Herald*. The latter always far outnumber the former, proving that the city is naturally damned.

*Hopeful, Toronto, Canada.*—You must not judge the WEEKLY by the number of its subscribers. When Gideon went forth against the Midianites he commanded 32,000 men. He reduced it to 300, keeping only those in it who lapped the water in drinking. It is so with the WEEKLY; it has had a larger number of subscribers, but those it has now will never turn their backs. They will die before they will surrender. We believe they are all lappers, men and women, and that there is not one poltroon among them.

*B. W. R., San Francisco, Cal.*—We do not take any stock in the millennium. Establish one, and in a century the world would putrefy with rottenness. The troubling of the waters has ever been necessary to its health, is now, and, in our opinion, ever will be.

*J. R., Los Angeles, Cal.*—The Senate resolution against the naturalization of Chinamen was an unmitigated villainy, falsifying our contract in the treaty we had just previously concluded with China, and contrary to the genius of our Republic.

*Inquirer, Detroit, Mich.*—The Civil Rights bill must be made a law; until it is established, the republicanism, or, if you please, democracy of the Union, is the greatest farce the world ever saw.

#### INCIDENTS OF THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

MONDAY, FEB. 1, 1875.

Some of the New York dailies will kill Henry Ward Beecher before the termination of the trial, that is, if it be possible to slay him with printer's ink. According to the *Evening Telegram*, this is the last report of his state of health:

"The appearance of Beecher's face was a study as Tilton poured out the full story of his wife's connection with Beecher. All round his neck and behind his ears was the blood red glow of apoplexy. His lips were pale and his eyes wore a strong, unearthly look."

We, however, warn our readers that he has been reported to be in a similar condition for some time; but he turns up at Plymouth Church every Sunday with the regularity of a City Hall clock.

TUESDAY, FEB. 2.

TILTON'S GENEALOGICAL RESEARCHES.

(From the *N. Y. Sun*.)

Q. State what occurred at that interview. A. Mr. Beecher came to my house one morning, about the first or second week, yes, certainly, the second week in February, 1871. He had come in pursuance of a request which I had sent to him through Mr. Moulton. I had told Mr. Moulton that I wanted to see Mr. Beecher at my house. Mr. Beecher came in the morning while I was at breakfast. I rose from the table, met him in the parlor, and told him to go up stairs into my study. He immediately went up and I followed him. I closed the door behind me, and after he took his seat I said to him, "I have called you hither, sir, in order that you may remove, if you can, a shadow from the future life of the little boy Ralph. His mother has assigned to me a date at which your criminal intimacy with her began. This little boy was born a few months after that. If the date which his mother has given is correct, it will save a dishonor attaching to his name. I want you to tell me, as before God, whether or not that date is right. I want, if possible, to shield him, but I want more than that to know the truth—tell me the truth. He told me on his word of honor as before God that the date which Mrs. Tilton had assigned was the correct date. At that moment Mrs. Tilton herself, who had followed me up stairs, came into the room, and when I stated to her the point of conversation, she burst into tears, and asseverated, as she had once or twice done before, that the date which she had given was correct.

Q. State whether in that conversation that morning in your study, the date was named, and if so, who named it? A. Mr. Beecher asked me what date Elizabeth had named. I told him that Elizabeth had named as the date at which their criminal intimacy began Oct. 10, 1868. He replied that he had no faculty for dates, and had made no record, but he believed in his soul that she had told me the truth. He said a few other things on that occasion which I trust I shall not be requested to reproduce here, since a proper delicacy would forbid their utterance.

COMMENTS.

This meeting was a greater dishonor to the child than ever his paternity could be. Set aside the savage idea of the claiming inheritance, which ought not to exist in well-ordered communities, and the question of paternity need not have been enquired into.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3D.

T. Tilton, Gen. Tracy told me that I need have no anxiety

concerning the formation of a committee; that Mrs. Tilton had gone down to the committee at Mr. Ovington's house; that previous to the assembling of the committee he (Gen. Tracy) had instructed her what to say and how to say it; put the questions to her that she might make no blunder in answering them; that when she came before the committee she astonished and impressed all of them with her eloquent allusions to her pastor and to her husband; that she had denied everything, that there had been any wrong between herself and Mr. Beecher, or that there had been any proposal of wrong by him toward her, or that there was any ground for the scandal. And Gen. Tracy, in making the narration, wept. [Laughter.] He said he never had witnessed such a spectacle in his life. "Now," said he, "if you take the right advantage of Mrs. Tilton's appearance before this committee, and of the tender hearts of those gentlemen toward all the parties in the case, and particularly toward you," meaning myself, "now is an opportunity to suppress the scandal forever. It is the woman's right to deny it; let her deny it and stand on her denial now. Co-operate with that denial, it can be made a success." Gen. Tracy's representations to me made a great impression on my mind. I said if there is any chance to save Elizabeth's name and fame and blot out the scandal, heaven knows I shall be glad to co-operate with it. —*N. Y. Sun*.

COMMENTS.

This is hard on General Tracy. Both Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton have paid their compliments to him. Considering his position as Mr. Beecher's counsel, it looks as if the sheep were worrying the dog.

[From the *Brooklyn Argus*.]

THURSDAY, FEB. 4.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. TILTON.

Mr. Sherman here read two articles in question, from the *Golden Age*. The first article was taken from the *Heath and Home*, and referred to Mr. Tilton, commencing with a reference to him as a young man of golden hair, who sprang into early favor, writing double-headed leaders, and singing songs and uttering sparkling wit; as one who succeeded to the vacant chair of Mr. Beecher, and who, in his opinion, more than filled it, and as being a man of more than ordinary abilities to please children. In connection with this thought, Mr. Sherman here read Mr. Tilton's Poem, which commences "Baby by, here's a fly; let us catch him, you and I," &c., very much to the amusement of those in the court-room. He also read Mr. Tilton's production entitled "The Layman's Confession of Faith." Mr. Tilton's reply to the article from the *Heath and Home* characterized it as a satire speaking of him as one dead.

His opinion on marriage and divorce were the same as when he first formed them in college days. He concluded he had a right to vindicate Mrs. Woodhull's right to express her opinions in a free land, and accepts that right with pride. He was acquainted with a number of eminent men and women, noted for their liberality of sentiment. Among them, Lucretia Mott, Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, Laura Curtis Bullard, and he considered Victoria Woodhull the peer of any one among them. He was called a Spiritualist. Well, so was President Lincoln. There are more Spiritualists than Methodists, and he considered that he had sufficient skill to write a life of Bishop Simpson from a Methodist point of view, or a life of Elder Evans from a Shaker point of view, just as well as he had written a life of Victoria C. Woodhull from a spiritualistic point of view. He acknowledges that he is a Communist, but is a Communist in the best sense of the word. The atrocities in Paris were not the fault of the Commune, but the fault of Versailles. He says: "In conclusion, let me add that I have never been a contributor to *Heath and Home*, but if you will give a letter from me room in your columns, I will gladly write you one, and give a full and explicit exposition of my view on the subjects spoken of."

Very truly yours,

THEODORE TILTON.

Friday was consumed in reading the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton to each other, prior to 1871.

#### MRS. WOODHULL IN KANSAS.

[From the *Leavenworth Commercial*, Jan. 31, 1875.]

"THE DESTINY OF THE REPUBLIC."

Last night Mrs. Victoria Woodhull spoke at the Opera House, to a good audience—a gathering of intelligent people who wanted to hear what the woman had to say and how she said it. In the dress circle we noticed a large number of ladies who were intensely interested in what the speaker had to offer. For an hour the audience were held by the eloquent words, eloquently spoken. Mrs. Woodhull was evidently in ill health, but her arguments were forcibly put and to the point.

(From the *Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kans. Feb. 2, 1875.)

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL—HER LECTURE AT THE OPERA HOUSE LAST NIGHT.

A much larger audience greeted this famous social iconoclast at her second appearance last evening than on the occasion of her first coming a year ago. Whatever may be said of this woman, her rhetorical talents are unquestioned, and she certainly does not permit any one in her audience to doze. The lecture was preceded by readings from Macbeth. Her remedy for crime and her method of abolishing physicians and legislators at one fell blow may be comprehended in the word stirpiculture: the improvement of the race by the application of the doctrine of natural selection to the human family. She repudiated the notion that free love, as she advocated it, meant promiscuity, and maintained that the inevitable result would be to prevent promiscuity, which was the curse of society now. She was for free love, as distinguished from enforced lust, maintaining that in it was only to be found the true dignity of a matrimony whose only basis was, or could be, love.

All this was illustrated and enforced by eloquence and earnestness, and many apt and telling hits. The verdict of the audience was that, mangle her rather embarrassing candor, her discourse contained many unpalatable but none the less forcible truths, and that she's a mighty bright woman albeit she may be under bonds to Satan.

#### BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

W. F. JAMIESON is engaged by the Free Lecture Association of New Haven, Conn., to remain the two first Sundays of February, making in all seven Sundays, besides week-evening lectures in the same place.

Our readers who desire a full report of the Tilton-Beecher trial can get it in pamphlet form from McDivitt, Campbell & Co. See advertisement on page 7.

A. S. BURROWS, magnetic and hygienic physician, Bloomington, Ill. Office, room No. 5, over the Post Office. Residence at Magnetic and Hygienic Institute (formerly Major human system to keep it in good health or to restore it to that condition when out of order. He treats patients at their homes or at the institute. Will take a limited number of families by the year; the advantages of that way of treating are: First, it always secures the call of the physician when the first symptom of disease makes its appearance; secondly, when a person knows that it will not cost any more to get a doctor at the first stages of disease than to wait a few days, they will not wait but send immediately. One treatment in time saves nine in cases when sent for immediately. Cures have been made in two or three treatments where if the case had been delayed it would have taken ten or fifteen. The best way in this mode of treatment is to send for the physician immediately and before the disease becomes settled. Fever can most always be broken in one or two treatments when taken at first.

SAMSON: A MYTH STORY OF THE SUN; showing that Samson—in the Bible story—is synonymous with Hercules, the "Shining One," performing the labors of the Ancient of Days.

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CHAS. H. FOSTER, the renowned Test Medium, can be found at No. 12 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City,

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WARREN CHASE lectures in Iowa Falls, Iowa, Feb. 7; in Independence, Iowa, Feb. 11, 12, 13 and 14. Permanent address, Colfax, Iowa. He will spend the summer mostly in New England, and next winter in California, "if the Lord is willing."

REMEMBER that it is by the Erie, Great Western of Canada and the Michigan Central Railroads that the most elegant, commodious and comfortable Pullman Palace Cars are run through between New York and Chicago—the broad gauge trucks of the Erie being changed at Suspension Bridge for narrow ones, and vice versa, both carrying the wide coaches of the Erie road. These coaches leave New York from depots foot of Chambers and 23d streets at 7 o'clock, P. M., daily; and Chicago from the Michigan Central depot at 5 o'clock, P. M., daily. Passengers by this route who are going still further West arrive in Chicago in the depot of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, the most popular and best patronized of all the routes leading westward from Chicago. Those who travel this route once will always use it when convenient, and avoid the transfer discomforts and annoyances of other less desirable and badly equipped routes.

The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin will hereafter be furnished, postage paid, at the following liberal prices:

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OF THE PANTARCHY.

The increasing number of letters in respect to the nature, purposes and prospects of the Pantarchy, suggests the propriety of organizing a bureau for the purpose of answering such and similar inquiries. There are two other kinds of letters: the first touching social difficulties, and asking for advice or consolation; the others asking information on matters of reform, spiritualism, unitary life, the new language, and the like.

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## PROSPECTUS.

## WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate.

2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land.

3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.

4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making.

5. A new financial system, in which the government will be the source, custodian and transmitter of money, and in which usury will have no place.

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

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

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Criticism and objections specially invited. The WEEKLY is issued every Saturday.

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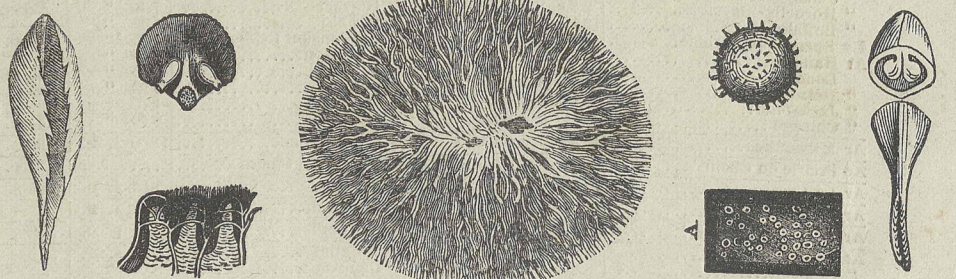
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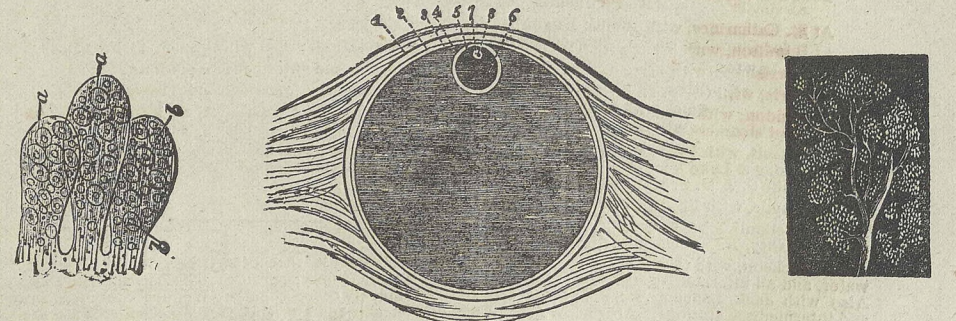
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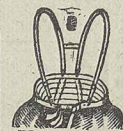
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" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.20 "
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "
" Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo.	11.45 "
LY Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	LY Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
Ar Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	Ar Hamilton.	2.55 "
" London.	8.35 "	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	7.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.	...	Ar Prairie du Chein.	...
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	...	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	...	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	...	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "	...	" Denison.	8.00 "
" Galveston.	10.45 "	...	" Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	...	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	...	" Columbus.	6.30 "
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	...	" Little Rock.	...
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	...	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	...	" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.	...	...	" Cheyenne.	12.50 P. M.
" Ogden.	...	...	" Ogden.	5.30 "
" San Francisco.	...	...	" San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	...	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
" Quincy.	11.15 "	...	" Quincy.	9.45 "
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "	...	" St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	...	" Kansas City.	9.25 "
" Atchison.	11.00 "	...	" Atchison.	11.17 "
" Leavenworth.	12.40 "	...	" Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.
" Denver.	7.00 A. M.	...	" Denver.	...

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