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BY AND BY:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.
BY EDWARD MATTLAND.

BOOK IV.
CHAPTER X.—Continued.

With the intellectual emancipation of Soudan, the need of social regeneration became apparent. Here, however, Criss found less readiness to follow an European lead than in other respects. Neither the women were eager to demand, nor the men ready to concede a change in the relations of the sexes, little content though they both were with the existing state of things. A little inquiry showed him that they had never yet learned to see the essential distinction between social and political equality. The women, too, had been taught, by a comparatively recent event in a neighboring State, to see the absurdity of their claiming to be legislators at all, when they could be so only upon sufferance, and must at all times be incapable of enforcing their decrees. And the men had taken advantage of the occurrence to laugh to scorn all demands for a change which seemed to involve anything approaching to identity of function in public more than in domestic life.

The occurrence in question was as follows:
Several generations ago, a large district on the west coast of Africa was governed by a succession of despotic sovereigns, whose sole idea of religion and political economy was to appease the gods, and keep down the surplus population, by the periodical celebration of human sacrifices on an enormous scale. For along time the victims of these Kings of Dahomey (an appellation apparently derived from the Latin *de homines*, "give me men," supposed to be addressed to the king by his god) were selected by the merest caprice. But, as civilization extended to those regions, and the sentiments of men there became softened by the study of philanthropy and art, unmeaning caprice gave place to a system of natural selection, whereby all the crippled and imperfect specimens of the population were periodically chosen to be offered up. The effect of this weeding out of the inferior types was to produce a race of men and women as superior to ordinary folks as the "pedigree" cereals, for which the hills of our own marine southern suburb were once so famous, were superior to ordinary produce. The men and women were all beautiful, good, and clever; and never had been known such handsome negroes and negresses.

But as man improved, the gods became worse off; and the priests complained that, owing to there being no imperfect specimens left, the supply of victims for their sacrifices was running short. There was danger, they declared, of some terrible judgment befalling the nation, through the neglect of the public ordinances of religion.

Upon hearing this the King, after holding consultation with the priests, determined upon making a new ecclesiastical canon. By this it was ordered that the selections for sacrifice should be made among the shortest of his subjects, male and female. He trusted thereby both to satisfy the gods, and raise the average stature of his people.

The people, however, after the first sacrifice or two, determined no longer to submit to such a state of things. They were wearied of the exactions of the priests, and disposed to think that a deity who could derive gratification from human sacrifices, could not be of much account anyhow. They had also imbibed certain revolutionary notions unfavorable to monarchy. So one day they rose in a mass, abolished the dynasty, disendowed the church, and established a republic.

So high was the standard of female excellence, that there was no question about women having, under the new regime, an equal share of political power with men. They had it as a matter of course, and with laudable assiduity did they apply themselves to the practice of parliamentary and forensic eloquence. So earnest were they in the discharge of their public duties, that the men gradually withdrew from public life altogether, as a thing best adapted to women, and occupied themselves with ordinary affairs in the field, the factory, the market, and the home; until every public office was held by women, even the police and the army consisting exclusively of that sex.

Things went along smoothly and well until certain stateswomen of Dahomey, smitten by propagandist zeal, endeavored to undermine the institutions of their neighbors, on the ground of their unwomanly character. The Emperor of Soudan, whose dominions reached from the Red Sea to the

Niger, had long been anxious to extend his rule to the Atlantic sea-board. The main obstacle to his ambition was the prosperous and easy-going community of Dahomey. The intrigues of its stateswomen among his own people supplied him with a pretext for invading it; while the knowledge that it was defended only by an army of women, made it seem to him as inviting an attack. He determined therefore to reduce it to submission, and compel it to acknowledge the authority which, in virtue of his well-known descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, he claimed over all the adjacent regions.

On the approach of the Imperial army, the women of Dahomey prepared to march out to battle. The men, concerned at the idea of danger to their women, offered to go in their places, saying that whatever legislation and police might be, fighting a foreign foe who was really in earnest, was a serious matter.

But the women scornfully rejected their proffered aid, bade them stay at home and look after their children and business, and then marched boldly forth to meet the enemy.

No sooner had they departed than the men met in council. They knew how it would be and that no time must be lost. It was necessary, however, that their women should receive a lesson. A battle, and therefore a reverse, could not take place for a day or two. So, having armed and formed themselves into divisions, they started after it was dark to occupy the hills which overlooked the plain where the battle was expected to take place, keeping their movements absolutely secret from the army of women.

On the enemy coming in sight, the women with much show of determination, and really making a most gallant appearance, advanced to meet him. The combat was short and sanguinary, that is, to one side, the side of the unhappy Dahomey damsels. Their courage, unsupported by strength, proved to be vain. The Imperial levies, though consisting of a race far inferior in physique, were yet men. They, therefore, could not, under any circumstances, suffer themselves to be defeated by women; while the women felt, though they did not own until afterward, already half beaten through the influence of their own hereditarily-acquired impressions of man's prowess. They were soon in full flight over the plain; and as they fled, the visions of their homes, containing their children and the husbands they had left to tend them, rose before them; and with the army beaten and the enemy advancing, they saw nothing but ruin and slavery for all they loved, or ought to love.

The unhappy fugitives were not suffered long to indulge these bitter reflections. The sounds of battle were renewed. The tramp of a host came near. Whither now shall they flee? Home! How can they face their homes, thus humiliated after all their vauntings?

"What is this? No enemy! but our own—dear—men!! Oh, save us! save and forgive!"

"All right, all right, lassies"—(they had a few Scotch words in their vernacular. Many of them were literally "Bonny lassies," for they belonged to the province of Bonny, a little to the eastward of their great river; and were not the *Cameroon* mountains, towering thirteen thousand feet high, almost in sight, a name palpably of Scotch origin?)—"all right, lassies," exclaimed thousands of manly voices, as thousands of muscular arms were clasped round thousands of delicate ebony necks. "We knew how it would be and took precautions accordingly. You would go; but we determined you should not be beaten too badly. So we placed ourselves where we could see the battle, and directly you ran away and the enemy gave chase, we pounced upon him and cut him to pieces. So now you can come home, and resume your functions, legislative and protective, without fear of further molestation."

The women were glad enough to go home, but from that day forward they steadily declined to undertake functions which, through lack of physical strength, they could only fulfil by sufferance. It was the remembrance of this incident that mainly operated to retard the introduction of the European system into Central Africa. America, too, had contributed an example in dissuasion. For the women of the province of New England, in an access of religious fervor, had taken advantage of their being in a majority at the polls, to create a Pope-dom of Boston, and elected one of their own sex to the office, and in virtue of the ancient and intellectual supremacy of their city, claimed for her spiritual supremacy over the whole continent. It was only by taking possession of the polls by

force and reversing the decree, that the men put an end to the absurdity. Thenceforth they have restricted the suffrage to themselves.

Thus, in addition to Criss' other labors on behalf of his African proteges, he undertook to make them comprehend the natural law which seems to assign to men a monopoly of the sphere of politics and legislation, and to restrict women to the social and industrial sphere; inasmuch as the former is based on force, and the latter on convenience—a difference of function for which nature, and not man, is responsible.

CHAPTER XI.

Since his marriage Criss had held no intercourse with his spiritual friends. The tenor of his life was inconsistent with reverie. His mind was too much engrossed by his labors or his troubles. On his journeys, which were made with the utmost rapidity, he had things concrete to occupy his thoughts; and ascents for mere abstract contemplation were apt to excite Nannie's jealousy. She was jealous even of the angels, and without waiting for cause given, was ever ready to utter the imperious prohibition, "Thou shalt have no other goddess but me."

Hovering one day in the Ariel over his garden, Criss could see as he gazed downward, the smooth green-sward and embowering trees, and the fair dwelling, and Nannie, the embodiment of all his dreams of loveliness, and Zoe, the fruit of his love for her; the whole forming together a scene of exquisite delight. But the joy with which he contemplated it was instantly dashed by the thought of the serpent which had thrown its coils around it, and converted what should be his home of happiness into his place of torture.

Then recurred to him the vision of his friend, the tall angel, and the sweet bride-angel, Nannie's prototype; and he wondered whether their experiences had any counterpart in his own; and, if not, in what consisted the secret of their happiness. And as he thus pondered, by a scarcely conscious impulse he drove his car with rapid motion far up into his old ground, the Empyrean. "Tell me, tell me," his heart cried as he ascended, "oh ye blessed ones of the skies, what is the secret of your bliss?"

It was not long before his yearning evoked a reply. The old ecstatic condition in which thought became transfused into realities, came back upon him with undiminished intensity—and, presently, to his spiritual vision became revealed the well-remembered noble form and serene countenance, and with it the sweet and sunny face of the fair bride, looking, oh, so like Nannie, but Nannie in her softest moods, that Criss could not forbear exclaiming—

"Soul of my Nannie! canst thou not shed upon her while on earth some of the sweet repose and confidence which thou enjoyest in heaven? Ye look on me with the same joyous aspect as of old. Surely ye cannot be aware of the sadness which darkens my life?"

"We know all," replied the tall angel, "and knowing all, we are glad, even though thou sorrowest. Thy struggles and thy patience are not without their reward, even though they continue to the end. Know that the task before thee is harder than any that is given to us. This is thy badge of honor. It is for thee to prove thyself worthy of it. Listen to the revelation of the mystery. Thou and she are products of the same earth, but of different stages in that earth's development, thou of the later and highest, she of the earlier and lowest. The inherent force of attraction which pervades all matter, organic and inorganic, and constitutes *love*, has with you proceeded to the advanced stage, at which love means sympathy and self-devotion. She to whom you are wedded is still in that primitive stage in which attraction is mechanical rather than moral, is of body rather than of soul—the blind attraction of otherwise inert masses, like the orbs of heaven and the constituents of the earth—and is but the basis of love, rather than the love which later comes. Only continue to have patience, and your influence will yet permeate the system which has hitherto rejected it. The love that is not self-love ultimately conquers all things. It is the sole universal solvent. It may be in time, or it may be in eternity."

"The hope may enable me to endure to the end," replied Criss; "but it has no potency to charm her whom I love and would save. Can ye not give me aught that I may bear back to her? Sweet face! loving heart!" he exclaimed, addressing himself to the bride-angel, who, he now observed, carried in her arms that which showed him that she too had become

M. J. Governance

a mother, even a mother of angels; "hast thou no wonder-working word of admonition which I may carry back with me?"

The young matron-angel-kissed her child, and then bent her head over against that of her spouse, and after a brief conference with him, said—

"It is permitted me to impart to thee the secret of all happiness, whether in heaven or elsewhere: the secret that would convert even the dread regions of the lost to a scene of bliss, had those regions not long ago been for ever utterly abolished. Know, then, that the resolve, persistently maintained, to make the best of that which we have and are, would make of hell itself a heaven; and how much more of earth! While, ever to make the worst of things would turn heaven itself into a hell. The mind is its own bliss or woe.

[To be continued.]

MURAT HALSTEAD'S "SPOOK" THEORY OF BEECHER'S INNOCENCE.

OIL REGIONS, February, 1875.

Dear Weekly—I suppose it is pretty well known that the Cincinnati Commercial publishes the proceedings of the Beecher-Tilton trial in full. From the tone of its leaders and items, taken in conjunction with the sanctum talk of Mr. Halstead himself, as reported from time to time, I had supposed there was little doubt in the material mind of that most material gentleman of Beecher's material guiltiness of the crime of material adultery.

But wonders will never cease; though it would never occur to one that so matter-of-fact a mind as that of Mr. H. could grind out a theory of anything not explainable upon known, tried, tested and approved principles, subject to not the slightest stretch of imagination, poetic fancy, ideal construction or spookishness.

Ever since the decided course of the Commercial concerning the Katie King business, the public mind has rested in perfect faith in M. H.'s absolute reasonableness and tenability of base. Never any fear of M. H. mistaking a pretty, plump widow for a "spook," especially if M. H. were so supremely favored as to get his material arm around the little creature's waist!

No editor in all the land has sent forth sharper, cuter, funnier, worldlier editorials on the spook business, and the "superlative nonsense" of spirit materialization and the "credulity of weak minds" than M. H. Consequently, "materialization stock" has gone down a hundred per cent. in the market of popularity, for M. H. is an influential man, and colors a great deal of worldly public sentiment.

There is no doubt M. H. is the right man in the right place when he sticks closely to his worldliness, his materiality and the independence of his excellent journal. But he puts his foot in it completely when he attempts to rein his material pegasus to aerial flights of impalpability, and plume his worldly-weighted spirit in ideal regions of immaterial speculation; in other words, when he comes out in a double-leaded column and a half editorial, explanatory of how, in M. H.'s estimation, Beecher can be innocent on the theory of spiritual adultery! Oh, M. H., what a peice of work was that leading editorial, that however much your consistent admirers tried to turn it into a burlesque, a la Katie King, to save your consistent bacon, they nevertheless couldn't make it go. There stood that conspicuous leader in all its assumption of sophisticated plausibility and editorial dignity; an attempt to shield H. W. B. from the consequences of his acts or the purest of spook principles!

It will never do in future, M. H., with that sublime leader in memory, for you to set the keen and shining lance of your wit in rest in a tilt against the credulity of Robert Dale Owen or Don Piatt. "Spiritual adultery" and "materialized Katie Kings" are both chicks of one hen's laying, and a warm and thrilling kiss and embrace is as reasonable to expect from the latter as an immaculate conception from the former.

Henceforth, O, sweet Katie King, wing thy materialized plumpness straight into the very sanctum sanctorum of the redoubtable M. H. himself; for whether thou art spook or arrant humbug, he will never find out the difference now, since he is fain to believe in spiritual adultery unmaterialized. Let him tumble to the dull earth with his for once unrestrained fancy, and withdraw that double-leaded leader, or forever after hold his peace concerning the "far-fetched speculations" and "weak credulity" of more imaginative and ideal souls.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Feb. 17, 1875.

One of the most refreshing condiments with your breakfast is the so-called "respectable" morning paper. While you are sipping your coffee its flavor is so much enhanced by those chaste headings to the telegraphic and other news, and the thoughtfulness of the editorials, that really breakfast would be an insipid meal without the "respectable" morning paper. The masculine and vigorous editorial columns add crispness to your butter, and their exquisite sense of truth and justice help your digestion. Its local columns sparkle with a fine appreciation of the demands of good society and a brilliant—almost too brilliant—wit. Then, too, it is so comforting to have events which otherwise might puzzle you and make you swallow the coffee grounds, satisfactorily explained to you in your "respectable" morning journal. When, for instance, we notice the steady advance of the price of gold, and, judging from past experience, we attribute the same to rebel victories, or to those threats from all quarters of hard money resumption and kindred causes, it is so consoling to have your eloquent newspaper explain. To be sure, our untutored mind does not fully grasp the breadth and depth of the argument. The "balance of trade" and the "movement of bullion" leave a sort of vacuum in your understanding; but there the explanation is, anyhow, and clinched, too, by such soothing words as: "The rise in gold, therefore, is of little intrinsic value, except as it becomes a disturber of prices." What if our "respectable" journal does contradict itself frequently within the self-

same editorial, still we are bound to breathe more freely; and down goes the last gulp of our coffee without an effort.

Another beauty in your "respectable" paper is its strict observance of the proprieties—pour, angsy deer, as the French say. That is one of the peculiar earmarks of your truly "good" paper, and accounts for that unanimous indorsement and support which it enjoys from the upper circles of society. It has, and on every opportunity shows, a correct and thorough contempt for that inferior being—woman; and especially so if she has brains. With that manly severity and bitter sarcasm peculiar to the truly good paper, it scourges that villainous Woodhull woman with all the weapons within its reach; and it is difficult to decide which is the most ponderous—the sweet-scented names it throws at her head, or the jolly big whoppers it tells about her. It studies and knows the demands of "our best people;" and therefore when a Woman's Suffrage Association quietly holds a meeting somewhere, it heads the report, "The Shrieking Sisterhood." On the same grounds, it was consistent with our truly good journal, when, during the late "crusade," our Western towns looked like asylums for religious female lunatics, to report the ravings of those "ladies" with equanimity blended with enthusiasm. But where our truly good and respectable paper shows to its greatest advantage, is when it gives us the latest telegraphic report of the Beecher trial, under those refined and chaste headings in display type.

No wonder our best society loves and reveres our "respectable" paper, and cannot eat its breakfast without it. We all read it; not all through at once, but we pick out the choice bits first, meditate upon them, con over familiar flings and lies, and pounce upon any fresh beauties or vast and wonderful thoughts that may be bubbling up in its ever-fresh columns.

Yours, fervidly,

W. B.

WANTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

EXTRACTS FROM LAURA CUPPY SMITH'S LECTURE AS REPORTED IN "COMMON SENSE," SAN FRANCISCO.

What spiritualism wants to-day is love of truth, and those who do not stand up for truth, will in the end see recorded against them "mene mene tekel upharsin." I do not regret the division in the Spiritualists' ranks. It is better even for a few to remain steadfast to the right than that all surrender to the demands of a time-serving, popularity-seeking class. Perilous times are coming to us as a nation, and the people will learn that justice is not dead; God rules, and the right will finally prevail. The oppressions of the rich, the outrages on the unprotected, the miseries of the destitute—all these cannot endure for ever. Spiritualists should unite against oppression in every form—political, religious, social—they should seek for the truth, and ask not that respectability may be retained, but that humanity may be lifted up.

Spiritualists are in danger of becoming as narrow and creed-bound as the churches; seeking for popularity, instead of holding to principle, will kill all that is of any practical value in spiritualism. The time was when "Spiritualist" was a term of reproach, but they held together then better than now, when so many are trying to make spiritualism conform to public sentiment, instead of endeavoring to lift public opinion up to the level of high spiritual requirements. Some scientists are becoming Spiritualists now—some of the nobility of England and a few Congressmen in this country, and Spiritualists are fearful these new converts will be driven away by our advocacy of radical ideas! We must not give the truth too freely for fear of shocking these people! Most of those who are convinced of the truths of spiritualism keep aloof from our organizations! We are not yet popular, and it is to make ready for this class that we are asked to sacrifice truth, to put on an appearance of conservatism, and to play the hypocrite generally! An effort must be made to bring the rich and the "respectable" within our ranks!

True spiritualism knows no difference in men—it embraces all of humanity; it distinguishes not between the rich and the poor—it looks steadfastly to the worth of every immortal soul. We are one great brotherhood; we have no ministers ordained of God; every one who works for the good of humanity is a "man of God," and is worthy to be our teacher and exemplar. If spiritualism is a truth it does not need such careful nursing and jealous guardianship. It will survive all assaults, and in rising to its full strength will lift humanity with it. If it is based on principle all the adverse powers cannot overturn it; and if it has not truth and principle for its foundation we do not want it. For myself I ask nothing; for me death has lost all its terrors. I only ask your co-operation in the cause of truth and humanity. Let us stand together and do our duty. Spiritualism is being weighed in the balance, and it will either pass away, its mission ended, to give place to something better, or it will become the grand gospel of humanity.

WHAT MY THOUGHT TELLS ME.

AUBURN, Jan 15, 1875.

It tells me that there can be no such existence as an infinite overruling power, since any power outside of and distinct from being itself, and that is in no sense a part of it which did not find a resistance equal to itself, would be a crushing and not a ruling power. Nor can there be one universal inner ruling power except as it is simply cosmopolitan, or everywhere at home in proportion to the importance that every specific existence holds in the scale of relations; and in this sense each atom has its proportion of protective and distributive power. I hear people talk of an infinite God, and am as much puzzled to know what they mean as themselves are, for my thought tells me that there can be no such existence as an infinite personality, since to be infinite it must embrace everything that is, without count or limit, and such a personality would leave no room for any other personality. Hence, the fact that I exist as a personality is positive proof that this does not. As there can be but one infinite it must be the sum of all finites without limit. My thought tells me that all the shoreless realm of being is but

one simple equilibrium, wherein each atom, each world, and each system of worlds are as little dependent on their several surroundings for the preservation of an equipoise, as are their several surroundings on them. That these correlative bearings, or apparent dependencies, are in the fitness of things the foundation support of each, for each in reciprocal uses. And my thought tells me that creation, properly understood, is not the augmentation of one particle of matter to being in the aggregate; but that it is the ever changing methods of matter. That the fruit, flower, vegetable and cereal grown or developed the past season has not added an item to the infinite sum of matter, but has simply localized properties and elements in their composition into forms that they have never before reached. That through the medium of unuttered millions of germs, centres or focalizations these have wedded together as fitnesses from a pre-existence in other forms, for the unfolding of these various products in the chemical laboratory of being. And when these are consumed, or, as we term it, decayed, nothing but their several forms is lost, while their disintegrated and diversified properties part company, and again unite with new similarities to make other forms wherein a new set of crucibles tone them down for yet rarer separations, throwing forward the finer qualities, and casting back the less sublimated, each in adaptation to those suitabilities that preserve with such peculiar ease the essential equipoise throughout Nature's artless methods of creation. My thought tells me that these almost endless varieties in germs, or centres, are real collections of associate facts in matter, consorting (to use a phrase) for a specific end, with and around which other properties unite and pursue existence to its utmost limit in such form, when they again divide off, and subdivide in reaching other forms; the more refined properties and elements ascending in the scale of relations, while the less sublimated fall into other channels, and develop other varieties in form and quality. In Nature's methods, in creation, completeness, not haste, is the rule. My thought tells me that it is just as difficult to conceive of an eternal self-existent deity as it is of an eternal self-existent atom, for self-existence must have self-sufficiency, or perfect self-balance in all respects for its basis. And so sure as there is more than one particle of matter in existence, so certain it is that these particles hold correlative relations in proportion to their values and proximity to each other.

When seeking to solve what he pleases to call the mysterious web of being, man has always adopted a greater puzzle for his rule than the one he proposed to solve; for to assume or accept the idea of an infinite Creator, then go into tricks of legerdemain to get up the fathomless infinitude of being, is taking a stride in assumptions uncalled for, besides, trifling most shamefully with ourselves when we accept nothing as the material out of which all being is made. When the ancients placed the world upon the back of a great turtle to answer the question as upon what it stood (for it was then accepted that this world was a local fixture), they seemed not to perceive that the question they supposed solved was yet more inquisitive in demanding what the turtle could stand upon. So when we go back to an infinite God as the origin of all things, we seem to take it for granted that we can account for the God more satisfactorily than we can for an illimitable existence without such an assumption. Hence the question is an open one—viz., "What and how is being, God and all?" Begging a point, then predicating results upon it, satisfies nobody. My thought tells me that there can be but one infinite—that there can be nothing outside of it or distinct from it; for so sure as there is one particle not included in it, infinity will eternally lack this particle of being infinite. Or if there has been at any one period in the nameless past, or if there shall be in the eternal out-teeming future one particle or property added to the sum of being in the aggregate, the term infinite will be "very uncertain," as the Indian said of the white man. And if in traveling with the velocity of thought in any one direction, we shall, after millions of ages with this more than electric flight, come to a condition where absolute nothing limits absolute something as forming the boundaries of existence, infinity will, at this point, make mouths at us; for that only is infinite that can have no limit—where the centre and circumference are always equal, and where at any point, however distant the one from the other, we are ever at the centre. The talk of an infinite God and the explanation of a variety of infinite attributes, as infinite power, infinite love, infinite goodness, infinite wisdom, etc., as if infinity could be scored off into a half-dozen infinities, each the equal of the whole, or in no possible sense infinite—is a folly, or Munchausenism, that will ere long part company with man, or he part company with his brains or their uses. To my mind, the most sensible conclusion is, that people do not know what they mean when they speak of an infinite God. They seem to have imagined some great touch-me-not, then go on plastering it over as if it were real. Then they act in reference to it as if an infinite, intelligent God could be in fidgets to be praised, petted, puffed, flattered and glorified. Why, the very conception throws all manner of vanity and weakness into its gigantic shadow. It would be an unpardonable slander were there any such existence to feel its jibes. I am not so dumb as to dispute the fact, that there has always been a pretention, or power, working away at man from the unseen, taxing his exertion, claiming his attention, and demanding his homage, under the pretense of some grave necessity. My point is, that I deny the good intentions of any such power. Good intentions do not demonstrate themselves in fretting, scolding, threatening, etc., nor do they deal in enigmas, and mysticisms; but they are simple, plain, open, frank and familiar, and by no necessity misunderstood. The reputed God never treated man as if he was deserving anything, but to be damned; nor have the Theodores Parkers and other cheap blazanries of spiritualism done any better. My thought tells me, that all the pretensions to a personal Godhood, in religion, or to elevated spirits, in spiritualism, have been played off upon the race by a class of abandoned spirits, who, to get and keep the advantage of a better class

of spirits, have resorted to every imaginable invention to keep man in the dirt, and in ignorance of everything really loveable in the unseen; the sole object, being to prevent so desirable a conjunction as the human heart, and the laughing truth. To prevent this is to perpetuate the style of ignorance that sustains their power over man. In the early period of my investigations of spirit manifestations, I had the assurance of becoming a kind of superficial greatness—"a bright and shining light in the world." Such a conception had as little application to my wants as would the delicate intimation that I should yet be an adroit highwayman, and be able to cut throats with a kind of *chef d'œuvre* that would successfully avoid detection. I wanted something that should say, satisfied, within me; I did not court distinctions; I have no ambition in such direction; I utterly refuse to be patronized by any power; I would cut the acquaintance of my father (a man for whom I never had to blush), if he presumed (even in the spirit world) on an advantage that prompted him to look down on me. While I assume to be the equal of the best intelligence that ever had birth on this planet, I claim no advantages in my necessary being over the most unfortunate. While none mean to be bad, few know how to be good. To the baleful conditions that curse life here, and the influences that begot them, I charge all the wrongs that abuse mistaken man. E. WHEELER.

THE TESTIMONY.
BY WARREN CHASE.

The living witnesses can be counted by millions—and the dead far outnumber them—who can swear that they know our present marriage system is sexual slavery and destructive to the finest, holiest and purest feelings of the human soul, destroying them in woman and sinking them in man below the average sexual brutality of domesticated animals; and yet, when we propose to remedy this, and remove the evil by social freedom and sexual equality, in and out of marriage, by making the institution practically a civil contract, to be regulated and controlled by the parties, under the individual protection of the general laws for civil contract, and the repeal of all especial laws, on the subject, which are a nuisance and the cause of the misery and suffering—we are met with the holy horror of the church whose sacred institution is in danger and from which it derives a large revenue and especial privileges, and also, by the vulgar oaths from the filthy lips of every sensual, whiskey-bloated, tobacco-polluted supporter of the holy religion and its sacred marriage law, which enables him to hold a female slave or run at large himself among those whom the institution has made into outcasts, and suffering mendicants that subsist on the meagre pickings of these enemies of social reform.

Never was there a plainer case of correspondence to the chattel code of slavery that has now become so obnoxious to the American public. Both hold property in their victims; both give control to the man over the woman, by which she can be prostituted to destruction. The wife has no more power to protect her person from hateful abuse than the slave had, and no more right to resist maternity or liability to it. Her feelings are seldom consulted and the fitness of her condition for enjoyment as rarely considered as that of a horse by his rider. Hundreds of thousands of wives in America can to-day testify that they have never enjoyed a moment's pleasure or satisfaction, sexually, since the honeymoon ended, and many not even then, and yet their husbands hold and use them as they would a beast of burden, having destroyed all that could have made married life happy and pleasurable. Occasionally one rises from this Sodom of ashes and blighted hopes, and by some change attains a natural and healthy condition and finds a few years of enjoyment before death, but by far the larger part go drooping to the grave and to spirit life with the effects of blighted hopes stamped on every lineament and feature of the form.

Where are the men and women bold enough to speak against this wicked, crushing and polluting system as Garrison did against the equally popular, equally just and equally holy institution of chattel-slavery? One feeble, delicate, sensitive and soul-inspired woman stepped to the front as Joan of Arc did in the French army, and called for help, and the sachems of the press and pulpit, whose idols were exposed, set their shaggy tribe of reporters, drunken and licentious scribblers and bloated officials of the law on her track, with plenty of money and all the power of church and public opinion to persecute her to the bitter end in death; but the spirits rescued her, and she is still with us, with the blessings of many a heart that never saw her, but which brightens with a momentary glow of hope every time her name is seen or heard, as did the old abolitionist and the slave at the name of Garrison. If she can only live to see the triumph of her great work as he has, it shall be glory enough, if not, she shall look from a higher sphere and see it triumph, and justice be done to woman. Soon or late it shall come: it must come. Not forever shall half the children be generated against the protest of the mother, to gratify the uncontrolled and unrestrained passions of man. Not forever shall every noble sexual impulse of the female soul be crushed by the slavery of the marriage-bed where reckless passion tortures its victims even unto death. It is vain to cry, these are exceptions. They have become nearer the rule, and happiness the exception, as divorces, untimely deaths, and living forms with crucified affections prove. The terrible cruelty depicted by abolitionists was said to be the rare exception to the blessings of slavery, but it was enough. This is ten times more and as far worse as the sensitive nature of such minds is above the negro slaves, or their brutal husbands.

We have traveled many years and been all the time a student of social life and the relations of the sexes, and made it and the sexual nature of man an especial study, and we speak with knowledge on this subject when we say that at this time our marriage system creates more misery, more wickedness, more crime than any if not all other causes in the country; and we know there is no remedy but the legal and social equality of the sexes, with personal liberty for each to protect and control his or her own body, and power in wo-

man to protect her sexual functions against sale or abuse for money or other favors. And this is SOCIAL FREEDOM.

MOTHERLAND.

Daughters of the nation listen!
Liberty to you appeals!
Tearful eyes around you glisten,
While she supplicating kneels.
To their homes your fathers brought her
Through the flood and fire of war;
Through the thunderstorm and slaughter
Rolled her fair triumphal car.

And they said, "All men are equal,
With inalienable rights;"
Little dreaming of the sequel
That has filled the land with blights.
For a while their sons defended
That great heritage with power;
Sought the good that was intended,
For the country's lasting dower.

But the demon, *slavery*, flourished;
Half approved and half ignored;
At her founts his life was nourish'd,
Till he grew to be her lord.
Boldly took not heavy duty
On such articles as tea;
His, not taxes, but rich booty;
Even pearls of liberty.
Then a lofty manhood crumbled,
Like a soulless mass of clay;
For its spirit had been humbled,
And its honor swept away.

Droop'd the flag, the stars were broken
As by clouds of inky hue!
And the stripes disclosed in token
Blood and tears that bondage drew.
When, at length, its folds were lifted
By the soldier's dying breath,
Was the nation's harvest sifted
From the bitter seeds of death?
Do not intrigue, sloth and plunder
Still destroy her ripening grain,
While the world is struck with wonder
At her turmoil, loss and pain?
Is there yet no hope for nations?
Must all constitutions fail,
And the heart's uplifted patience,
Sink and let despair prevail?

Safe between two vailing oceans,
God had kept a land to show
When the Church and State commotions
Blacken'd earth with crushing woe,
When the hells that *priests* created
Lit the inquisition's flame,
And the flesh was satiated
In the Holy Spirit's name.

From Republican Genoa
To the tortured Spanish land
Came a man, impress'd like Noah,
With the rescue God had plan'd.
Europe had no aid to furnish;
Tyrants heard no pleading tone;
They had thrones and arms to burnish,
Schemes for prowess, all their own.

But a woman heard the story
Of a land beyond the sea;
And bright visions of its glory
Gifted were her eyes to see;
She the jewel treasure offer'd
That adorned her as a queen;
And the gems thus freely proffer'd
Bridged the waves to shores unseen,
Where shall be a declaration
That will make all *women* free!
Where our eyes shall see a nation
That is fit for liberty!

Where the rights, divine and human,
Shall forever be secure
In the land first bought by woman
And by her made good and pure.
For a government parental
Soon will bring true *order* forth—
Place whate'er is accidental,
Build "new heaven and new earth."
Heavy is the task before us,
But it takes no winding course;
Cloudless light is shining o'er us
In this day of vital force.

—Shaker and Shakeress, N. Y.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 14, 1875.

Dear Weekly—Within a month I have received letters from three different women, in which was written the following in substance: "I hate men. They are all, without exception, selfish, cowardly and false. I cannot see how you, with your knowledge of and experience with men, can longer trust or place any confidence in them."

Now, while there is a large measure of truth in the above accusation, as applied to men generally, it is after all a very unjust and exaggerated one. I would not distrust all of mankind because of individual faithlessness, any more than I would lose faith in my own sex, because a few or many women prove faithless to truth and duty. But there is a deep significance in the words, "I hate men," when uttered by a woman whom we know to possess a large endowment of love and sympathy; they contain a life history within themselves; they tell a tale of repeated wrongs and outrages by man against woman; they speak the fact of the betrayal of woman's love and confidence.

I am familiar with the history of the different women who penned those words to me. They have indeed been wronged, deceived and defrauded by men, not only in business transactions, but in the deeper, more vital affairs of the affections. They have been the victims of loveless, uncongenial marriages; and, worse still, have been sexually enslaved, and the bitterness of their experiences still rankles in their hearts, corroding the fountain-springs of human love and joy.

In this connection a leaf from my own history may not be out of place. Though my own marriage experience was not a happy one, from causes not relevant to this statement, yet in justice to the man whose name I bear and who is the father of my little ones, I must give testimony to the fact that I was never a victim of sexual abuse. Right royally did he respect the sovereignty and sacredness of my sexhood; and for this reverence of my womanhood my heart ever has and ever will bless him. It is a joy to me to know that the sexual functions of my being have suffered no profanation of their holiest uses by any act of his. And when there is a proper enlightenment upon all that is involved in this sexual problem, and man and woman live naturally, all sexual antagonisms and dissatisfactions will have an end.

As for myself I would not for anything lose faith in manhood, and though I find myself deceived, my confidence betrayed once, twice or thrice, I shall still hold fast to my faith, shall still take them to my heart as a friend, brother or lover, and believe them to be good, noble and true, until their conduct compels me to renounce such confidence; but all the while would I strive to hold myself so self-sustained and free of all bonds that bind too closely, that if the trusted and loved prove false and recreant, I shall not be dragged down from life's calm height nor be discrowned of my womanly self-poise and dignity.

No, I cannot "hate men," nor put out of my heart the beautiful ideal of love's own divine creation, but ever with extended hand I greet the touch and clasp the palm of noble manhood. And yet no woman utters stronger or more indignant protest against all the wrongs which woman suffers at the hands of man; against whatever there is in established laws and customs that gives man authority or dictatorship over woman, but not because I believe all men tyrants nor all women slaves. The great need of the hour is enlightenment regarding the laws of being, and of sexuality most of all. An intelligent understanding of the laws of sex and an open and dignified discussion of these by men and women, to the end of evolving a true social and sexual science, will do more to advance the well-being of humanity and a true appreciation of manhood and womanhood, each for the other, than all the pious homilies that were ever written regarding the duties of husbands and wives. And then the experiences of woman will not be of a nature to embitter all the heart-springs of her life, and cause her lips to speak with all the impassioned earnestness of an outraged soul, "I hate men;" but, as my own heart does to-day, woman would everywhere invoke brightest blessings and sweetest benedictions upon the heads of the noble men of this age and of all time—upon royal manhood, clothed in the strength, dignity and sweetness of honor, truthfulness and spirituality. In the love of justice to both men and women, I am, fraternally,

ELVIRA WHEELLOCK RUGGLES.

KEEP OLD FRIENDS.—Why have we cutters and grinders in our mouths? That our food may be thoroughly chewed. To keep these teeth, then, is a prime necessity, and nothing is better for this purpose than Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice, which cleanses the mouth, strengthens the teeth and preserves them.

MRS. WOODHULL IN MICHIGAN.

[From the Daily Times, Grand Rapids, Feb. 14, 1875.]

Victoria C. Woodhull gave a splendid lecture before a large audience at the Opera House last evening. The subject was "The Destiny of the Republic," and was handled with rare eloquence.

[From the Democrat, Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 14, 1875.]

Last evening, at the Opera House, Victoria C. Woodhull gave her famous lecture, "The Destiny of the Republic." The audience was as large as has greeted any lecturer this season. Previous to opening her lecture she gave a reading from Macbeth in a way that showed that she might have made a good reputation as an actress. Mrs. Woodhull's manner on the stage is graceful and her enunciation clear and distinct, and her lecture abounded in striking dramatic effects.

PRESS PIE.

A NATURAL INTERPRETATION.—Sunday school teacher—"What do you understand by 'suffering for righteousness sake?'" Boy (promptly)—"Practisin' hymns in the mornin', teacher, and Sunday school in the afternoon, and Bible class in the evenin'."—N. Y. Sun.

A MONTANA paper thinks there is an awful fuss being made over the Beecher trial. "Why," it says, "right out here is Bill Casey. He went into a family, married one girl, spoiled 'nother, and has run away with the third; and yet there is no trial, no statements, no nothing, only just the old man with a rifle looking around after Bill."

THERE is a clergyman in Worcester, Mass., whose name is Parry, and a committee of his church have requested the Worcester Press to stop reporting his pulpit discourses. The Press agrees to this petition. "While the Beecher-Tilton trial continues"—such is the judgment of the editor—"there is no need of publishing Mr. Parry's sermons."—N. Y. Sun.

AUSTRIA seems to lead the world in recognizing the rights of women. The employment of women in the Austrian telegraph service having given satisfactory results, the Minister of Commerce has adopted the system in the Post-Office, and the railway-boards have been asked to report on its extension to railways.

ELLEN B. KINGSLEY, of Olathe, Kan., has been invited to address the Legislature of that State on the industrial education of women.—N. Y. World.

THE American Free Dress League will hold a convention at Worcester, Mass., on February 25 and 26. What the League is after is a better way to dress women.—N. Y. Sun.

MRS. LYDIA BRADLEY, a wealthy widow of Peoria, Ill., and a large stockholder of the First National Bank of that place, has just been elected first director of the bank.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

THE TRIAL.

The WEEKLY, in its issue of Sept. 12, 1874, asserted that in the Beecher-Tilton case not only was the Pastor of Plymouth on trial, but society and religion. Many believed, at that time, that the position taken by us was somewhat strained; but it appears we did not go far enough. The following extract from the leading article of the New York Herald, of February 20, shows that the law itself and its operations must be added to the list of the culprits now arraigned before the bar of the public press:

Another discovery is that it is possible, upon a simple action involving an issue that could be decided in a day, for the law to run into an endless waste of time. Any dozen shrewd, common-sense, business men, with the machinery of the law at their command, could take Mr. Beecher, Mr. Tilton and the two or three essential witnesses into a room, and in a day ascertain the truth or falsehood of this charge. But by the operation of our law weeks pass on, and no one can say what real progress has been made toward the truth. This is not justice. Suppose the Judge or one of the jurymen should die? Suppose, as many observers contend, the jury should disagree? How could Mr. Tilton sustain a new trial? How could the attorneys go through with it? Any process of justice which requires weeks to examine two witnesses is false. Still another theory worthy of note is the averment of Mr. Tilton that a wife can be disloyal to her husband, and at the same time "pure" and "white-souled." This dogma is more dangerous to the peace of society than any propounded by Mrs. Woodhull, and can never be accepted. It is as fantastic as Mr. Tilton's somewhat celebrated theory that Mrs. Woodhull used to sit on the roof of a Murray Hill house and allow the spirit of Demosthenes to speak through her. It is a sad comment upon the state of morals engendered by Plymouth church.

When Napoleon the First was at St. Helena, he asked Generals Bertrand and Montholon on what his fame would be likely to rest. His friends gave differing answers, but both were based on some of his numerous military achievements. To them he replied: "No, gentlemen, I shall go down to posterity with my Code in my hand. I have simplified the laws of France, so that the people there can obtain sure and speedy justice." It was known that Sir Robert Peel, the greatest by far of modern English statesmen, who remodeled the money system of Great Britain, was revolving the introduction of a simplification of the legal system of his country also, at the period of his untimely death. For ourselves, we can only speak of the law as a merciless oppressor, which has grievously injured us beyond reparation, although we hope the justice of our legislators at Washington will be speedily moved to a partial removal of the wrongs we have suffered. But until a woman sits on the bench as well as a man to try cases affecting woman, and until women are represented in the jury box as well as on the bench, we fear that ourselves and our sisters must continue to suffer under the infliction of male injustice. As the New York Herald appears to admit the truth of this last assertion in the case of Mrs. Tilton, we quote from two of its leaders published during the last week. The first is on the subject of calling on Mrs. Tilton for her rebutting evidence in the case:

A Western newspaper says that the attorneys of Mr. Tilton will oppose Mrs. Tilton as a witness. This would jar every sentiment of fair play. There can be no fair inquiry which does not embrace the evidence of Mrs. Tilton. For, although only a woman after all, she has some rights, a name to vindicate, and, we should think, a story to tell. Somehow neither

plaintiff nor defendant has cared much about the woman, who has only come into the case to be trodden under foot.

This is strong testimony. It is hard to be "trodden under foot" in a court of law, but that is the measure of man's justice in the case of woman. The second extract is still more to the purpose, justifying, in our opinion, all the animadversions of the WEEKLY upon the subject:

The most striking discovery is the relation between husband and wife. If anything has been clear to our minds it is that the marriage condition is one of sacred confidence. Blessed by God, it is the holiest of human associations. No statute can interfere with it. This is as it should be. But the Brooklyn trial makes another precedent. According to this the husband may go upon the stand and swear his wife into infamy. Her letters and communications become a part of his attack. But the wife can say nothing. In other words, any husband can testify to his fears and his suspicions, to statements, confessions and narratives going to show that he had been wronged. The wife, who knows in her heart whether she is guilty or innocent, can say nothing. We confess we can see no justice in this law unless we accept the theory that a woman is a bit of property who fulfills certain dependent offices in the marriage relation, whose honor may be sworn away when it pleases her husband without any opportunity of vindicating herself. Who knows better than Mrs. Tilton whether she is guilty or innocent? Who has more at stake in this issue? Who has as much? Her name, her woman's honor, and the happiness of her children are in peril. Mr. Beecher, if he is convicted, loses his place as a Christian minister, while Mr. Tilton becomes "rehabilitated," and Mr. Moulton is "rehabilitated." If acquitted, then we learn that Mr. Tilton has all this time been under an hallucination. The issue is, therefore, whether Mr. Beecher shall be degraded and Mr. Tilton "rehabilitated" and made the same Theodore that he was before Mr. Beecher drove him into biographical literature. But the woman—what is to become of her? She can say nothing. She must lie down and be trampled in the dust, that her husband or her pastor may be freed from stain.

In commenting upon the above extract we would say that we agree with the Herald that when natural and not merely legal, the monogamic relation is worthy of all honor; but, if people who have entered into it are not naturally monogamic, no law, either ecclesiastical or civil, can bind them to their contract, and we question the right of either churches, societies, or legislatures to aim to compel or enforce obedience to their dictates, for nature will assert herself above all their rulings, and all that laws can do in such cases is to add to inconstancy—lying, knavery, and hypocrisy. Our war is not against life-long unions of affection between men and women, but against the vain effort to construct such unions by man-made laws. Where love exists between the parties such bonds are unnecessary; where it does not, such ligaments are useless and will be as easily and as surely broken as the threads of tow were by Samson the Israelite.

And when broken—what then? What right have churches or societies or legislatures to legislate on the subject? The right of all human beings to personal sovereignty, we hold, can only be limited or interfered with when the abuse of that power conflicts with the same right in another or others. But we fearlessly assert that man claims and exercises this right in the majority of instances. In the case before us, should the pastor of Plymouth be found guilty, it is very questionable whether his congregation will desert him. No! the real penalty will fall upon the "bit of property"—the woman. When we consider the penalty inflicted by society we question whether any consideration would justify a man in surrendering a woman to its merciless and barbarous tortures. The man is to be respected as things are now, who would sacrifice truth, justice, and honor for her protection, inasmuch as it would be a greater infamy in him to abandon his mate to the scorn and contempt of the world, than to bear, for a season, a far lesser infliction himself?

But in the meantime we commend to the notice of the women of the Republic the fearful admissions of our contemporary, viz.:

Somehow neither plaintiff nor defendant has cared much about the woman, who has only come into the case to be trodden under foot.

Which statement is further enforced by the close of the second extract, viz.:

She must lie down and be trampled in the dust, in order that her husband or her pastor may be free from stain.

We conclude with declaring that the mission of the WEEKLY will not be fulfilled until woman shall be recognized an independent unit in all relations of life, as round and full as her mate; and furthermore, until she wrests this status from the tyranny of man, she must of necessity submit to the inflictions so ably treated of by the New York Herald.

A VOICE FROM THE SUMMER-LAND.

From a jelly dot to a mollusk, from a mollusk to a fish, from a fish to a reptile, from a reptile to a mammal, such, it is plain, has been the order of march of the natural world. Geologists also tells us that these successive waves of formation have a sort of double motion, that in each separate advance the magnates of the incoming procession enter first; then follows an age of quiescence, to be succeeded by a period of disintegration and decay, terminating with the rise of another grand entrance of a new development of animal creation. In the moral world the changes have been similar. From vegetable to animal life, from animal life to instinct, from instinct to reason, so has the march of mind kept pace with that of matter. To us there appears to have been no pause in either; the progress of both has been steady throughout.

It is believed by many that we are now entering upon another advance, which may be termed the commingling of

the spheres. All the great sacred books of the world have long foreshadowed this change, and none more so than the Bible. From first to last that book treats of the subject of spiritual manifestations, and in it we are assured by the great Nazarene that such shall continue.

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

"They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

As with Christianity, so with Mohammedanism, Brahminism and Buddhism; they all claim to be based on what we term manifestations, but they deem miracles. Probably no change of man's religious belief has ever occurred that has not claimed more or less of such accompaniments. As Spiritualists we are free to confess that we see no reason to dispute the truth of many of their statements, believing that human beings, in a high degree of purity, are in a fit state to be able to receive them. For this reason we respect the manifestations and materialization that are now constantly occurring here and in other countries, deeming that they herald the grandest advance that has ever been made by human beings. It is with these feelings that we respectfully call to the notice of our readers an elucidation of the social question published in the *Banner of Light*, and purporting to come from the good reformer, Theodore Parker:

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—Something like the following was said by Theodore Parker: "The laws regulating marriage should be more stringent than they are now." Would he tell us in what respect the law should be more stringent, and at the same time give an outline or the form of such a law?

A.—In speaking of law, with reference to the marriage question, I did not intend to convey the idea that I had reference to any civil law—to any law made by humans, but to that divine law that binds soul and soul together when they are truly wedded. Now, then, I believe that no two can be happily, permanently, or divinely married unless they have been brought under the action and continue under the action of this divine law. When once it ceases to act in their case, they are no longer wedded. But if two persons come together in the marriage relation with a proper understanding of each other, there need not be, in my opinion, so many marriages that come to grief in so short a time. Indeed, whereas they are now but temporal, they would then be eternal. I have never yet met with any spirit, or class of spirits, who have ever pretended to know what kind of a code of laws could be gotten up by humans that would perfectly answer the demands of the marriage state; but, on the contrary, all intelligent and advanced spirits declare that as marriage is of God, it is therefore divine, and cannot be brought under the action of any civil or human law with good results. The law should go back of the marriage ceremony, and should say unto parties contemplating marriage: "You must be educated with reference to yourselves and life, ere you can enter this solemn, this holy realm. Having done that—having enforced the law upon the two with reference to education, it is contended by intelligent spirits that human law can carry them no further, and has no business with the marriage relation. After that it is a mere farce, a ceremony like that of baptism, like that of shaking hands. A civil contract you say it is. Well, unhappily it too often proves very uncivil, and why? Because of your ignorance—because the law has not demanded that you should be educated with reference to this most important step in life. I say again that the law governing in this respect should be far more stringent than that under which it now finds expression, and by which it is so poorly protected; but since I find nothing stringent enough in the human code of morals or justice, I must look to divine law, and so far as marriage is concerned as an entity, it must be bound by the law of heaven, which is the action of divine forces, and not by any civil code. By-and-by, when the planet has grown a little older—when intelligence has risen a little higher, because the planet has been enabled to give birth to higher forms of life, higher conditions of being, then this thing will regulate itself, as all other conditions in life have and will. That there was a necessity for human law in the past, and that it exists in the present, I with others firmly believe; but I also believe that the necessity exists per virtue of your ignorance, and not because marriage calls for the exercise of human law to sanction its manifestations. Much has been said with reference to this great question, and doubtless much will be said; but, after all, nature in her own quiet and divine way will settle the thing amicably for you.

There is nothing in the above statement which does not agree with the teachings of the WEEKLY. If all human beings were naturally monogamic, it would be all that need to be said upon the subject. The definition of true marriage, its time of dissolution, the folly of human law upon the subject, the grave necessity for the full physiological education of children, all these are consistent with our demands. But while the rights of women on affectional questions are trampled under foot by man's laws, we hold it to be our duty to do our best to assist mankind in coming to better conclusions than at present exist in the civilized world.

ULTIMA SUSPIRO DEL MORO.

The last sigh of the Moor! So the Spaniards still term the hill from which Boabdil el Chico took his farewell look at Spain. We have selected its name for a heading, though really what we intend it to introduce in our columns might better be termed "The last sigh of the Caucasian!"

Some fortnight since Mayor Wickham, of New York, refused point-blank to marry a mulatto and a white woman who desired his services. On this the *Day's Doings* says:

"Mr. Wickham knew that there is a high unwritten law which girds society and is the bulwark, not perhaps of our political liberties, but of those more sacred rights which belong to us from the mere fact that we are of the Caucasian race, the highest type of humanity. To enjoy these rights we pay in duty a fealty to that race. A negro is a free agent to vote, so is a white man. We deny that either is, in the sense in which we take it when the question touches miscegenation. The operation is an insult to civilization, to every white man and woman, and should be

frowned upon by all who love their race and desire to preserve it in its purity."

The WEEKLY agrees with the *Day's Doings*, that there is a high unwritten law in affectional matters far above and entirely independent of all the ecclesiastical or civil laws of humanity. As to its "girding society," that we dispute, although we believe it ought to do so. The mere fact that Mayor Wickham is of the Caucasian race does not empower him to annul the personal rights of another person of that or any other race, more especially when there is no law authorizing such action on his part. A negro or a mulatto is by law a citizen of the United States, and unless citizenship be a farce, holds all the rights pertaining to other citizens. He is a free agent to vote and a free agent to choose his mate. The question is not a matter of taste but a matter of right. If United States' citizens may not intermarry, the law should so direct, but it does not, and therefore the inference is, that the nation will not stultify itself in the matter of annihilating the most sacred right of citizenship. As to whether "the operation is an insult to civilization," we answer, that it is not so considered outside of the Union, and that the observation would not now be sanctioned by any ecclesiastical body within it.

In our opinion the action of Mayor Wickham was an insult to our national law and a dereliction of duty. When men and women are reduced to consult the taste of officials before they mate, they are social slaves. Whether it is wise for the races to unite is one question, whether they have the right so to do is another. We hold the latter position, and should do so if tons of man-made laws stood in the way. At present, however, there are none. And we have a right to object to any individual improvising edicts upon the matter to suit his taste or inclination, and by so doing overriding the most sacred of all the rights of his fellow-citizens.

A GOOD OMEN.

The following significant heading appeared on the fifteenth page of the New York *Herald*, on Sunday, February 14. We give it as printed in that paper:

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.
MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH MOVEMENTS.
DECLINE OF EPISCOPACY.

UNIVERSALISM AND SPIRITUALISM TO THE FRONT.

This, in the most popular and important press in the country, proves the advance of Spiritualism and speaks volumes to the wise.

PRURIENT PURITY.

The poet Burns dedicated one of his lyrics "To the unco' guid, and the rigidly righteous,"—people

Who are so good themselves,
So pious and so holy,
They've nothing left to do but tell
Their neighbor's faults and folly—

and pilloried in the same the canting Christians of Scotland. We are sorry to have to state that we have many of the breed here, though they may be better defined as semi-Christians and Americans. The same animus, however, is visible in them also, proving that both parties are lineal descendants of the ancient Pharisees of Judea. It is a melancholy fact that there are a few of the kind who usurp the name of Spiritualists, though such bigotry and charlatany are certainly totally inconsistent with the freedom claimed by the majority of Spiritualists. Our highly-respected contemporary, *Common Sense*, of San Francisco, Cal., presents us, in its thirty-ninth number, with the following case in point:

Emma Hardinge Britten declares herself still a spiritualist and a medium, but she is so much opposed to "social freedom" that she will neither speak from a free platform nor write for a free-thought paper. She uses other words to express this fact, but this is what she means. We do not care to defile the columns of *Common Sense* with the epithets some extra pure people apply to social reformers. It is quite probable that if we had the same vile thing in our minds when we speak of "social freedom" that they have, we should denounce it also, though, we trust, in gentler language; but the truth is that the very terms which, to their minds, seem to call up so much that is detestable, suggest to our own only ideas of purity. Words seem to have lost their meaning of late when applied to the relations of the sexes.

To the pure, all things are pure. The fable instructs us that a spider will suck poison from flowers, where the bee obtains only honey. It is because the establishment of the doctrine of the personal sovereignty of woman would originate greater purity in the sexual relations that it meets with the hatred of a debauched society, and the opposition of the lecherous therein. The WEEKLY accepts as compliments the maledictions of a corrupt world and a still more corrupt priesthood. It will live to remodel the one and annihilate the other. In the meantime, it admits their wisdom in resorting to vituperation when they cannot enforce silence. They have no case against the WEEKLY, and, in consequence, are in a measure justified in refusing to argue the merits of the question; in this they follow the advice of the old lawyer, whose custom was, when he found himself in a similar situation, to waste no time in discussion, but to revile and abuse his opponent's counsellors.

WHOLESALE DIVORCE.

The propriety of occasionally loosening the bonds of matrimony is pithily sketched in the following proposition of a member of the Idaho Legislature, and is a good precursor of that better order of social affairs—that good time coming

—when men and women will have sufficient confidence in one another's affections to dispense entirely with the services either of priests or magistrates. The item is taken from the New York *Sun*:

So many applications for divorce have been made to the Idaho Legislature, that Mr. Paddock has introduced a bill divorcing all the married people in the Territory and placing them *in statu quo ante matrimonium*. This, he says, will save time, and those who wish can be remarried.

Of course it will be to the interest of the lawyers there to prevent the above bill from becoming a law. But it would certainly, not only there but elsewhere, save time, trouble, and expense to the community. It would not injure those who are really married and desirous of remaining so, whilst it would greatly benefit those of a contrary opinion. Oh, when will the time arrive when children will be begotten in liberty! Not until then can we hope to see human beings really fit for freedom.

COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES.

Mr. Nordhoff has done the world a service in publishing his able and temperate description and view of the Communistic Societies of the United States. After this, we trust, we shall hear no more of the Podsnappian pool! pool! with which the subject has been treated of late by the tinselled ignoramus of society. The conditions under which the members of such associations exists, are well summed up in the following statements of Mr. Nordhoff, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to the *Oneida Circular*:

"Nothing surprises me more, in my investigations of the communistic societies, than to discover—

1st. The amount and variety of business and mechanical skill which is found in every Commune, no matter what is the character or intelligence of its members; and

2d. The ease and certainty with which the brains come to the top. Of course this last is a transcendent merit in any system of government.

The fundamental principle of Communal life is the subordination of the individual's will to the general interest or the general will: practically, this takes the shape of unquestioning obedience by the members toward the leaders, elders, or chiefs of their society.

But as the leaders take no important step without the unanimous consent of the membership; and as it is a part of the Communal policy to set each member to that work which he can do best, and so far as possible to please all; and as the Communist takes life easily, and does not toil as severely as the individualist—so, given a general assent to the principle of obedience, and practically little hardship occurs.

The political system of the Icarians appears to me the worst, or most faulty, and that of the Shakers, Rappists and Amana Communists, the best and most successful, among all the societies.

In a Commune no member is a servant; if any servants are kept, they are hired from among the world's people. When the Kentucky Shakers organized, they not only liberated their slaves, but such of them as became Shakers were established in an independent Commune or family by their former masters. They "ceased to be servants, and became brethren in the Lord."

Any one who has felt the oppressive burden of even the highest and best-paid kinds of service will see that independence and equality are great boons, for which many a man willingly sacrifices much else.

Moreover, the security against want and misfortune, the sure provision for old age and inability, which the communal system offers—is no doubt an inducement with a great many to whom the struggle for existence appears difficult and beset by terrible chances.

Communism was instituted by the immediate followers of Jesus, absolute communism; nor is there any account in the Bible of its ever having been condemned by them. By our present system, each distributor is a sort of a legal robber on his own account, and makes his living by preying on his neighbors. There is no reason why a city like New York should not purchase its coal, grain, flour, dry goods, &c., wholesale; collecting and distributing the necessities of life for itself. If one dry goods dealer can save one hundred millions of dollars in a generation, it is certain that a well organized system of purchase and distribution could save four times that sum in the same space of time for the benefit of the whole of the inhabitants of New York. There is no just reason why a man who purchases for cash in small quantities should be victimized as he is now, and a provident city would protect its humbler inhabitants against such injustice. We are glad to note that the Granges are rising to protect their members in such particulars: they are learning to dispense with idle middlemen, and to deal *en masse* for such articles as they need. While on the subject of Communism, we take the liberty of making an extract from the cross-examination of Theodore Tilton, in which he defends the late Communists of Paris, with intent of making an amendment thereto:

Q.—What do you understand by the Commune of France?
A.—After the fall of the empire, France was agitated with the question: What should be the new government? Those of her citizens who love America and American liberty said, "Let us have a government such as they have in the United States—a government of representation." And the Communists, so-called, are those people in France who believe in governing Paris by precisely the same system of government under which we live in Brooklyn. For instance, what would be thought if the Mayor of this city should insist upon appointing all the aldermen of all the wards, and denying to the people of the wards the right to elect their aldermen? It would be a revolutionary proceeding. We hold to the opposite view. Every ward in this city elects its aldermen, and the Mayor has no right to interfere. Now the Communists in Paris insisted that in the formation of the new government every ward of the city—in other words, every commune—should elect its representative, and the Mayor should not appoint their representatives. In other words, communism in Paris is local self-government, as we practise it in every American city. On the other hand, that which is called republicanism in France is that which if it was brought to this country would be denominated despotism, and we would not permit it for an hour. Every democratic citizen of Brooklyn, if he lived in Paris, would, by virtue of his American antecedents and the principles of Thomas Jefferson, be a communist, and nothing else.

There was a deeper grievance of which the people of Paris

had just cause to complain; it was this: The Assembly at Versailles passed a bill authorizing the people of the cities to elect their own Mayors. President Thiers refused to sign it; he declared that he would surrender the presidency sooner than do so. He was willing that towns and cities having twenty thousand inhabitants and under should elect such officers; but claimed that in all the larger cities the mayors should be appointed by the government. We submit that this is an important addition to the above.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. B., Brooklyn.—Your Plymouth Church motto is good. Luther, writing to Melancthon, says: "Sin boldly, but let your faith be greater than your sin. Sin will not destroy in us the name of the Lamb, though we were to commit murder or fornication a thousand times a day."

Labor, Detroit, Mich.—There is as much domineering in the workshop as outside of it. When workers cease to desire to rule over each other, none will be able to tyrannize over them.

M. W., Peoria, Ill.—Love is defined by Walter Scott as follows:

True love's the gift that God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot flame,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which, heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

S. S. Lambertville, Pa.—When Cleopatras or Katharines rule, promiscuity is the order of the day. Such women occupy their full share in the history of the world. Modern society rarely considers "rich incontinence" a crime, but always treats "poor continence" as an unmitigated atrocity. As Evelyn says, in the play of "Money": "The crime does not lie in the gambling, but in the losing"—in the poverty, not in the incontinence.

John Williams, Cincinnati, O.—There is no law in the United States Constitution or elsewhere forbidding women to vote; and Congress is ashamed to institute legally what it is not ashamed to permit underhandedly—viz., the refusal of the electoral franchise to women.

Music, Detroit, Mich.—Song has conquered armies. Ferdinand, of Spain, forbade any Spanish soldier to sing the "Moorish Wail for the Loss of Alhama" under pain of death; and "We Wait beneath the Furnace Blast" the Hutchinson family were forbidden to sing within the lines of the Army of the Potomac, at the commencement of the War of the Rebellion.

Dr. Syntax, Troy, N. Y.—Rich people generally send their children away from home to be educated, and they act wisely in so doing. Mothers are poor educators for girls, and far worse for boys—at least, that is our opinion.

X., Zanesville, O.—All history proves that successful soldiers play the devil with republics. It is easy to get a military officer into a President's chair, but it is not so easy to get him out of it.

Contraband, N. Y.—As you say, Mayor Wickham refused to marry a couple who presented themselves before him:—the one being a spruce, well-dressed colored man; the other, a pretty white woman—for which he merits the compliments of the WEEKLY. We do not think the parties left singing pæans to the liberty vouchsafed them in this Republic. The Bible says: "God made of one blood all the dwellers upon earth," but probably the Mayor is a Darwinian. He says: "It can't be done."

Plaindealer, Newark, N. J.—To use the words of Wendell Phillips: "All that the laborer asks is justice, not charity; all woman asks is justice, not pity; all the negro asks is justice, not humanity." Our motto is—that of the ancient Roman: "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*"

S. M., Quebec, Ca.—Doctors differ respecting vaccination. We hold that people are right who refuse to submit to the operation, but cannot here give space for the reasons which warrant such conclusion. In England lately some persons were imprisoned for refusing to be vaccinated, but were honored by a torchlight procession when they regained their liberty.

Americus, Philadelphia, Pa.—We hold that only the language of the country should be taught in the public schools. The best bond a nation can have is unity of language. To introduce another or others is a misuse of the public money for the evil purpose of weakening the nation by instituting Babel.

Skeptic, Altoona, Pa.—Thomas Paine said that "to do good" was his religion. The New York *Herald*, of Feb. 14, indorses that statement in the following item: "What is the use of going to church to-day unless you do some good to your unfortunate neighbor? Do you suppose your solicitude for your own soul will compensate for your neglect of somebody else's body?" These questions have the hang of good spiritualism, for Spiritualists know that the best means of developing their own souls is by doing their duty toward the physical, intellectual and moral development of those of their neighbors.

INCIDENTS OF THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.
MONDAY, FEB. 15TH.

After a recess of three days, Mr. Evarts again continued his cross-examination of Theodore Tilton, which, when concluded, was followed by a re-direct examination by Mr. Fullerton. In the course of the latter, Mr. Tilton thus stated his present position in regard to free love:

Q. Have you ever advocated this doctrine of free love? A. I have never; and all my writings contain repeated evidence of condemnation, long before I had occasion to find that there had been free love in my own house, and that my family had been destroyed thereby.

Q. Your doctrine is that the civil law should regulate marriage? A. Yes, sir; I regarded marriage as a contract, and I wanted the civil law to regard that contract liberally.—N. Y. Sun.

COMMENTS.

The last remark is well put. Liberally, very liberally, most liberally, and marriage looked upon by law as any other partnership, that is the true doctrine. If nature does not bind men and women, the law cannot.

Q. When you wrote the letter to Dr. Bacon, what had occurred in reference to the scandal so-called, that induced you to write that letter? A. There had occurred a series of measures in Plymouth Church detrimental to me. There had occurred a council growing out of those measures, wherein Plymouth Church was arraigned, and there had occurred a defense on the part of Plymouth Church to that council which represented me as having brought dishonor on the Christian name, whereas it was another man who had brought such dishonor. And there had occurred a public lecture by Dr. Bacon, the moderator of that council, who went home after the council was adjourned, and said publicly in New Haven, summing up the results of the council, that I was a knave and a dog, and Mr. Beecher the most magnanimous man. And there had occurred also after that a series of articles in the *Independent*, by Dr. Bacon, five or six in number, emphasizing that idea. There had occurred also a public insult to Mrs. Tilton and me by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, clerk of Plymouth Church.

TUESDAY, FEB. 16TH.

On this day, a new witness, Mrs. Kate Carey, who had been employed as a wet-nurse by Mrs. Tilton, gave the following highly important evidence:

Q. Where did you see him? A. I saw him going into Mrs. Tilton's room several times before we went to the country, shutting the door after him, but I didn't notice or hear any talk.

Q. What room was it that he went in? A. In her own bedroom, right over the hall as you come in; there are four rooms on one floor; it is a small frame cottage house; I was in the next room when he went in her bedroom; there are folding doors between; I could see him go in.

Q. Did you see the doors were locked? A. No; the doors were open, and Mrs. Tilton got up and shut the folding doors. Q. Where was your room with reference to theirs? A. My room, when I went there, was next to Mrs. Tilton's; I had a lounge to sleep on.

Q. Was this before she went to Monticello or after her return? A. Before.

Q. Did you see anything else before the family went to Monticello? A. No, sir; I did not.

Q. Did you see anything after their return? A. I did; I saw her in the back parlor sitting on Mr. Beecher's knee. I went into the dining room for a glass of water. I came from my nursery up-stairs.

Q. What part of the parlor were they sitting in? A. In the corner of the dining room.

Q. What time of day was this? A. It was getting on to dusk; in the evening.

Q. Where were you when you saw them thus sitting? A. I was going around to the dining-room table to get a glass of water.

Q. Did you see them distinctly? A. I did.

Q. What kind of doors were there between you and them? A. Folding doors.

Q. Were they open? A. Yes, sir; they were very little apart, but you could see.

Q. Did you see anything else after their return? A. I saw her hand on his shoulder, and he says, "How do you feel, Elizabeth?" "Dear father," she said, "I feel so, so." [Laughter.] She was then sitting on his lap.

Q. Did you hear distinctly the words, "dear father?" A. I did sir.

Q. Did you see anything else? A. No, sir; I did not. I went with my glass of water to the nursery and I said nothing to nobody.

Q. How long was this after the return from Monticello? A. To my recollection, I think it was about three weeks.

Q. How often, if at all, beyond the time that you speak of, did Mr. Beecher call at the house while you were there? A. Well, he called several times; he called, I think, four or five times before she got out of her bed to go to Monticello. After her return I don't know how frequently he called. The notes and letters would come up to the waiter-girl to bring the message down, but she would always go down in the parlor and entertain him. I never carried any notes for Mrs. Tilton. I left her employ in the fall. I can't recollect what time I left, but the difficulty I had for leaving her was through Bessie Turner. We had a few words.

This closed Mrs. Cary's testimony on the direct examination. Neither Mr. Moulton nor Mr. Tilton had as witnesses at any time held their auditors to such fixed advertence. The Plymouth lawyers and attendants had not missed a word of the unexpected recital, and at its close they had nothing to say to each other. Even Brother Halliday had forgotten to appear indifferent. Mr. Shearman had made his memoranda as fast as he could scribble and handed them to Mr. Evarts for use in the cross-examination.—N. Y. Sun.

In the cross-examination of Mrs. Kate Cary by Mr. Evarts, we learn how the woman became a witness.

Q. When did you first mention to anybody that you had observed anything of the matters that you have now testified to? A. Last Friday, sir, for the first time, to Mrs. Lyons, who visits Bellevue Hospital to see the sick.

Q. A charitable lady, who visits there for that purpose? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you of your own accord mention this to the lady? A. No, sir; she told me if I was fit she could get me an elegant place in Brooklyn. I told her I had lived in Brooklyn before, and I told her all the parties I had lived with, and that I had lived with Mrs. Theodore Tilton and wet-nursed a baby for her; and she asked me questions, and she asked me what did I think of such a thing. I said I didn't know. She asked me what I had seen and heard, and of course I told her. Q. And that's the way you came to be a witness? A. Yes, sir.—N. Y. Sun.

COMMENT.

Feeling inadequate to the task of doing justice to Mrs. Kate Cary's testimony, we called to our aid the *New York Herald*, merely remarking that "blessed are the merciful."

THE BEECHER CASE.—A new feature was introduced into the Beecher trial yesterday—the production of a witness who testified to having seen what may be considered impropriety between the defendant and Mrs. Tilton. The rest of the day was occupied in the cross-examination of the plaintiff.—N. Y. Herald.

Ancient Pistol modifies the word "thieve" by saying "Convey, the wise it call." In the opinion of the WEEKLY the word "impropriety," as used in the above quotation, is an improvement upon the same in the matter of delicacy.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17.

This day was occupied by the re-direct examination of Mr. Tilton by Mr. Fullerton. From it, in the absence of the proprietor and Chief Editor of the WEEKLY, the Associate Editor deems it fitting to make the following extract, rather for the information of the general public than the instruction of our readers:

Q. You have spoken of several visits which you made to Mrs. Woodhull at her residence in the city of New York. I wish to ask you whether, at the time those visits were respectively made, her husband was at home? A. Yes, sir, I think he was in every instance. I don't think I was ever at the house when he was not there.

Q. What was Mrs. Woodhull's demeanor in your presence while you were at the house? A. She always acted like a perfect lady. I never saw anything amiss in her, and her husband always acted like a perfect gentleman.—N. Y. Sun.

THURSDAY, FEB. 18.

The *N. Y. Herald* terms this "A Day of Surprises." Four new witnesses were called, Mr. Bell, Mr. Richards, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Brasher. Mr. Bell's testimony appears to be unimportant; but

In the afternoon Mrs. Tilton's own brother (Mr. Richards) testified to descending suddenly one forenoon into his sister's parlor and disturbing there Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Beecher sitting on a sofa, and his sister, with a gesture of haste and fright and flushed face, motioned Mr. Beecher in such a way as to make a painful and lasting impression upon the witness, Joseph Richards. He told his wife that night, and would have explained himself further to the jury, but Mr. Evarts cut him up harshly. This was a painful and powerful piece of testimony from such a source, and it thrilled the courtroom. Mrs. Tilton heard it sitting back in her chair, with her eye on her brother. They looked very much alike. He was cool and impassive; so was she. It is not a family to droop in public.

Then came Mr. Robinson, the uncle of Mrs. Moulton, who testified that Mr. Beecher said to him about the time of the church investigation last July, "Frank is as good a friend as God ever raised up to a man. But for him I don't believe I would now be alive."

Finally came a Mr. Brasher, Mr. Tilton's neighbor, who had seen Mr. Beecher at all kinds of hours on Mr. Tilton's steps and near his door, and once so early in the fall of the year, that it made an "indelible impression" upon Mr. Brasher.—N. Y. Herald.

COMMENT.

If the words, "early in the fall of the year" had been "early in the morning of the day," the statement would be more pertinent. Here is an extract from the evidence of Mr. Brasher:

Q. State the number of times you have seen him (Mr. Beecher) entering and coming out of Mr. Tilton's house? A. I cannot recollect the number of times.

Q. About how early an hour in the morning was it that you saw Mr. Beecher standing on the stoop? A. I never recollect but once that it made an impression on my mind, and that was early in the morning; it struck me on that occasion as being a very early hour for a gentleman to visit.—N. Y. Herald.

FRIDAY, FEB. 19.

Mrs. Frank Moulton's testimony was given to-day. All of it is very important, but we have room only for the following extracts:

I said: "Mr. Beecher, there is something better for you to do than that; I think that would be a very cowardly thing for you to do. Go down to your church and confess your crime; they will forgive you." He said: "No, I can't do that for the sake of the woman who has given me her love; for my children, for my family, for the church, for my influence throughout the whole world. That I can never do; I will die before I will confess it." And I said: "Mr. Beecher, sooner or later the truth in this case will come out; it is much better that you should take your cause in your own hands and state it to your church; give to them a confession such as you could make to them. I am sure they would forgive you." He said: "No, that I cannot do; my children would despise me; I couldn't go back to my home, and my church would not forgive me; they would not deal with me as you have done; there would be nothing left for me to do; my work would be finished; it would be better that I should go out of life than to remain any longer in it." And I said: "You could write for your paper; you could go up to your farm and write." He said: "No, if they would not listen to hear me preach they certainly would not read anything I should write; besides, my position in life is that of a spiritual and moral teacher. If I can no longer hold that position, then there is nothing left for me, and I have resolved to take my life. I have a powder at home on my library table which I shall take and sink quietly off as if going to sleep, without a struggle. I haven't any desire to live. I have nothing to live for; in fact, I pray for death as a happy release from all my trials and troubles, and I feel that if I publish any card in the *Eagle* it will only be temporary relief; that Mr. Tilton is likely to break out again at any other time, and I feel that physically and mentally I am unable any longer to bear this strain, and I probably shall never come to see you again."

I felt very much grieved at it. I begged him to go down to the church. I said to him: "Mr. Moulton will still stand by you, and no matter what comes to you I will always be your friend; but I am convinced that the only way out of this trouble for you is by telling the truth." He said that he would come to see me on the day following, that he had some gifts which he wished to dispose of, some little mementoes for different people, and that there was something that he wanted me to bear to Elizabeth, and something for different friends, with messages which he wanted me to bear to them, and he would come on the day following to see me. It was a long interview; Mr. Beecher was very much excited; he told me with tears streaming down his face of what he had suffered; that he had suffered the tortures of the damned; that he was obliged to go home and wear a cheerful smile; that when he appeared in his church he must appear at his best; that the slightest indication of weakness was a confession on his part, so that really I was the only person to whom he could come and act his natural self; to whom he could unburden his whole heart's troubles.—N. Y. Sun.

Here is also Mrs. Moulton's report of Mrs. Tilton's confession and determination:

Q. Did he ever speak to you in regard to Mrs. Tilton? A. Yes, sir.

Q. State what he said in regard to her at any time? A. He nearly always spoke to me of Elizabeth, of his great love for her. He wanted me to respect her and to have regard for her, go and see her, try and comfort her, console her, see if there was anything that I could do for her, if she was in need of anything; that I, a woman, knew what women needed and wanted most.

Q. Did you ever take a message from him to her, and from her to him? If so, state what those messages were? A. Yes, sir; I repeated to Mr. Beecher a conversation that I had with

Mrs. Tilton. She said that she felt very sorry for me, even more sympathy for me than for herself, because that I had lost faith in Mr. Beecher, because I was unable any longer to attend the church. She begged me to go back to the church, to believe in Mr. Beecher, and I said, "Elizabeth, how can you ask me to go back to the church, how can you ask me to take the communion from his hands, knowing what I do of his life?" And she said, "I want you to believe in him. He is a good man; it was not his fault. He is not responsible for the crime. I am the one that is to blame. I invited it." And I said, "I think that I might hear Mr. Beecher preach, and perhaps derive some benefit from his sermons, but I can never go back to the church with the same faith that I had in him years ago."

Q. Did you report this conversation to Mr. Beecher? A. I did.

Q. How soon after the conversation occurred? A. Perhaps a day or two after. I don't exactly remember how soon.

Q. Had you any further conversation with Elizabeth that you reported to Mr. Beecher? A. I had. I think it was at the time that Mr. Tilton appeared down at the church that I called to see Elizabeth, and I said: "If you are called before the church, what are you going to do? to save Mr. Beecher?" She said: "I shall sacrifice my husband and deny everything." I said: "Will you allow your husband to go down with the truth?" She said: "I think I should be justified in stating falsely under the circumstances. I think, for the sake of Mr. Beecher, for the sake of the influence on the world, for my own position, for my children, I think it is my duty to deny it."

Q. Did you report this to Mr. Beecher? A. I did.

Q. What reply, if any, did he make? A. He said: "Poor child, she is trying to repair the wrong she has done in confessing it, in confessing her sin; but it is too late."—N. Y. Sun.

From the above extracts our readers will perceive that the new testimony elicited during the past week has been of the highest importance.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

PROF. LISTER, the astrologist, can be consulted at his rooms No. 329, Sixth avenue. Address by letter, P. O. Box 4829.

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

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SOCIAL FREEDOM CONVENTION.—The friends of social freedom, and all interested in any side of the various issues covered by the words, "social reform," "social freedom," "free love," etc., are invited to meet in Boston, Mass., at Paine Memorial Hall at 10 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, Feb. 28, and, if thought best, continue two days, to investigate and agitate social reform, and probably to organize a plan for more effectual work. All shades of opinion are invited to represent themselves in this convention. The platform shall be absolutely free, the speakers being limited only as to time. Come one, come all; come prepared to give in the most concise manner your best thoughts.

This call is signed by Moses Hull, George L. Barker, Mattie Sawyer, D. W. Hull, Prescott Robinson, Charlotte Barber, Rachel Campbell, Etta Bullock, John Hardy, Mary Stearns, Boston; J. M. Sterling, Kiantone, New York; L. K. Joslyn, Providence; E. H. Heywood, and Angela T. Heywood, Princeton; J. H. W. Tooley and Isabel Smith, Chelsea; Anthony Higgins, Jr., Salem; M. S. Townsend, Bridgewater, Conn.; J. J. Gurney, Littleton, Mass.; Joseph Buxton and Maria Buxton, Milford, Mass.; B. B. Hill, Mrs. Nellie Hill, F. R. Ladd, and C. P. Leonard, Springfield.

A CONVENTION of the "American Free Dress League" will be held in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Thursday and Friday, February 25 and 26, 1875, holding three sessions daily, at 10 A. M., and 2 and 7 P. M. Believing friendly discussion on subjects of human improvement productive of practical goodness, this meeting invites friends of physical and spiritual liberty, of hygienic usages and general welfare to unite in its deliberations. That woman's prevailing costume, in debilitating the body, disqualifies mental faculties—in unduly consuming time, strength, thought, toil and means, abridges the elevation and independence of both sexes, and is basic among causes of poverty, inequality, and all the vexed evils afflicting the world—is acknowledged by the ablest reasoners and scientists of the age. Let us counsel together on the present phase of the case and its reformation. Good speakers are invited and expected. Those from a distance wishing most reasonable board and attention while in Worcester are commended to the Holly Tree Inn, Pleasant Street. The public are cordially invited to attend. Papers friendly to the cause please copy.

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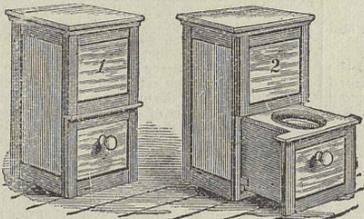
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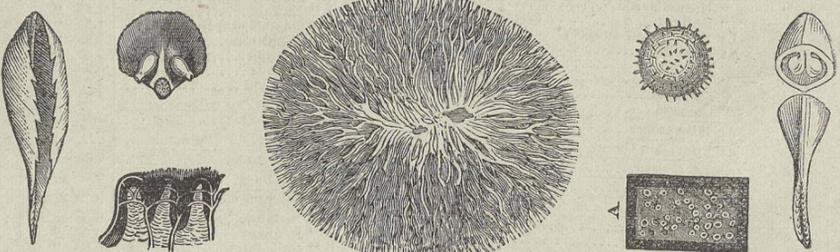
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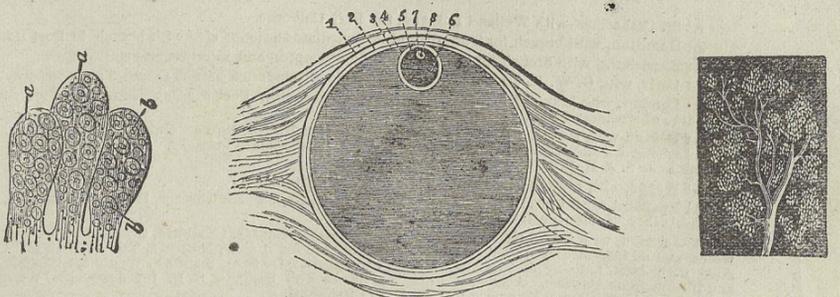
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